DECEMBER, 1948
PRICE 50¢
CANADA 55¢

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

COVER TO COVER GIFT GUIDE PLUS 8-PAGE COLOR SECTION

A TREASURED CHRISTMAS PAINTING BY JOHN SHARP

Holiday Special:

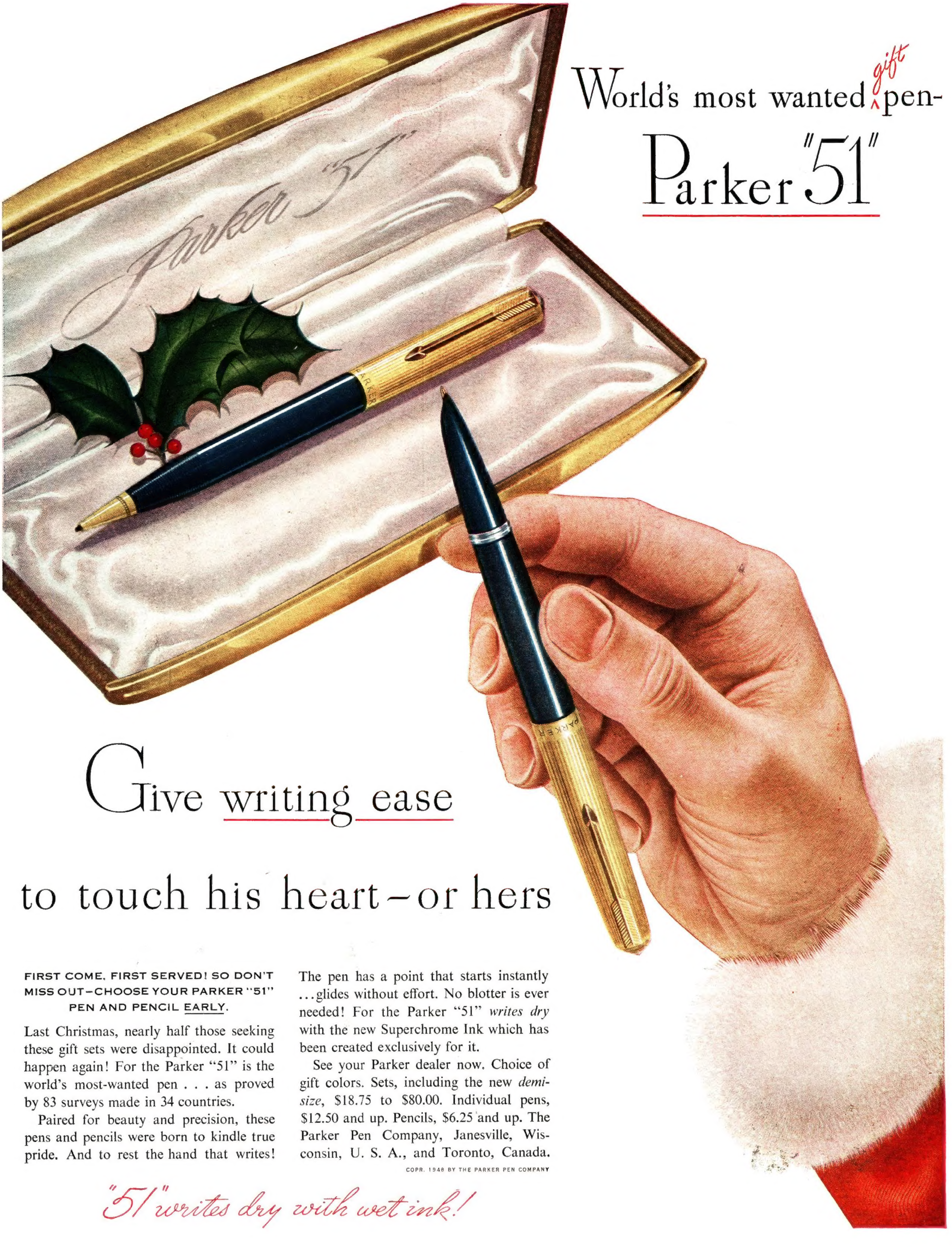
HANG BY YOUR NECK

A New Book-Length Bedside Murder Mystery by Henry Kane

ESQUIRE GIRL GATEFOLD—OTHER NEW GLAMOUR FEATURES

World's most wanted gift pen–

Parker "51"



Give writing ease to touch his heart—or hers

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED! SO DON'T MISS OUT—CHOOSE YOUR PARKER "51" PEN AND PENCIL EARLY.

Last Christmas, nearly half those seeking these gift sets were disappointed. It could happen again! For the Parker "51" is the world's most-wanted pen . . . as proved by 83 surveys made in 34 countries.

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See your Parker dealer now. Choice of gift colors. Sets, including the new *demi-size*, $18.75 to $80.00. Individual pens, $12.50 and up. Pencils, $6.25 and up. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada.

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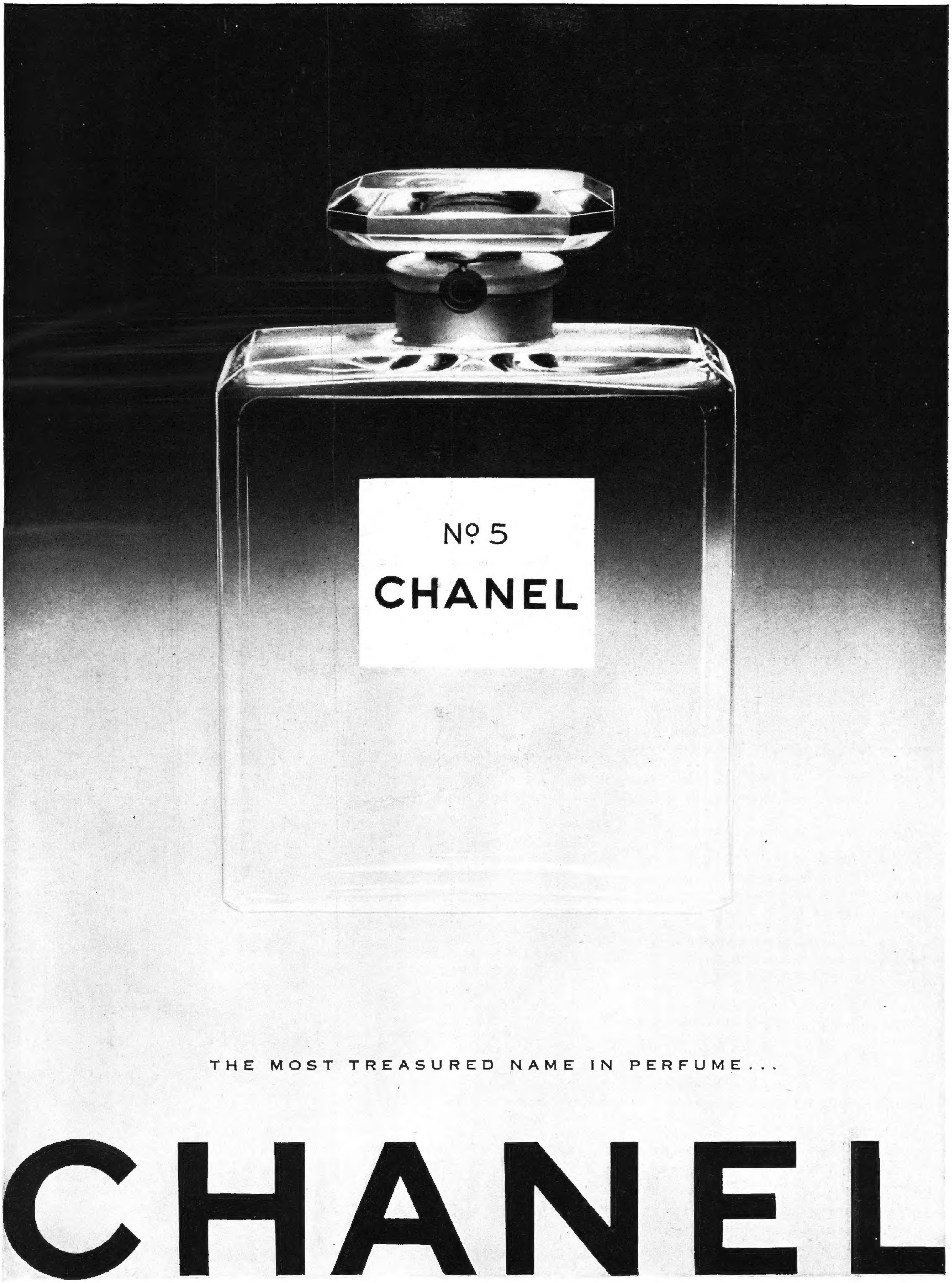
"51" writes dry with wet ink!


Nº 5
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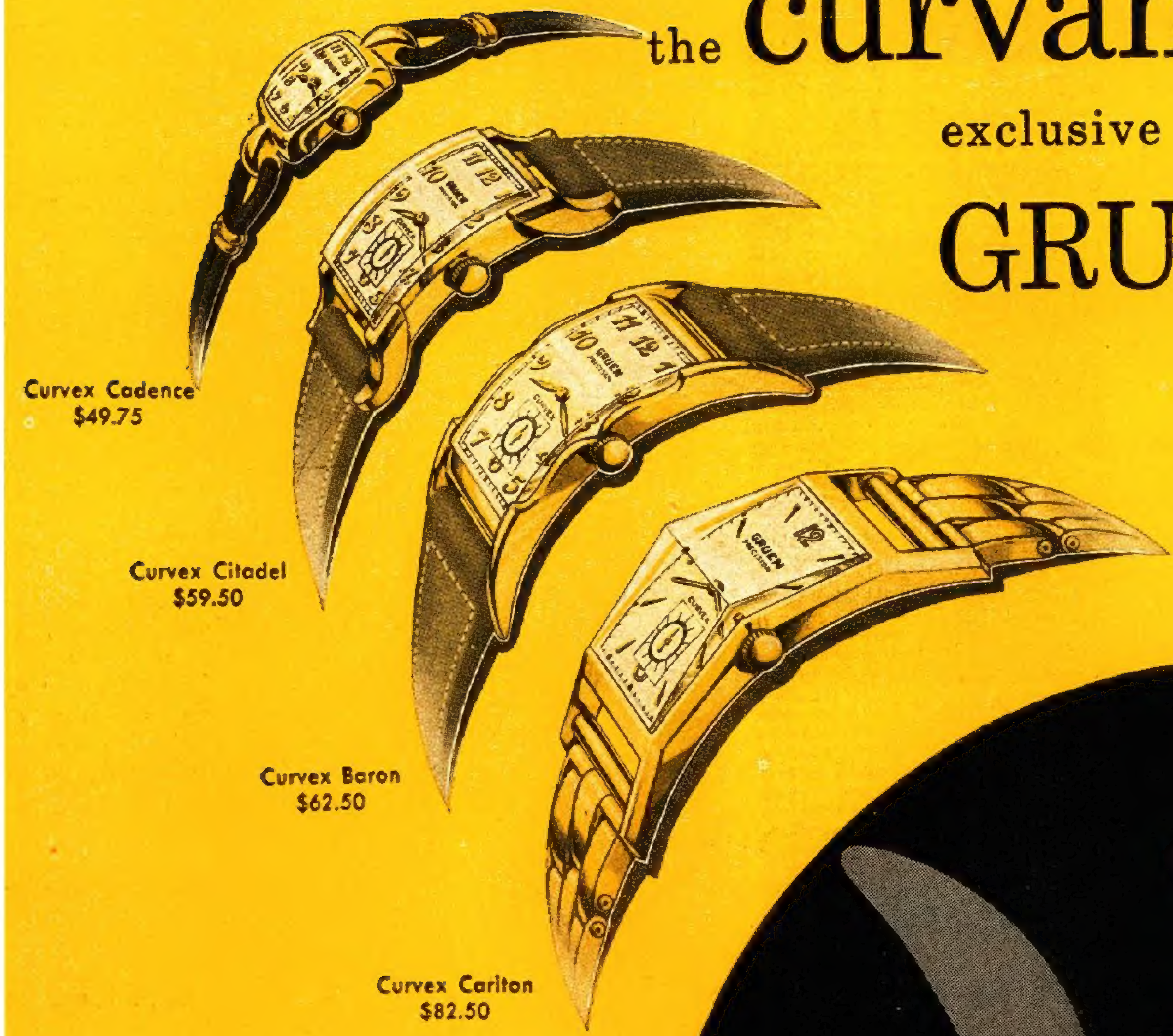
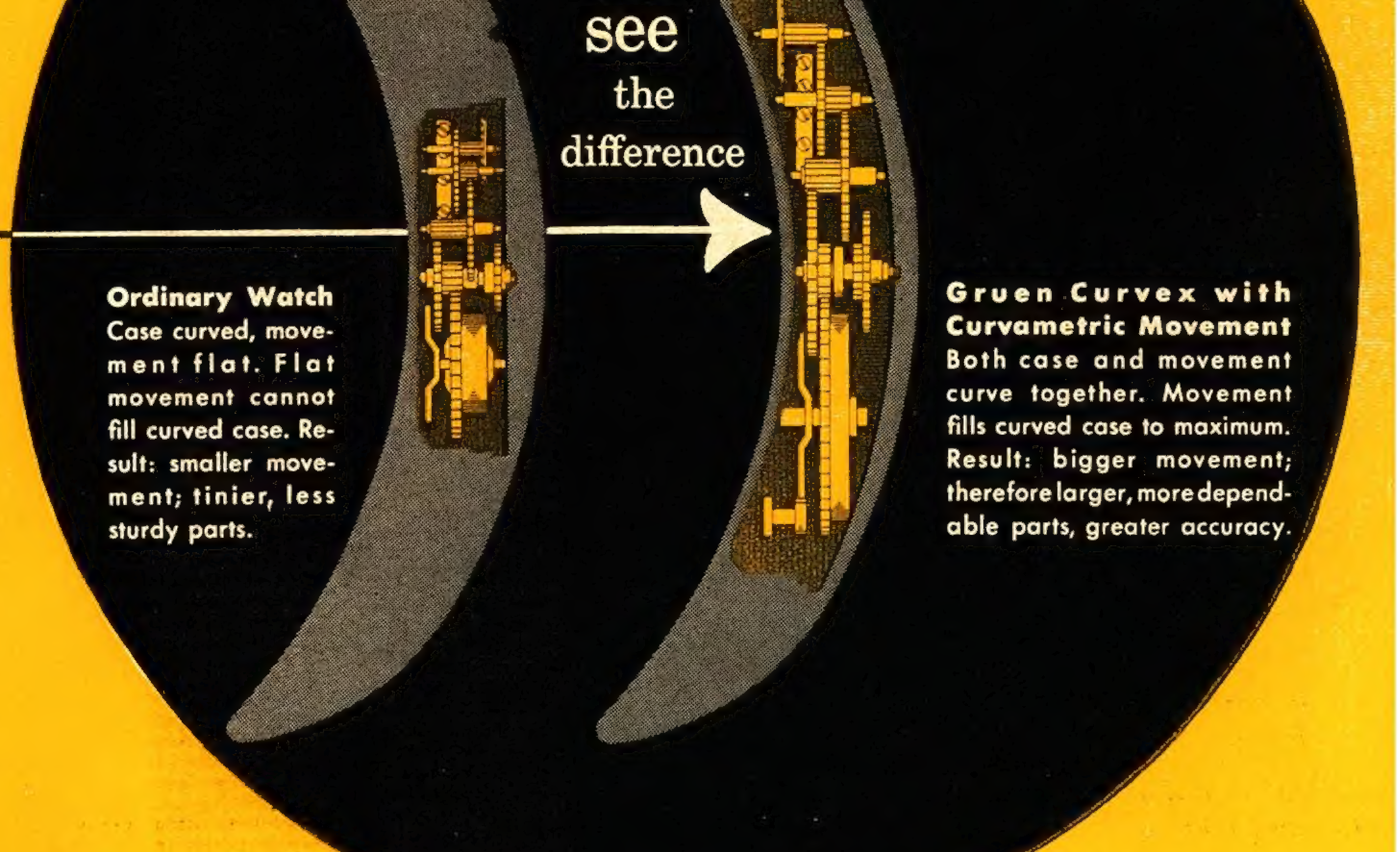


The world's only curved watch movement,

with larger, sturdier parts for greater accuracy



Ordinary Watch Case curved, movement flat. Flat movement cannot fill curved case. Result: smaller movement; tinier, less sturdy parts.

Gruen Curvex with Curvametric Movement Both case and movement curve together. Movement fills curved case to maximum. Result: bigger movement; therefore larger, more dependable parts, greater accuracy.

The new, patented Curvametric movement in Gruen Curvex* watches brilliantly solves the problem of how to put big-watch accuracy in the thinnest, most beautiful of curved watch cases. Just as a curve is longer than a straight line between the same points... a movement that curves with the curve of the case permits larger, sturdier, more dependable parts. This is just what the new Gruen Curvametric movement achieves. Only Gruen Curvex has the Curvametric movement. Other curved watches have flat and smaller movements. No wonder Gruen says proudly... here indeed is the world's only *truly curved wristwatch.* See the new Gruen Curvex, in thrilling styles for men and women, at your Gruen jewelers. From $49.75, federal tax included. Gruen, the Precision watch, is the official timepiece of Pan American World Airways. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati 6, Ohio. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario.
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*GRUEN CURVEX AND CURVAMETRIC ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS. MOVEMENT PATENT REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFFICE NOS. 2194552 AND 2283330. CANADIAN PATENT NO. 370997.

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New Year's Eves . . .

New Year's Eves and their dates won't want to miss F. Hugh Herbert's unbeatable satire on the great event, *We Were Just Having Fun*, or Jimmy Cannon's classic commentary on the same spree, entitled *Sucker's Night Out.* Two great pieces on the All-American outing which no one old enough to blow a tin horn or pick up a dinner check should detour.

Mystery and Murder . . .

The two M's, with a dash of m-m-m sex thrown in, pace another of Esquire's unique whodunits with the finger on the trigger, the drink on the bar, the finger on the doorbell, and his eyes on her, all the way through. William Francis, master of the short, or I'll-take-mine-straight-without-a-chaser school, mixes his best in *The Copeland Caper.*

Western . . .

Varmints, six guns and point-blank action in Esquire's .45-caliber series on the West, told Esquire-style by our own specialists in this popular fiction field, fast as fanning a shooting iron. Western fans will cheer, and Easterners will go Western, at the fast pace this new series strikes, starting with Frank Bonham's thriller, *Hell's Broke Loose in Dakota.*

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

contents for December, 1948

Vol. XXX. No. 6 Whole No. 181

articles

		PAGE
HOME-TOWN CHRISTMAS	Lucius Beebe	71
NOT ALL OF THEM WERE MERRY	Jimmy Cannon	80
GOLDEN BUBBLE DANCE	Scott Hart	87
"WHY DIDN'T I SAY THAT?"	Lee Rogow	91
WANT TO GET RICH QUICK?	Robert M. Bleiberg	98
WITH A LION BY THE TAIL	G. Cameron Russell	107
SMÖRGÅSBORD, SCENERY & SCHNAPPS	Richard Joseph	110
HERMAN'S "DING HO" CHRISTMAS	John P. Maloney	114
MARRY MARY, QUITE CONTRARY	Herb Graffis	122
LARDER EX LIBRIS	Peter De Vries	130

departments

Correspondence: THE SOUND AND THE FURY		10
Contributors: BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE		66
Fashions: THE NIGHT LIFE OF THE BOLD LOOK	O. E. Schoeffler	126

fiction

SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR MISS BRIGHAM	F. Hugh Herbert	72
THE BREAKING POINT	Budd Schulberg	78
HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO SIMPSON'S BAR	Bret Harte	82
WE HAVE THIS DAY	Lester Cooper	103
THE THREE BABES	Earl J. Wilson	104
A VERY NOBLE GUY	Mel Matison	112
IVAN AND THE PLATINUM BABY	Gilbert Sonbergh	119

bedside murder mystery

HANG BY YOUR NECK	Henry Kane	92

personality

YOUNG MAN WITH A PROBLEM	James Poling	75

sports

HICKORY HEAVEN		115
HIT THE BEACH		124

pictorial features

AMERICAN COUNTRY LIFE	Lithograph by N. Currier	76
AMERICAN WINTER SCENES	Lithograph by N. Currier	77
PETTICOAT FEVER	Kodachrome by Muky	79
SOLEBURY MEETING HOUSE	Painting by John Sharp	83
RED AND GREEN	Painting by Al Moore	85
CHRISTMAS CARDS YOU'LL NEVER RECEIVE	Drawings by Eldon Dedini	88
"FACES OF ACHIEVEMENT"—ALBERT EINSTEIN	Photograph by Yousuf Karsh	90
CANDLELIGHT	Photograph by Philippe Halsman	94
TWILIGHT	Photograph by Philippe Halsman	95
ARISTOCRAT OF ARABIA	Kodachromes by Ylla	96
CHRISTMAS IN NEW YORK	Kodachrome by Gianni-Gilliam	99
DIAMONDS FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS	Kodachrome by Robert Bagby	100
TYCOONS IN TOYLAND	Kodachromes by Esquire Studios	108
SMÖRGÅSBORD, SCENERY & SCHNAPPS	Kodachromes by Göran Algård	111
HICKORY HEAVEN	Kodachromes by Ray Atkeson	115
REFRESHER COURSE FOR SANTAS	Kodachromes by Esquire Studios	120
ARMS AND THE MAN	Photograph by Reves-Biro	123
HIT THE BEACH	Kodachromes by Ardean Miller III	124
THE NIGHT LIFE OF THE BOLD LOOK	Photographs by Esquire Studios	126
A CHRISTMAS CAROL	Drawings by D. McKay	128

Esquire's portfolio of Christmas gifts

RIGHT DOWN SOME RIGHT GUY'S CHIMNEY	131
FOR THE KEEPER OF THE FAMILY TREE	132
TO WREATHE A WINNER IN SMILES	134
GOOD SENSE AND GOOD SCENTS FOR GENTS	135
TO ADD THE OLD GLEAM TO HIS BOLD LOOK	136
MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW LOOK!	138

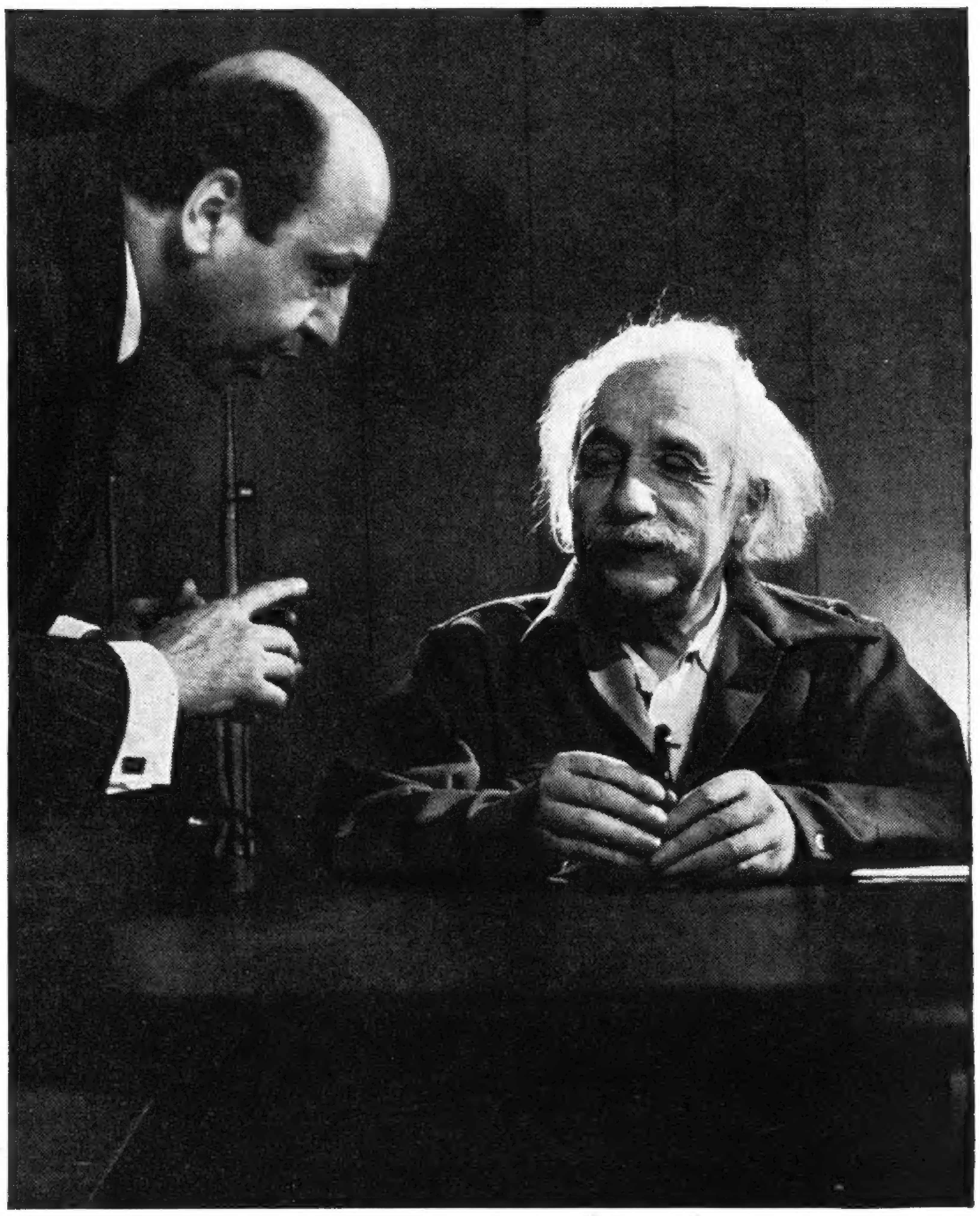
ADVERTISERS' INDEX	258

T. M. REG.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., David A. Smart, Chairman of the Board; Alfred Smart, President & Treas.; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; G. T. Sweetser, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Adv.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Lester Petchaft, Sec.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. Editorial and Art Depts., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17. Circ., Bus., Prod. Depts., Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as 2nd class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15, 1933 under Act of March 3, 1879. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Manuscripts, drawings and cartoons should be sent to Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-American Union and Canada, $6.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, $12.00. Subscribers changing their addresses should notify Esquire Subscription Dept. 30 days before change is to take place. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Editorial: Christmas Ends at Easter

Christmas in Copenhagen



Shutter opening and $mc^2+m\frac{v^2}{2}+\frac{3}{8}m\frac{v^4}{c^2}+\cdots$

"MERRY Christmas," we said to the man from Denmark.

(The man from Denmark looked down on the Hudson River, far below the high bluff where we stood, and puffed reflectively on his pipe.)

"Christmas?" he said. "It was a wonderful thing at home. Maybe I sound a little simple or homesick for saying so, but it always seemed to me that everyone liked each other so much more at Christmas. A Danish Christmas, you know, is more than just a day. Around December First even the grownups begin to get ready for the *Julemand*, who is the Santa Claus in Denmark."

(The man from Denmark watched his little daughter Annette as she played around us. She was blonde, with a button nose, pale blue eyes, and a little dumpling of a face.)

"The *Julemand*," he went on, "doesn't get around quite as much as your Santa. He is just as jolly, with white whiskers, a gay cap, but he wears grey trousers. He has no reindeer, like Santa. He lives in the attic, or in the barn, maybe, close to the home where he can watch the children. And no Danish family would ever fail to leave a bowl of rice porridge for the *Julemand* and his helpers, the *Nissemaend*—who are little elf-children."

(Annette pestered her father for a piece of candy, and with the urgency of a five-year-old she begged him in a mixture of Swedish, French, English, Yiddish, and Danish for an extra big one. She got it.)

"But he is, after all, just your Santa a little far from home," said the man from Denmark. "The thing about a Christmas in Denmark I cannot forget as our very own is the expectant joy of a great event—every house is cleaned and scrubbed and decorated before one thinks of the presents. And then, as if unable to wait even one more day, we celebrate Little Christmas Eve on December Twenty-third. Everything is ready, and I guess we need a sort of little rehearsal for the real Christmas Eve which is so close at hand.

"Christmas Eve is our big celebration. The *Julemand* has brought the gifts by then, the candles are on the Christmas tree, and we are not ashamed to dance around the tree holding hands, big and little ones. Christmas Day is family day, as yours is, but we become a little greedy for this happy feeling and so we Danes have what we call Second Christmas Day on the Twenty-sixth. That is when we have our big lunch, the *koldtbord*, for our friends and neighbors. After that—it would take hours to describe—come beer and akvavit, and then hot foods until you cannot move, but sit in a kind of happy trance, glowing gently like banked coals.

"There is also a Third Christmas Day and a Fourth Christmas Day," said the man from Denmark, "and so the festivities go on and on.

"We have a saying that 'Christmas ends at Easter.' It is a fine thing to love everyone around you for so long."

(The man from Denmark smiled a little apologetically for being so soft. It was the greatest miracle of all that he could be, for he had been a captain in the Underground, and seen his best friend lie in a Nazi prison bleeding to death from three bullets in the stomach while his captors mercifully stuffed cotton in the holes. And, many times from both ends of a tommy gun, the man from Denmark had learned something about good will towards men.)

The lights came on in the valley, then, so we took one of Annette's little hands and the man from Denmark held the other, and slowly we went down the hill from the spot where George Washington once had stood.

"Merry Christmas, until Easter," we said to the man from Denmark.

* * *

You will see another picture of Albert Einstein in this issue on page 90, which is a "formal" portrait by Yousuf Karsh, the celebrated photographer, and which happily discovers all the informal virtues and simple genius of the great scientist. Mr. Karsh, who once had the temerity to remove Winston Churchill's cigar from his mouth and thus caught the old bulldog at his most dogged, was himself snapped by one of his staff making a gentle point with Einstein. A Karsh portrait, you will perceive, is not only a path of insight to the character and life of the subject, it is also the record of the photographer's diplomacy and skill in arrangement of the spirit as well as the person of his subject. We are happy to take Mr. Karsh taking Mr. Einstein.

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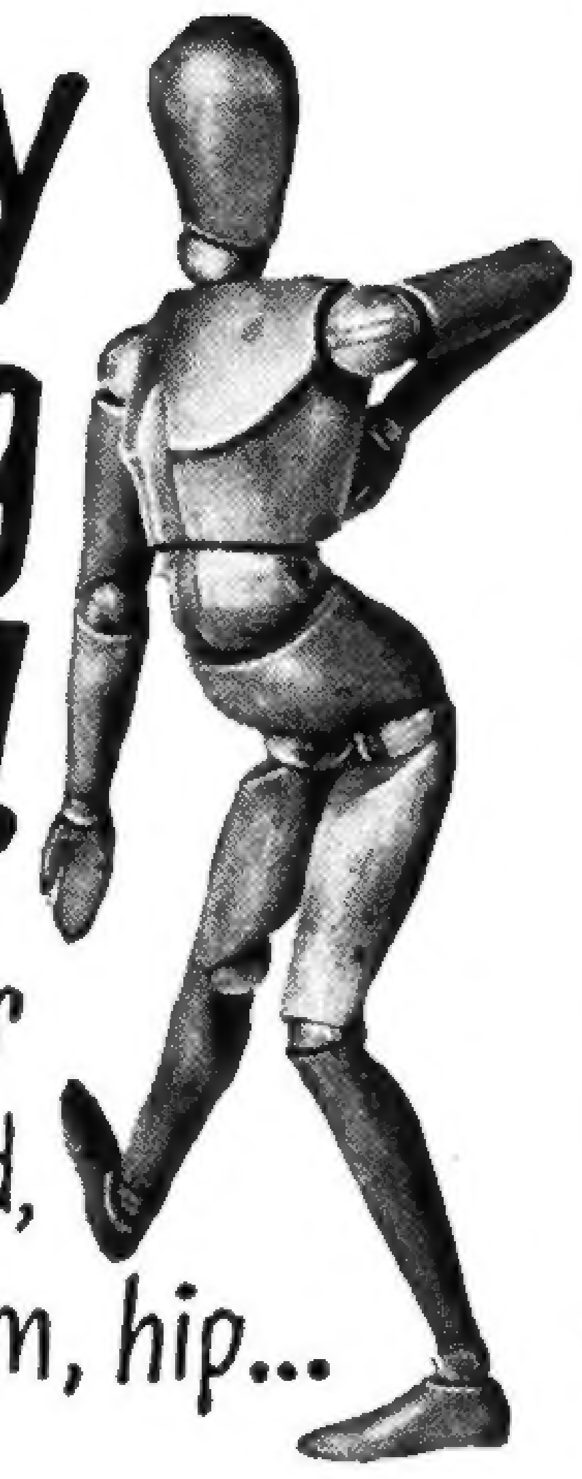
Oh, my aching back!



and for that tired, stiff leg, arm, hip...

Here's fast relief...

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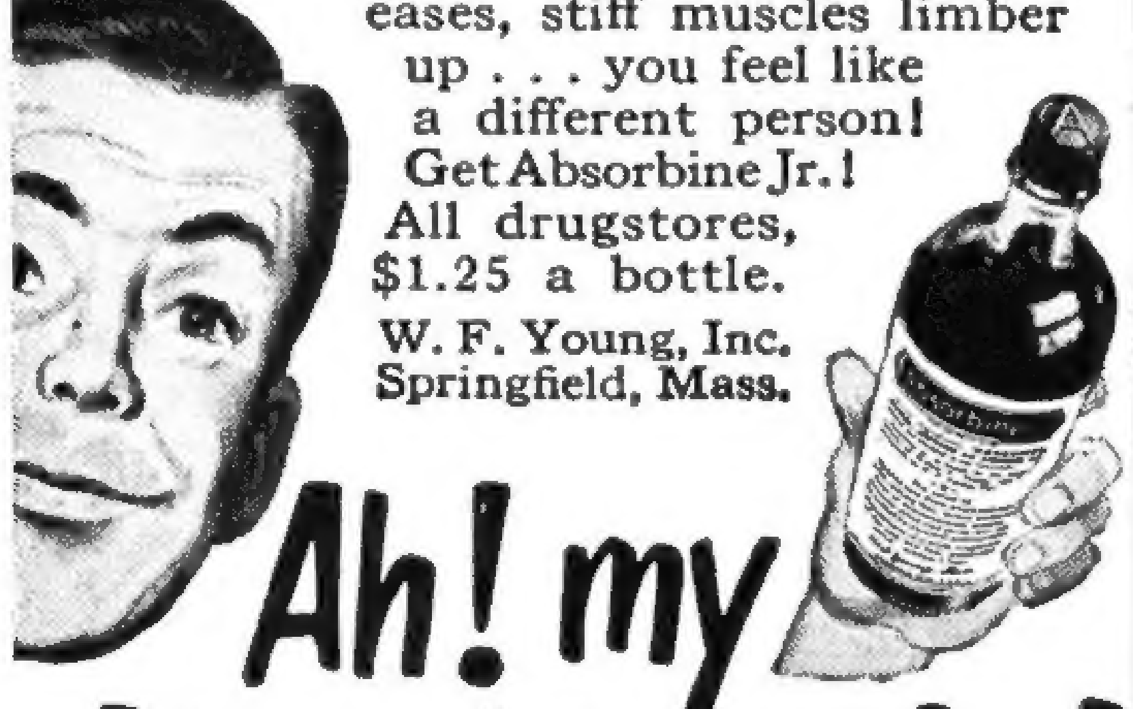
Springfield, Mass.



Ah! my Absorbine Jr.!

Orchid Corsages
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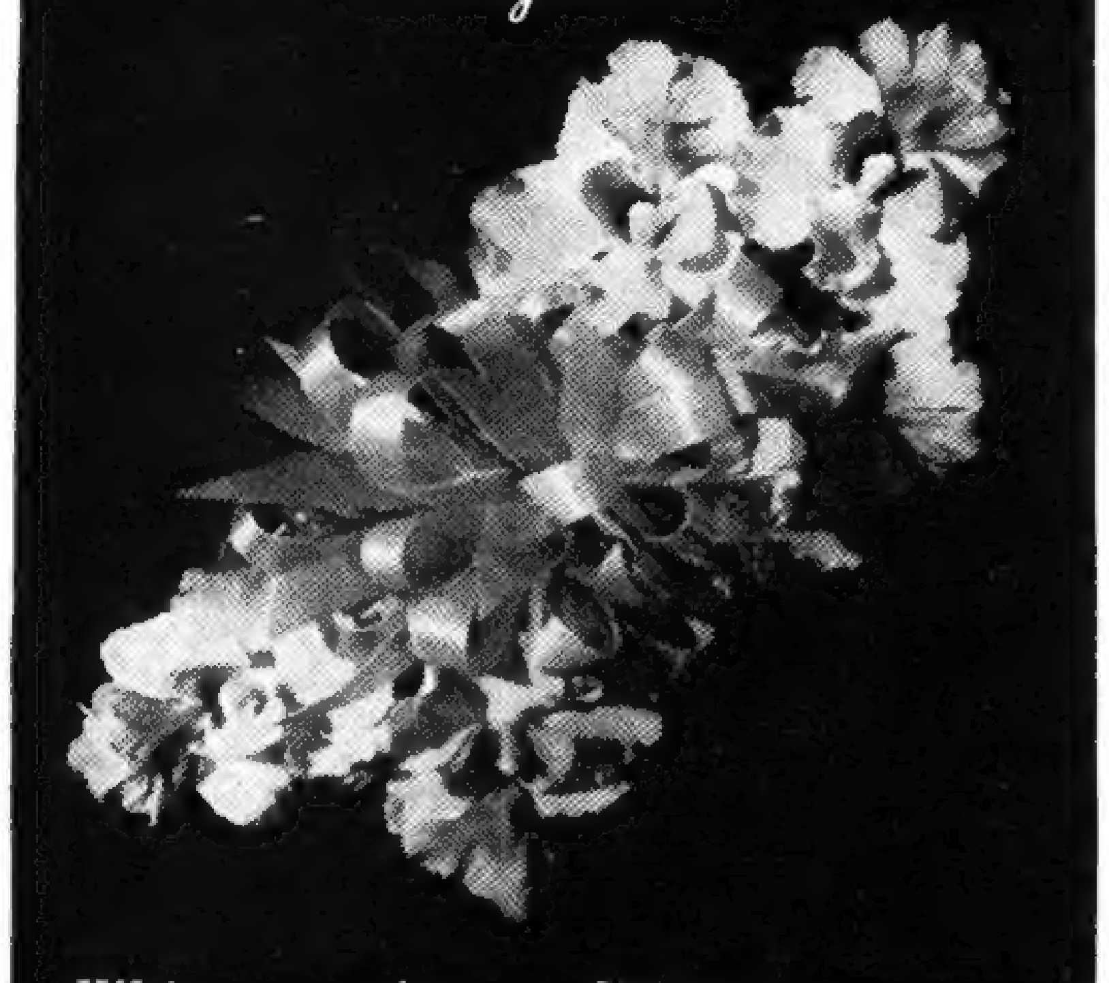
Everywhere



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Talking Shop with Esquire

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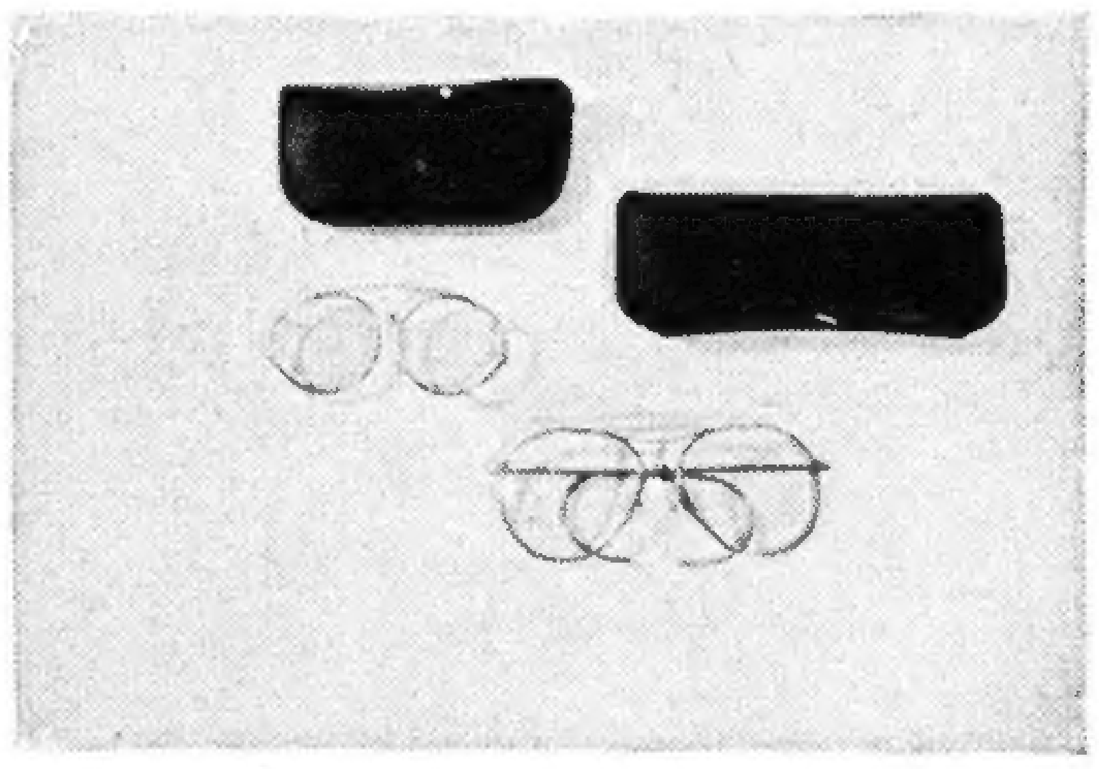

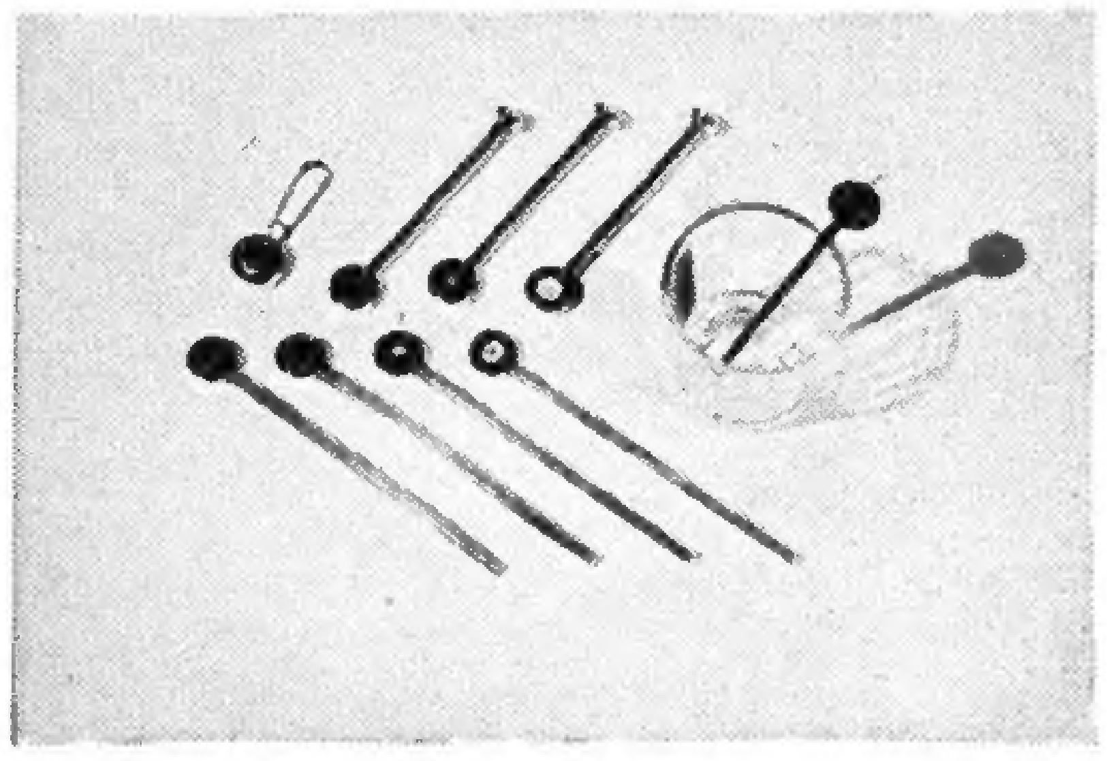

OLD GRADS and young ones too, will take to a set of these aluminum swizzle sticks. Topped with their own college or university seal in colored enamel—Harvard, Northwestern, Stanford and many others. High-ball size, or muddlers for Old Fashioneds. There's also a keychain counterpart to the idea.

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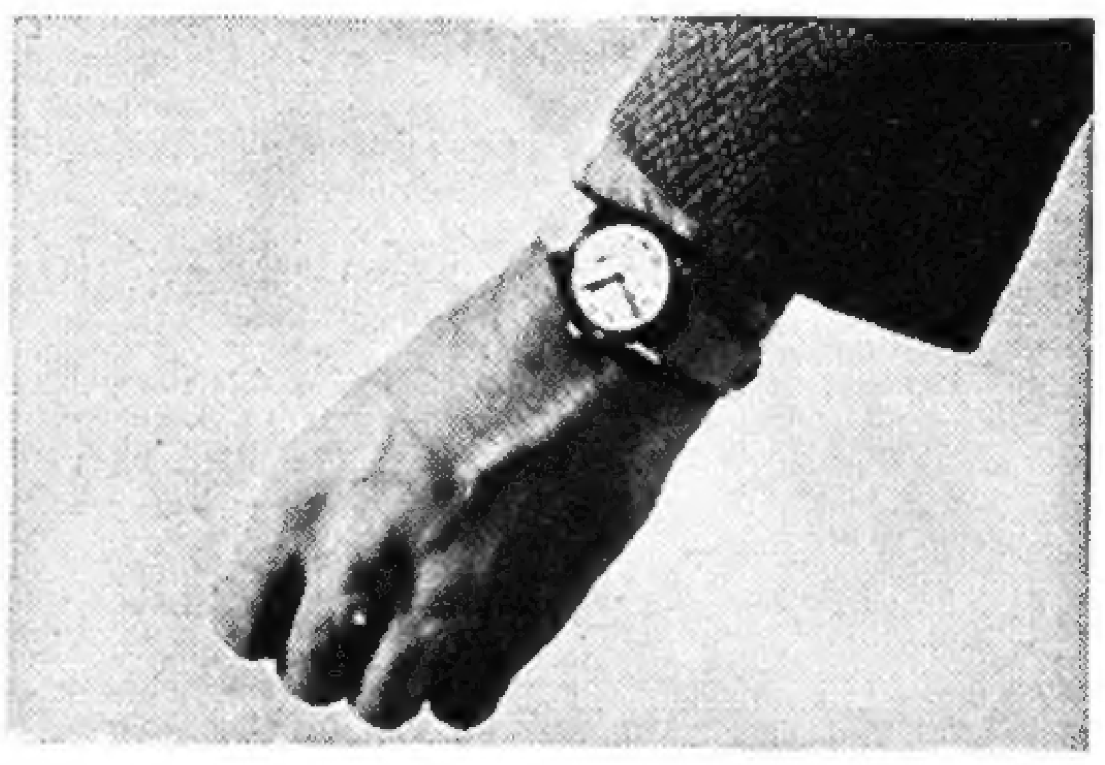

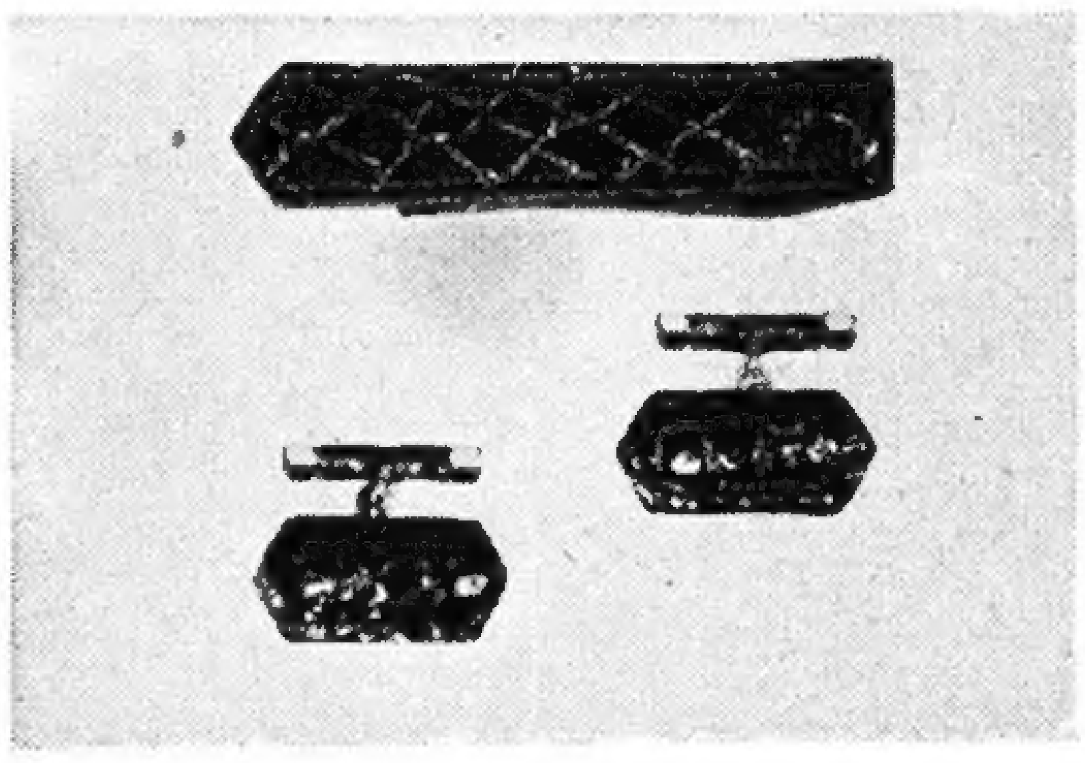

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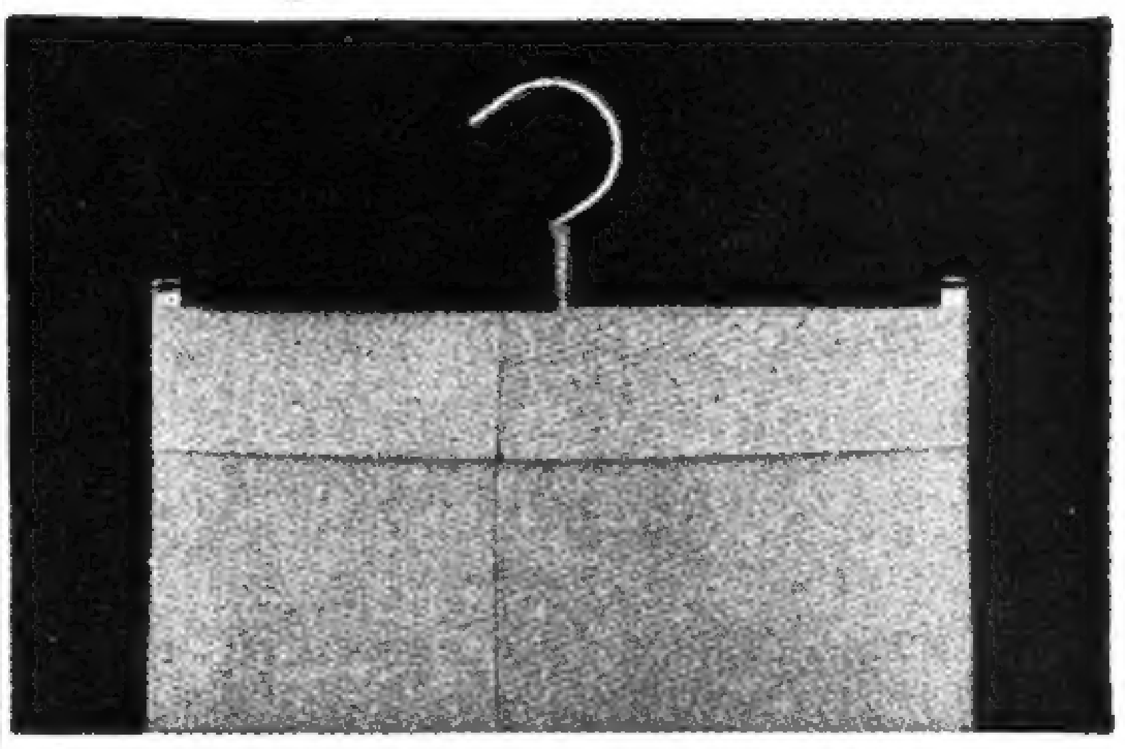

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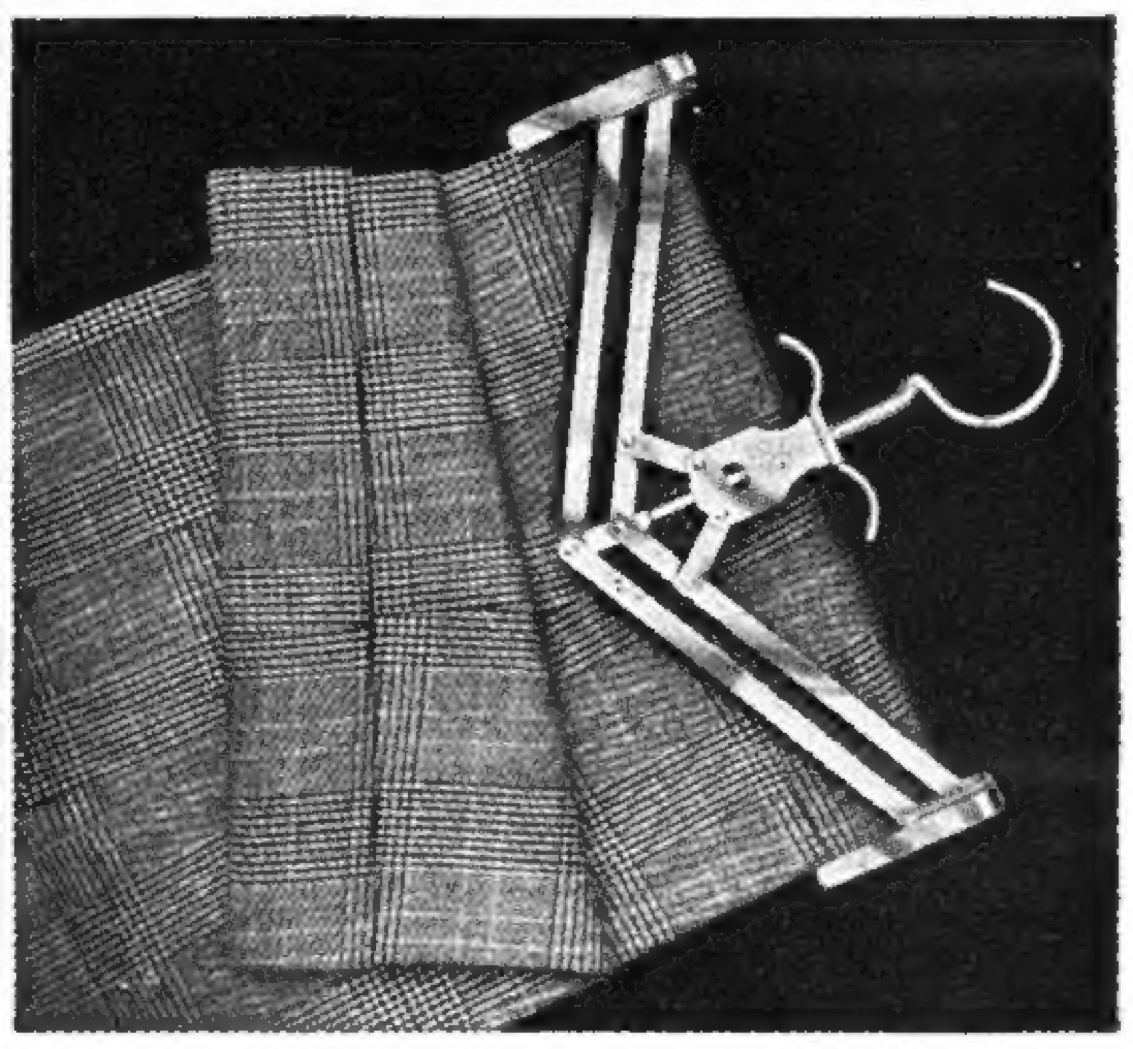

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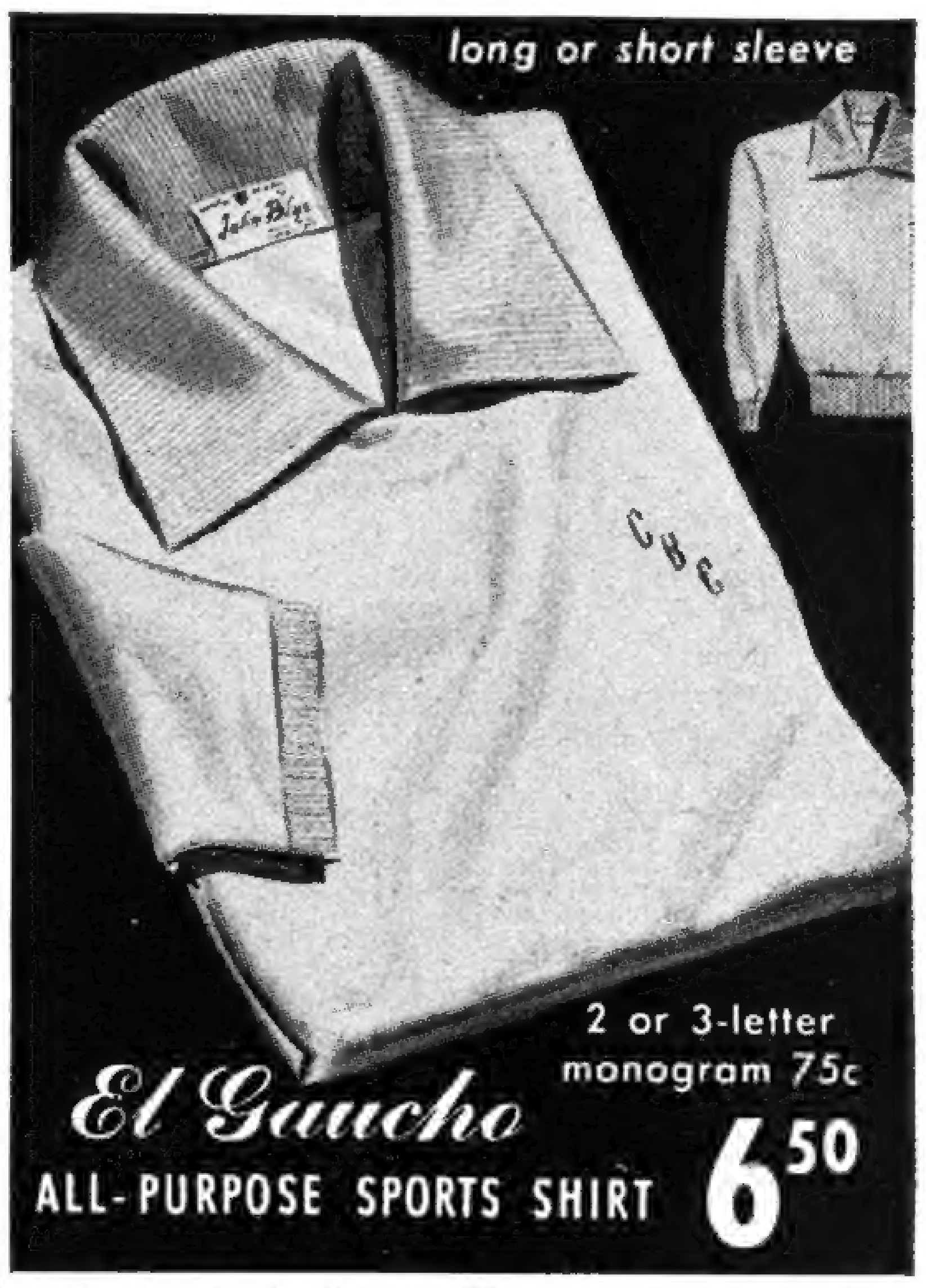

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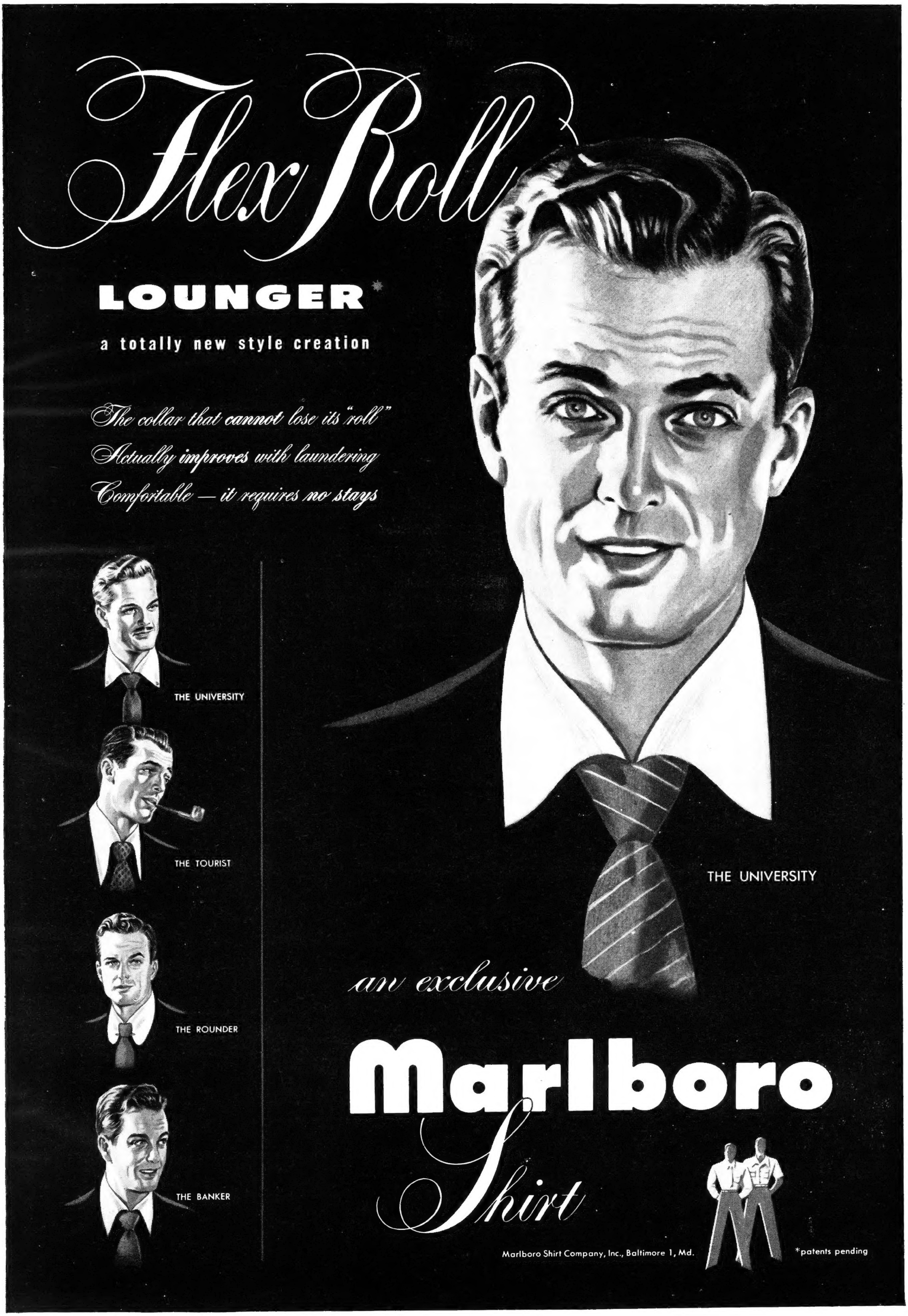

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The Sound and the Fury

fashion for vets

I have been looking through some issues of Esquire and also through Right Dress, the little booklet you sent me some time ago to determine the proper time to wear lapel ribbons which were given with decorations by the United States Government. Army Regulations state that they may be worn on civilian clothes. Please advise if it is proper to wear lapel ribbons in place of a boutonniere with a tuxedo or with other formal coats.

W. E. Palmer
Chicago, Ill.

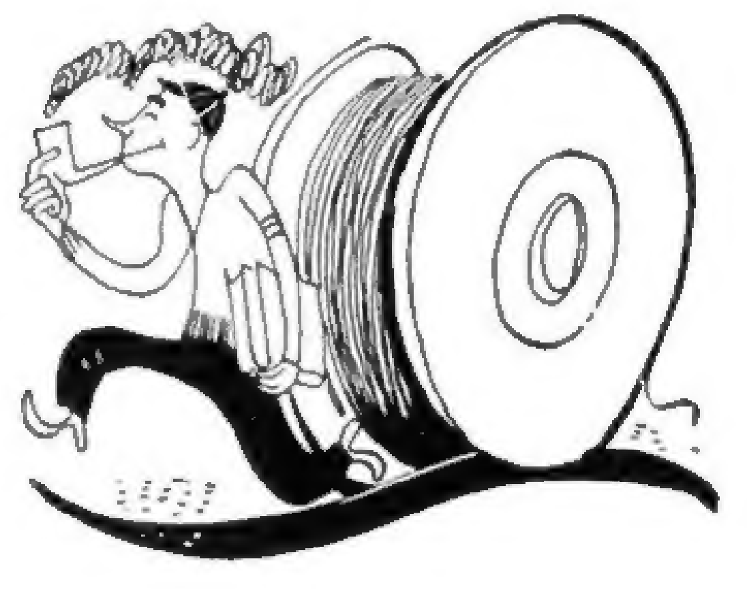
Editor's Note: *In our opinion it would not be in good taste to wear lapel ribbons for any formal daytime or evening occasion. However, this is a personal matter dependent on the inclinations of the wearer. Actually it is up to you whether or not you wish to wear lapel ribbons for formal occasions.*

chart for sky pilots

Thank you very much for the complimentary copies of *Guide for the Bridegroom.*

There are occasional weddings when such a guide would be extremely useful. They will be well distributed.

Paul W. Yinger
Minister, First
Congregational Church
Riverside, Calif.



learning without pain

We of the great "western plains" thoroughly enjoyed your suggestions concerning the simple college life; enjoyed it so much, in fact, that I wrote the following remarks for the *Ohio State Lantern*:

Blushing past the pin-up girl in the September Esquire, my bloodshot eyes came upon an article suggesting what the well-bankrupted college student will be using to make living a little more comfortable this Fall.

"Simplicity is the design for living" was the slogan! Simplicity like knotty pine furniture, deep wall-length bookcases with china book ends, heavy bright plaid drapes, bulletin board for memos, an executive desk with eight attached file drawers, a wire recorder, and a portable electric refrigerator. This simplicity must have made many a parent spray his morning coffee over the breakfast table in fear of seeing the bank account dwindle into confetti.

The wire recorder for "efficiency in learning" is a must! Egad! What a way to "rough" it! All you would have to do is to drop off this automaton in the classroom, turn it on, and take off for the golf course.

In case of a three-hour lecture, all you need is a larger quantity of wire. Can't you just see a student coming to class followed by three Ohio Power linemen pushing in a giant spool of wire for the oral ordeal? The wire has other utilities too. When it gets worn out you can use it for dental floss.

The portable icebox is a perfect place to keep your midnight snacks of caviar, pheasant under glass, anchovies, and the Kinsey report.

It all looked very beautiful—richly colored pictures of immaculate rooms, modern furniture, and other bonus-consuming items. Then I looked around my "sewer with a window" and found a striking similarity between my quarters and those in the article: they both had AC current.

John A. Haldi
Columbus, Ohio

outraged rhumber

Since you so judiciously approved Jimmy Cannon's *Gourd-Time Charlies* for publication, I feel inclined to believe that you, like many others, wallowed in his despondent criticism of the rhumba and us rhumbers, as he so ignoramusly calls us.

Jimmy Cannon, the writer, seems to possess, among other ill-traits, a very effective heckling style of writing.

I noticed that at no time did he compare us with the jitterbugs (not that we would like to be compared with them either). But do not the jitterbugs also deserve some of your valueless criticism or heckling, Mr. Cannon?

I am positive that a similar article on jitterbugging, etc., etc., would increase critical fan mail which would in time maybe improve your journalistic style, Mr. Cannon?

J. Gil Moreno
Houston, Texas

design for conquest

If Adam Lofland, (August Sound and Fury) wants six romantic records, let him save his money. Cancel five of them, and run, not walk, to the nearest record shop and buy Wayne King's *Melody of Love* with poetic reading by Franklyn MacCormack. You're welcome.

James A. Barnes
Administrative &
Supply Officer
Army Transport
"Lawrence Victory"

confession

I saw myself in Donald Hough's article, "*Look Ma, I'm Eatin'!*"

I am reforming!

Mrs. Dale Nouse
Michigan City, Ind.

old Malay hand

In your Liquor Intelligencer you show a "Stinger" among your 25 cocktails. Actually this is a half size whiskey soda, the word originating among the Malay rubber planters.

"Stinger" or "Stengah" is a corruption of the Malay "s'tengah" meaning "one half" and is the small-sized whiskey soda as opposed to the "besar" or large size.

I have, as a matter of fact, just come from the Malay States, where the British always have a "stinger" at the Club before supper, and sometimes several.

The point is purely academical, and if you use the word in the States for a cocktail, well—"God Bless You." I merely thought that as your publication is so good, you might be interested in the British use of the word.

Major P. J. Steel
Vancouver, B. C., Canada

happy the Icelander

A well-considered seconding of Leland Stowe's motion re *What's Wrong With Our Women?* Basis for my enthusiastic nod comes of factual observation from many vantage points in Iceland. Stulkas (young ladies) are blonde, blue-eyed and well built. They are not aware of their good looks, can keep house, sew and are as adept in the kitchen as on the dance floor. High school graduates manufacture dresses from bolts of cloth, prepare ten different dishes from the same fish, handle a baby with know-how, and have the knack of making an escort feel as if he is *the* man!

This is an art that the American beauty has not bothered to learn, let alone master!

Dave Zinkoff
Philadelphia, Pa.

beak-buster

Michael Kearns seemed to possess all the inside dope on spies, although he refers to himself as an ex-CIC man. There is no connection.

How did he get access to a general's "top-secret" files and, specifically, at what U. S. Army hq. did women "swarm"?

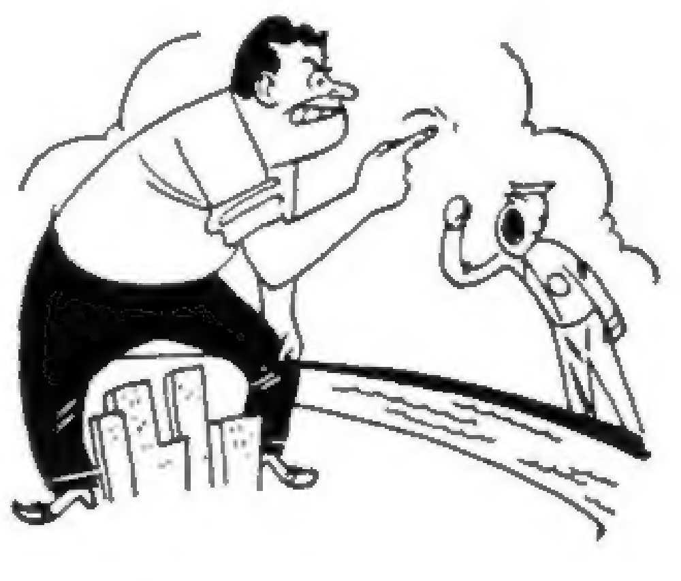
It looks like the "get out, tell all, cash in" that he refers to fits his own foot.

And what general, by name, gave out actual pre-invasion data?

May I also direct a word to the "stay-at-homes" referred to in the paragraph in which he stated: "Never did an Army make such a collective jackass of itself while blessedly winning a horrible war." To those folks may I say: continue to be proud—no G.I. sold another "down the river" and don't think that your husband, son or brother lies dead because of a "jackass" comrade-in-arms.

I'd like to punch Kearns' nose.

Ed. A. Fetting
Noncom vet World War I
(U. S. Tank Corps)
Noncom vet World War II
(3rd and 9th Inf. Divs.)
8 battle stars each
Munich, Germany



square off, Sergeant

Sergeant Fetting deserves sincere respect for his unique combat record in two wars. But how can I answer a man who claims there's no connection between CIC and spies? The Sergeant's own 3rd Division's CIC team probably harvested more spies than any other division in Europe. Perhaps the Sergeant is confusing "CID" (Criminal Investigation Division, under Provost Marshal) with the "CIC" (Counter-Intelligence Corps, under G-2, or Intelligence).

He has an amazing awe of secret documents; I worked with them for 3½ years in Europe. The general who gave out pre-invasion data was a major general in the Air Force, reduced to colonel and shipped home; the sergeant can find his name in any newspaper of that period. (A Navy captain was sent home at the same time, for the same reason.)

My shoulders sprout chips at his questioning of my veracity and intentions. As an Intelligence veteran, I don't like being called a liar by a man with kindergarten knowledge of the subject. As a full-time writer, I don't like the slur upon my professional integrity and four full years of research. Even though I enlisted as a private in 1941 and got a commission overseas, I turned down a Reserve captaincy at war's end so I could "tell all" without Reserve restraint, in the hope of arousing a little corrective action in our Intelligence. The sergeant's conception of Intelligence explains why a little limelight is needed.

As for you, Fetting: my own very Irish nose twitches impatiently at your last sentence. I'll have it in Europe this winter, in Munich if possible, for our mutual convenience.

Michael Kearns
New York, N. Y.

Continued on page 208

For Men of Distinction...

LORD CALVERT

ARISTOCRAT OF HIGHBALLS...

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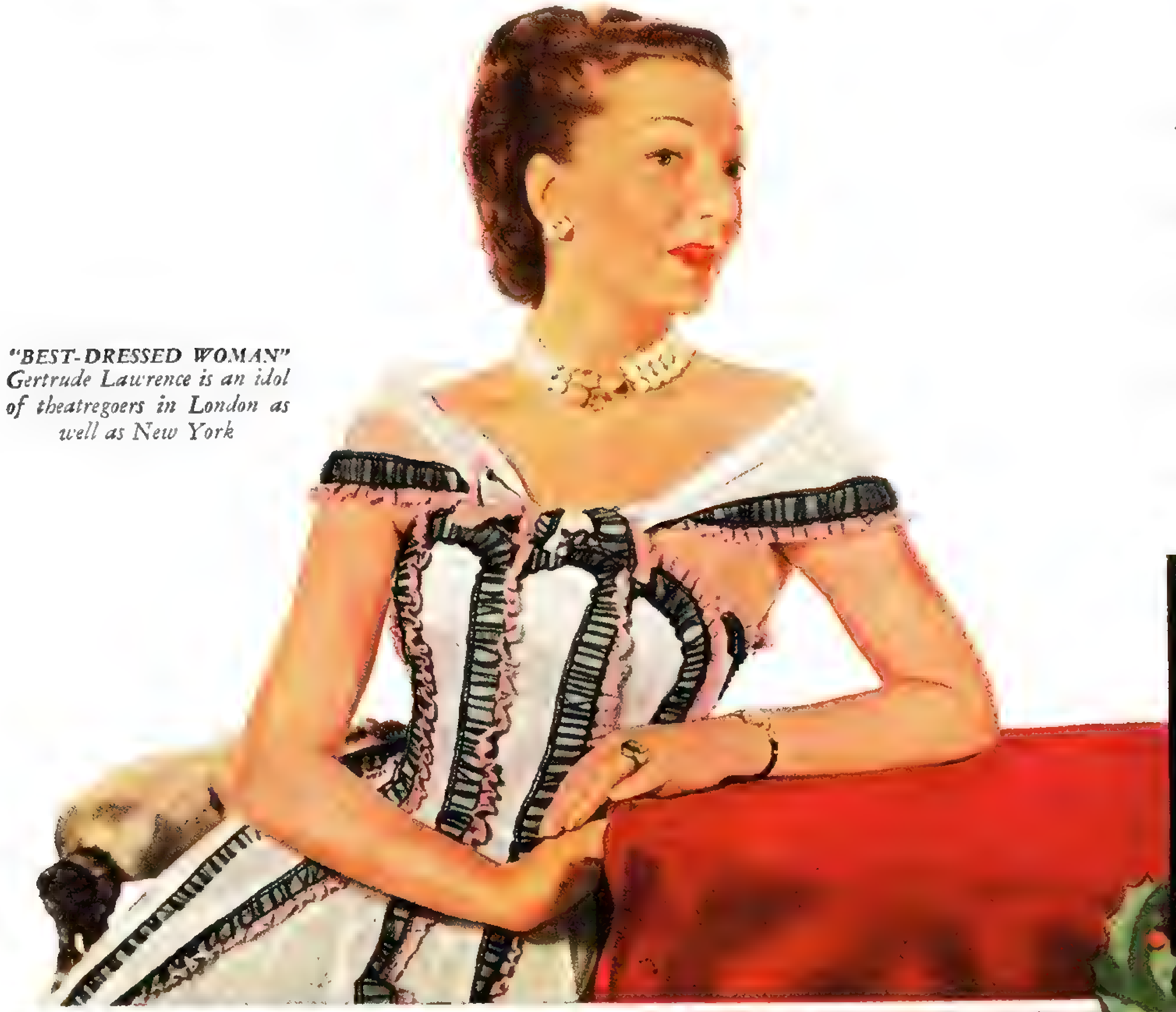
Lord Calvert, Supreme Achievement of America's Most Distinguished Distiller · Custom Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits · Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City.

"That I would surely want in a Christmas watch"



"BEST-DRESSED WOMAN"
Gertrude Lawrence is an idol of theatregoers in London as well as New York

said **GERTRUDE LAWRENCE**

when she was told

of the DuraPower Mainspring

in the new **ELGINS**

she admired

THE
*DuraPower Mainspring**
ELIMINATES 99% OF ALL REPAIRS DUE TO STEEL MAINSPRING FAILURES!

Lord and Lady Elgin
Styled by Henslee

Enthusiasm over Elgin Watches goes deeper these days—deeper than the smart styling you instantly admire. For there is a new miracle in the part that makes them run . . . a mainspring that everyone, like Miss Lawrence, would "surely want in a Christmas watch." It is Elgin's exclusive new DuraPower Mainspring!

This mainspring in Elgin Watches will never, never rust—and rust is the greatest cause of breakage. This mainspring will *hold* its original "springiness" . . . give constant power for greater accuracy through the years. In fact, the DuraPower Mainspring eliminates 99% of all repairs due to steel mainspring failures! And you get at no extra cost this latest achievement of America's great creative and productive genius.

See the stunning new Elgins at your jeweler's—watches that have won praise from many of America's best-dressed women—and men. Look for the DuraPower symbol "dp" on the dial. There's no doubt about it . . . the one you love will be *happier* with an Elgin.

Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from $67.50 to $5000.00. Elgin De Luxe from $47.50 to $67.50. Other Elgins as low as $29.75. All of these prices include the Federal Excise Tax.

*Made of "Elgiloy" metal. Patent pending

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TIMED TO THE STARS!

The genius of America . . . to wear on your wrist

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From the day you say "I'll take it"...to the very last wearing, Balanced Tailoring keeps your Timely Clothes in trim. The formula? Luxurious hand needlework for natural, shapely lines...balanced with essential machine sewing to hold those lines for keeps – our own scientific technique that keeps Timely Clothes looking new seasons longer. Makes your dollars go further, too! Moderately priced – at fine stores everywhere.

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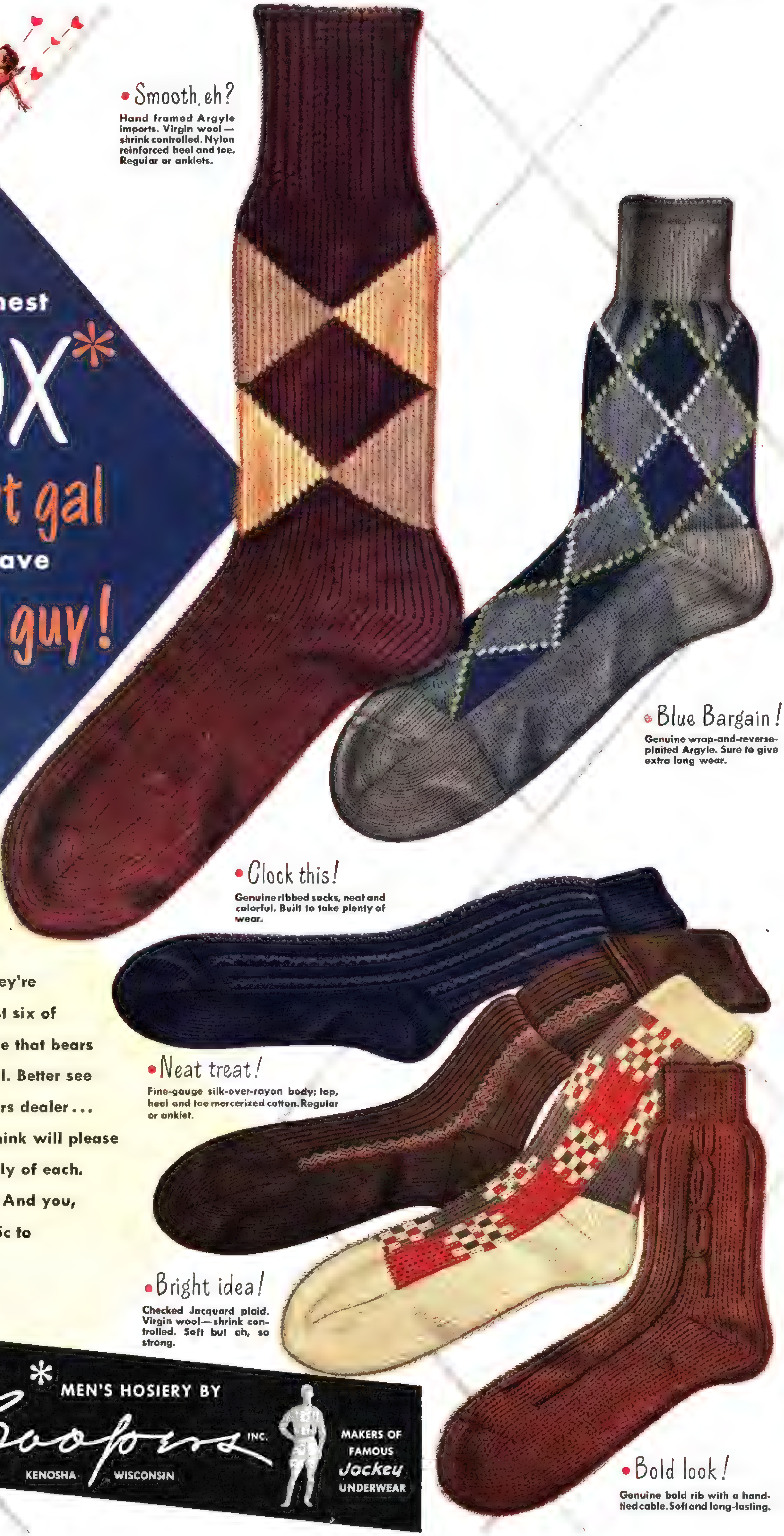
smoothest
SOX*
a smart gal
ever gave
a swell guy!



• Smooth, eh?
Hand framed Argyle imports. Virgin wool—shrink controlled. Nylon reinforced heel and toe. Regular or anklets.

• Blue Bargain!
Genuine wrap-and-reverse-plaited Argyle. Sure to give extra long wear.

• Clock this!
Genuine ribbed socks, neat and colorful. Built to take plenty of wear.

• Neat treat!
Fine-gauge silk-over-rayon body; top, heel and toe mercerized cotton. Regular or anklet.

• Bright idea!
Checked Jacquard plaid. Virgin wool—shrink controlled. Soft but oh, so strong.

• Bold look!
Genuine bold rib with a hand-tied cable. Soft and long-lasting.

•What a gift for a grand guy! They're bright . . . they're right . . . and these are just six of the swell socks in the line that bears the famous Coopers label. Better see them now at your Coopers dealer . . . pick out the styles you think will please most . . . then give a supply of each. He's bound to like them. And you, too. Prices range from 55c to $3.95 per pair.

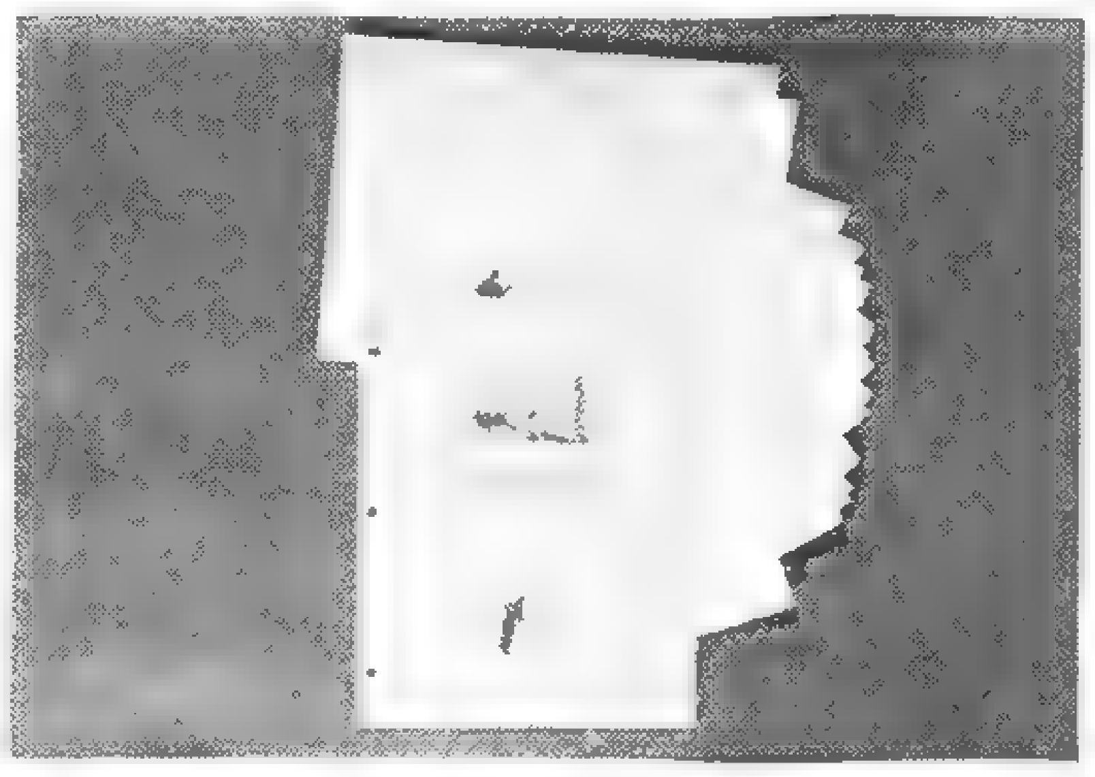
P. S. *No gal to buy gifts for you, Mister? Then buy some of these socks yourself . . . flash them around and maybe they'll get you a gal in time for next Christmas.*

* MEN'S HOSIERY BY
Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
MAKERS OF FAMOUS
Jockey
UNDERWEAR

Talking Shop with Esquire

SHAVE VALET. This chrome plated shaving stand does everything but put the lather on. One side holds your shaving brush after use (with bristles *down*, so that water won't rot the base) the other arm holds your razor. All this and a place for used razor blades—a slot in the base of the stand takes care of that situation.

GOLFING GADGET to help perfect that all-important swing—a leather strap device that fits over the left hand. In gripping the club, the shaft end slips under the wrist section. As the wrists are cocked, pressure of the band helps bring the club down at the critical moment. Comes with a small booklet of instructions.



CHRISTMAS EVERY WEEK. A membership in this "story club" entitles the kids on your gift list to a new, illustrated story and a special letter for 52 weeks. They get a big kick out of receiving "personal" mail and letters announcing contests activities of the club. Written especially for 4 to 8 year-olds.

DUFFER OR CHAMPION—your golfing pal should get a kick out of this golf-ball paperweight to keep on his—or her—desk. An accurate metal replica of the real article, mounted on a goldplated tee and base. It opens in two, with enough room in the goldplated interior for stamps, paper clips or what have you.

Ranger

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A FULL YEAR'S SUPPLY OF PALETTES GIFT WRAPPED – $3.00

3 Palettes (App. 9" x 12") $3.00

3 Palettes (App 12" x 16") $4.50

Sorry no C.O.D.'s

At your dealer or send postpaid to

JOHN J. ANTHONY

347 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

KIDDY PONY

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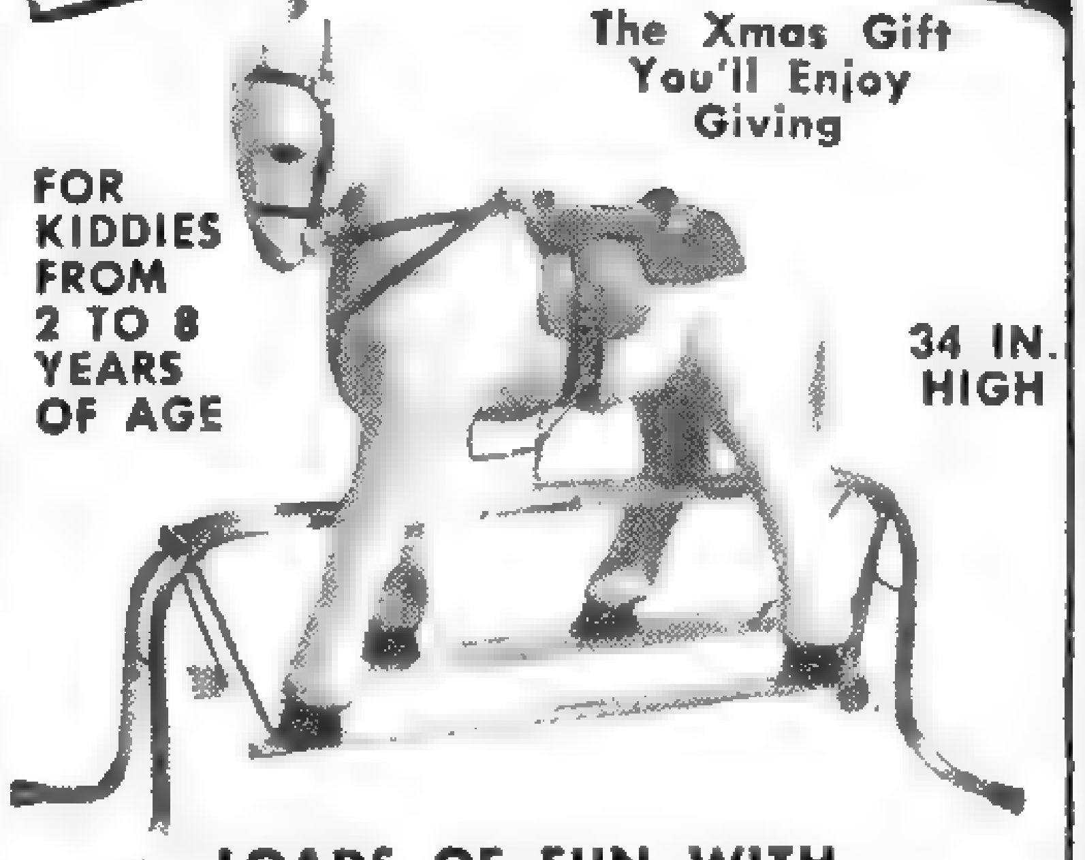

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HAMLEY'S HAND MADE ALL LEATHER BELTS

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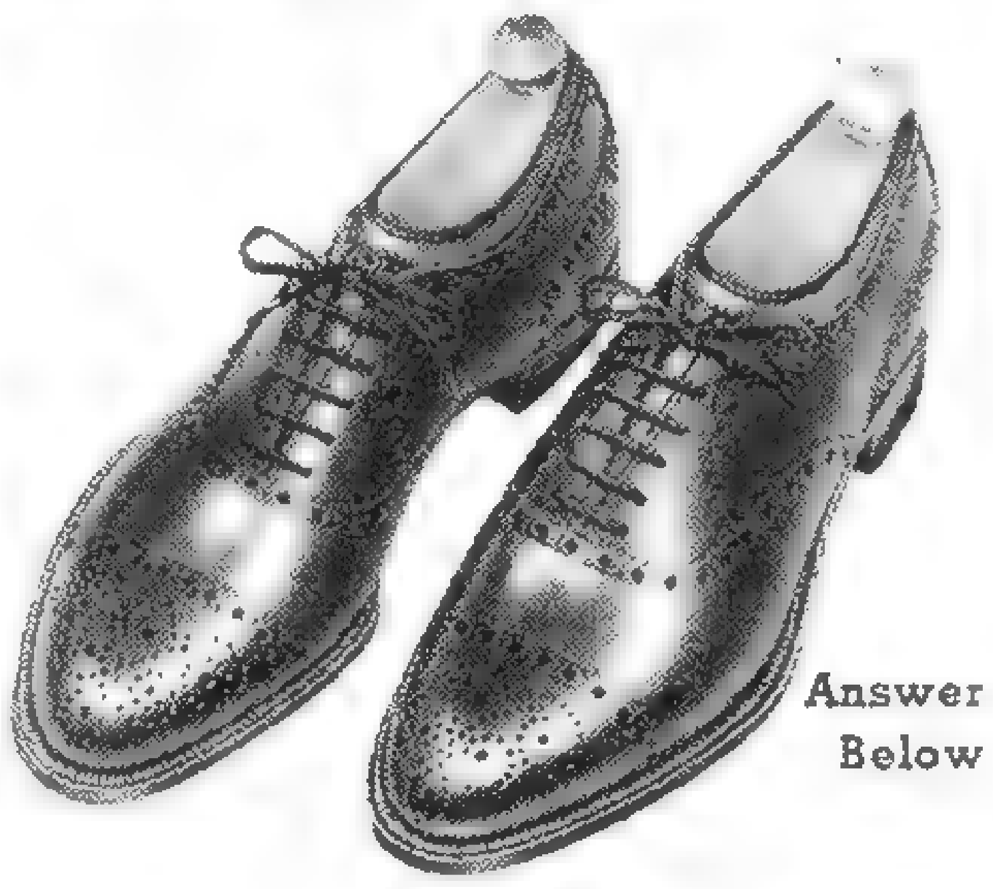

You can't tell them apart but "ELEVATORS" will make you TALLER

You can't tell by their look, or by the way they feel, because "**ELEVATORS**" look and feel like any other fine shoes. But you can tell when you step into a pair. What an *immediate* difference in your appearance! Instantly, you're impressively TALLER. Why put it off when you can put on a pair of "**ELEVATORS**" and get the thrill that comes only from being TALLER. *(The shoe on the right is the "ELEVATORS").*

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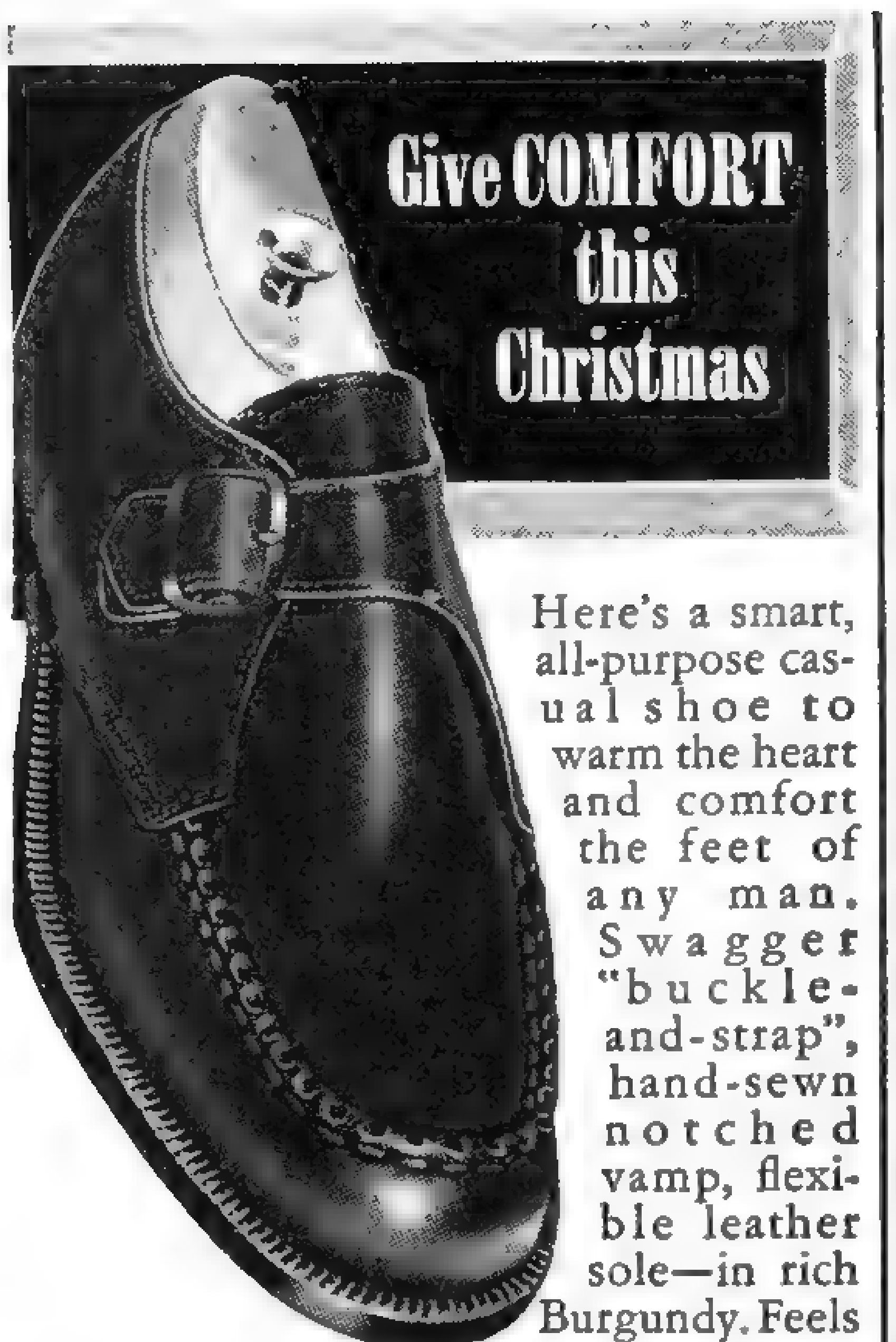
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MIDAS MESH MANICURE SET: Women adore it! Glittering golden mesh, case fitted with gold-plated implements. $17.50*

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GIVE HIM PARKTON TIES

He'll compliment your good taste with a kiss like you haven't had in many a Christmas.

Parkton has a famous reputation for handsomely designed ties in satin, silk, foulard, and nylon knit. And of course, there's the famous 100% virgin wool Commando.

When selecting your gift ties . . . look for the Parkton label. And you can bank on a very special kiss on Christmas morning.

PARKTON TIES
$1—$1.50—$2—$2.50

Be sure to include several of Parkton's famous Clip bows in his gift package. Parkton's patented clip prevents slipping from the collar. Ask to see them at your dealer or order direct from manufacturer. $1 each. FILL IN COUPON.

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Please send .... clip bow ties to
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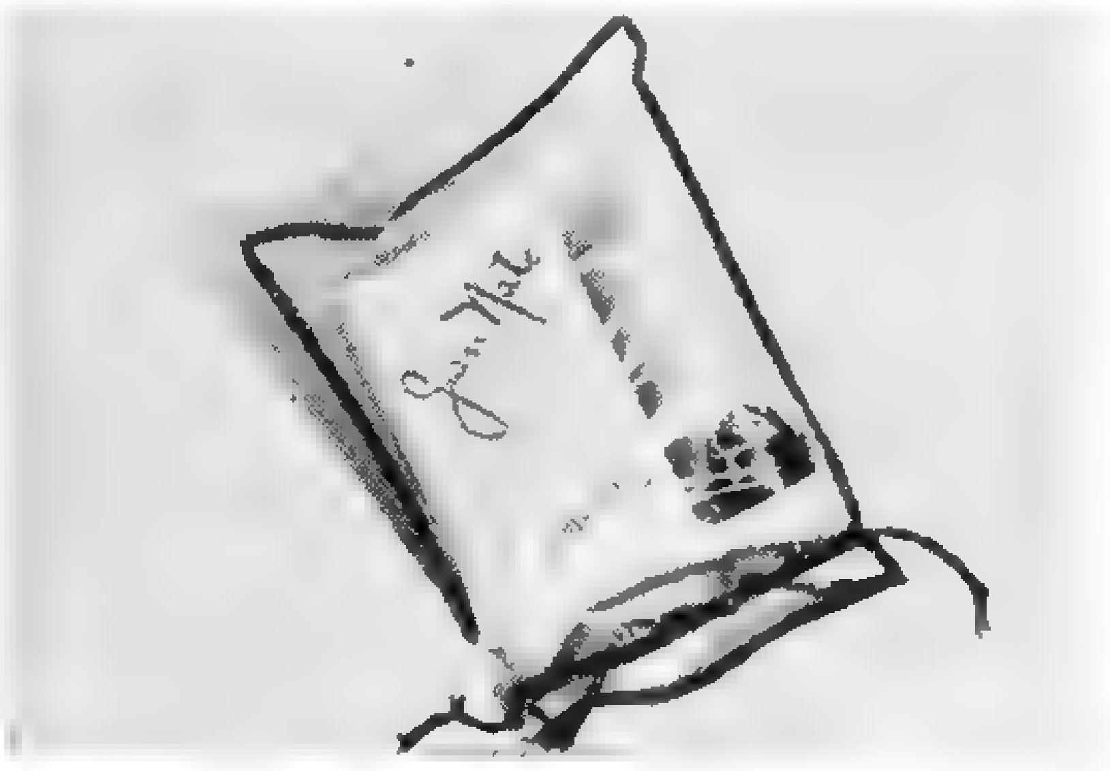
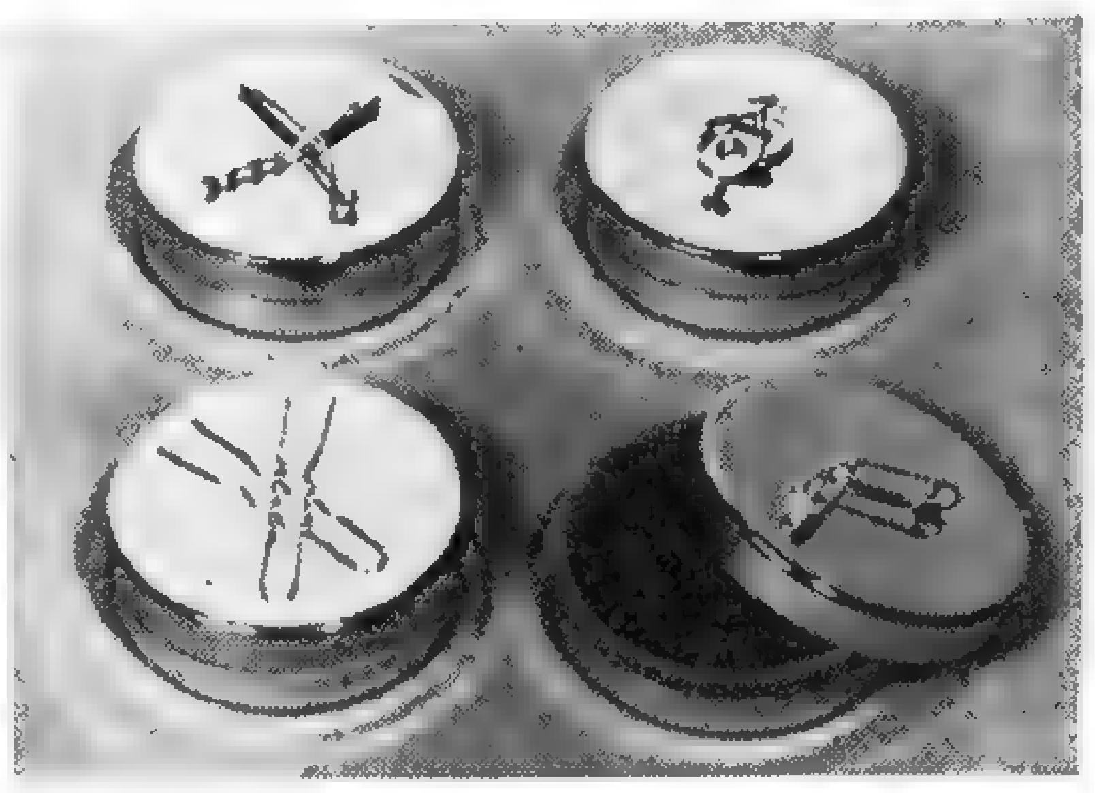
Predominating color desired ....

Talking Shop with Esquire

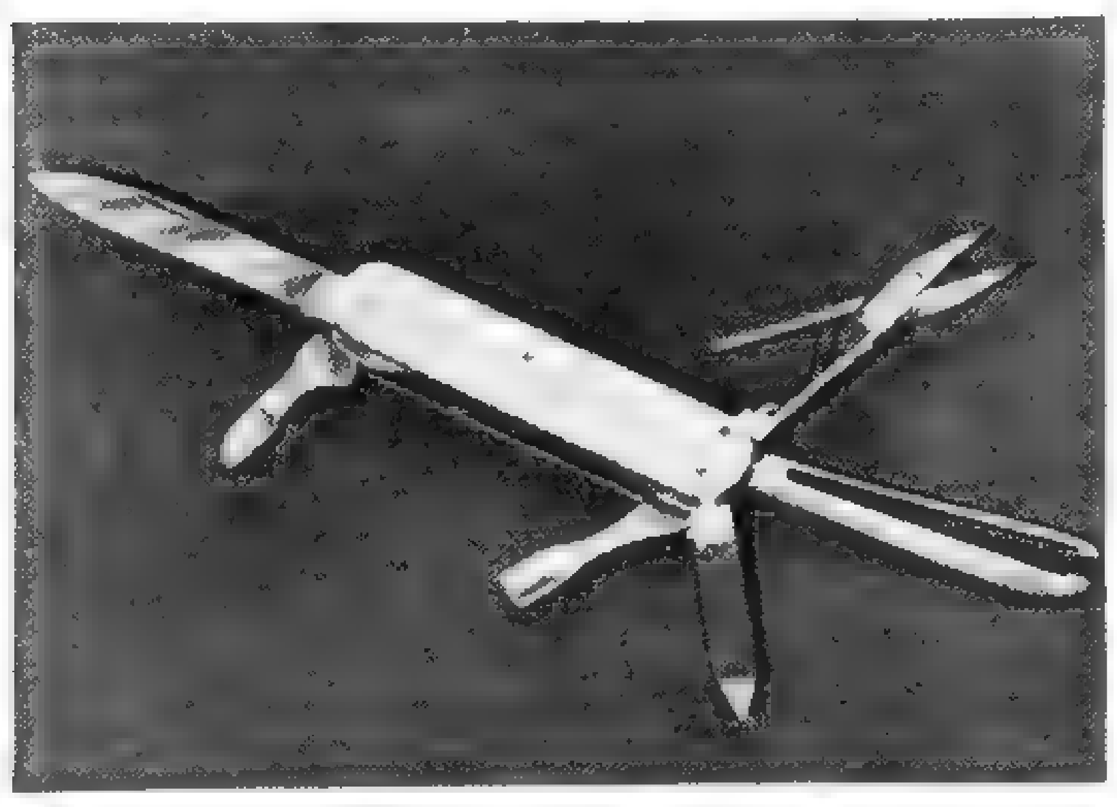
HERE'S LUCK! A Lucky Grandpa shaving mug, with four leaf clovers flanking the owner's name, topped off with a horse shoe, to make it a Sure Thing. Name, date and decorations in gold, done with a true gay nineties flourish. If you have some special design in mind, they'll do shave mugs to order.



TWO TO GET READY. Shave accessories done up in a transparent draw-string sack. A bottle of brisk after-shave lotion and a container of talc to give the barber-shop finish to a home shave. The draw string sack is a cinch for re-use, it's moisture proof and right size for razor and wash cloth, in transit.



FOR MISSING LINKS. With one of these gold metal jewelry cases on his bureau, a guy won't have to go on the hunt for cuff links and collar studs. Lined with red velveteen and topped with golden studs. Female versions of the jewelry case come topped with a pair of gold-plated bobby pins, hair pins or safety pins.



POCKET MANICURE, a practical present for any guy. Six implements of Italian steel unfold from a case no larger than a pocket knife. A pair of scissors, a nail file, cuticle pusher and cuticle cutter, plus a 2¼" straight blade and a pair of precision cut tweezers. Simulated ivory case, lined with brass.

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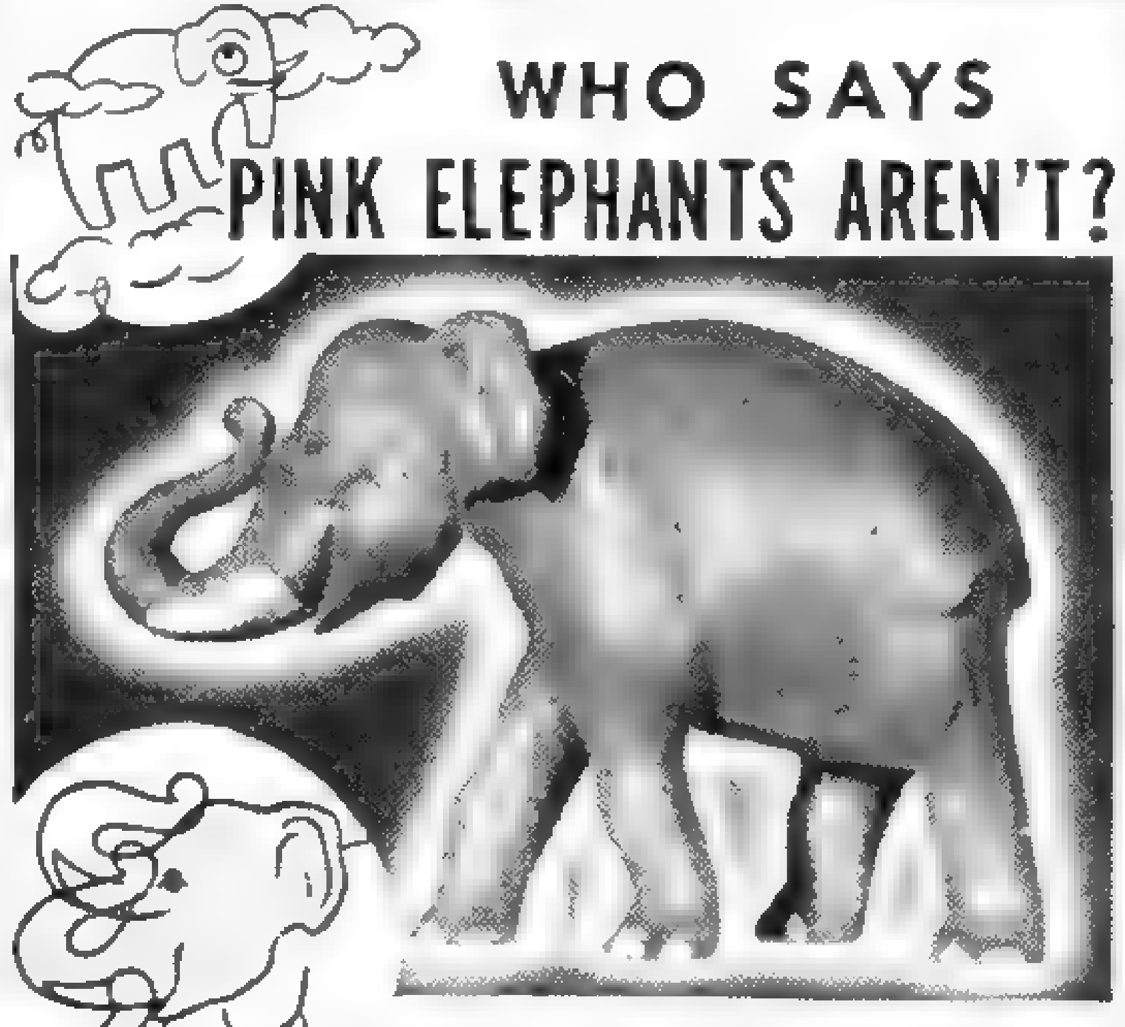
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Electro-Static Cleaner (brush without bristles)—performs miracles on suits, coats, hats, furniture and car upholstery. Cleans fabrics thoroughly and quickly. Picks up dust, animal hairs, and lint by **magnetic attraction.** Will not scatter dust. No current or cord required. Made of beautiful plastic. **Lifetime guarantee.** Gift boxed. Sent prepaid for only **$1.75.**

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- Sample of new Radiant "Million Mirror" Screen Fabric... Test it with your own projector and see for yourself the remarkable improvement over any other projection surface.
- Basic Film Source Directory—your handy guide to hundreds of film sources.

RADIANT MANUFACTURING CORP.
1295 S. Talman Ave., Chicago 8, Ill.

You'll rave about these
NUTMEATS COOKED IN IMPORTED WINE
the 18th Century Way!

OLD WILLIAMSBURG
SWEETMEATS

a rare gift!

Truly a luscious delicacy... Wonderful with drinks. Enjoy these delicious tidbits during the holidays. Order today, $3.50 pound box, prepaid.

Clyde Cole Kitchen
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MAE WEST Come Up 'n' See Me Sometime ALBUM
6 Torrid Originals Sung by Mae West Herself Including Come Up 'n' See Me, Frankie & Johnnie, That's All Brother and more. $3.90 postpaid
COMPLETE REFUND in 5 days if dissatisfied

SAV-U-MOR CO., Dept. E 12
Box 986, Church St. Station, New York 8, N. Y.
Enclosed find $________for________albums at $3.90 each
Name____________________ Address____________________
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IDEAL XMAS GIFT

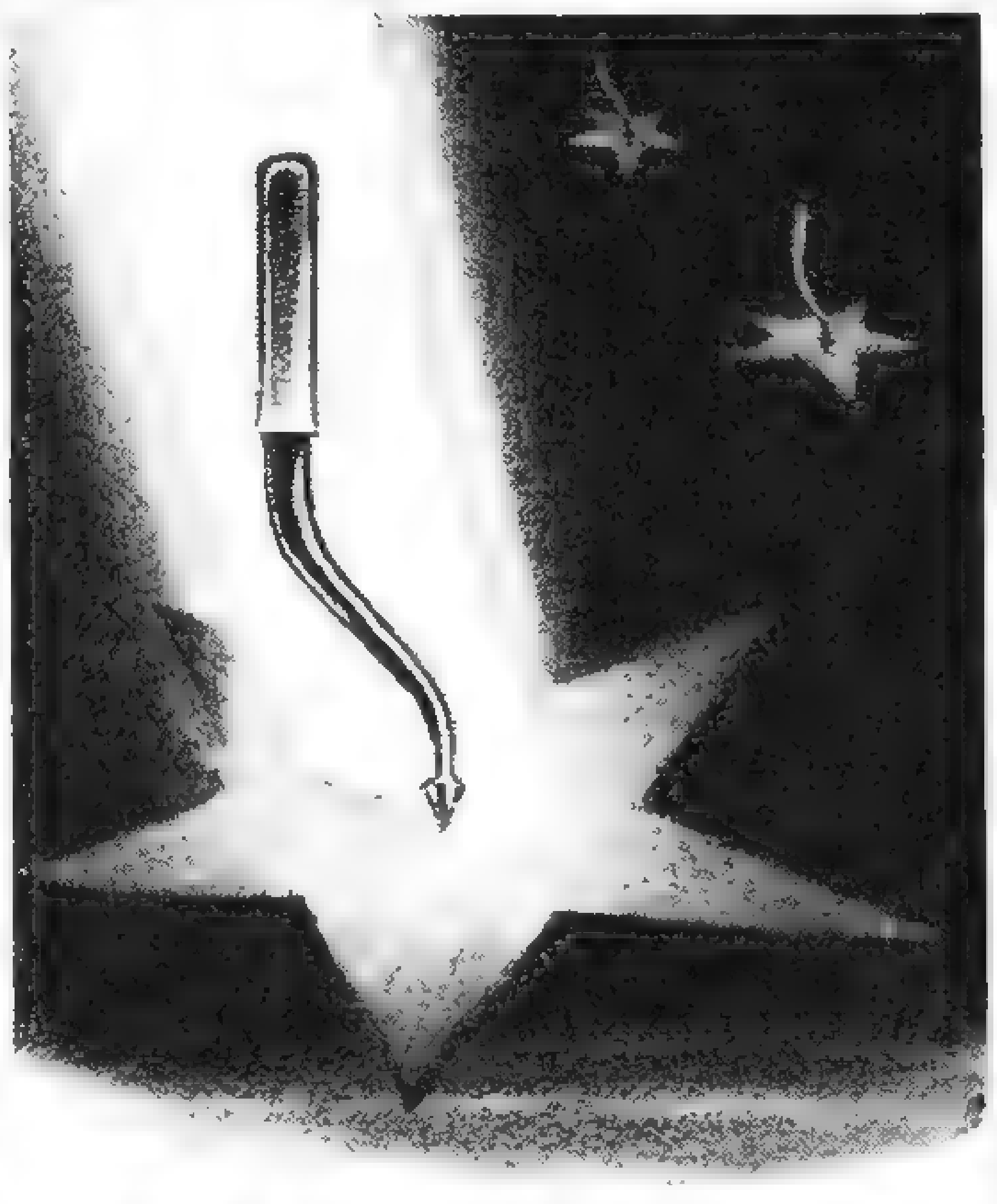
NEVER BEFORE!
such an easy way to wash your car!
JUST HOLD THE
SWIRL-O-MATIC
The Revolving Brush Does the Work!
ONLY $6.95
Prepaid Ideal Xmas Gift

Simply attach SWIRL-O-MATIC to any garden hose . . . the amazing turbine-action plus "magic" detergent quickly cleans, gives car a gleaming jewel finish.

- Rinses as it cleans! No streaking!
- No rubbing, scrubbing, wiping!
- Also washes screens, windows, boats, etc.
- Easy to use... weighs less than 1 lb.
- Guaranteed! Economical! Pays for itself in 5 or 6 washings.
- Free! Special washing detergent—enough for 15 car washings.

A wonderful gift—order today in time for Xmas! Also—3 ft. extension—ideal for washing boats, windows, etc., available at $2.50 extra. (Prepaid)

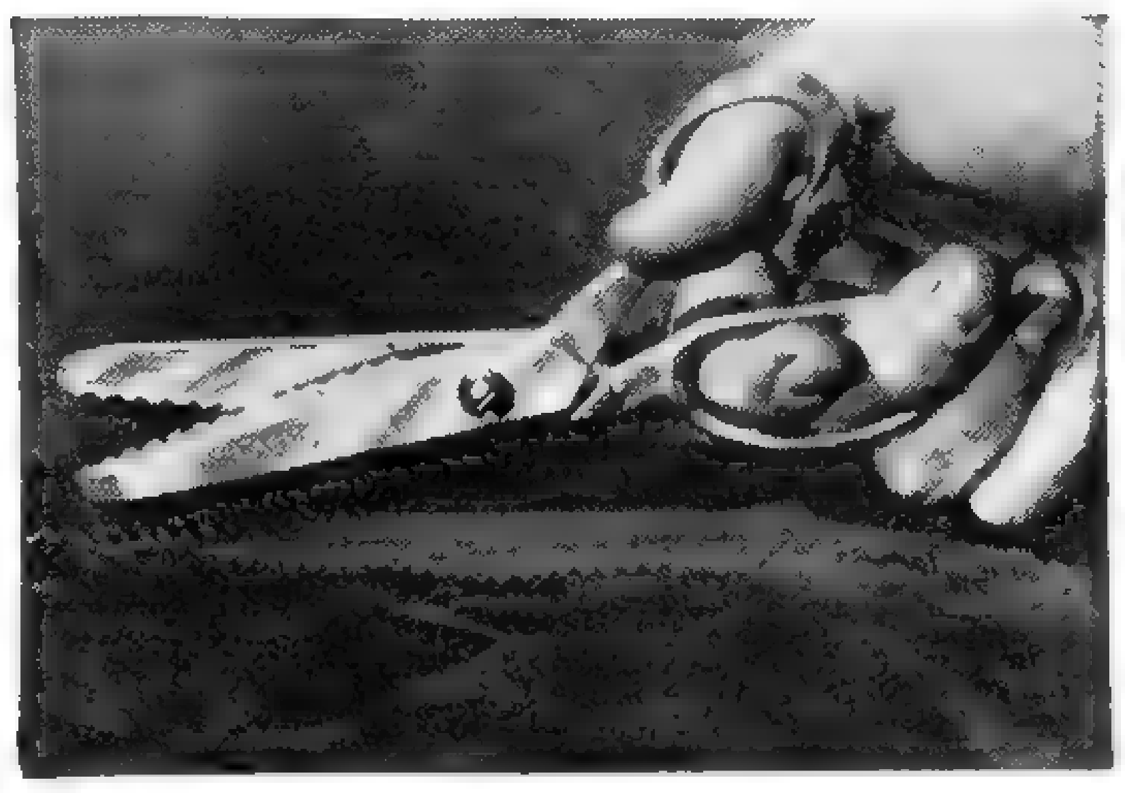
MELAIRE DISTRIBUTING CO.
Dept. ES, 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



THE FAMOUS DUOTONE
"Star" Sapphire
A welcome Christmas gift for young and old. The World's finest phonograph needle. Reproduces with full brilliance. Minimum Record Wear... Five Dollars.

DUOTONE
DUOTONE COMPANY
799 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

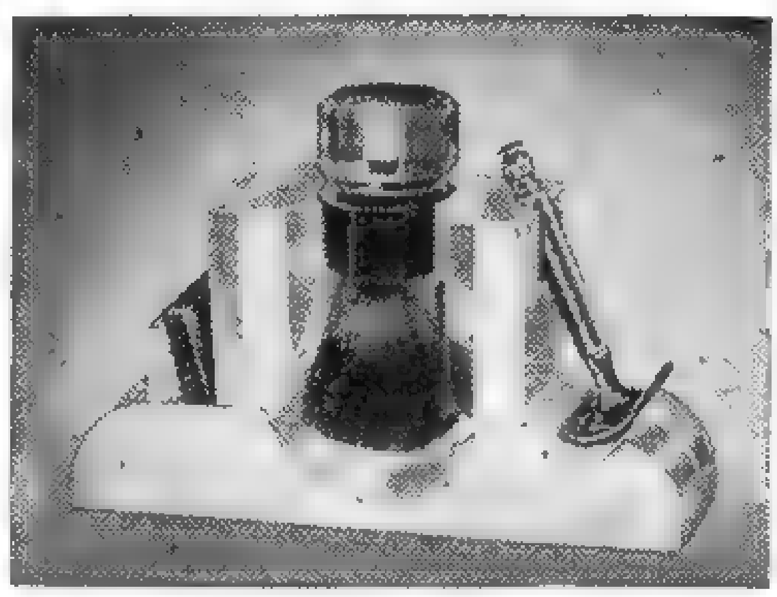
Talking Shop



SEW EASY. According to the word from the Distaff Side, the problems of home sewing are considerably simplified if you have a good pair of Pinking Shears. This particular pair is recommended because they're lightweight Duraluminum and cutlery steel (3 oz.) and won't tire a tender wrist.

BEHIND THE 8-BALL? Reverse the positions and put *her* there for a change—with this "8-ball" compact. Finished in black enamel with the authentic numeral on the top. Opens in half, and there's a mirror and room for her face powder. Another compact comes in polished gold metal sphere-shape but without the "8" on it.

ADDENDA. A few ideas for her Christmas stocking . . . amusing, inexpensive . . . A miniature, gold plated cigarette lighter, about the size of a lipstick—with a green enamel "Frog Prince" who has rhinestone eyes and a pearl crown . . . Or maybe a gold-plated thimble with a miniscule jewelled lady bug mounted on one side . . . or for good luck—a key chain with a real rabbit's foot attached—set with fancy fake stones.



COMPLETE UNIT FOR SHAVING NEEDS
THE SHAVE BAR

Perfect for the man-who-has-everything. Lustrous stand of heavy plexiglass holds 100% pure Badger shaving brush with clear lucite handle. Functional construction allows brush to dry properly. Comes complete with Gillette razor and blades. Stand measures 4½" x 6¾" overall.
An Impressive Gift!
$15.00 postpaid No C.O.D.'s please
HOWARD PUSCH
15 West 55th Street New York 19, N.Y.

Adlew's WONDER Watch Value
SUPERB QUALITY
Nationally Advertised
17 JEWEL 2 PUSH BUTTON
CHRONOGRAPH
TREASURED LIFETIME GIFT FOR ANY MODERN MAN

- WRIST WATCH
- STOP WATCH
- TELEMETER
- TACHOMETER

29.75 PLUS 10% TAX

INCA-BLOC SHOCK RESISTANT FEATURE
• Sweep Second hand • Anti-Magnetic • Radium Dial • Unbreakable Crystal • Stainless Steel Back • (Formerly $71.50) IDEAL FOR: Physicians • Engineers • Photographers • Aviators • Radio Men • Sportsmen, etc.
ALSO AVAILABLE IN 18K GOLD CASE $64.50 (Plus 10% tax) Formerly $125.00
OUR FAMOUS GUARANTEE:
MONEY BACK IN 10 DAYS
if not satisfied for any reason
ADLEW JEWELERS 117 W. 42nd St. New York 18, N. Y
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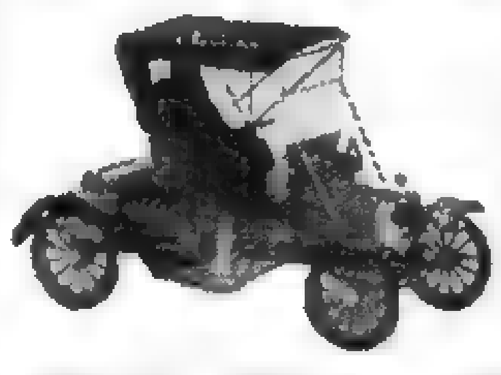
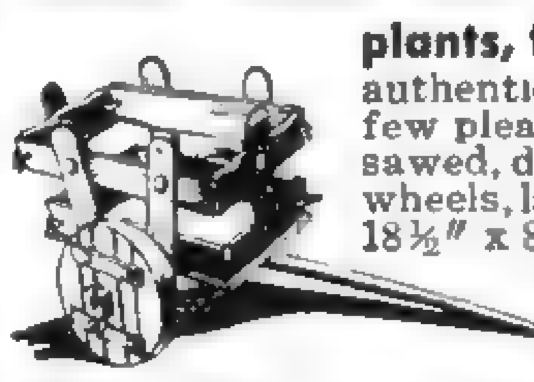
Open 'till 10 P.M. • Bet. B'way & 6th Av. • BRyant 9-6243
MAIL ORDERS Promptly Filled. Shipped C.O.D. or enclose check or money order. Address all mail orders to ADLEW JEWELERS, 152 W. 42nd St., New York 18 (Dept. 1C7)

COLLECTOR'S MINIATURES
1911 MAXWELL



Superbly decorative, exquisitely detailed 7½" for home, den, office. Kit includes all ready-shaped, cut-out parts, die-cast wheels, plans. $2.50 (PP)
1904 'OLDS' kit. $1.95 (PP)

CUBAN SUGAR CANE CART—for flowers, plants, fruits. Totally different, authentic miniature assembled in few pleasant hours. Cut-to-size, sawed, drilled parts: Wood, nails, wheels, laces, tacks, instructions. 18½" x 8½" $2.25 (PP)



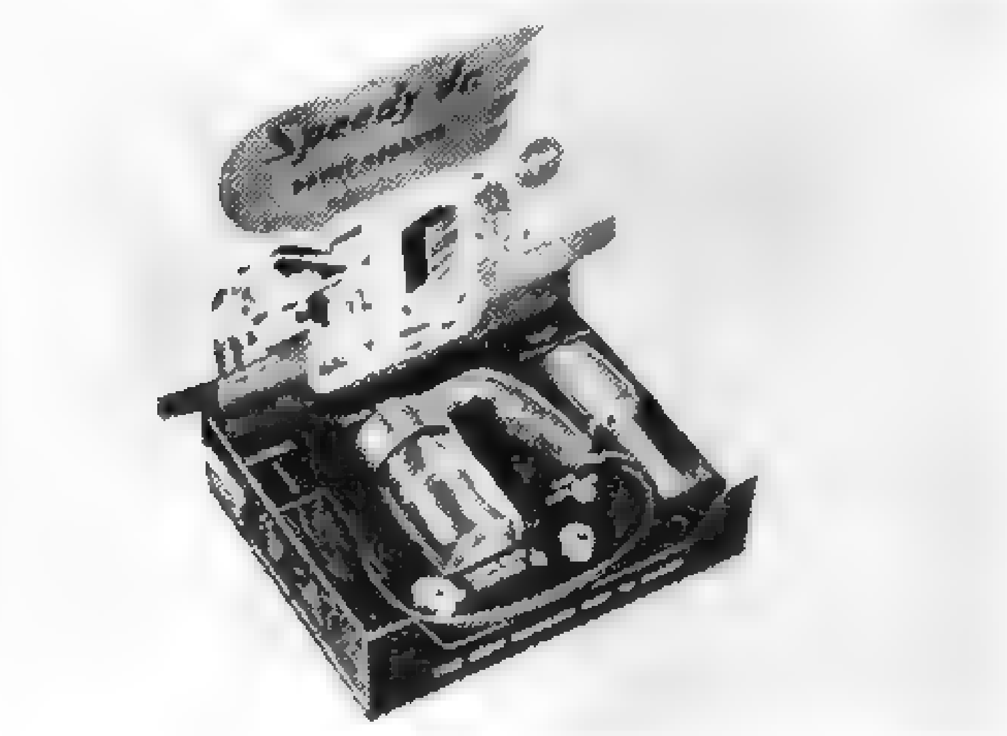
HOBBY CATALOGS: 120 SHIP MODELS 35c; U-Control Gas Model Planes 10c; Motors, scale, Trix, Lionel trains, 5 floors devoted to Hobbies.
POLK'S HOBBIES 314 Fifth Avenue, N Y C 1 (32nd ST.)

MEN—and Women, too!
EXEROW
for YOUR HEALTH and FIGURE

RIDE and ROW THE BATTLE CREEK WAY!
Enjoy most efficient health-building rowing AND riding! Natural HYDRAULIC pull of rowing plus benefits of horseback riding—adjusts for mild exercise or strenuous workout as you wish. Rhythmic movement of handles, seat and pedals "symmetrizes" and beautifies entire figure. EXEROW safely normalizes WEIGHT—improves HEALTH and appearance. Direct factory price. Write for information TODAY.
Battle Creek EQUIP. CO. Dept. C-128
Battle Creek, Mich.

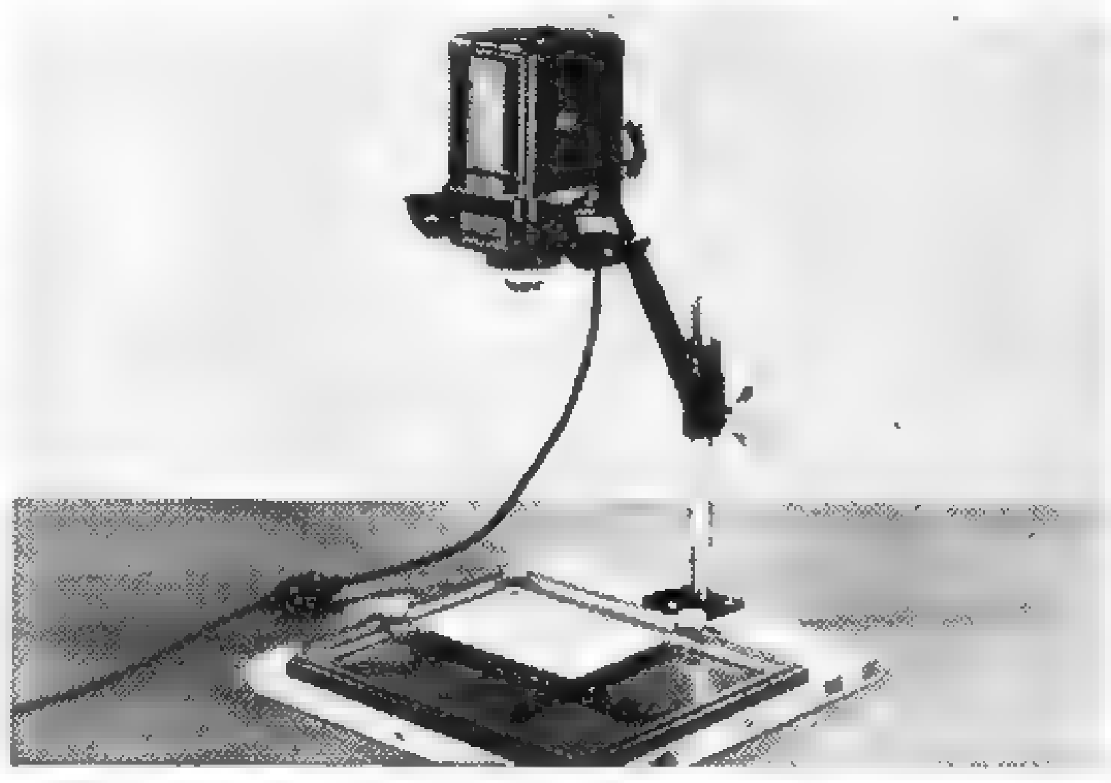
with Esquire

TRAP SHOOTERS can get four shots for the price of one, with this adapting device for shotguns. It fits in the shell-chamber of the gun, reduces gauge for shooting with 22 scatter shot cartridges. Adaptable for use in single barrel, double barrel, over and under or pump guns. Trap, mo-skeet or target shooting.



SPRAY ON THE PAINT! Whether it's a child's toy or the family flivver that needs re-painting, this inexpensive paint sprayer will do the job, with air supplied by any automobile motor. Installs as simply as changing a spark plug, and sprays paint about 5 times faster than you can brush it on.

FOR SHUTTER BUGS who use a miniature camera — a portable miniature enlarger to blow up their favorite shots. Ideal for home darkrooms, because it takes up very little space, and packs up in its own case for use on trips. And for amateur camera men who like to color their own —a kit of transparent oil colors.



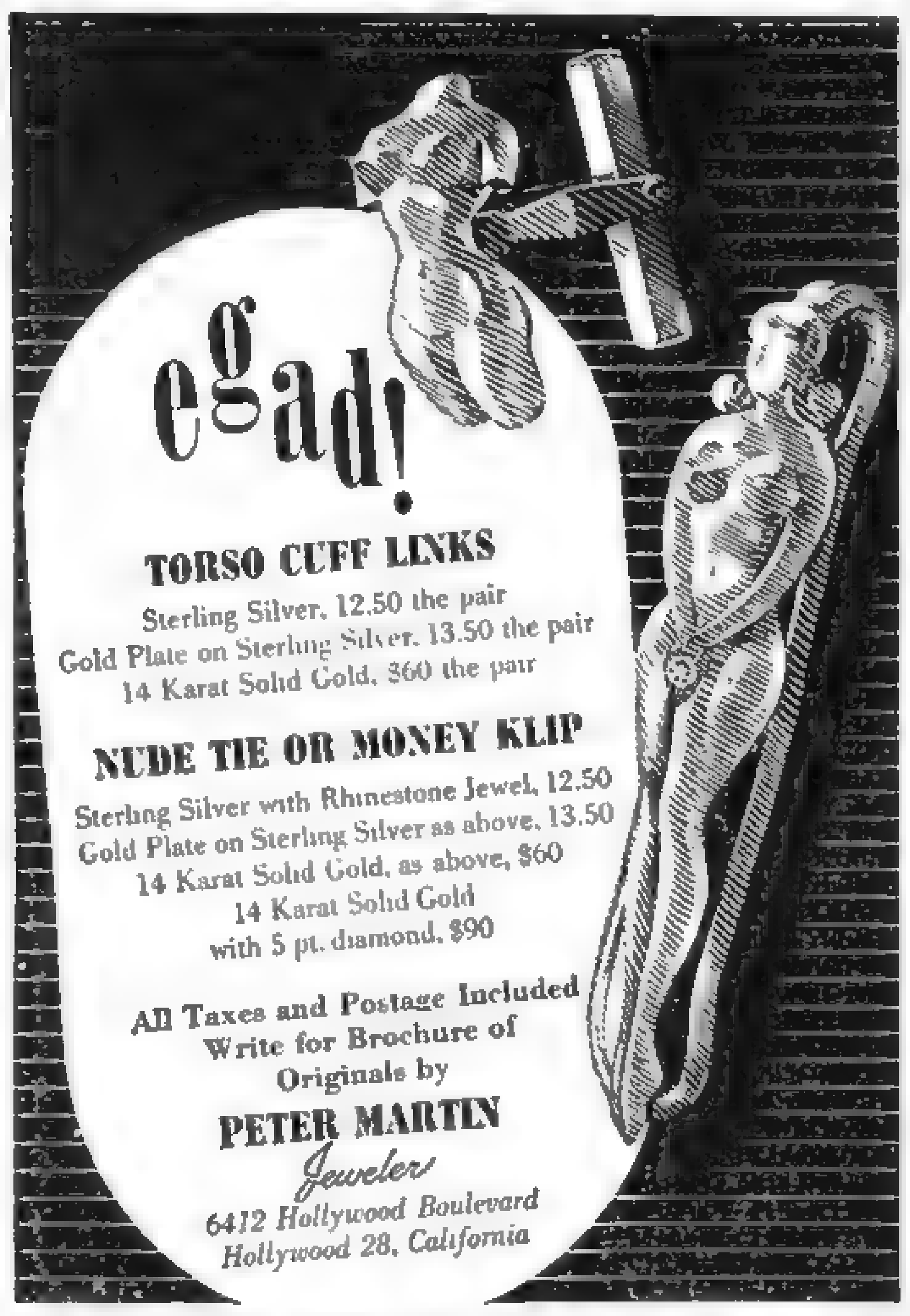
Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

COPPER POST LAMP
13¼ IN. HIGH — WIRED
WRITE for CATALOG
710 CHESTNUT ST. PHILA. 6
$5.95
WILLIAM Spencer

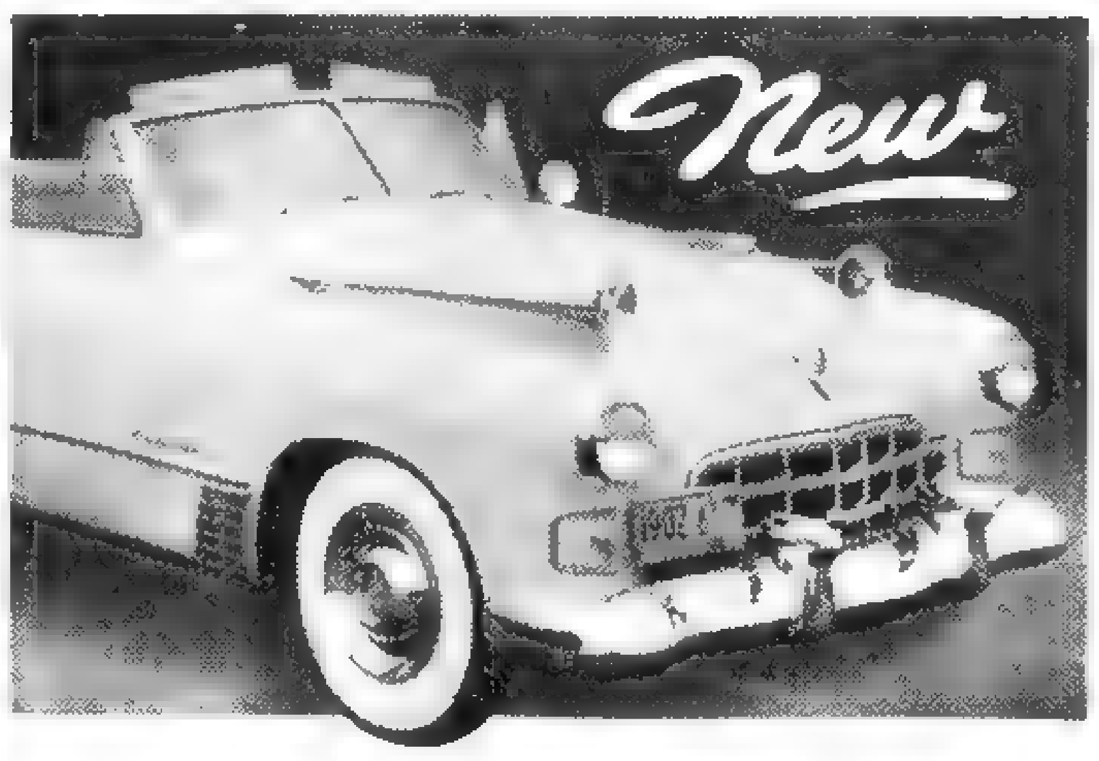
I-WE YOU-THEY
only
$1.98
Xmas wrapping free

NEW
ALL SPORTS WRIST SCORER
Keeps an accurate score of strokes, strikes, runs, points, etc. Lightweight, sturdy metal, with strap of strong, genuine leather. Wear it while playing. Sold only through:
Arcy Mfg. Co., Wash. Br. Sta., N.Y., Box 162



egad!
TORSO CUFF LINKS
Sterling Silver, 12.50 the pair
Gold Plate on Sterling Silver, 13.50 the pair
14 Karat Solid Gold, $60 the pair
NUDE TIE OR MONEY KLIP
Sterling Silver with Rhinestone Jewel, 12.50
Gold Plate on Sterling Silver as above, 13.50
14 Karat Solid Gold, as above, $60
14 Karat Solid Gold
with 5 pt. diamond, $90
All Taxes and Postage Included
Write for Brochure of
Originals by
PETER MARTIN
Jeweler
6412 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood 28, California

Tricky LIGHT BULB
A SENSATION, IT LIGHTS UP IN YOUR HAND NO WIRES ATTACHED, FORMERLY USED ONLY BY PROFESSIONAL MAGICIANS - MYSTIFY & AMUSE - CONFUSE ALL YOUR FRIENDS - LIGHTS UP IN THE MOUTH EAR OR HAND, CAUSES ENDLESS FUN GETS YOURS NOW, ITS EASY TO DO COMES COMPLETE WITH MY BIG CATALOG OF OVER 400 OTHER MAGIC TRICKS $2.00
THE MAGICIAN DEPT H
2463 KENSINGTON AVE. PHILA 25, PA.



HORNS with Volume Control

for the man who has everything

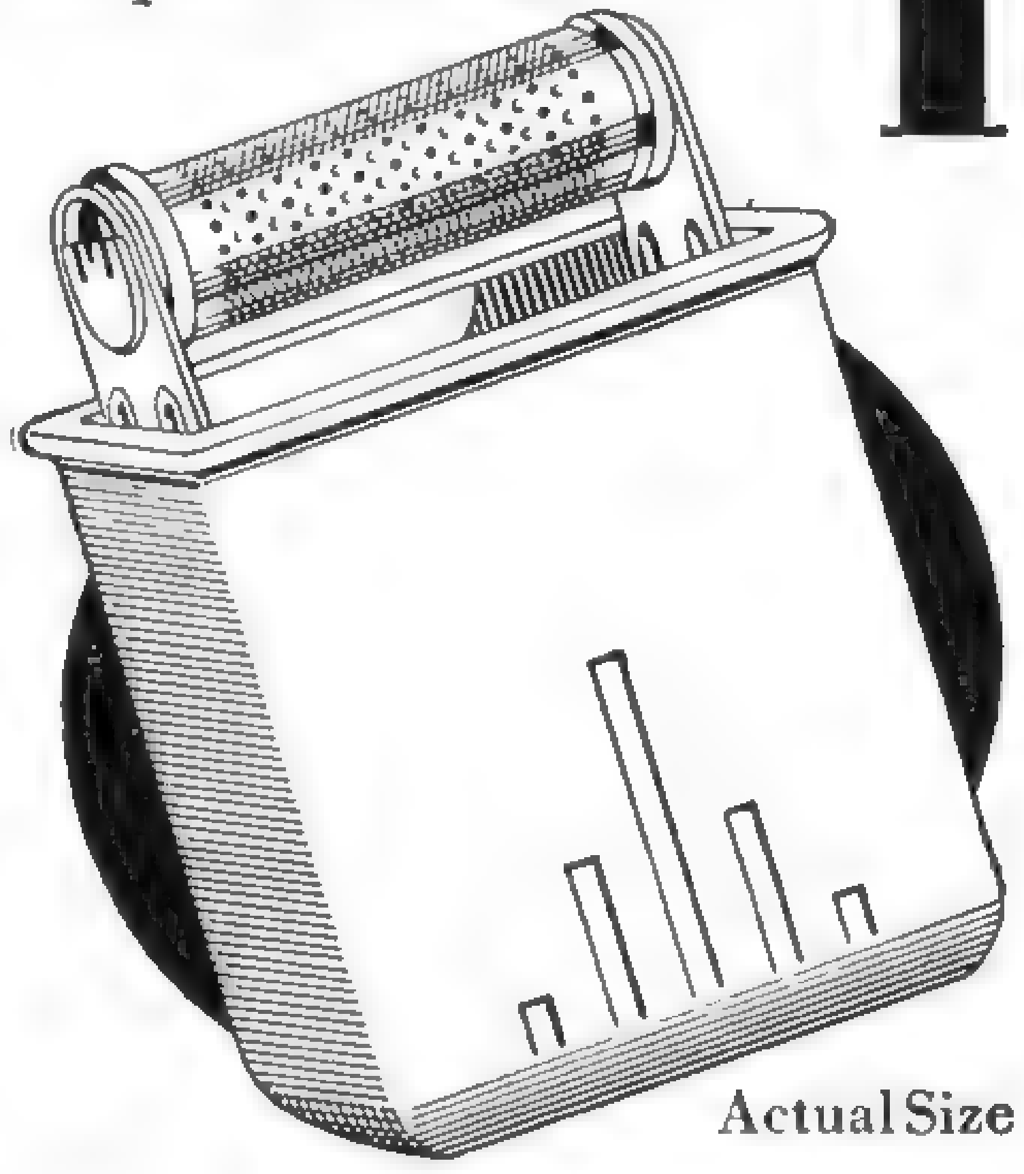
Buell Air Horns are softer than standard horns for city driving. Give miles of volume for highway emergencies. Also a complete range in between. All controlled by a finger-tip throttle.

Chromed band instrument horns sound a pleasing, true-pitch chord. Case histories prove Buell Air Horns increase driving security and avoid accidents . . . Very popular with traveling executives.

Under-hood as well as outside mountings are available in several models and tones. Avoid the Christmas rush by writing now for literature, prices and name of your dealer.

BUELL MFG. CO.
903 W. 49th Place, Chicago 9, Ill.

VESTPOK* dry shaver by WARD
formerly nationally advertised at $3
now only $1
complete with 10 blades



Supplements, *does not replace* a man's regular razor!

Now, for the first time, *every* man can have the sensational Vestpok* dry shaver for Christmas—at the new, low price of only $1. Shaving invention of the century! Needs no soap, water, mirror, or electricity! Primarily designed to remove "between-shaves" stubble — can't nick, scrape, cut or burn! Use any time, any place. The "different" gift! At your favorite store, or mail coupon with $1. Immediate shipment postpaid. Money back guarantee.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Patented & Patents Applied For

VESTPOK DIVISION
Ward Machine Co., Inc.
Dept. E-12, Brockton 64, Mass.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
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WONDER CAR LAMP

Magnalite — new, different wonder lamp works like magic! Plugs into socket of any car lighter. Provides instant floodlight when changing tire, etc. Serves as warning to oncoming cars. Magnalite base stays permanently magnetized. No car owner should be without this valuable accessory. Only 6½ inches long, with 12 foot cord.

No C.O.D.'s, please **$3.95** postpaid

EUNICE NOVELTIES Dept. E-118
541 Madison Avenue, NewYork 22, N.Y.

FOR MONEY
FOR KEY

knee high in GIFT THRILLS
GLAMOUR GARTERS
by Hortense Hewitt
pockets for KEY and MONEY

This Xmas it's thrills in frills! Garters with a double purpose . . . one for money . . . one for key. Lovely, hand made . . . to please every maiden, flatter every leg. Shocking pink or turquoise with black Chantilly lace. Gift wrapped plastic box. 2.75

MAIL ORDERS FILLED
BLACKTON
398 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 18 DEPT. 34

The GIFT of the YEAR HOLDS MUSICAL CHEER
Hasso-Rak

18 INCHES HIGH
$14.95 F.O.B. N.Y.

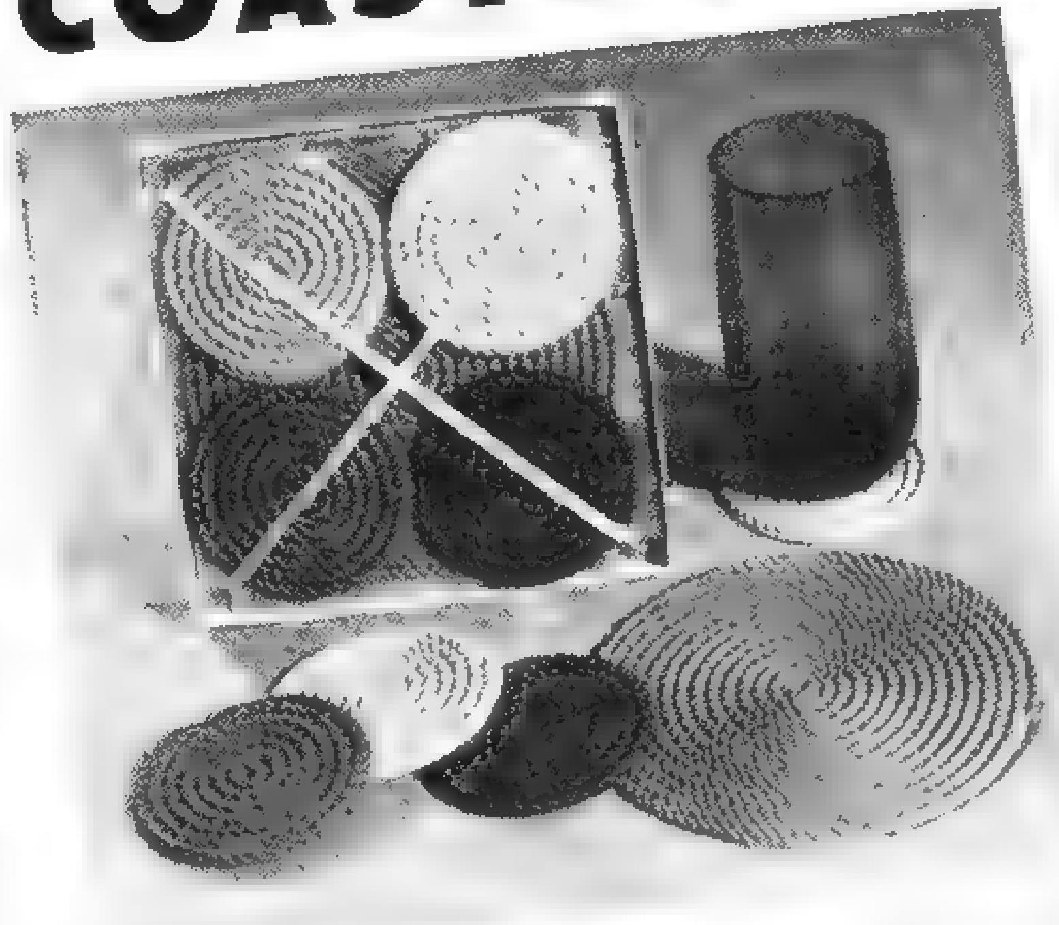
HOLDS 50 RECORDS SAFELY

Your records are safely stored in this sturdy hassock with rounded sides and a 3" padded seat. The rack slides open gently with the drop-front door making the index and records easily accessible without rising from the seat. Attractively covered in durable simulated leather, the Hasso-Rak comes in blue, red, and ivory. An ideal Christmas gift of beauty and year 'round utility.

Sorry: No C.O.D.s send check or money order

PROTECTO MFG. CO.
352 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Corsair RUBBER COASTERS

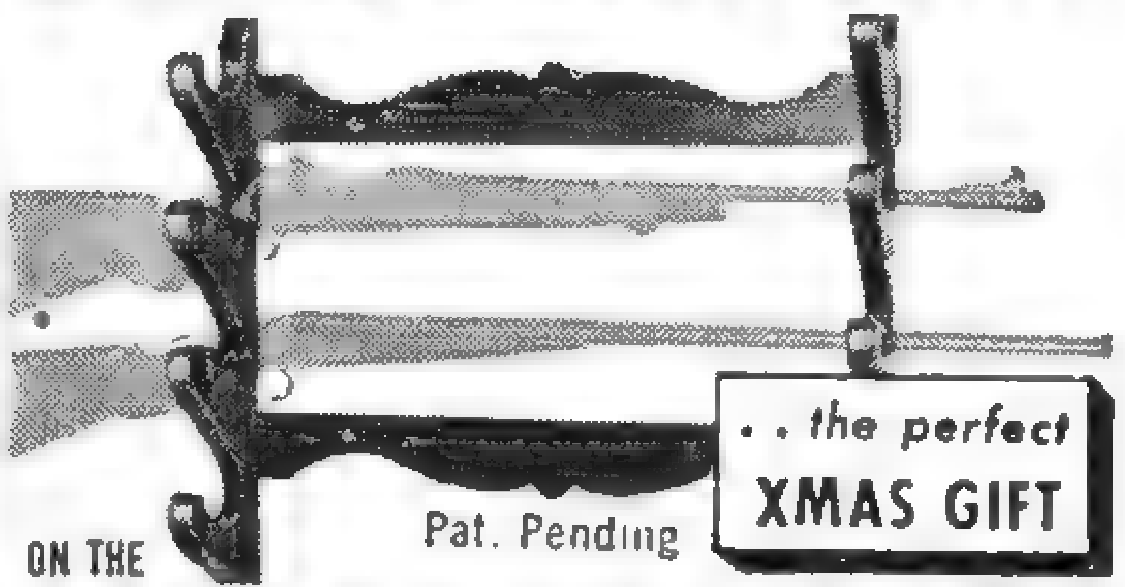


They Won't Stick to Your Glass!

Lend a salty, nautical touch to your informal entertaining with unique flexible rubber coasters molded in a coiled rope design. They're liquor proof . . . washable and can't scratch, skid or mar. One red 6" shaker coaster and eight 3" coasters in green, yellow, blue and white. Ideal for gifts.

☆ Order Today $2 POSTPAID
CORSAIR COASTER CO.
5516-E S. E. 41 AVENUE
PORTLAND 2, ORE.

DISPLAY YOUR GUNS



ON THE
PEQUOT GUN RACK
with the Exclusive SELF-LEVELING Feature
. . . Adds Decorative Beauty to any Room

No more controversy on what to do with the sportsman's idle firearms. DISPLAY THEM . . . on the new PEQUOT Self-Leveling GUN RACK (Pat. Pend.). Hung in a cozy corner of the living room, your entire furnishing scheme will receive a lift from this delightful touch of hunting atmosphere. And what a beautiful Rack this is—a Nimrod Product—of unique, graceful design . . . cut from selected, finely grained Walnut with hand rubbed finish. Self-leveling feature allows any type of gun to rest securely in horizontal position. One gun size (1 gun only) - $2.75. Four gun size (holds 2 to 4 guns)—$7.95. Six gun size (holds 4 to 6 guns)—$10.95. Check or money order. Shipped postpaid. Money back if dissatisfied.

THE NIMROD CO. (Div. of Geo. Marnhout Co.)
Dept. E-128 • 1701 Arch St., Phila. 3, Pa.

Stop wracking your brains!

Here's a gift that brings lasting joy to everyone. To Women . . . those fresh, rosy cheeks; that soft, smooth skin; that refreshed, well rested feeling . . . the foundation of a lasting beauty. To Men . . . the soothing of tired muscles; the relaxing of jangled nerves. All this and more can you offer in

VITALATOR

that magic machine which brings into the home all the invigorating tingle, all the soothing relaxation that comes from the kneading action of Swedish massage.

$15.00
At the Better Department, Appliance And Drug Stores

The A. C. Gilbert Company
New Haven, Conn.

IMPORTED GIFTS FOR PIPE SMOKERS

DIRECT FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA

NO. 875
NO. 101
NO. 476

ORDER NOW FOR CHRISTMAS DELIVERY

These distinguished imported pipes will delight the heart of any pipe smoker . . . be an unusual gift he'll cherish for a lifetime. No pipe collection is complete without these cool and sweet smoking traditional pipes from middle Europe, where peasants and noblemen smoke them every day. They're beautifully hand made by skilled Czech craftsmen who take pride in their age-old art.

No. 101 Long polished stem of cherry wood. Seasoned briar bowl and elbow. Rich metal trim - trigger cover top on bowl. Mouthpiece of carved cattle horn. 101-A 8 in. size $4. 101-B 10 in. $5. 102-A same style 12 in. size $6.

No. 875 Hand carved bit and stem of pearl and ebony cattle horn. Stem wrapped with European stag fur. Rich metal figurettes embossed on bowl of finest Mediterranean briar $10.

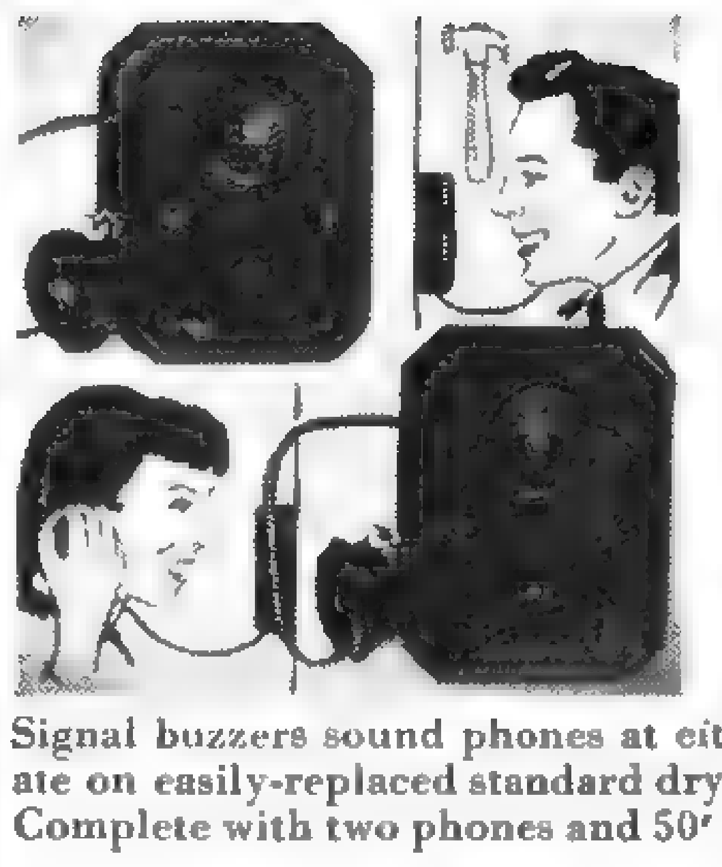
No. 476 Seasoned briar bowl with fancy trigger cover top and large removable drain cap of carved pearl cattle horn. Two-piece stem of cattle horn. 7 inches overall. $7.50.

Order today by check or money order to assure Christmas delivery. Money back guarantee.

Postage Prepaid.
Airmail 50c extra.

ADOLPH NOSEK, IMPORTER, 4927 34th St., San Diego 4, Calif.

Send me pipe(s) No._____ at $_______
Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City__________ Zone____ State_______
(In California add 2½% State Sales Tax) E-12



Two Way Phone Set

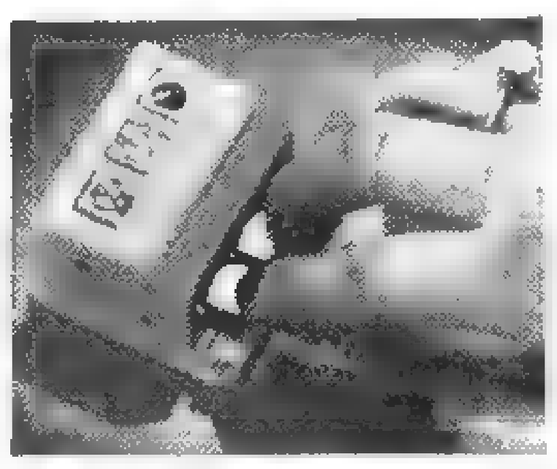
Complete, practical two-way telephone set providing clear conversation from bedroom to kitchen, garage to house, etc. Wall model phones in black crackle finish, with earphones. Signal buzzers sound phones at either station. Operate on easily-replaced standard dry cells at small cost. Complete with two phones and 50′ of insulated cable.

By Mail $3.50 Postpaid

Windshield De-Icer

A must for every glove compartment! Of solid plexiglas and permanently engraved with your initials. Fully 3¼″ long with a chisel-like scraper blade. Ice and sleet flick off the windshield with ease. You can use it as a car-key chain, too.

By Mail $1. Postpaid



Brodi Slot Machine

A tiny one-armed bandit just 2″ square that rolls up the cherries and the lemons just like the big slot machines! Press levers one at a time or all at once—each play brings up a different combination. Complete with a win-chart. A lot of fun!

By Mail $1. Postpaid

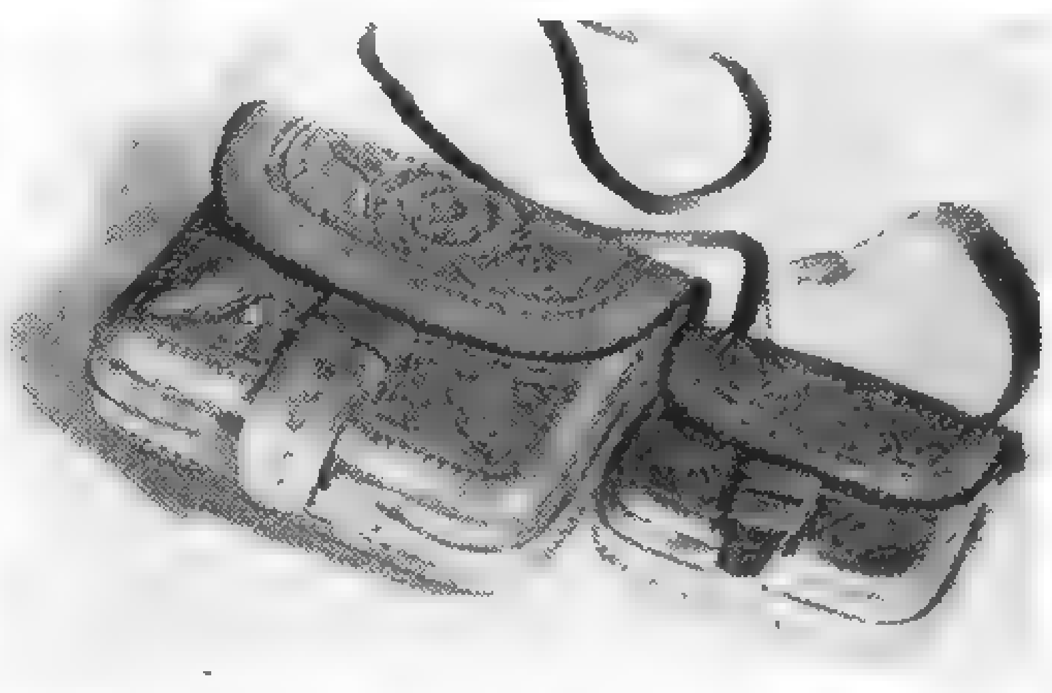
No Charges or C. O. D.'s, please

The Unusual

Write for Big Catalog . . . Free

Miles Kimball
KIMBALL BUILDING
70 BOND ST., OSHKOSH, WIS.

HAND-CRAFTED in
GUATEMALA!



POPULAR PALOMINO LEATHER
SHOULDER BAGS

- New! Stylish! Full Length Straps!
- Sizes For Mother and Daughter.

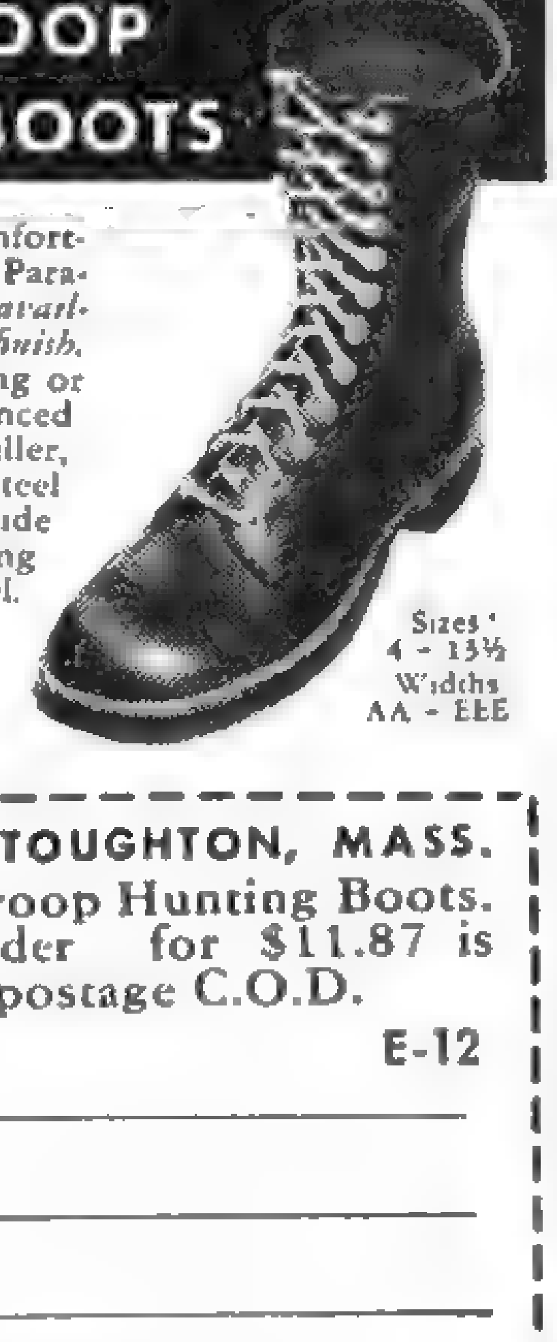
Beauty and long service are combined in these genuine selected cowhide bags. Large bag is 8x [illegible] inches . small bag is 5x[illegible] inches. Ideal for casual or sportswear. A wonderful gift.

Ladies' LARGE SIZE (illustrated) ...	$9.65	Plus $1.93 Fed. Tax
Child's SMALL SIZE (illustrated)	$4.75	Plus 95 Fed. Tax

• Write for FREE illustrated folders on hand bags and other gift items •

BROPAR DISTRIBUTORS
Southwest's Leading Mail Order House
Box 275, Dept. 1223, San Antonio 6, Texas

For Outdoor Men PARATROOP HUNTING BOOTS



Here are the famous rugged, comfortable, foot-protecting boots that Paratroopers wore in the war . . . *now available in heavy-oiled waterproof elk finish.* Ideal for hunting, fishing, hiking or outside work . . . 10″ height; balanced construction; leather counter, filler, middlesole and hard box toe; steel shank; reinforcing instep tapes; wide toe and narrow heel; long wearing rubber outer tap and non-trip heel.

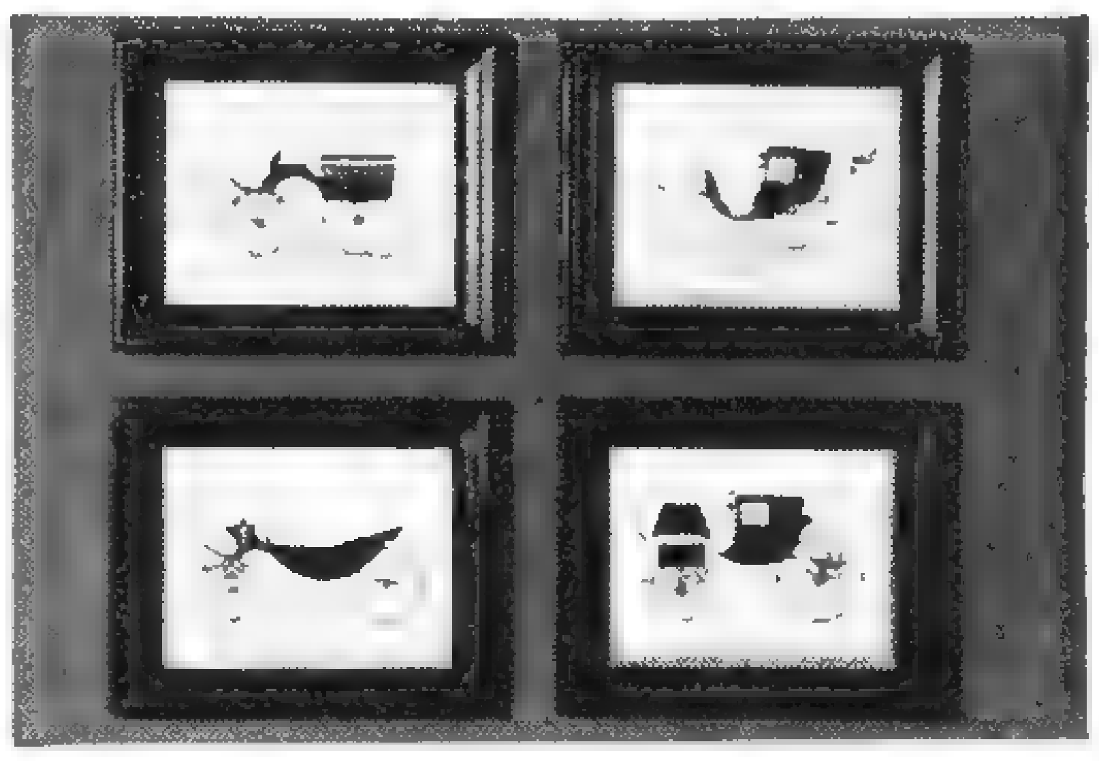
Sizes • 4 - 13½
Widths AA - EEE

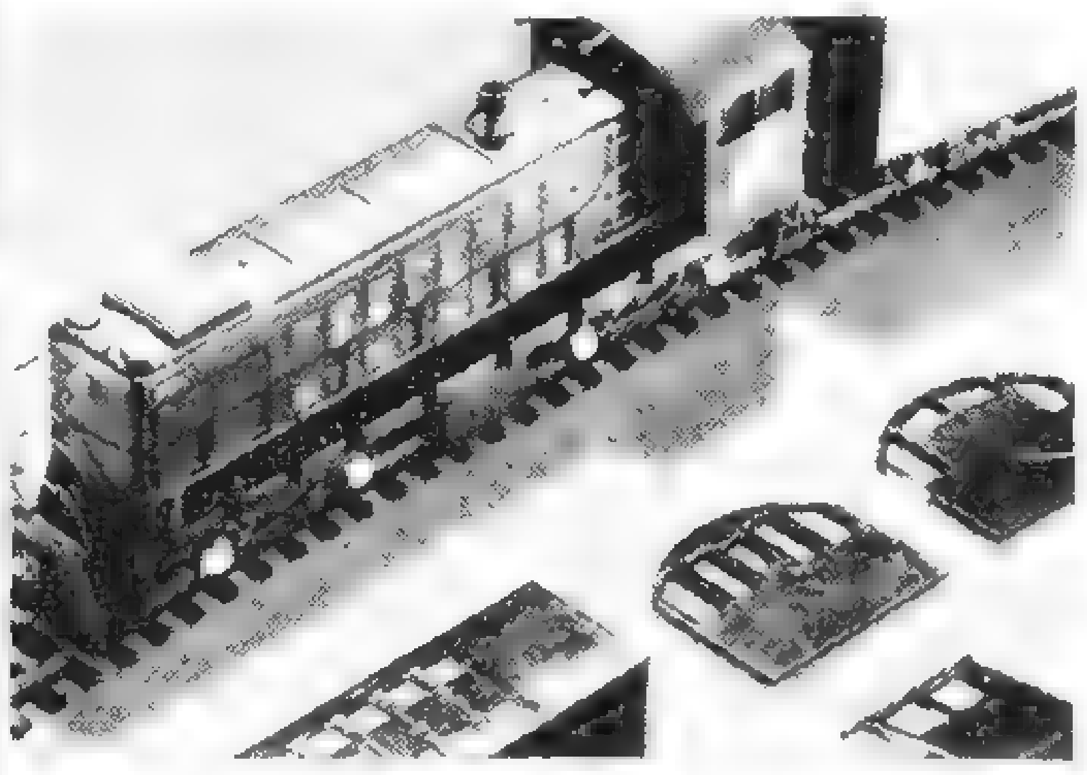
Only $11.87 plus postage
PRICE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE
*Not government surplus stock

CORCORAN INC., STOUGHTON, MASS.
Send a pair of Paratroop Hunting Boots. Check Money Order for $11.87 is enclosed. I will pay postage C.O.D.
E-12
Name ____________________
Address ____________________
____
Regular shoe size & width ______

Talking Shop with Esquire

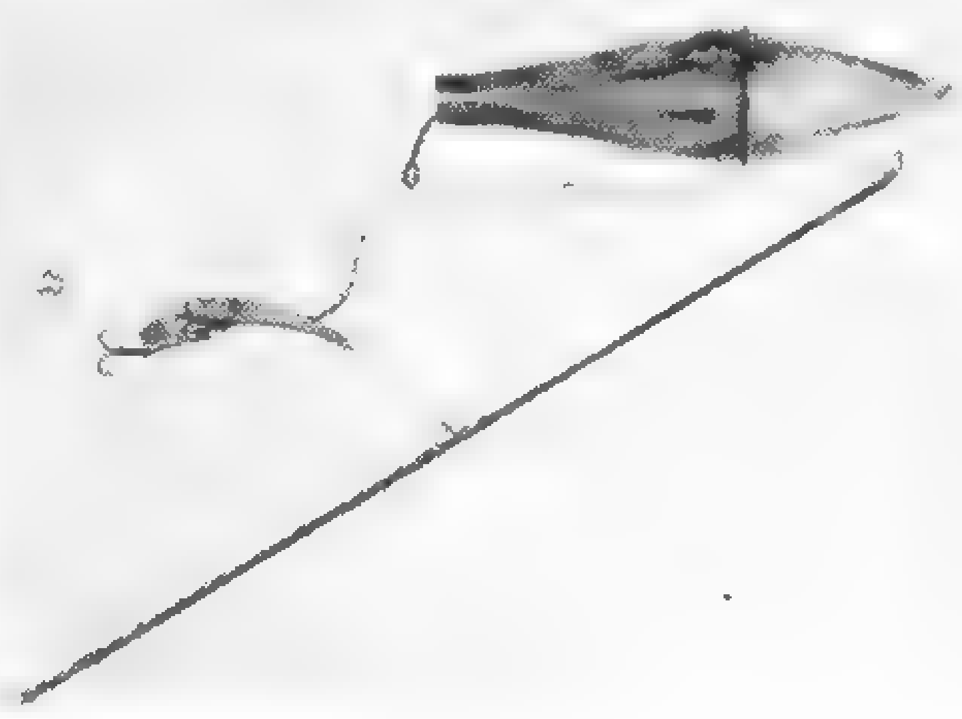
COACH CRAFT. Custom built carriages of the 18th and 19th centuries were designed according to the owner's specifications – four of these coach-makers authentic designs, colored and framed, make a handsome gift for Collectors of period pieces: Barouche, Landaulet, Picnic Phaeton and the Brougham.





RAILROAD HOBBYISTS can build their own $\frac{3}{16}$″ scale model Diesel with this kit of complete parts. Superstructure is made of molded Tenite – cab, hood, exhaust stack and 2 filler caps and assembled with solvent cement over weighted metal bed-casting. Railings, headlight, pipe and ladders are added.

SALT WATER FISHERMEN who angle for tarpon or tuna, ought to be happy with a gift box of this special line. Made from scarce Belgian flax, and spun in Ireland – all of it tested for strength. Six connected spools of 50 yards. Available in 6 thread size, testing up to 18 lbs.; to a 72 thread weight.



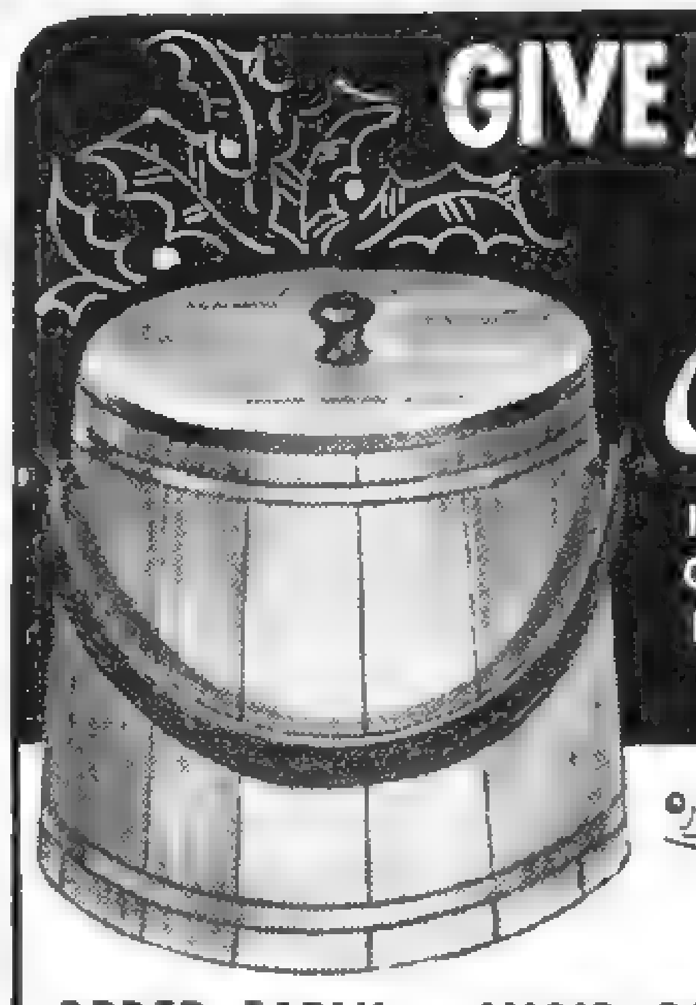
LIGHT-UP BOBBER. Anglers on your Christmas list ought to get a kick out of this bobber for night-time fishing. Attached to the line, it flashes a light whenever a fish bites. Non-breakable water-proof plastic, equipped with flashlight bulb and uses a standard flashlight battery. Also a good deal for winter fishing.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

GIVE *Assorted* RARE *Cheeses*

IN COLORFUL OLD-FASHIONED PINE BUCKET



ORDER EARLY — AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT

Here's the gift of true distinction . . . delicious rare cheeses to please every taste . . . cheeses not found in most neighborhood stores. Tangy Imported **French Roquefort!** Imported **Swiss Gruyere!** Imported Norwegian Primula! Aged Wisconsin Cheddar! **Old-Fashioned Pineapple Cheese!** Famous California Camembert! Colorful Baby Gouda! Distinctive French-type Baronet! 8 different rare cheeses beautifully packed in colorful red and green cellophane. Ideal for the **favorites** on your Christmas list.

No. 1 Old-fashioned Pine Bucket containing the 8 rare cheeses listed above.	$7.95*	Express Prepaid
No. 2 Colorful corrugated gift box containing the 8 rare cheeses listed above.	$4.95*	Express Prepaid

**West of Denver add 25c*

WRITE for FREE FOLDER
of Other Taste-Tingling Gift Suggestions

JOHN WEIGEL & CO.
79 EAST LAKE STREET, CHICAGO 1, ILL.

EXCITING NEW GAME

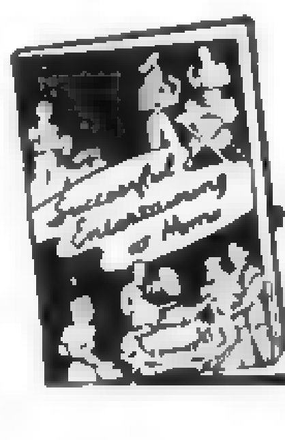
PLAYS ON ANY PHONOGRAPH

WHICH HORSE WINS?

Place Your Bets . . . Play the Record
DO YOU WIN . . . OR DO YOU LOSE?

PLAY the races at home . . . *on your phonograph*, with this magically grooved recording. Exciting! Mysterious! *Always a surprise finish.* Hear the crowds roar, the announcer calling every turn . . . *each race in doubt up to the last second, though you play it again and again.* Keen sport for any number of players. **New, improved 1948 recording** . . . 12″ unbreakable plastic . . . 30 combinations. Win, Place and Show. PHOTO-FINISH HORSE RACE comes to you complete with Automatic Odds Recorder; WINdicator; 4-color 12″x24″ Betting Board. Perfect for Parties! **$5.00 Postpaid.**

THE WARNER SHOPS, Dept. B-25
1516 JARVIS AVE., CHICAGO 26, ILL.



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When you're in the spotlight
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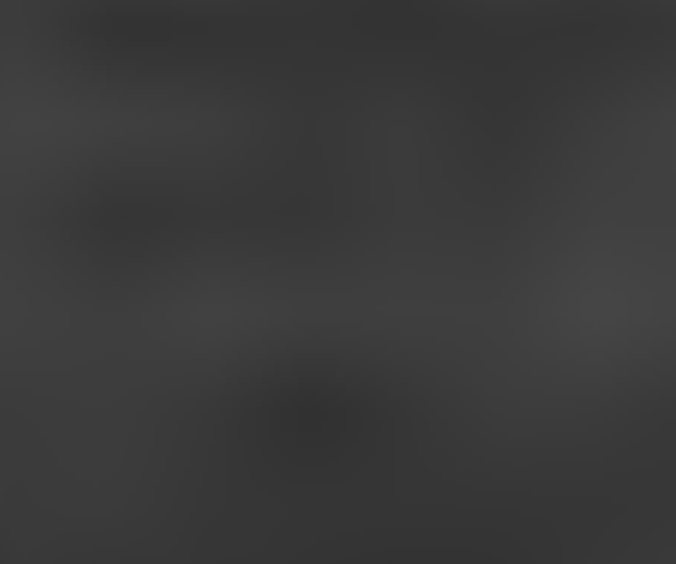

P.S. **PERFECT GIFT SUGGESTION** . . . Sir John Schenley is also available in a handsome, square decanter . . . personalized with golden initials — and packaged in a beautiful gift carton. Ask your dealer about this "gift of the year".

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America's Richest *Blended Whiskey* 86 Proof. 62½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1948, Schenley Distillers Corp., New York City

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SCINTILLATING ENTERTAINMENT...

Colorful Scoring Units

combining suspense, strategy, chance and uproarious laughter.

The colorful scoring units, Dragon's Teeth, at times "vanish into thin air" as you "twist the Dragon's tail." A fortune may depend on a blink of the Dragon's Eye.

A smooth, rich looking game in 4-color design with lacquered wood frame. To thrill your guests with HIGH ADVENTURE and a million laughs, add ZEST to your next party with Dragon's Teeth. Sent postpaid . . . $2.98 (Send $1.00 — balance C.O.D.)

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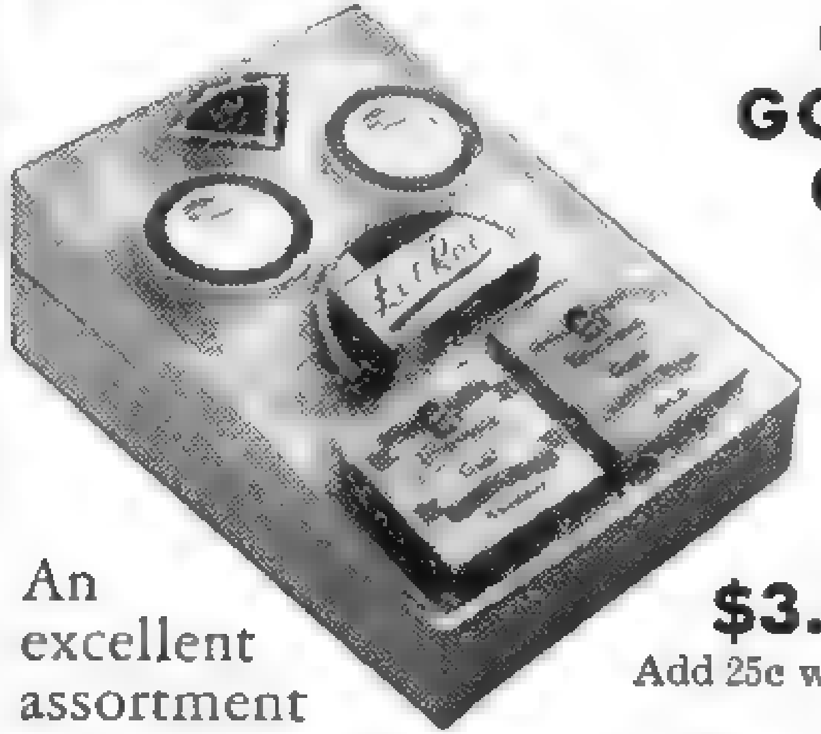
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An excellent assortment of six Guild Cheeses—2 lbs. 4 oz.—Blue and aged Club CheeSnak, Buffet (Romadour type), LeRoi, Cheddar and Brick.

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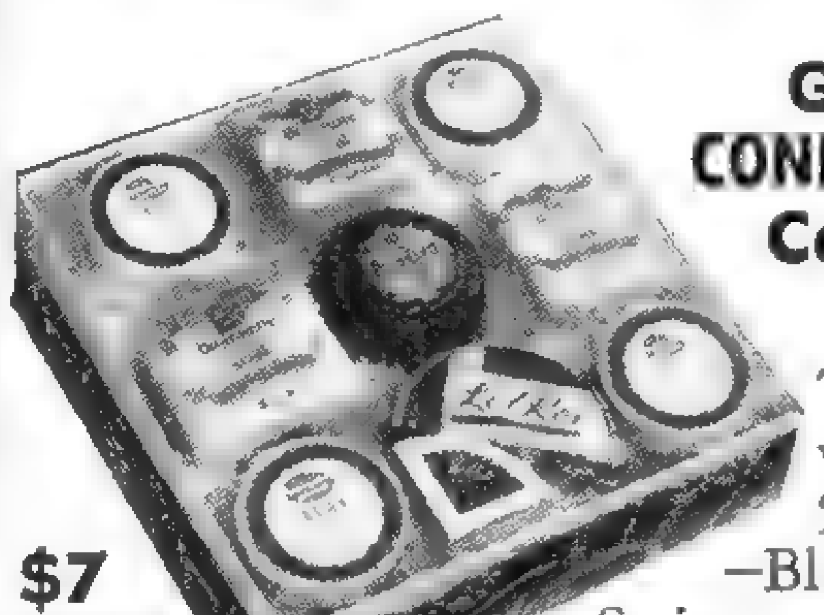
Add 25c west of Denver


Guild CONNOISSEUR Caddy

Ten Guild varieties — 5 lbs. 7 oz. —Blue, Smoky, Spicy and Aged Club CheeSnak, Buffet (Romadour type), LeRoi, Edam, Brick, Cheddar and Swiss.

$7 postpaid
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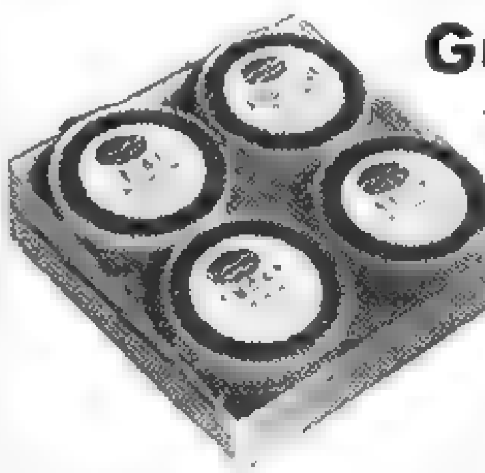
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The most unusually flavored cheeses you ever ate. Four easy-to-spread CheeSnaks, Blue, Smoky, Spicy and Aged Club.

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Order now for yourself or send gift list and we'll take care of all details. Send check or money order. No C. O. D. Ask for circular of other fine Guild gift assortments.

WISCONSIN CHEESE MAKERS GUILD
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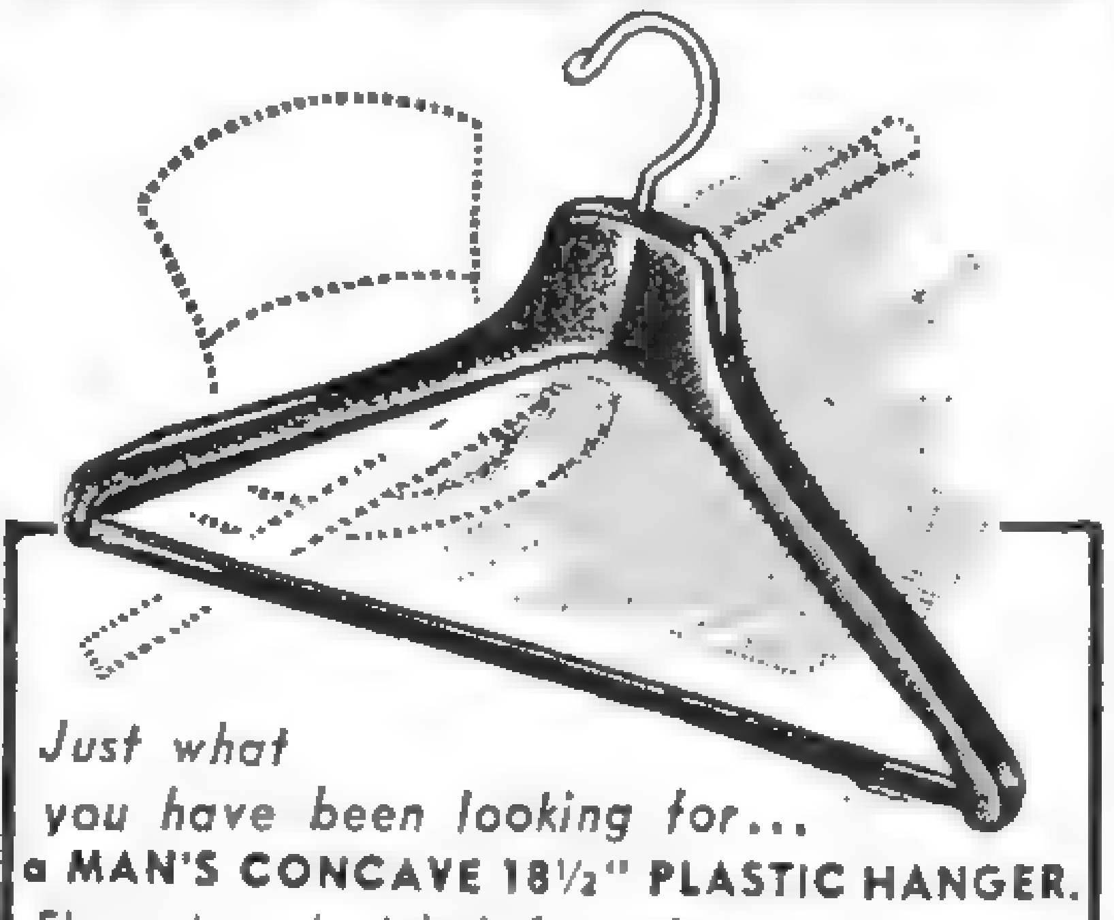
IDEAL SPORT GIFT or PRIZE!

Perpetual Calendar
Any athletic Sun-Ray figure on beautiful walnut base. 5¾" high. Suitable engraving space. G-2144 Ea. (no tax) $6
Write for New Catalog
Edwin W. Lane Co.
32 W. Randolph, Chicago


Just what you have been looking for...
a MAN'S CONCAVE 18½" PLASTIC HANGER.
Shaped and styled for suits, coats, leisure jackets, Practical. Unbreakable. Special concave construction. "Shaped like a man's shoulders" Wide full trouser bar prevents creasing. Revolving chrome plated hook. Gift packed 6 to box.

MEN'S Rainbow PLASTIC HANGERS

Crystal, amber, onyx, sapphire, green, ruby, mahogany. $1.25 each. Set of 12-$12.00 Post Ppd. Send check or money order. No COD.

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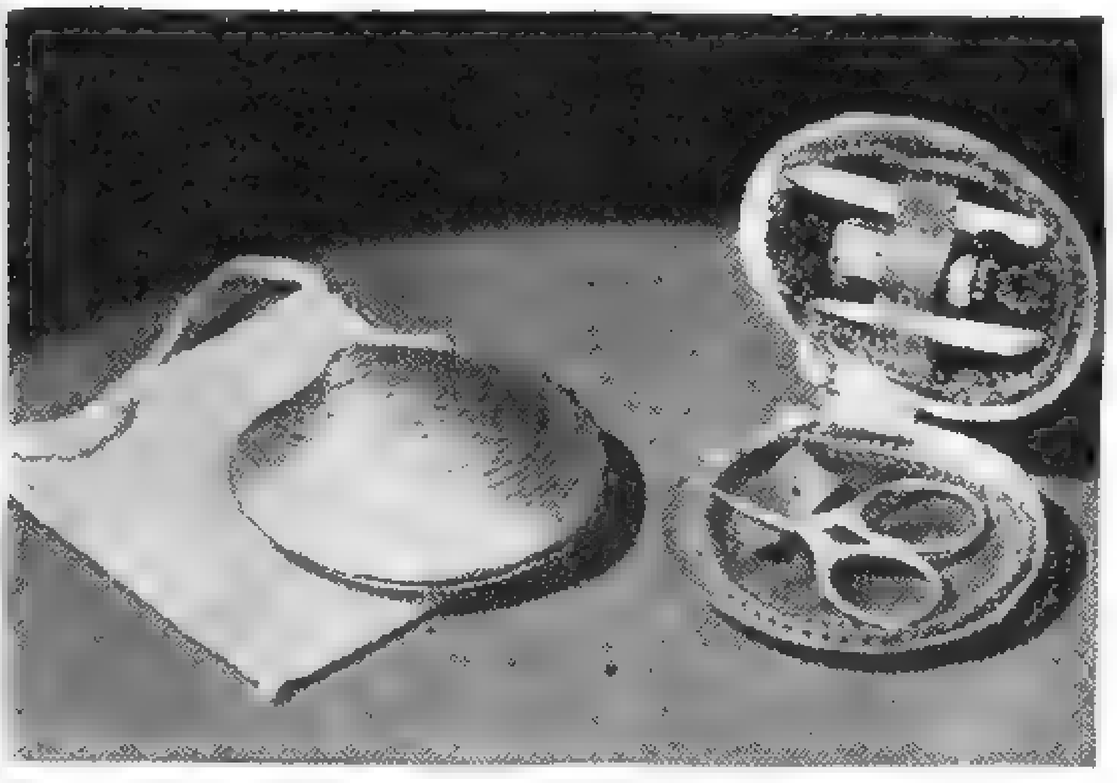
carry that bottle SAFELY in a VENUS BOTTLE GUARD

Venus quart-size, heavily-padded, suede-like Bottle Guard keeps clothes and suitcase free of stains from bottles that might leak; protects against breaking; saves bulk in wrapping—pays for itself in peace of mind and cleaning bills. Travelers love them. Quart size $3.00, Pint size $2.50. Colors: Tan, Maroon, Green. Also two-compartment Perfume Bottle Guard, $3.00. At most good stores or write us.

Venus Corp., 1170 B'way, New York. Dept. E-12

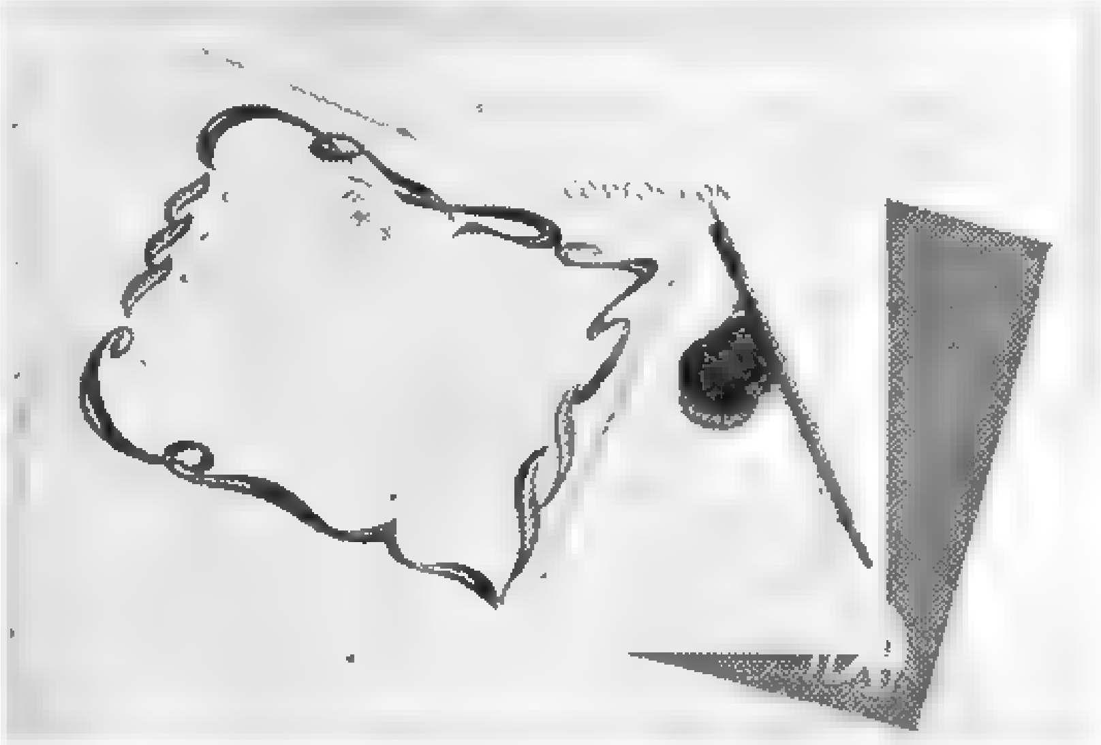
Talking Shop with Esquire

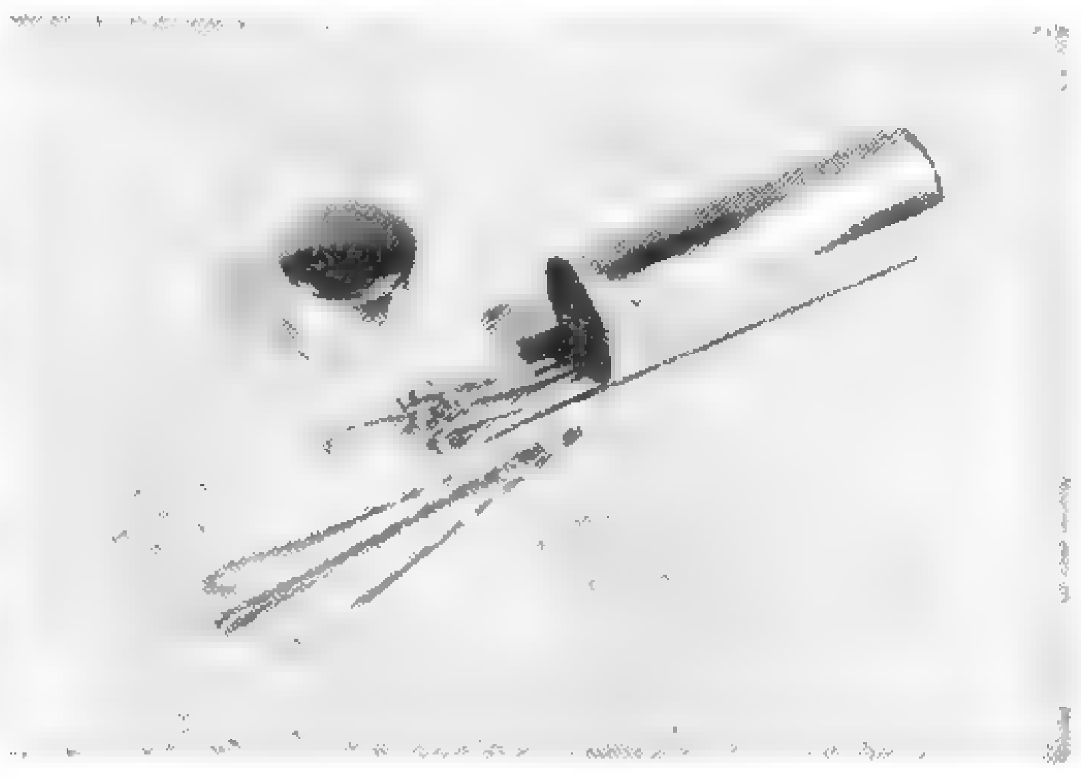
HANDY GIFT. "Pale hands you love" will probably love this combination gift for hand care. Three cakes of rose-and-spice scented soap, and a bottle of a new hand lotion that has the same fragrance and is non-greasy. She'll probably salvage bottle and box for use after the contents have been used up.



MINIATURE MANICURE. This gold plated Clam Shell measures only 2" x 2½" but it holds all the necessary equipment for a nail file, orange stick and a miniscule bottle to hold polish remover, cuticle softener or whatever she wants to put in it. There's also a matching gold plated, Clam shell compact.

SONGS FOR SALE. If you want to make the Big Impression on a gal, you can buy her a ballad. Send along a list of her charms, physical attributes, and pet names—or anything special you want mentioned – and these enterprising publishers will do the rest. If you want to, you can have a special piano arrangement.





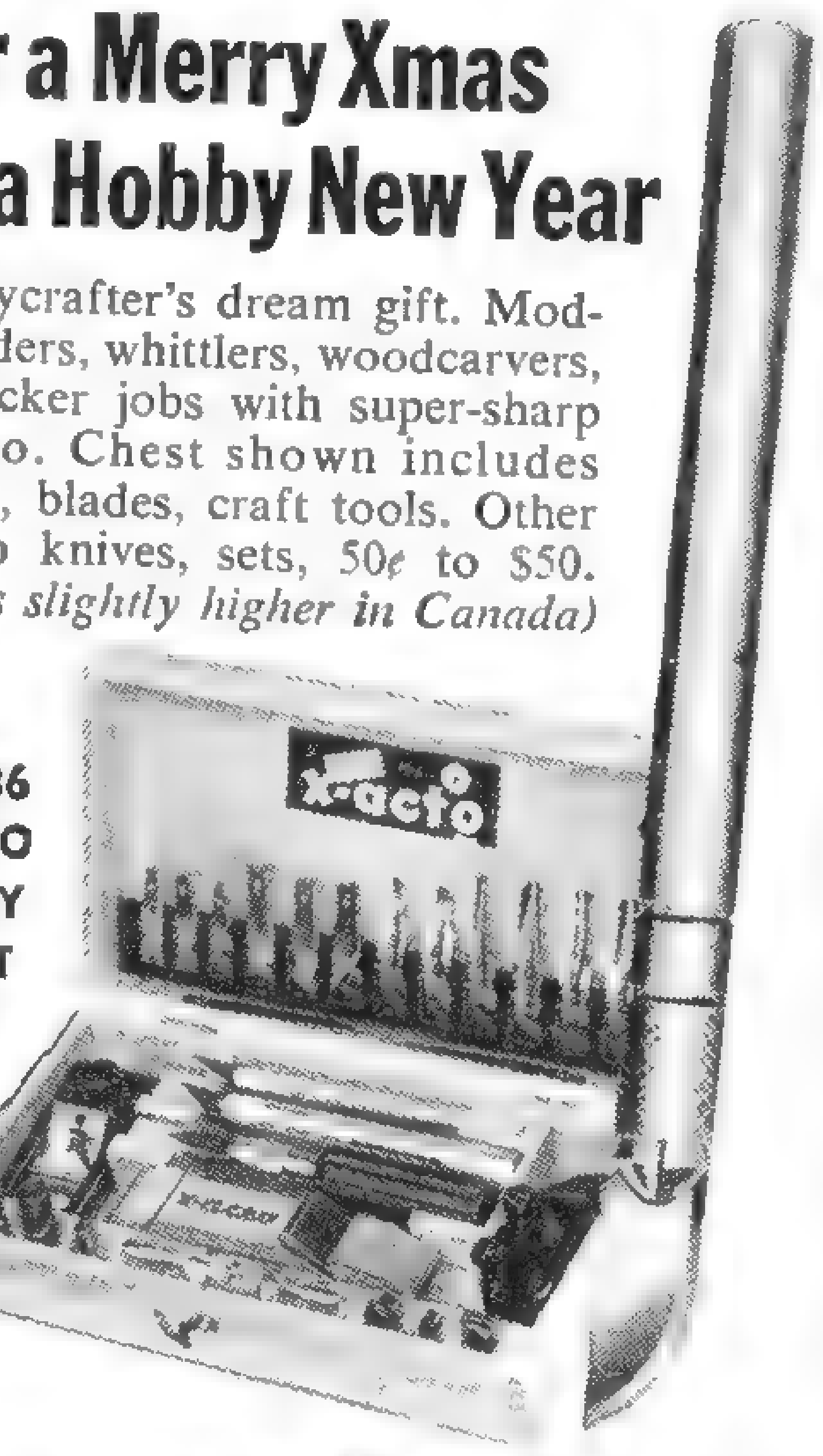
SUGGESTION FOR GENTLEMEN who prefer blondes. Give gold-plated bobby pins in a lipstick-size case. A baker's dozen, plated in 24K gold. No matter how many names in your little black book (blondes *and* brunettes) you can send them all this handsome trifle without making much of a dent in the checkbook.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

For a Merry Xmas ...a Hobby New Year

Hobbycrafter's dream gift. Modelbuilders, whittlers, woodcarvers, do slicker jobs with super-sharp X-acto. Chest shown includes knives, blades, craft tools. Other X-acto knives, sets, 50¢ to $50. *(Prices slightly higher in Canada)*


NO. 86 X-ACTO HOBBY CHEST $10

x-acto*
KNIVES & TOOLS *Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

X-acto Crescent Products Co., Inc.
440 Fourth Ave., New York 16
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FULLY AUTOMATIC BUBBL-MATIC

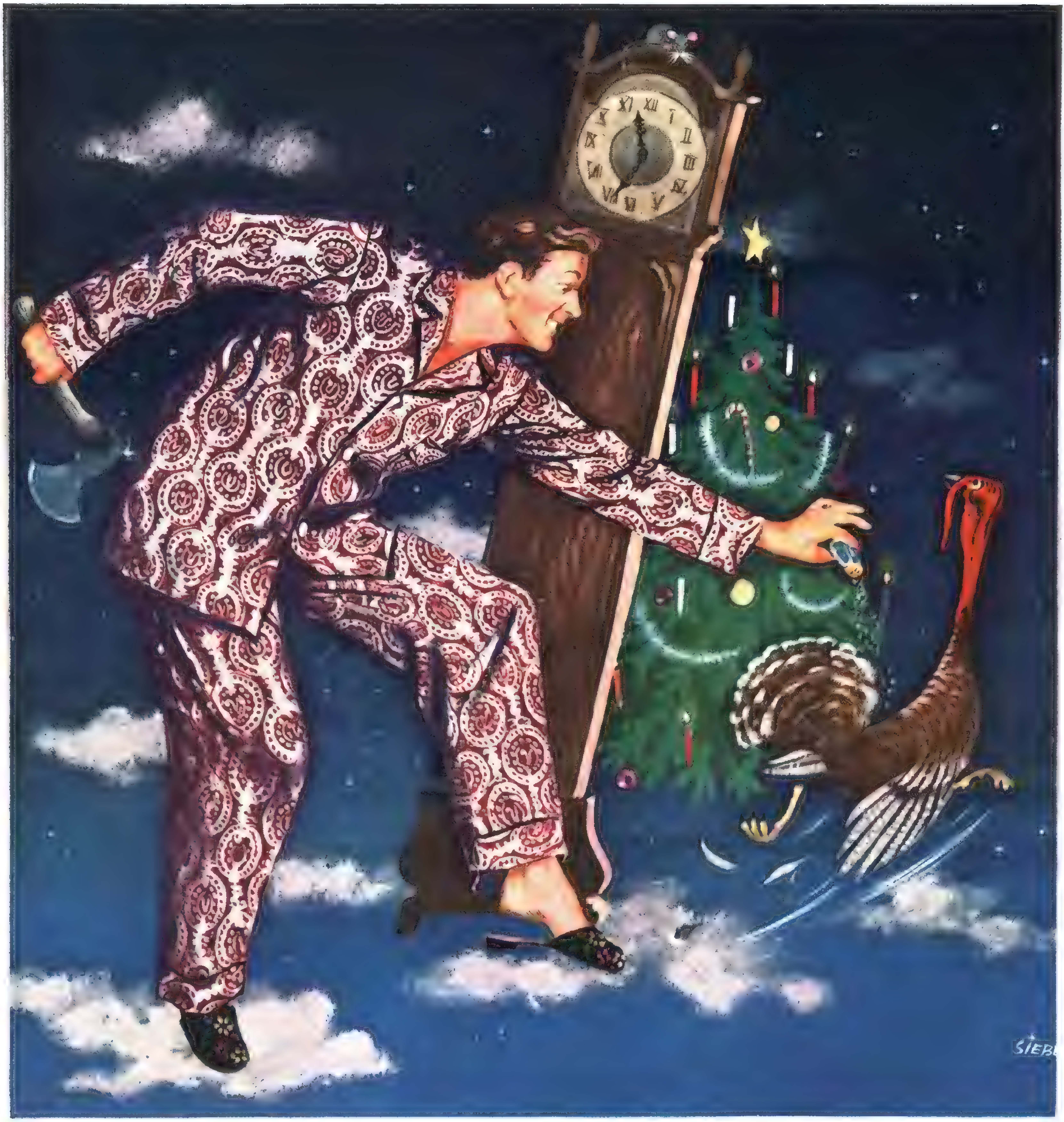
YOU "SHOOT" THOUSANDS OF HARMLESS, STAINLESS BUBBLES without reloading

ORDER NOW FOR CHRISTMAS!

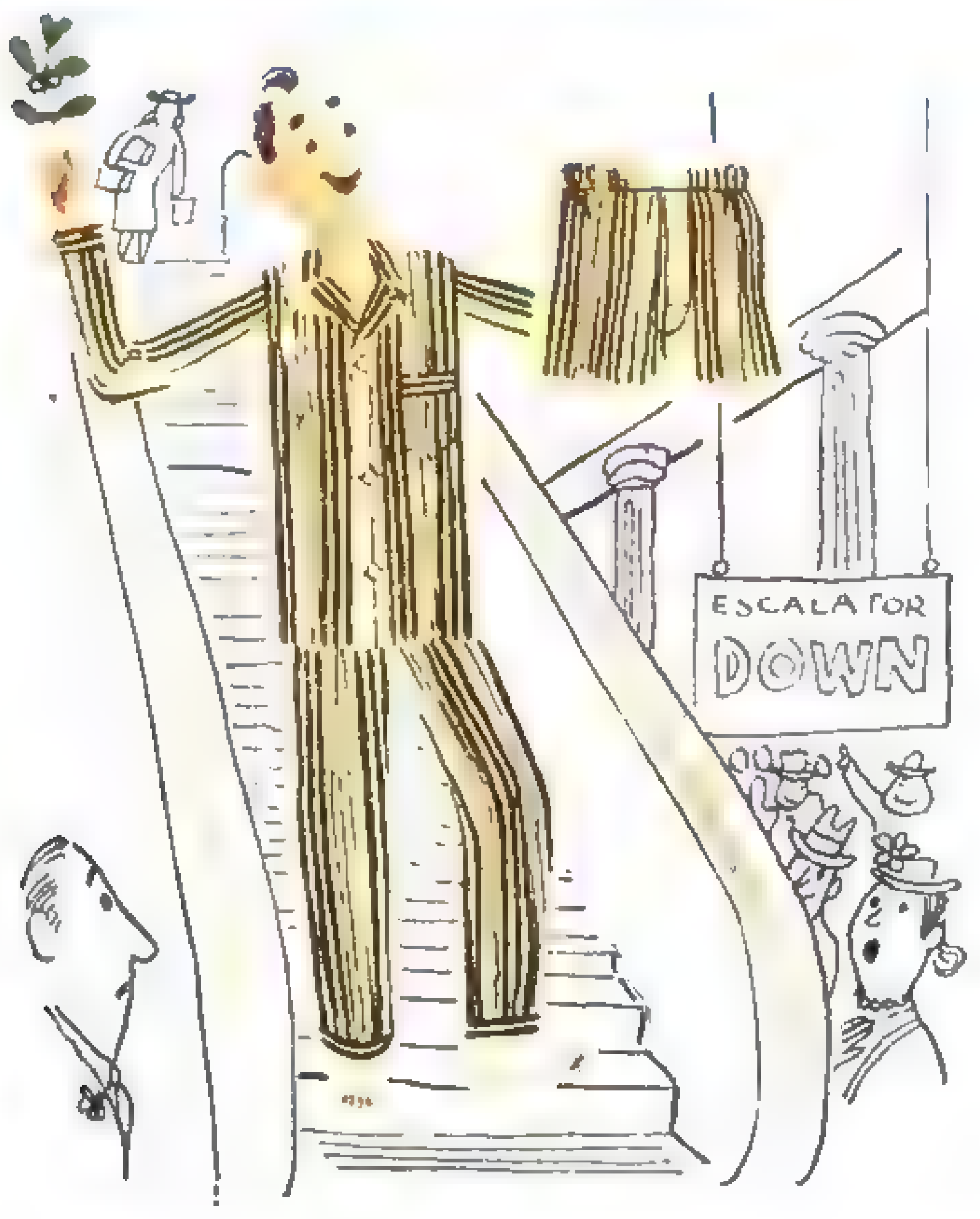
$2.98 COMPLETE

Youngsters everywhere love this gift! Made of strong, light aluminum, this new automatic gun "shoots" thousands of *stainless, harmless* bubbles at a loading. Easy to operate Fun galore! But *safe* fun! Shipped anywhere in U. S., with 6 refill "cartridges", $2.98 postpaid. Extra refills, 6 for 30c. Send check or money order. Add 3% sales tax to Ohio orders. P. S.—Get Dad one, too, today!

NOVELTY PRODUCTS
Dept. EM
22 W. Seventh St. Cincinnati 2, Ohio



Notched-collar printed rayon pajamas, $10.95.



Notched-collar striped rayon pajamas, $8.50
Matching boxer shorts, $2

Time to think of Textron Menswear

It's the turkey season, the gift-giving season. No better time than now to give him a holiday of comfort with Textron Menswear. He'll get an extra helping of freedom with the roomier armholes, longer trousers in Textron's pajamas. He'll like Textron's shorts with the exclusive "parachute" seat, the easy, non-binding elastic at the waist. Textron pajamas and shorts are expertly tailored in finest rayons or Sanforized cottons. Pajamas, $3.95 to $10.95. Shorts, $1 to $2. At leading stores throughout the country.

TEXTRON INC., Textron Bldg., 401 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

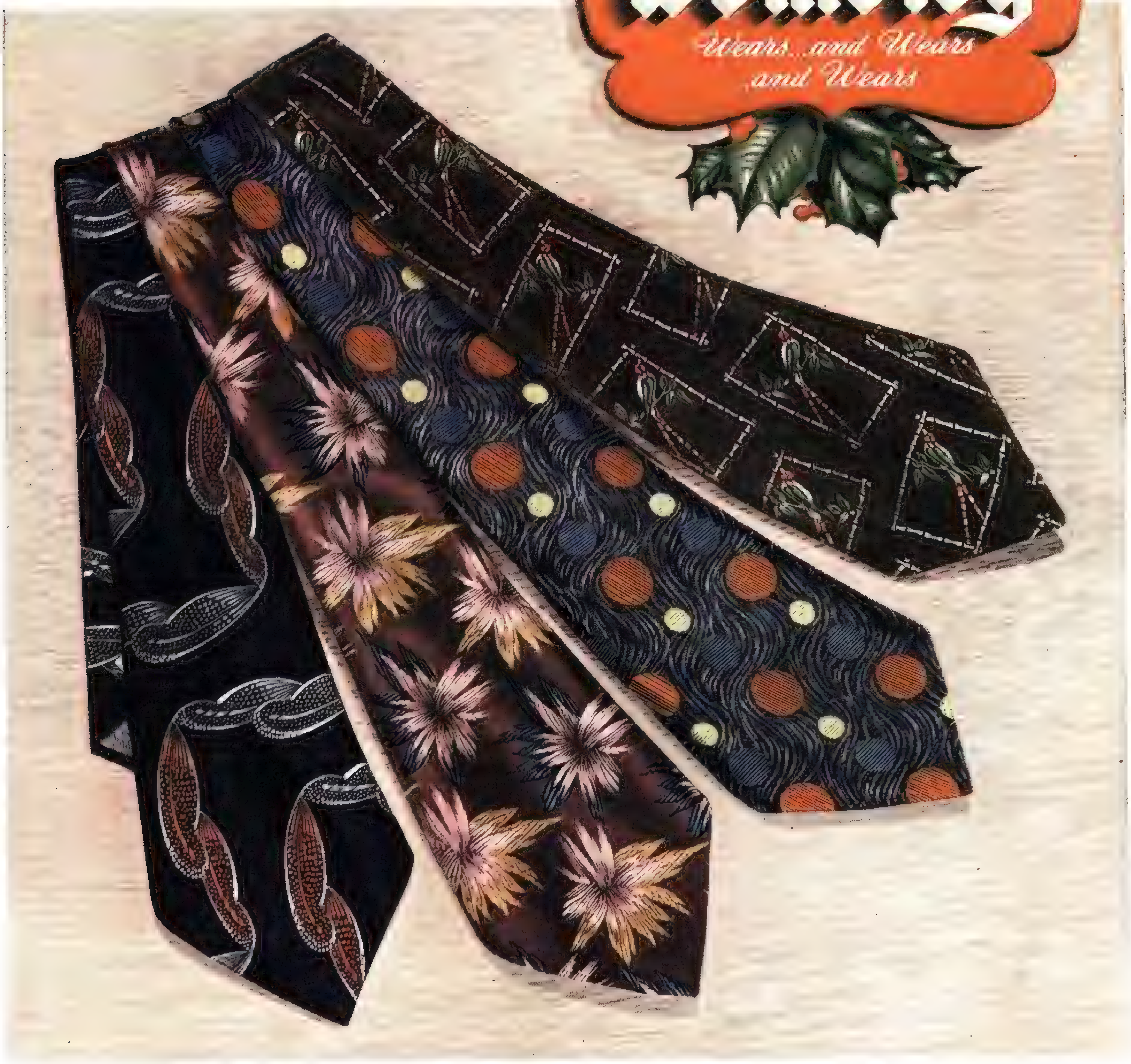
TEXTRON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HOSTESS COATS • BLOUSES • WOVEN & TRICOT LINGERIE • MENSWEAR

From Wembley's Wonder-World of Color

Wembley*

Wears... and Wears and Wears



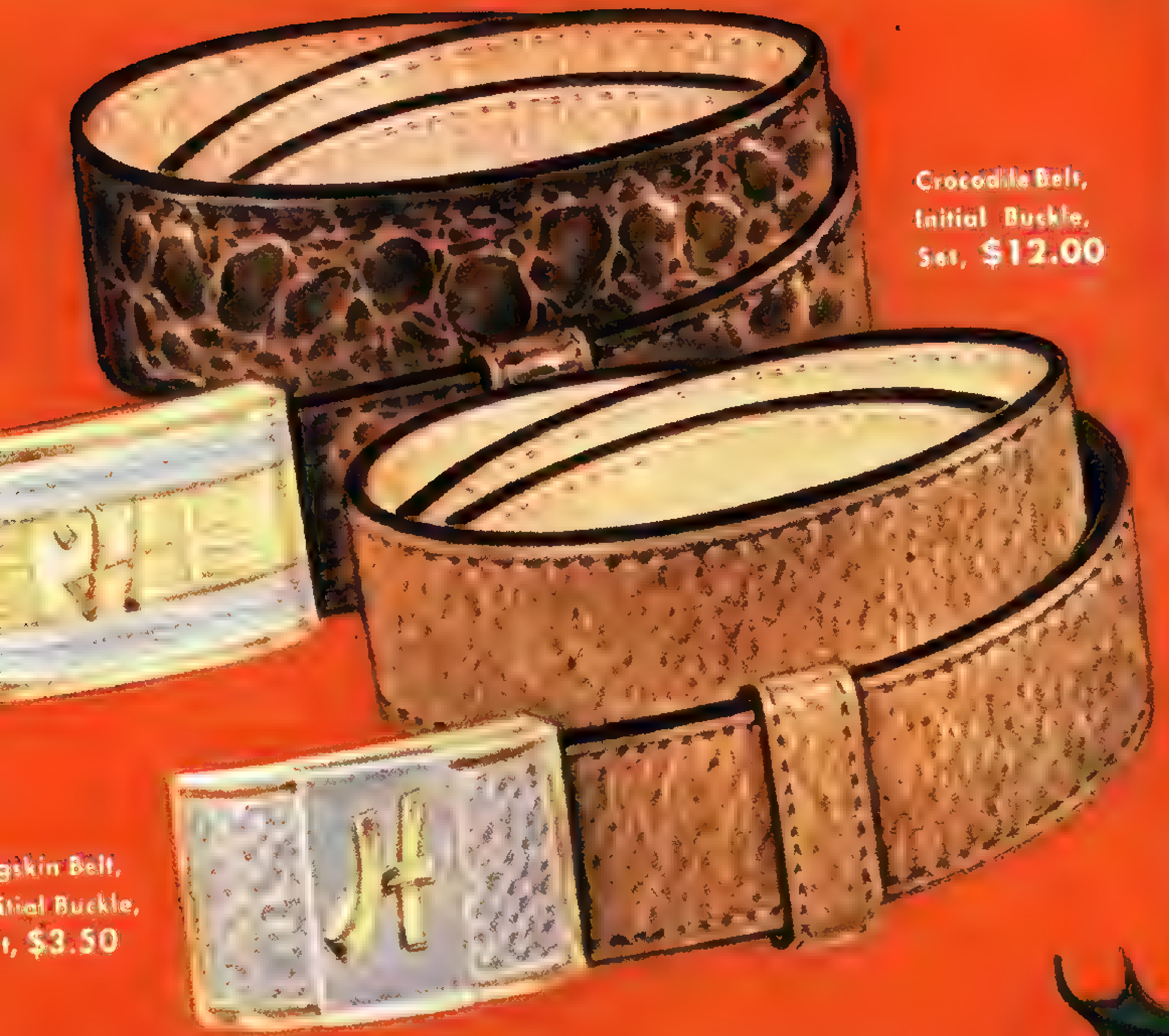
Venetian Brocades

WEMBLEY STYLISTS CAPTURED ELEGANCE IN THE LUSTROUS, LUXURIOUS FABRIC THAT MAKES THESE TIES. YOU'LL LIKE THEIR AIR OF GOOD TASTE, THE EASY WAY THEY TIE. YOU'LL LIKE THEIR CLEAR, SINGING COLORS. DISCRIMINATING MEN ALWAYS CHOOSE WEMBLEYS.

$1.50

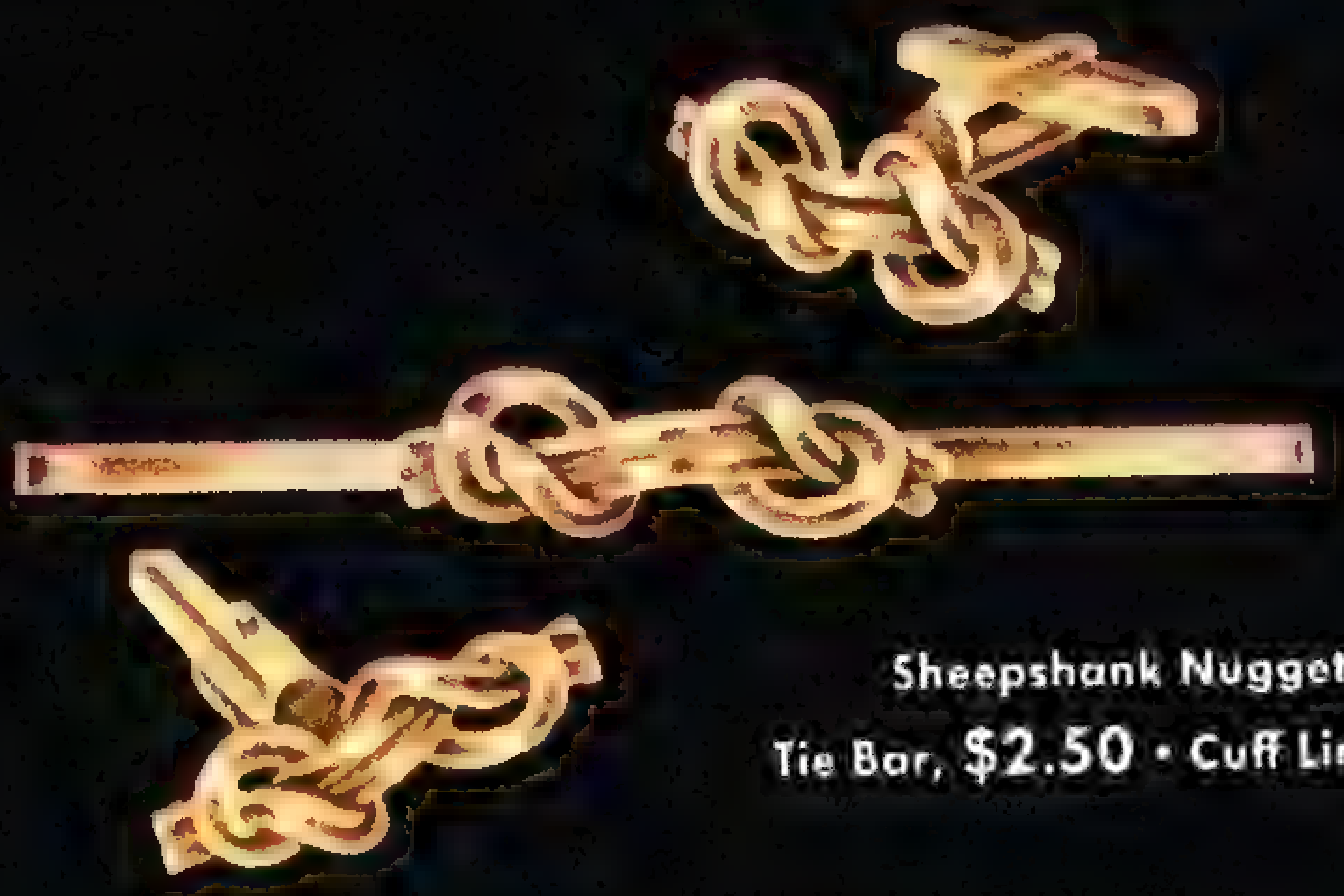
LOOK FOR THE WEMBLEY LABEL—AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.• COPYRIGHT 1948, WEMBLEY INC., NEW ORLEANS

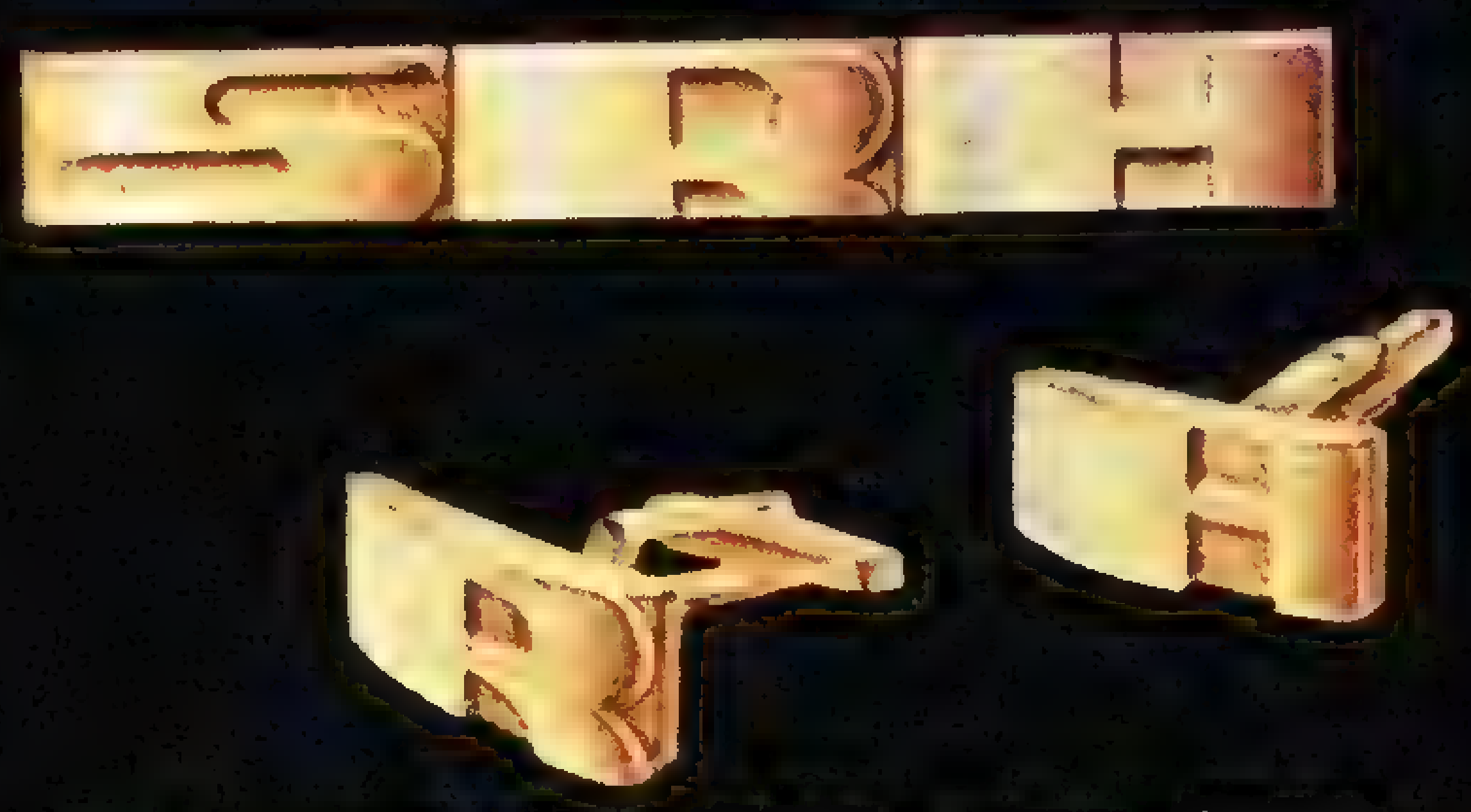


Crocodile Belt,
Initial Buckle,
Set, $12.00

gskin Belt,
itial Buckle,
, $3.50



Sheepshank Nugget Knots
Tie Bar, $2.50 • Cuff Links, $3.50



Curved Initial Tie Bar, $2.50 • Cuff Links, $2.50

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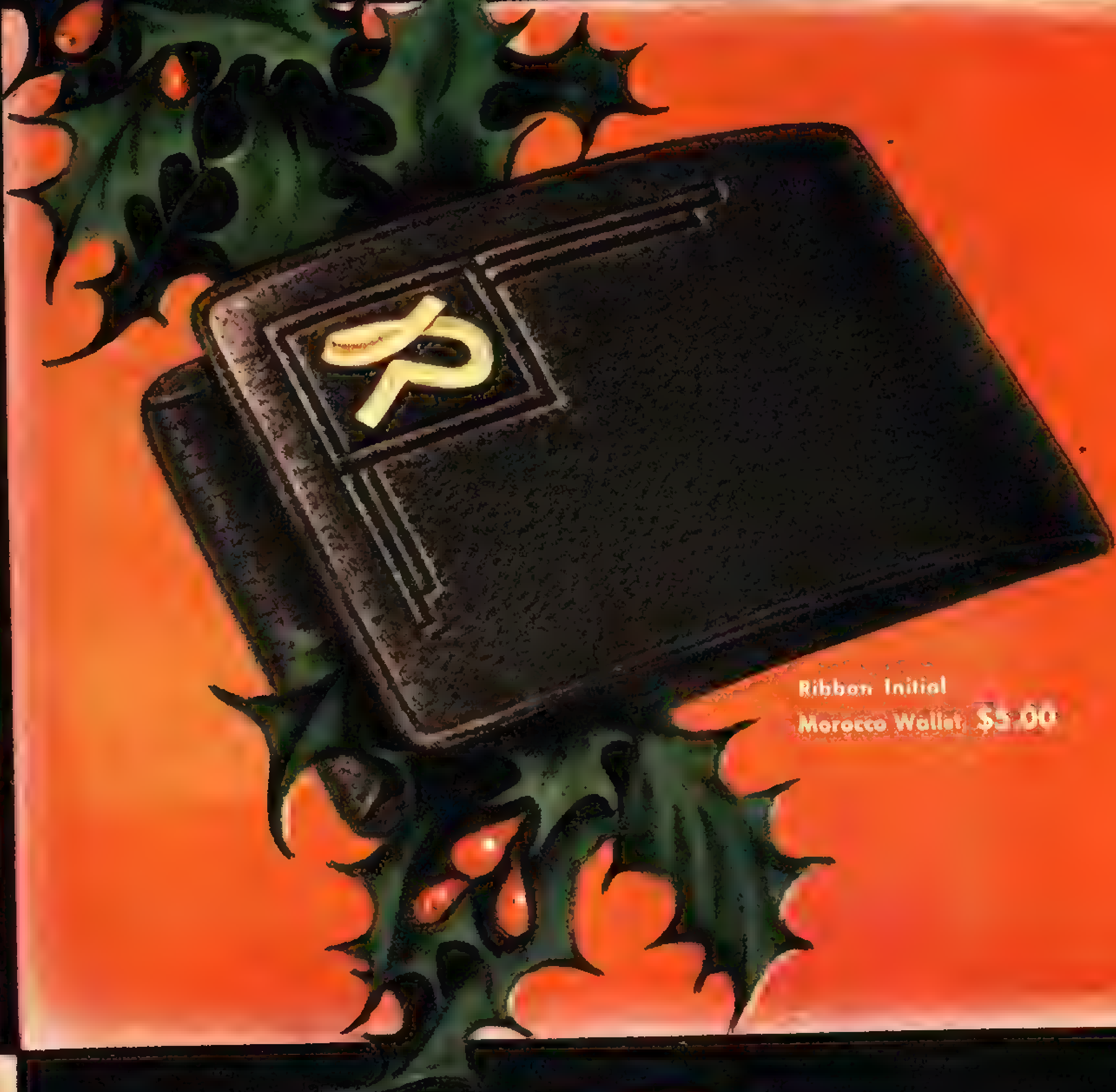
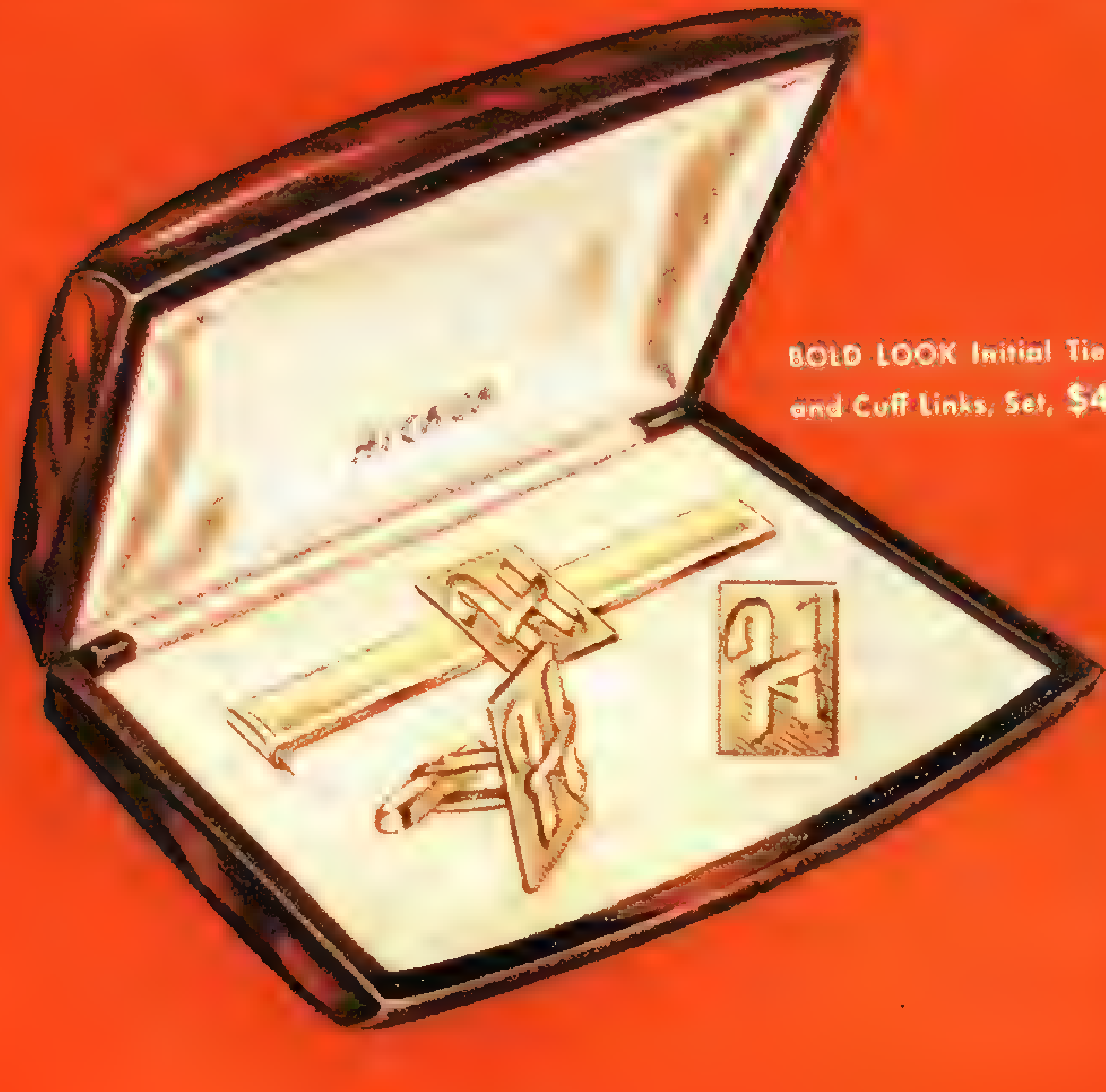
Designed by

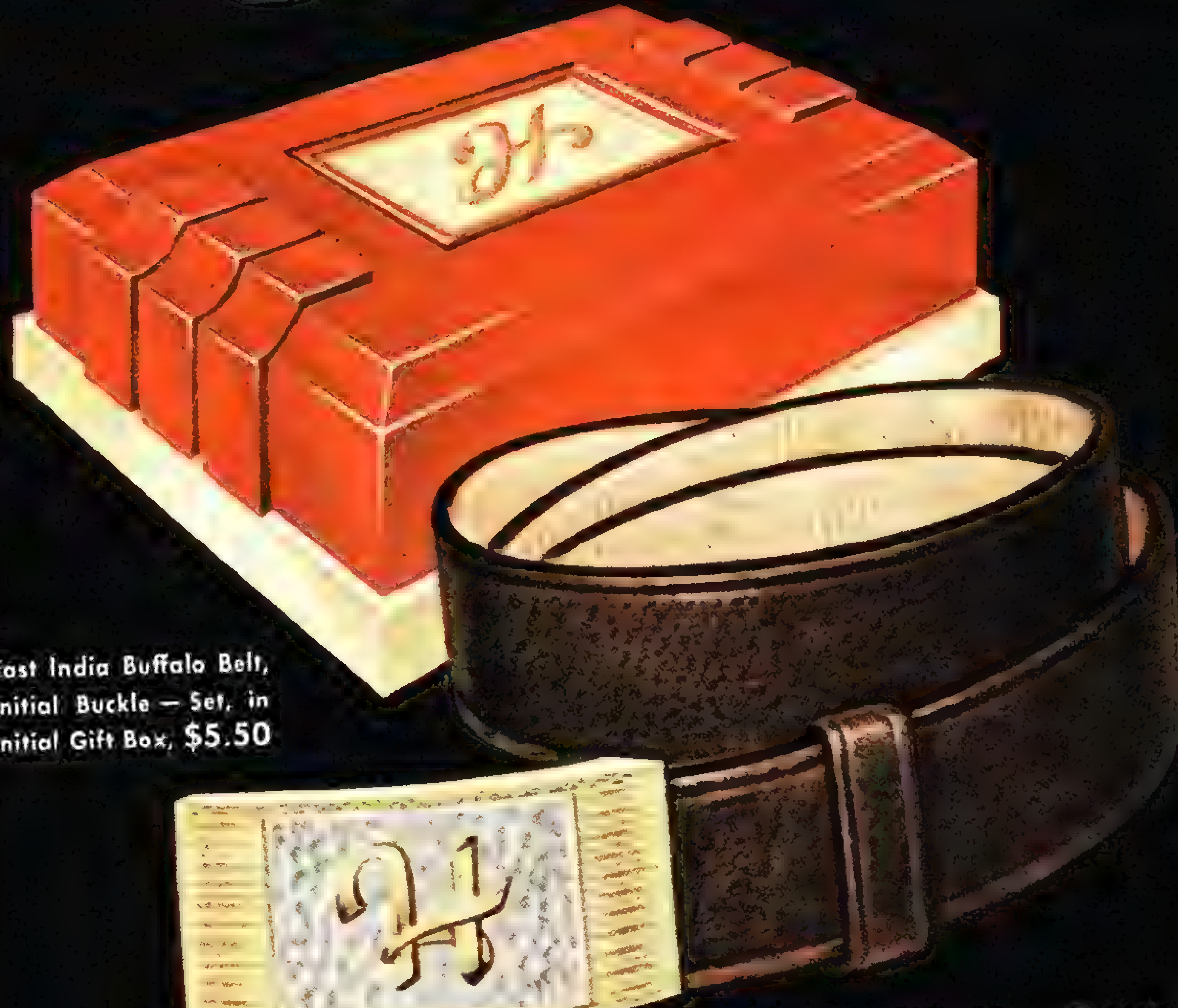
HICKOK



Ribbon Initial
Morocco Wallet, $5.00



BOLD LOOK Initial Tie Bar
and Cuff Links, Set, $4.50



East India Buffalo Belt,
Initial Buckle — Set, in
Initial Gift Box, $5.50

All prices plus Federal Tax. ® 1948

Traditionally Canada's finest

CANADA'S FINEST
IMPORTED
90.4
PROOF
Harwood's
Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd.
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Canada
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
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ONE OF A DISTINGUISHED SERIES PAINTED BY RAY JOHNSON

The "Mounties" maintained order until the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed in 1885.

No one group of men has contributed more to Canada's greatness than her famed Royal Canadian Mounted Police.*

And Canada also produces one of the world's great whiskies—HARWOOD'S CANADIAN. Every sip tells the same story of light, mellow flavor and unchanging HARWOOD'S quality.

Harwood's Canadian

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

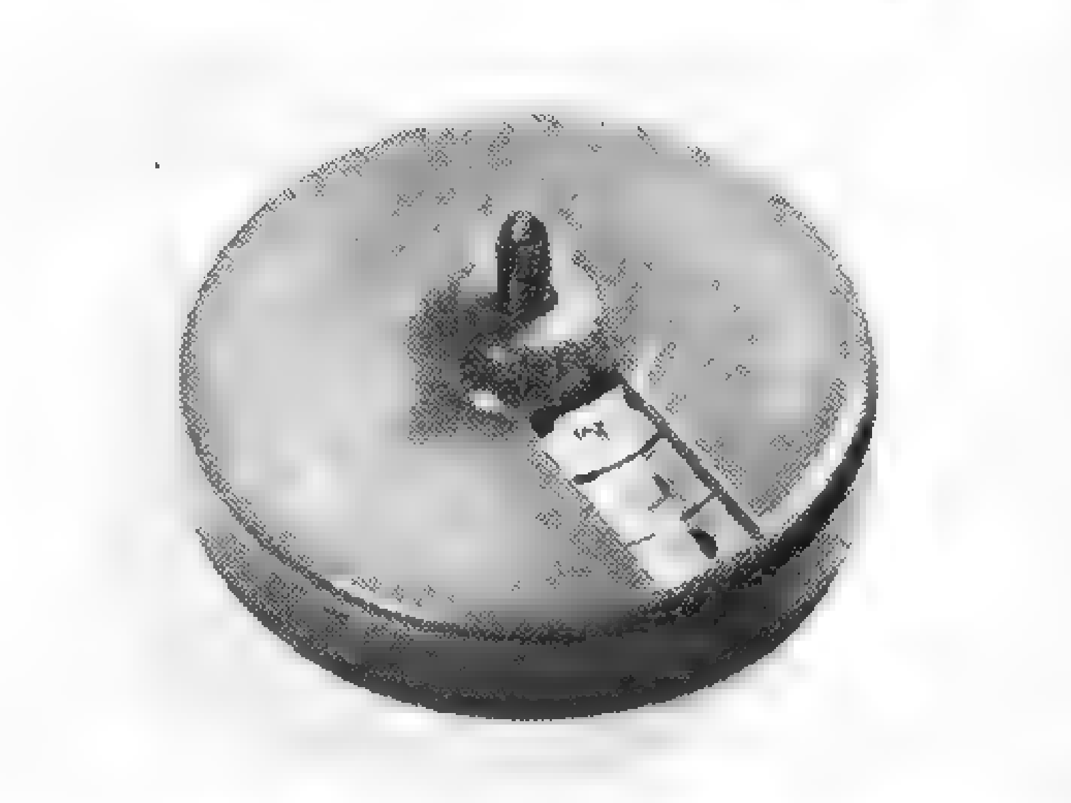
A Masterpiece of Canada's Largest Independent Distillery

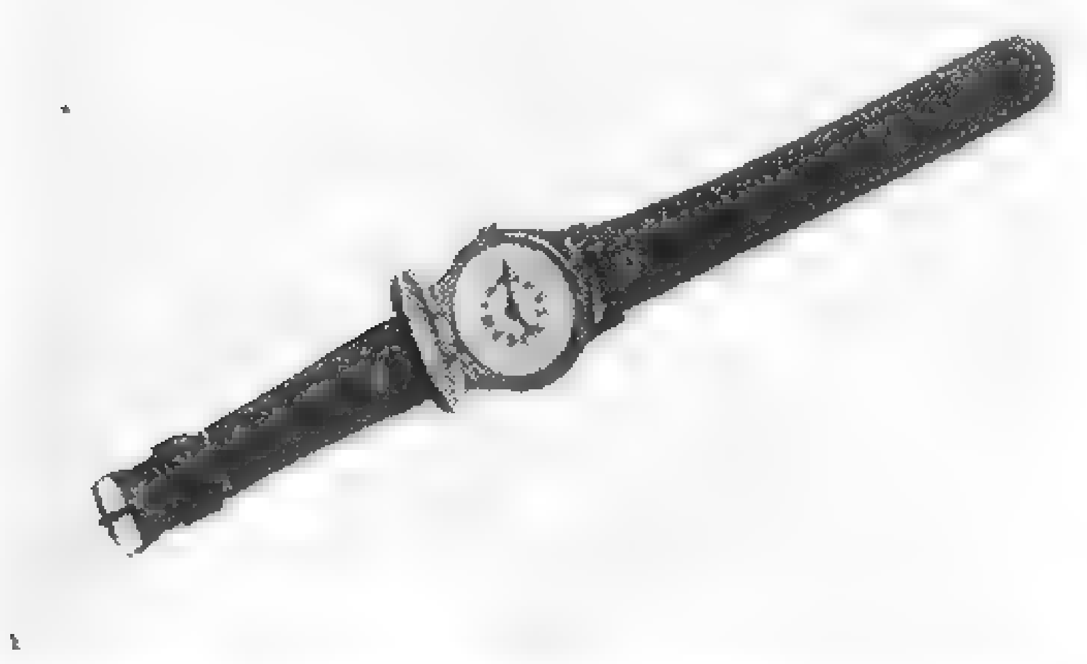
Sole United States Importers: Carillon Importers, Ltd., New York, N. Y. • 90.4 Proof

*THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS IN NO WAY AN ENDORSEMENT BY THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE.

Talking Shop with Esquire

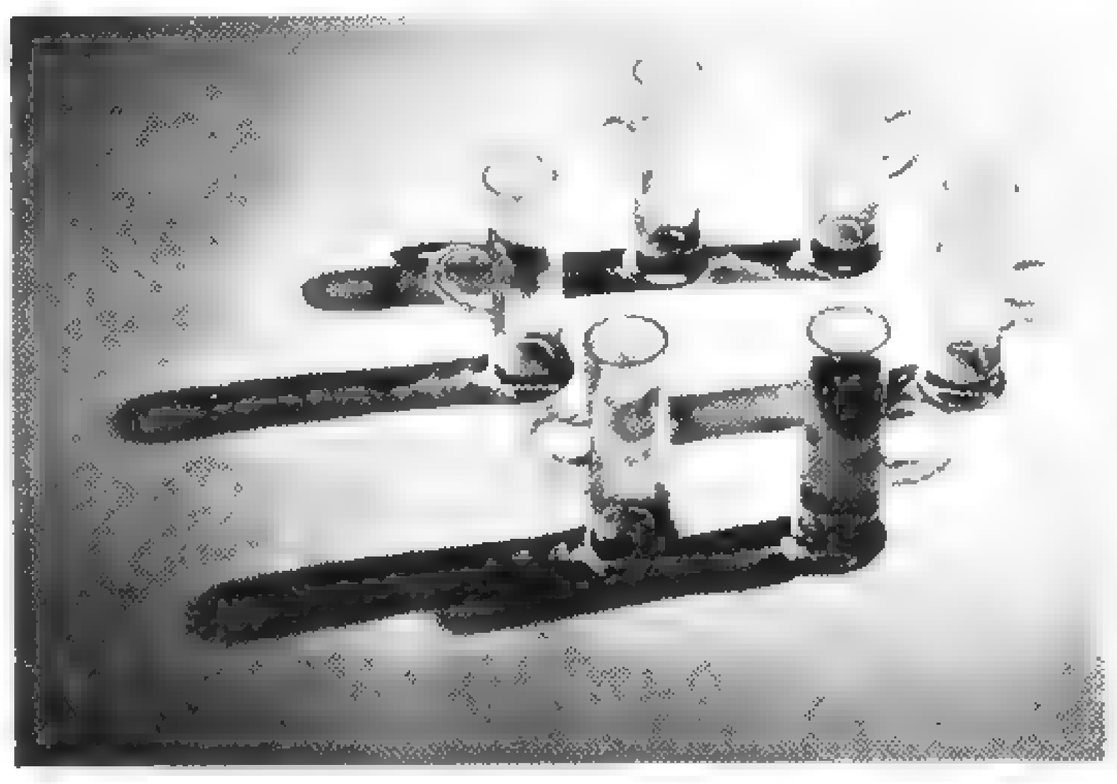
SPIN THE WHEEL. This new table game combines the betting methods of roulette and the combination pay-offs of slot machines. A spin of the wheel can bring up any one of a thousand or the familiar fruit combinations—cherries, oranges, apples, etc. Poker chips are used to make pay-offs on the player's bets.

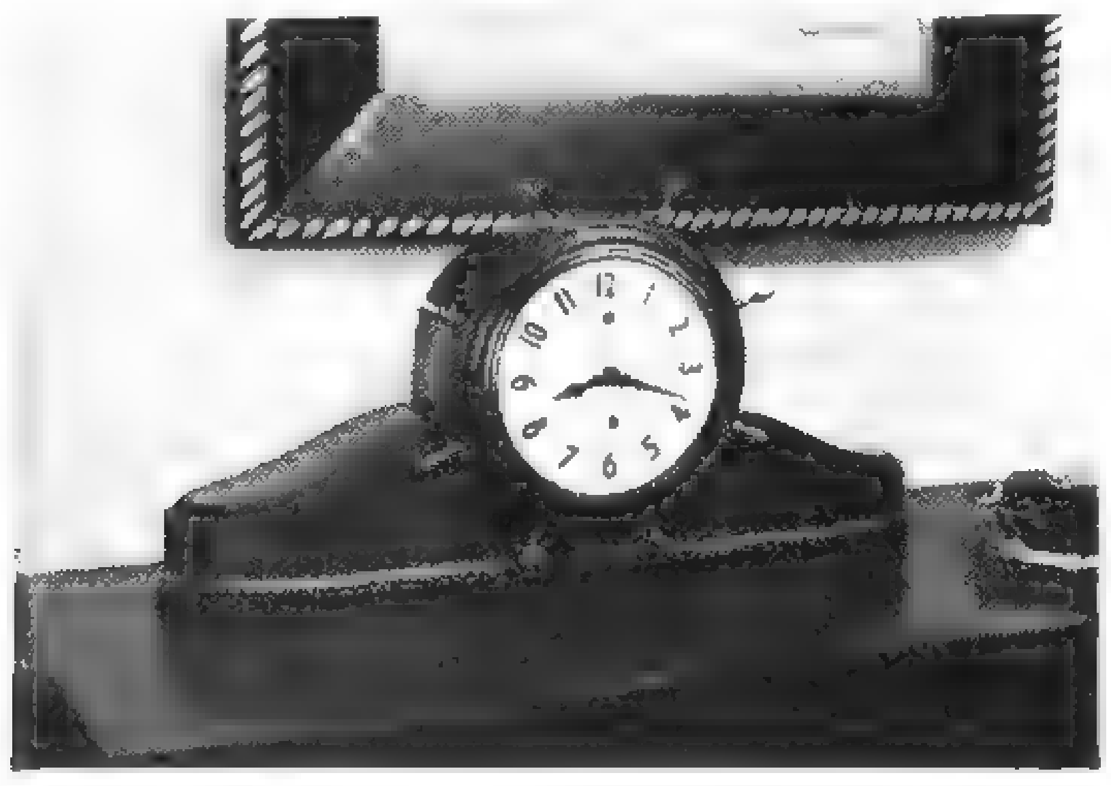




THOUGHTFUL GIFT for someone who is blind—a wrist watch that tells the correct time by the Braille system. Raised dots where the numerals would ordinarily appear enable the wearer to tell time by touch. Because there is no crystal to protect the hands, the watch has a covered style case in chrome steel.

SHORT SNORTERS. Whether it's a shot of whiskey, downed straight, or an after-dinner liqueur—these little glasses are a nice way to serve it. They look almost like miniature beer mugs—less than 4" high and 1" in diameter, with a curved glass handle. Heavy sham base, with a pattern etched in the glass.





A SHIP'S BELL sounds off the hours in this nautical style, electric clock. Dial is set in a ship's wheel, encased in brown mahogany, circled at the base with a rope motif. A less elaborate version of the ship's clock comes mounted in a gold finish metal steering wheel—minus the bell mechanism but with the electric innards.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

● THE PERFECT GIFT
For Host and Hostess
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MEASURES EXACTLY A JIGGER EVERY TIME

Smoother Drinks FASTER
No Waste
Fits Any Quart or Pint Bottle—
Colors: Red, Green, Blue, Ivory.
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An Ideal PREMIUM
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$1.50 EA.
Box of 3 $4.50 POSTPAID in GIFT BOX

JIFFY JIGGER MFG. CO.
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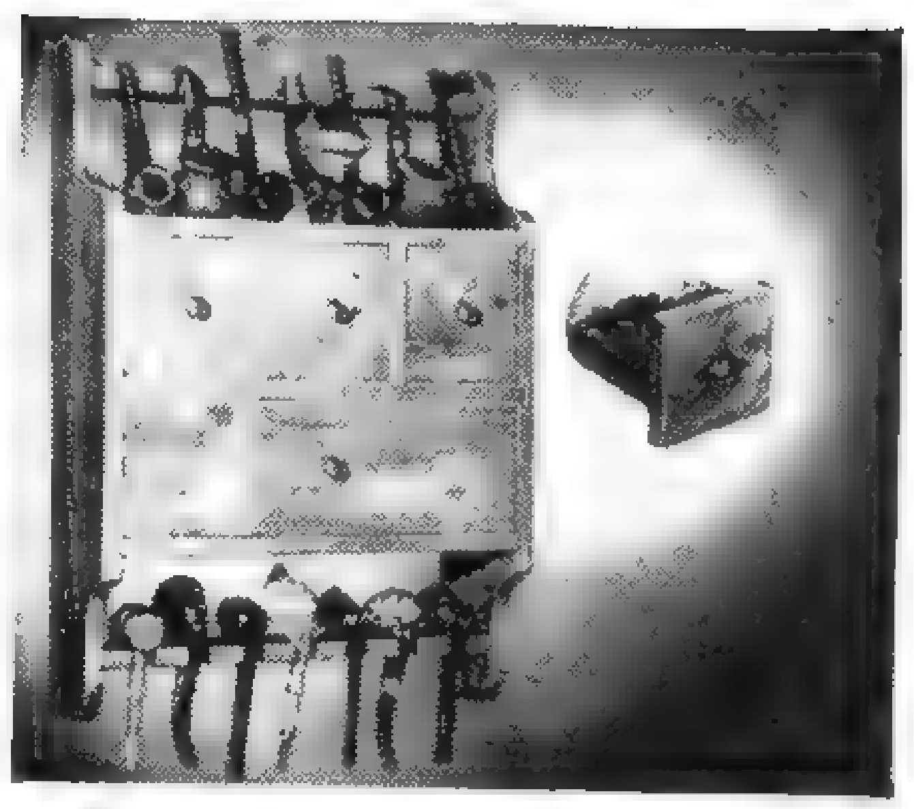
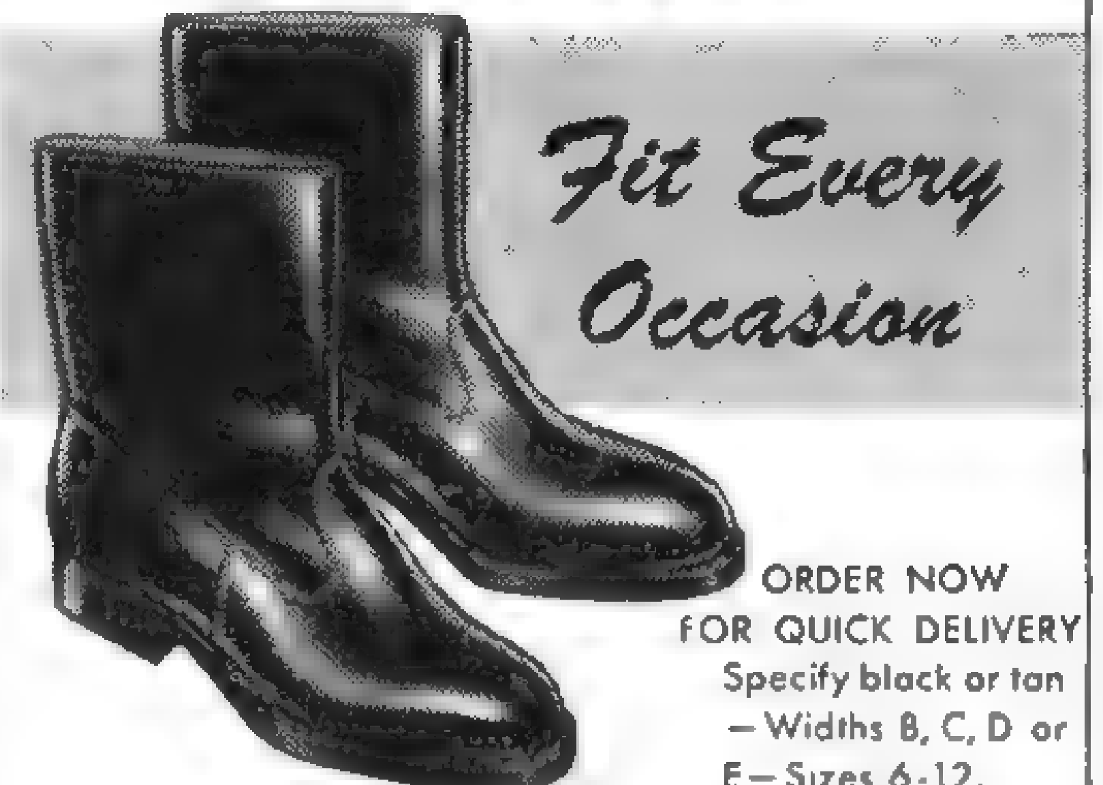


A Pipe Man's Pipe Rack
Does Everything A Good Pipe Rack Should Do
1. Hangs on wall, convenient, smart.
2. Saves precious desk or table space.
3. Holds 14 (count 'em) pipes.
4. Air tight humidor jar drawers.
5. Large drawer for all accessories.
Size 13" x 18" (*Pipes not included*)
Pipe Rack $14.50 Exp. Chgs. Collect
Both Racks in hand-crafted knotty pine, waxed, hand rubbed.

"Ante Up" Poker Rack
Ideal for the Hook, Slice and Who's Light Boys
1. A handsome unique wall decoration.
2. Holds 400 standard size poker chips.
3. Chip holders can be used at table.
4. Large drawer for cards and accessories.
Size 11" x 16" (*Poker chips not included*)
Poker Chip Rack $18.50 Exp. Chgs. Collect
Check or money order—no C.O.D.'s please.
Write for free folder of
UNIQUE WALL FURNITURE IN FRIENDLY PINE
Yield House
BOX 179 NO. CONWAY, N.H.
Dept. E12



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Fit Every Occasion
ORDER NOW FOR QUICK DELIVERY
Specify black or tan—Widths B, C, D or E—Sizes 6-12.
Fine quality smooth grain leather 10 inch boot—full leather-lined. Finest bootmaker-leather outsoles. Tuck in trousers or wear outside. Easy on—Easy off!
ALL LEATHER FOR ALL WEATHER
$16.50
NATIVE BOOT COMPANY
461 No. Manchester Street
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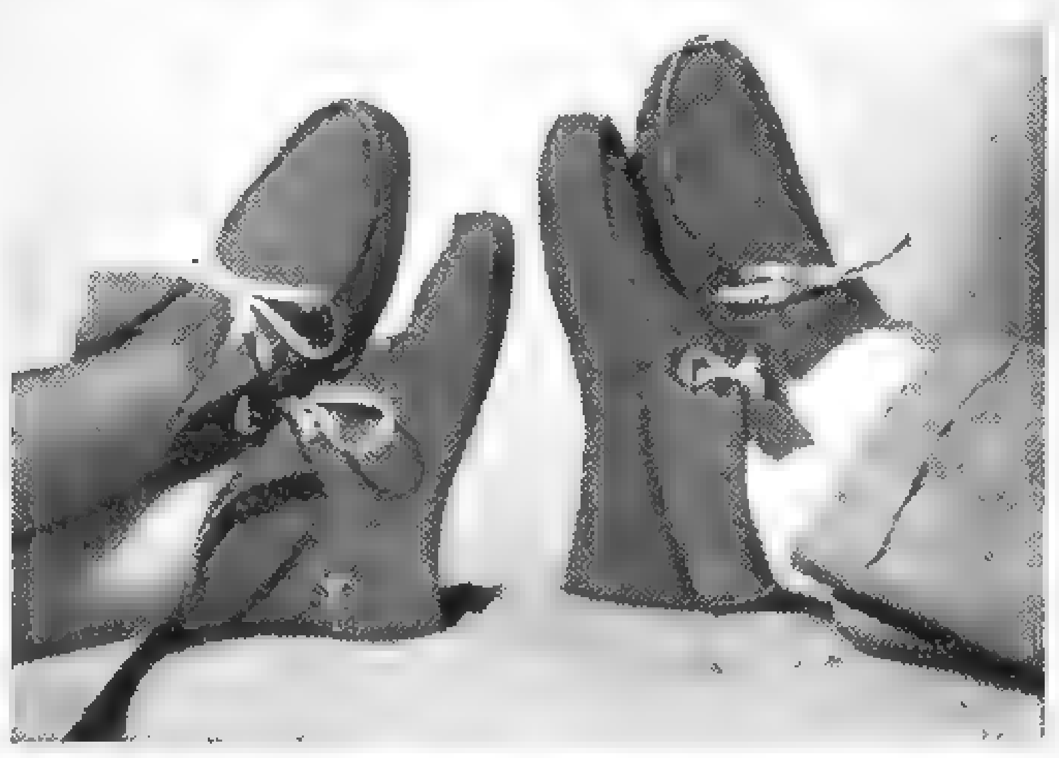
ANNOUNCING THAT WESTERN TOUCH
RICH 24K GOLD PLATED ON STERLING SILVER—SET ONLY $8.95
LINKS $4.95 — TIE CLASP $4.95
Prepaid—add 20% tax—we pay postage
Distinctive authentic Western replicas—AN IDEAL GIFT. Many other styles. Smart Sterling sets for only $7.95—links $4.25—tie clasp $4.25
SEND NO MONEY—clip this ad, specify sets or individual articles—sterling or gold plate. Pay Postman plus postage and tax. Information on other styles available.
RODEO JEWELERS
Box 3711 • Dept. E11 • LOS ANGELES 54, CALIFORNIA



APACHE MOCCASINS from the Indian Reservation country—of glove-soft sueded cowhide with flexible padded soles. Versatile cuff may be worn rolled up or down.
HANDCRAFTED in Natural, Black, Brown, Red, Royal Blue, Emerald Green, Gold, Indian White.
FOR MEN and WOMEN. In sizes 4 to 8 . $4.95
In sizes 9 to 12 . . . . $5.95
TRIBAL MOCCASINS for CHILDREN, in soft sueded cowhide with elk soles. Apache Tan or Haze Blue. No cuff. Sizes 5-7-9 . . . $3.25
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Order by mail today. Send check or money order and we pay postage. Or order C. O. D., plus charges.
OLD PUEBLO TRADERS
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GIVE HOME-MADE JAMS, JELLIES FROM CALIFORNIA
For years I've been preserving California's delicious fruits for local enjoyment. Now I can make prompt delivery of my very finest preserves, jams and jellies to your friends for Christmas. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order now. Sorry, no C. O. D.
CASE OF 24 5-OZ. JARS, $4.95 DELIVERED
Weight 15 pounds. Includes 4 jars each of Strawberry preserves, Blackberry jelly, California ruby marmalade, Elderberry jelly, Pomegranate jelly, Cherry-nut conserve—a luscious gift assortment that appeals to all.
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Reference: California Bank

PRICES SLASHED! ALUMINUM PIPES
$4.50 pipe for $1.00. Imported briar bowl, hard rubber stem, air cooled aluminum shank, straight or curved. No filters required. A perfect Xmas gift. Check or money order, we pay postage.
Write for FREE catalog of pipes and cigars.
C. O. D. orders filled on request
$1
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Eddie THE CIGAR MAN
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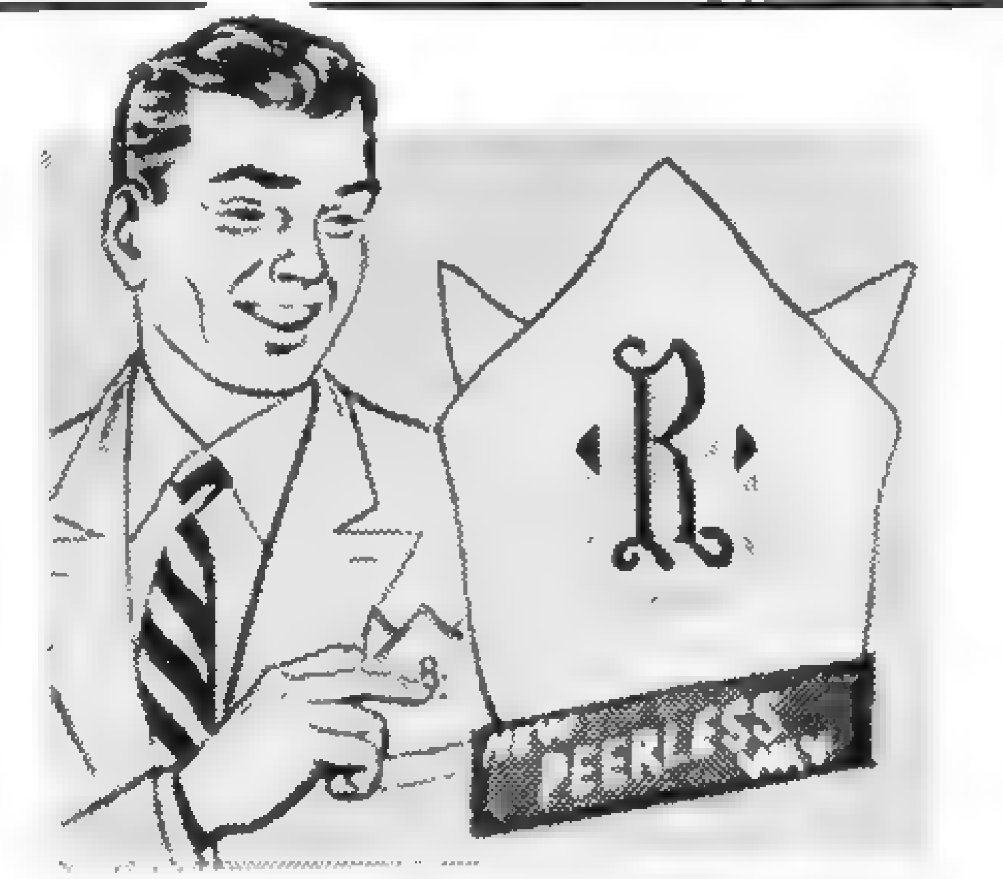
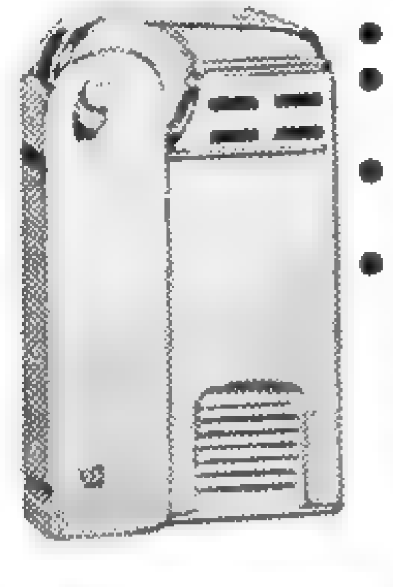


Men's "REVERSED" INITIAL 'Kerchiefs
At last! Men's pocket 'Kerchiefs with the initial *"REVERSED"*—right side up—READABLE in pocket. Initials in Maroon, Blue, Brown or White. Priced 50c to $1.50 each at better Men's Wear and Dep't Stores
Peerless Wolfson Company
• *Manufacturers* •
Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54, Ill.

Bar Chest
$29.95
Without Glassware and Accessories
F.O.B. FACTORY
THE IDEAL XMAS GIFT
It's a luxurious Chest with Foam Rubber Seat.
Its roomy inside has a folding bar with removable Bar Tray . . . Bar Tray is genuine mahogany . . . The back of seat has elastic straps for holding bar accessories. Chest is 26" x 15" x 18". It's upholstered with genuine Vinyl-Leatherette in Brown, Maroon, Ivory, Blue or Green. Glassware and accessories $10.00 extra.
GRAND UTILITIES CORP. Dept. 5
201 S. Second Av., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.



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REGENS
FULLY AUTOMATIC
STORMLITER
... *Bottom* PRICE
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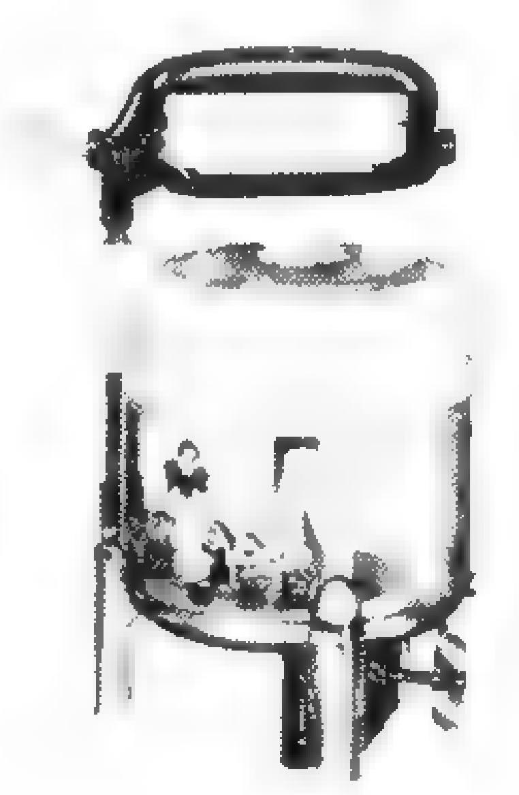
- Slide-out tank lights pipes, too
- Guaranteed against mechanical defects
- In nickel, chrome, enamel or etched finish

Use Regens Yellow Flints and Regens Lighter Fluid for best results
$1.50 TO $2.50
AT BETTER JEWELRY, DRUG AND TOBACCO STORES
Regens Lighter Corporation, 2 East 46th St., N. Y. 17

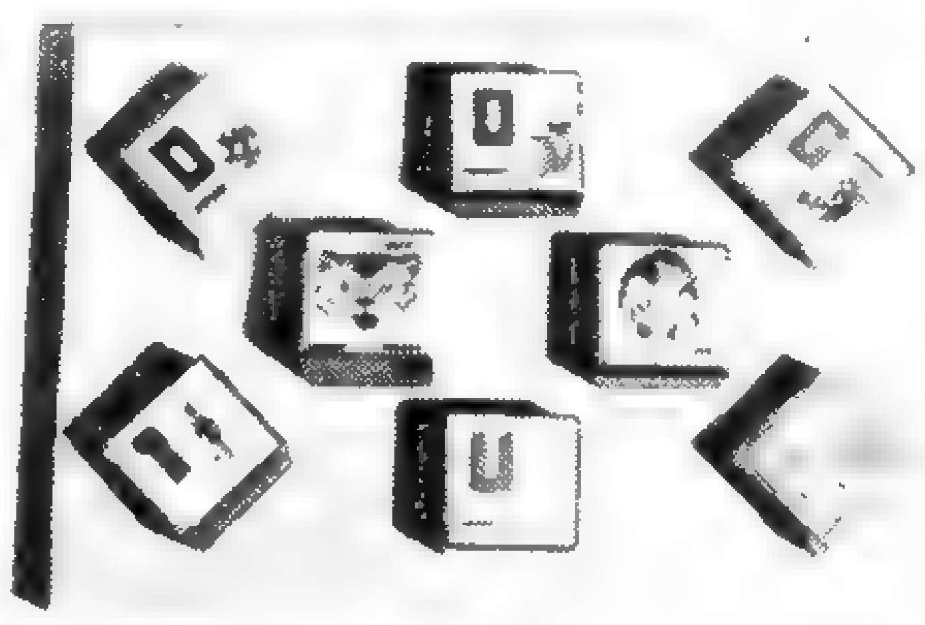
Talking Shop with Esquire

DOLL-SIZE WASHING MACHINE swirls the clothes around just like a real washer. Wind-up, spring-type motor keeps the suds swirling, while the young lady keeps an eye on things through the transparent tub. She can finish up the week's wash with the hand wringer. Decorated with Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs.



YOUNG REMBRANDTS can daub away to their heart's content with this paint set for small fry. Plastic "canvas" can be used over and over, because it's washable. Or they can place it over any picture they like and fill in their own color schemes. Set contains paint, brushes, 11 suggested illustrations.

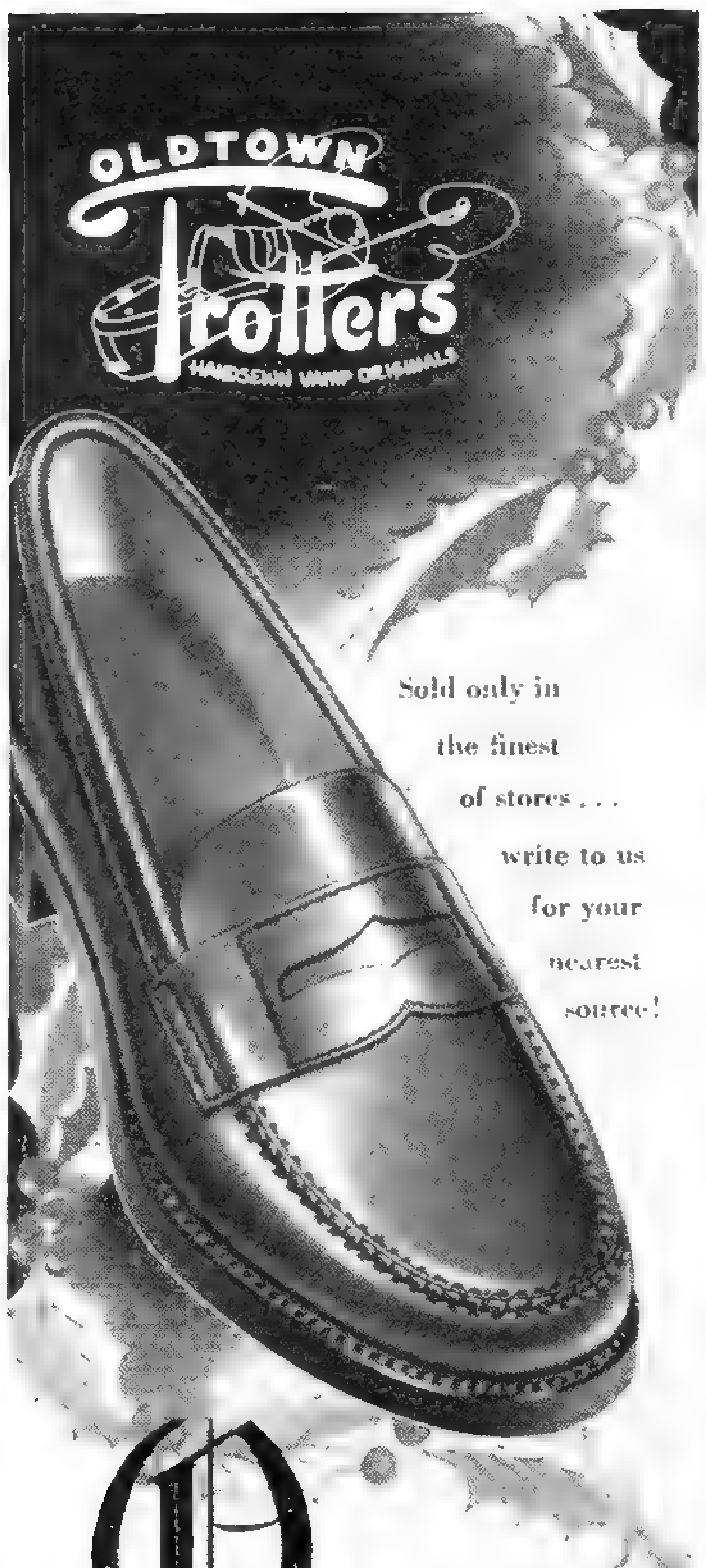
BLOCKS THAT JINGLE teach the youngest generation how to spell, count, tell time and recognize animals. Twelve good size blocks, hands for the "clock", and an instruction book come in every box. Each block has a jingle bell suspended inside it, which is supposed to keep the rascal's mind on what he's doing.



BOVINE BESSIE is a very obliging cow. She not only moo's when her ribbon is pulled, but she gives milk as well! To fill 'er up, a medicine dropper of milk goes in the top of her back, flows through a glass tube in her innards and comes out right where it's supposed to. Bessie has a brown and white plush hide.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



OLDTOWN Trotters
HANDSEWN VAMP ORIGINALS

Sold only in the finest of stores . . . write to us for your nearest source!

ONLY THE BEST for HIS CHRISTMAS

Oldtown Shoe Company, Dept. E12
179 Lincoln St., Boston 11, Mass.
Factories in Old Town, Maine

Men love it!

A Wilkinson Creation

His own name handpainted in handsome, contrasting colors. Ideal all year 'round gift for the particular man.

DESIGN ON ILLUSTRATED TIE IS NAME OF JACK M. WARNER. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, TURN PICTURE ON ITS SIDE. THE NAME OF YOUR CHOICE WILL BE CREATED IN SIMILAR FASHION.

EIGHT COLORS: Banana, powder blue, mirador brown, copper, royal blue, navy blue, goya red and garnet

Postpaid Pure Silk Foulard 7.50

If not available at your dealer, order direct! Send cash, check or money order. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

PAT. PEND.

PLEASE PRINT

NAME ON TIE__________

COLOR__________

If more than one tie is desired, include name, color and $7.50 for each additional tie.

WILKINSON OF CALIFORNIA
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San Francisco 18, California

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ADDRESS__________
CITY__________ STATE__________

HAVE THAT BOLD, VIRILE LOOK!

Sportflex TRIMS and SLIMS you

Gently, FIRMLY restrains bulges; eases you into upright, perfect posture. You look—you feel younger!

Of *quality* Lastex; sturdy, resilient, porous, non-chafing. Wide 2-Way Stretch Band *can't* roll, bunch or bind. Soft, smooth, detachable Crotch gives sanitary, super-support. Launders like magic.

AN UNBEATABLE BUY *complete* postpaid $3.00 *extra crotch* 75¢

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DON'T DELAY *Send Check - Moneyorder Today*
IMPORTANT! Please specify waist size. C.O.D.'s accepted

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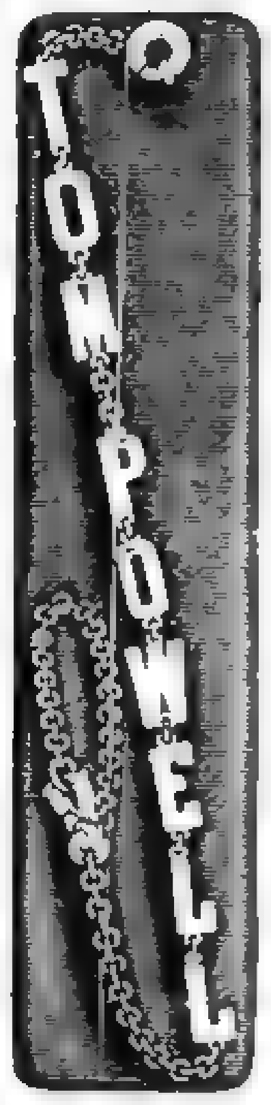
Dept. E-2 14 W. 17th ST. N. Y. 11, N. Y.



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Spells Your Name!

THE PERFECT GIFT

Each NAMECHAIN made to your order—up to 14 letters allowed. Packed in gift box. Orders shipped in 48 hours. Tax and postage included in price.

Durably Constructed

★ GOLD COLOR $3.50 STERLING ★ SILVER $7.00

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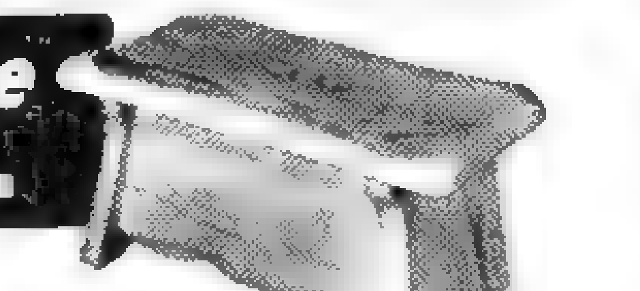
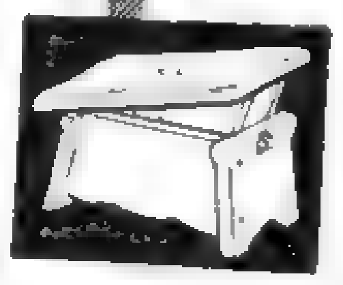




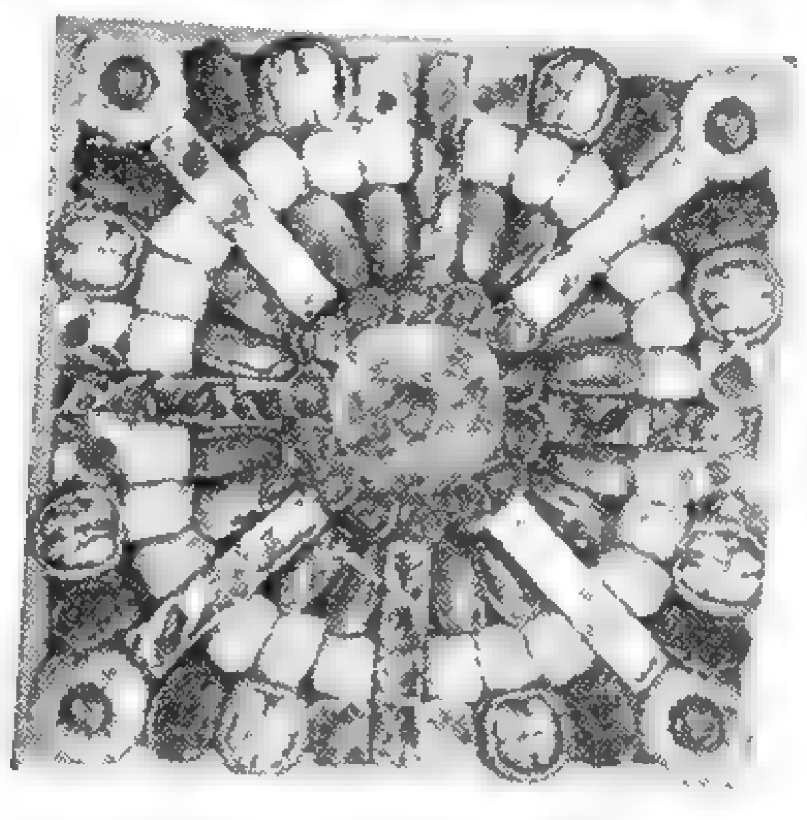
Shoe Shine STOOL

"Just what I've always wanted!" say hundreds! Strong, braced, non-tip step-stool, foot-rest—"step" for kiddies in bathroom, at windows, as chair. Top raises to make perfect shoe-shine stool. Space inside for shining kit. Beautiful hand-rubbed maple or blond finish. Antiqued edges. Strong hinges and fastener. Built to last. 13½" x 7½" x 7¾". Ideal gift.

$3.95 Postpaid

Order direct. Money-back guarantee.

Linnwood Mfg. Co. Dept. ES-12 Seward, Nebr.



CALIFORNIA FRUITS

GIFTS OF FRUITS
I ship my finest new crop fruits and confections direct to your friends, enclosing your card. Beautifully packed in handsome baskets and Redwood boxes. Satisfaction or money back. Reference Dun & Bradstreet. Write on business stationery for quantity discounts.

TROPICAL CHEST
California's finest fruits—dates, candied pineapple, cherries and oranges, apricots and nut confections. Packed in California Redwood chest. Delivered prepaid anywhere in U.S.

5 lb. SIZE $7.50
2½ lb. SIZE $4.25

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG
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WARNING!

Top-Hat the luxury lighter

is a gift you will be tempted to keep yourself!

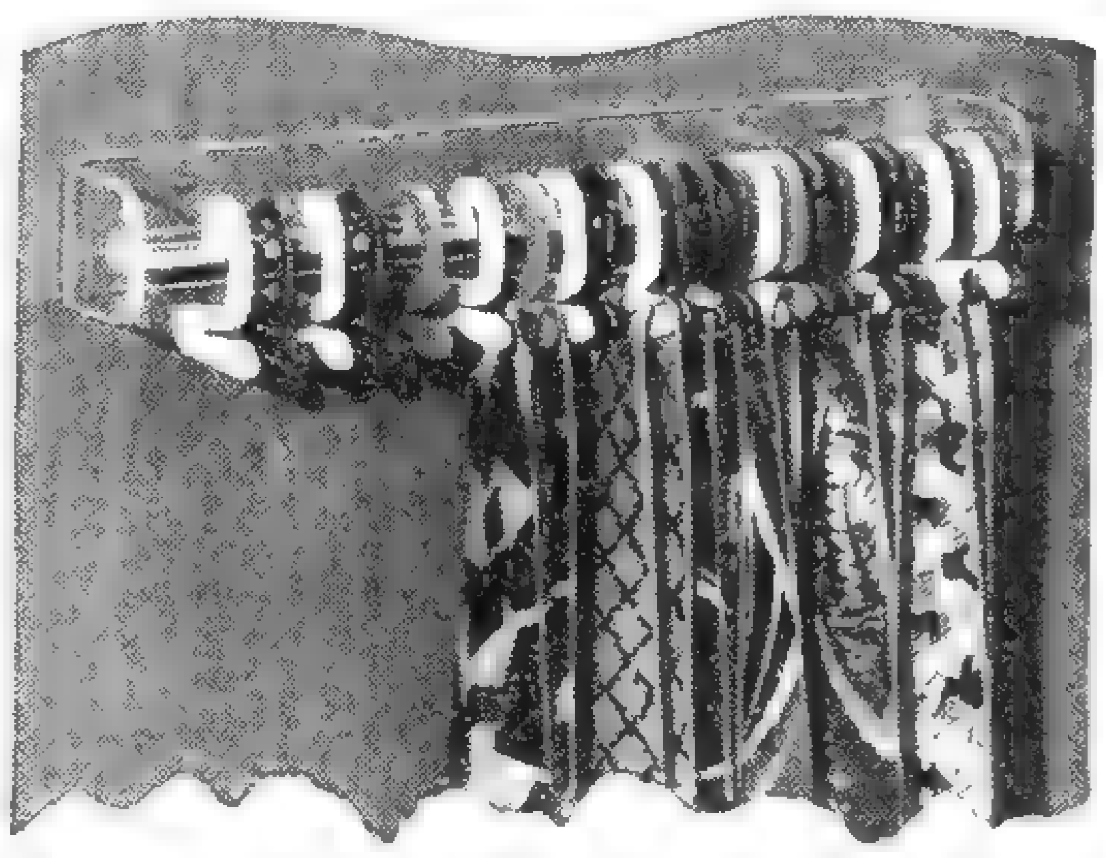
Why NOT give yourself the ultimate in lighters! TOP HAT is designed with classic simplicity, precisioned like a fine watch for the white-tie set, yet costs no more than ordinary lighters.

Just flick the knob and the fly-back top gives you instant light. New asbestos spiral wick remains upright to absorb more fluid without burning down. In high-polished ribbed chrome, or brown, red, other leather finishes. These may be personalized with recipient's initials at slight extra cost. Small size for ladies. Beautifully packaged.

It costs only $5 to make yourself or a loved one very happy

NOTE: If TOP HAT is not [illegible] store, send $5.[illegible] You will receive the model you want direct from factory.

IMCO MFG. CORP. DEPT-ED
541 6th AVE., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.



A TIE'S BEST FRIEND

Beautiful ties individually held by colorful Red, Ivory, Green and Blue flexible plastic holders on a Sparkling Clear Lucite Rack with all edges polished will make a wardrobe door glow like a Rembrandt painting.

TIES CAN'T WRINKLE OR FALL OFF. Each tie kept neat—orderly—easily selected at a glance.

TI-D-TIE RACK is the Ideal gift for every man on your Xmas list. Sturdily built to give years of every day service. Smartly boxed. Money Back guarantee. No C.O.D.'s Please.

XMAS GIVING MADE EASY. Let us eliminate the fuss, bother, worry, shipping, packing and delivery of part of your Xmas giving. Send list of names and addresses with your order. We will enclose gift cards with racks, mark packages "Do Not Open 'Til Xmas" and mail for early Xmas delivery. ORDER NOW.

DeLuxe Lucite Rack 18½ in. long, 48 holders $5.00 postpaid
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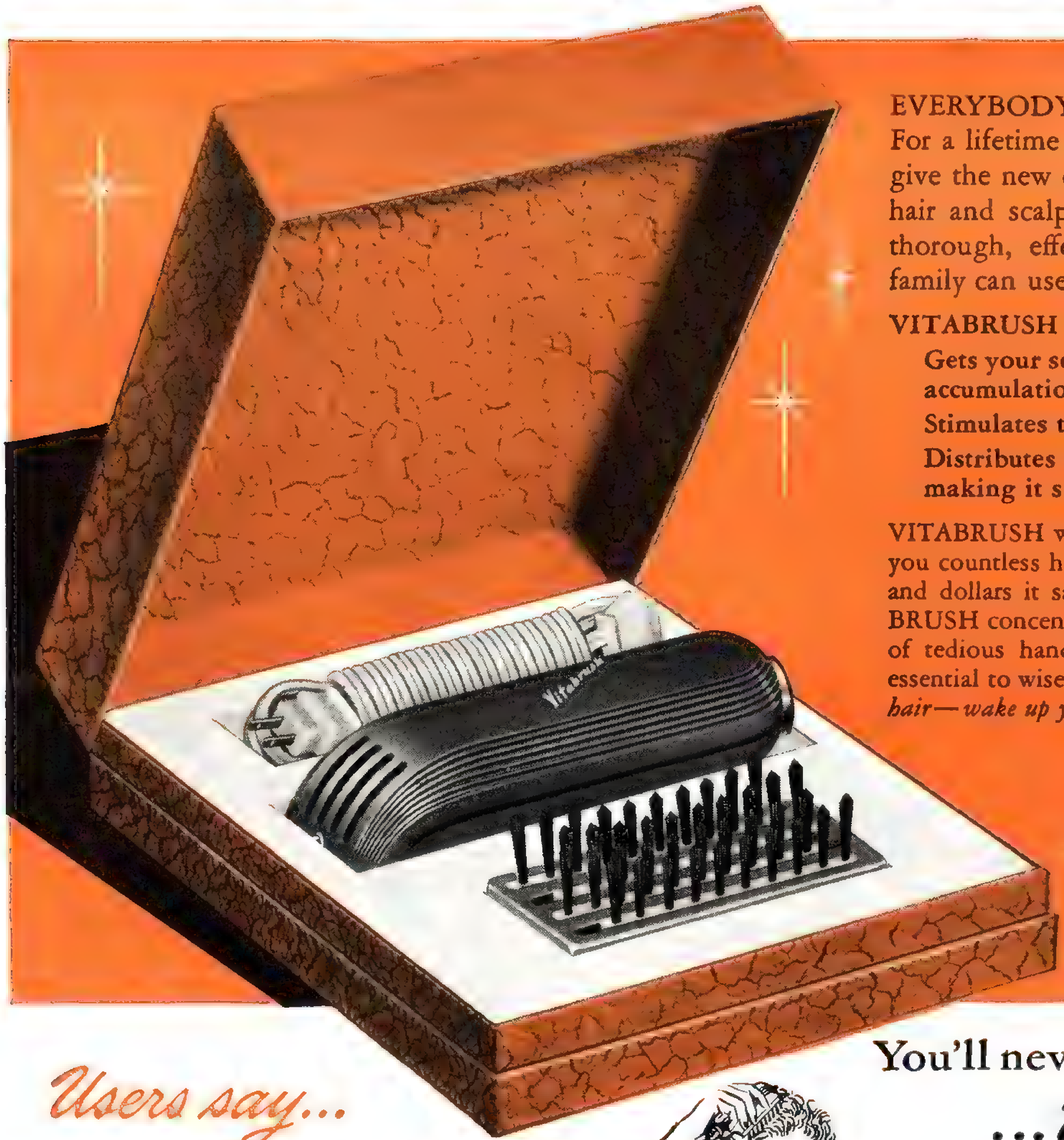
U. S. Patent No. 2403834

FRED H. STREIT CO. 100 W. Chicago Ave. Chicago 10, Illinois

a new Gift...*both* will appreciate for years~enjoy every day

Now a totally *different* Christmas Gift . . . handy as an electric razor . . . that makes home hair and scalp care QUICK ★ EASY ★ AUTOMATIC!

THE NEW Vitabrush



EVERYBODY knows "brushing is good for the hair." For a lifetime of better hair care and grooming, get or give the new electric-automatic VITABRUSH. Makes hair and scalp brushing over 100 times faster—more thorough, effective and convenient. *The gift* all the family can use and enjoy *every day in the year.*

VITABRUSH does three things supremely well . . .

Gets your scalp really clean, removes dandruff scales, accumulations, dust.

Stimulates the life-giving blood supply in your scalp.

Distributes the natural oils, "polishing" the hair . . . making it softer, glossier, easier to manage.

VITABRUSH will serve you for years—and every year save you countless hours—*pay for itself over and over* in the time and dollars it saves you on hair and scalp care. For VITABRUSH concentrates into 3 minutes of fun those 20 minutes of tedious hand brushing which scalp authorities agree is essential to wise, natural scalp and hair care. So *be fair to your hair—wake up your scalp*—with VITABRUSH.

Users say...

"Most sensible, safe and efficient scalp massaging and conditioner I know."
—*California Physician-Surgeon*

"Handbrushing cannot compare with the thorough massaging of VITABRUSH."
—*New York Teacher*

"Cheapest investment in a safe, sane, sanitary hair and scalp treatment on the market . . . efficient for the rancher as for the banker."
—*Washington Rancher*

"Over here, where there's so much dust, the VITABRUSH is something out of this world—the answer to my hair problem—my husband and I both love it!"
—*Overseas Army Officer's Wife*

"Send 2 VITABRUSHES. Am proud possessor of one and like it so much . . . want these as a gift."
—*New York M. D.*

"VITABRUSH saves me at least $50 a year which I would otherwise spend on hair treatment."
—*Pennsylvania Clerk*

You'll never have but one head of hair

. . . take care of that!

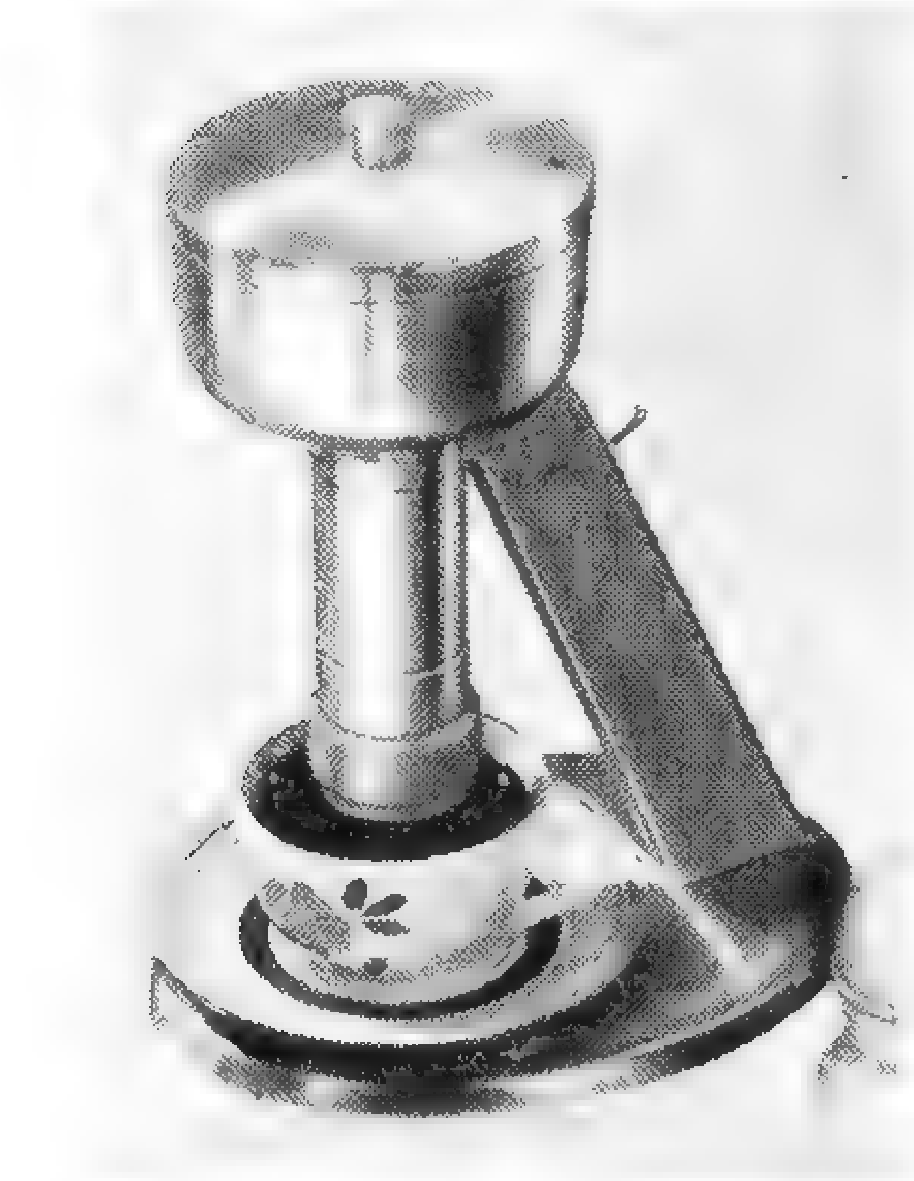
FOR MEN . . . Time saving is of extreme importance to most men—and because VITABRUSH gives 5000 "push-pull" strokes per minute rather than 30 to 50 strokes with a hand brush, men now can really give their hair and scalp the care they deserve—in just a few minutes a day.

FOR WOMEN . . . A "hundred strokes a day" is still the key to a lovely head of hair. And now the delightful new electric-automatic VITABRUSH makes it possible for any woman to enjoy a thorough hair and scalp brushing treatment—pleasing, stimulating, restful—with scarcely any effort at all.

CHRISTMAS SHOP for your Vitabrush *early*. See the new Vitabrush *now*—at leading stores. (If your dealer has not yet stocked Vitabrush, write us, giving his name.)

HERSHEY MANUFACTURING CO., Field Bldg., Chicago 3, Ill.

Flip a switch
for Breakfast!



Great gift for a busy guy!
Drip coffee goes into this
Cupmaster with water. Click!
Two cups brew in 3 minutes.
Extra bowl cooks an egg at
the same time. (O.K. for
tea, cocoa, other drinks.)
Thermostat-controlled,
AC only. *A Hammacher
Schlemmer exclusive* . . $9.95

Free delivery within 150 miles.
In N.Y.C. add 2% sales tax.
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Send for new Christmas Gift Book
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THEATRE-SPORTS GLASS
You're always front row with these! *Not a toy,* but a 5 oz. balanced precision instrument. 2½ power ground lenses provide wide, sharp field of vision. Genuine leather covered barrels. Cowhide case—$9.00 Fed. tax inc.

IMPORTED FLASKS—Wonderful for pocket or traveling bag. English lightweight, leakproof, unbreakable flasks of Sheffield Britannia metal which keeps liquor well—without affecting taste. 4 oz., $6.00; 8 oz., $8.00; 16 oz., $12.00.

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FIVE CONVENIENT
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STORES

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33rd ST. UNDERGROUND PASS

Write for
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DIRECT FROM FACTORY — REGULATION
JUMP BOOTS

$9.95 plus postage

These are **new**, regulation 10" Jump Boots, just like the paratroopers wore, designed for all-around foot comfort, built for all hard, outdoor wear. Heavy, pliable, elk-finish cowhide; hard box toe; Goodyear welt; full, grain-leather inner sole; 2 full grain leather outer soles; all-weather, non-marking, no-skid rubber half sole; beveled, non trip heel, heavy inner ankle webbing assures snug fit, firm support; steel instep shank; long, leather rowhide laces.

YOUR MONEY BACK
IF NOT SATISFIED

Sizes
3½ to 13½
All Widths

GEORGIA SHOE MFG. CO., Flowery Branch, Ga.
Send me a pair of JUMP BOOTS. Enclosed is check ____
Money Order ____ for $9.95. I will pay postage on arrival.
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ADDRESS____________
CITY____________ STATE________
Size and width of shoe____________121

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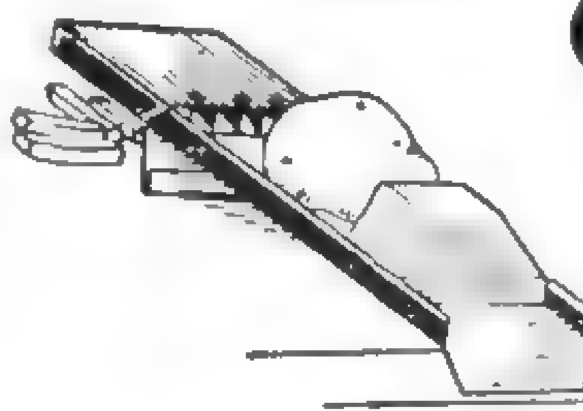

for quick response!
She'll find JIFFY ideal for french fry slicing and dicing of potatoes and other vegetables. Easy to use—easy to buy!

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Trade in for New Models
All Makes! Send data on your present shaver for trade-in offer, also make wanted. All orders shipped immediately all over U.S. (P.P.)
Ask for price list New and Reconditioned Shavers
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LOOK
TALLER
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WEAR
HITE-BUILDERS
IN YOUR
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Want more respect? . . . more opportunity? Then increase your height INSTANTLY with Davis Hite-Builders. Slip them inside your own shoes. Invisible, comfortable, easy to wear. Made to last years. Amazingly low-priced!

SEND NO MONEY
Rush name, address, and shoe size today. Pay postman only $1.95 plus few cents postage for your pair of Hite-Builders, mailed in plain package. If not delighted with immediate result, just return them and we'll refund your money at once. Or send $1.95 now & save postage. Same guarantee, of course. Order today, look *taller* next week!

DAVIS MFG. CO.
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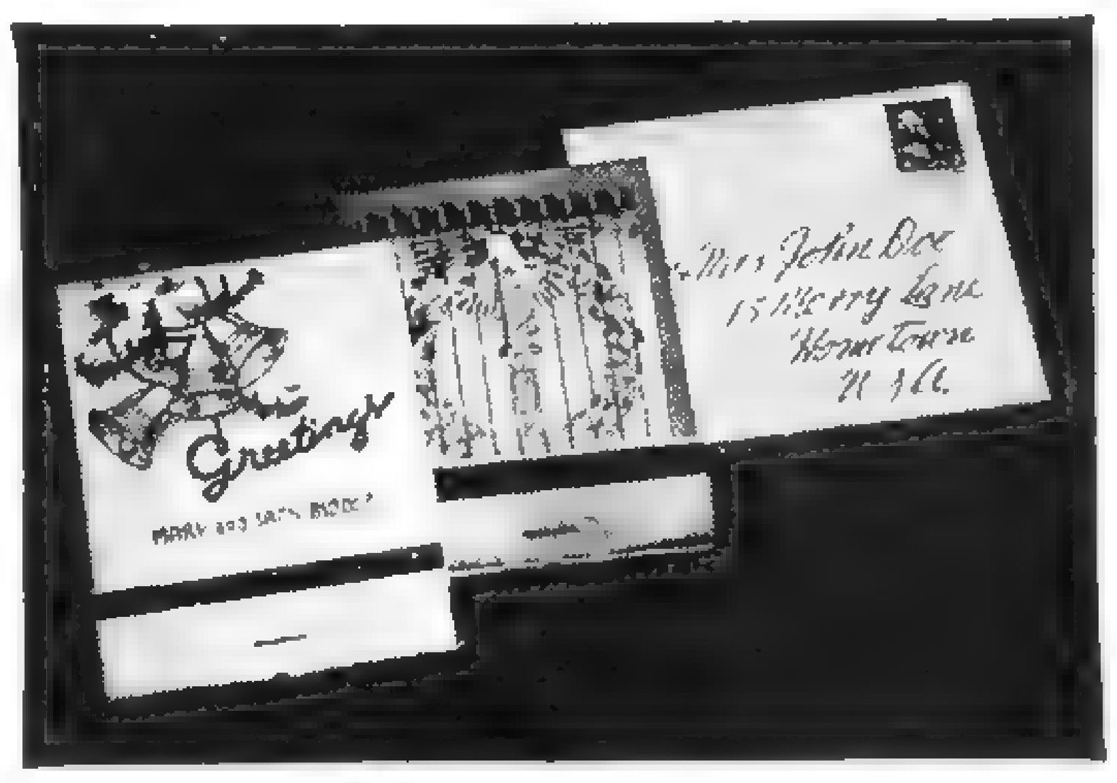
Only
$1.95
A PAIR

FREE TO PIPE SMOKERS
UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR MEN OF GOOD TASTE to build a collection of Imported Briar pipes FREE, and get choice tobacco, hand blended to your "PERSONAL TASTE". Send name and address on penny post card for unusual fascinating offer.
Manlee Pipe Club, Dept 2, 516 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 18, N.Y

Talking Shop



A STRIKING GREETING. These King Size match books make an unusual Christmas card. They're 4 times the size of an ordinary matchbook, and you can have your name printed on the cover in red, gold or silver on the white background. Post-office approved, especially lined envelopes are provided for mailing.

THE COCKTAIL "OUR". These twin cocktail shakers make a good gift for a happy married twosome. The contents are not intended for internal consumption, but is supposed to make them both smell purty. The gal's is something sophisticated called "Five O'clock"; the man's cologne is entitled "Here's How."

MERRY CHRISTMAS, ROVER. Whether he's a St. Bernard or just a pooch, he—and his owner—will probably appreciate this miniature metal identification cask that clips on to his collar. There's no brandy inside, but an identification tag, with a place for the owner's name, address and telephone number, in case he ever strays from home. Silver plated or gold plated, whichever you prefer—and gift boxed, too.

The Perfect Christmas
or New Year's Gift

PRESENTING—The Bar-Aid with a *new point*—it's sharp. The "Screwball" 8 Ball Corkscrew with the left-handed twist. Durable plastic composition. Plated steel screw. Price **$1.50** each (or be a "Screwball" and order 2 for $3.00)

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Check or money order—sorry, no COD

Tops
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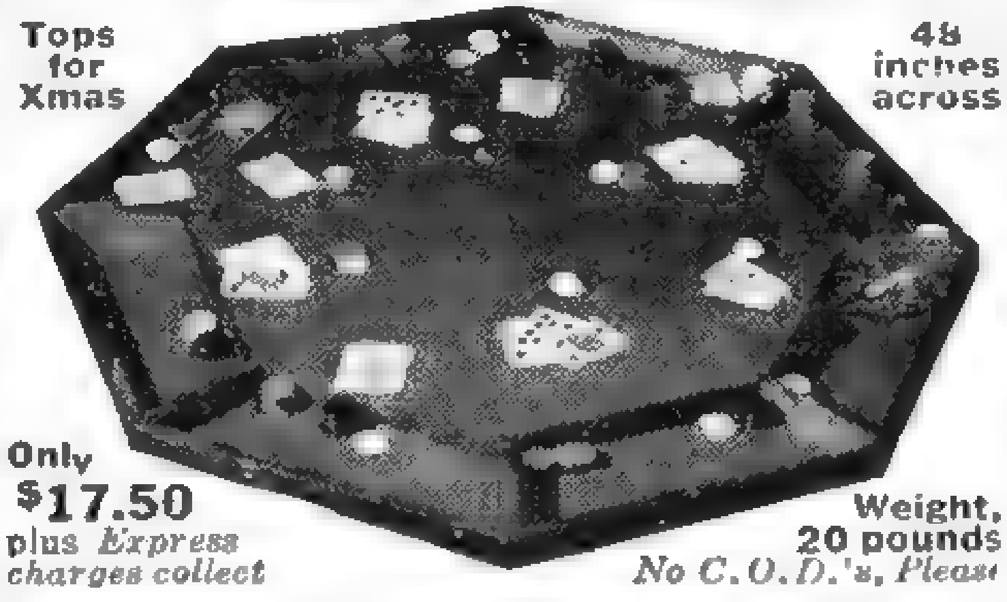

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No C.O.D.'s, Please

PERFECT FOR POKER!
Dual purpose top—fits any bridge table, seats 8. One smooth side for dining, one with card and chip compartments for cards and games. Sturdy construction, wood and compressed hard-board. Stained walnut finish. Folds for easy storage.
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MEN over 36!
Read "THE MALE HORMONE"
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ORDER TODAY—ENJOY LIVING!
Free Information
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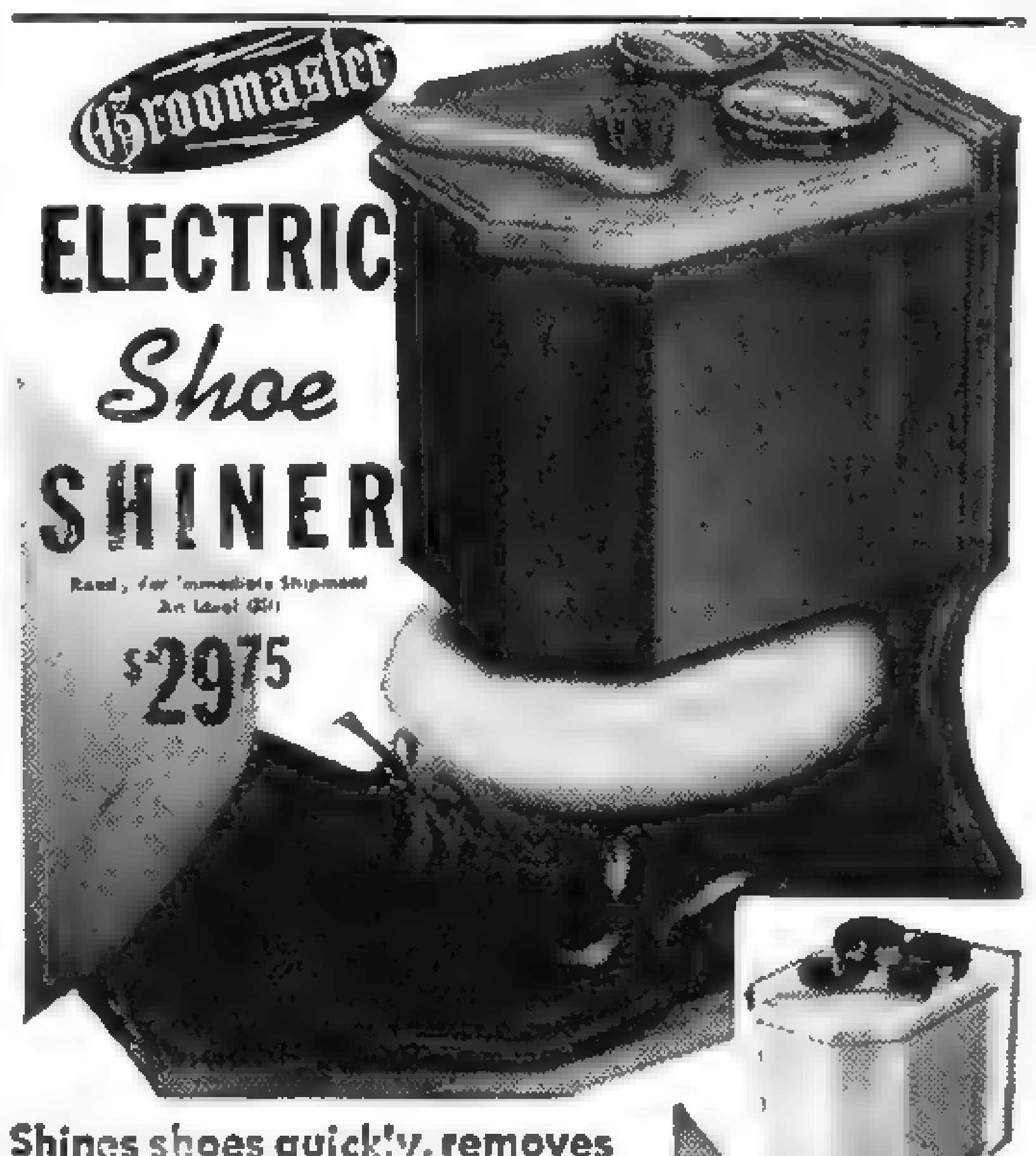
SHINER



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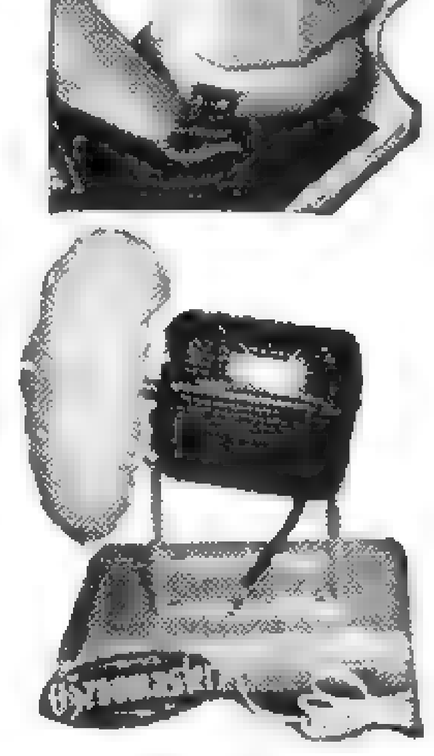
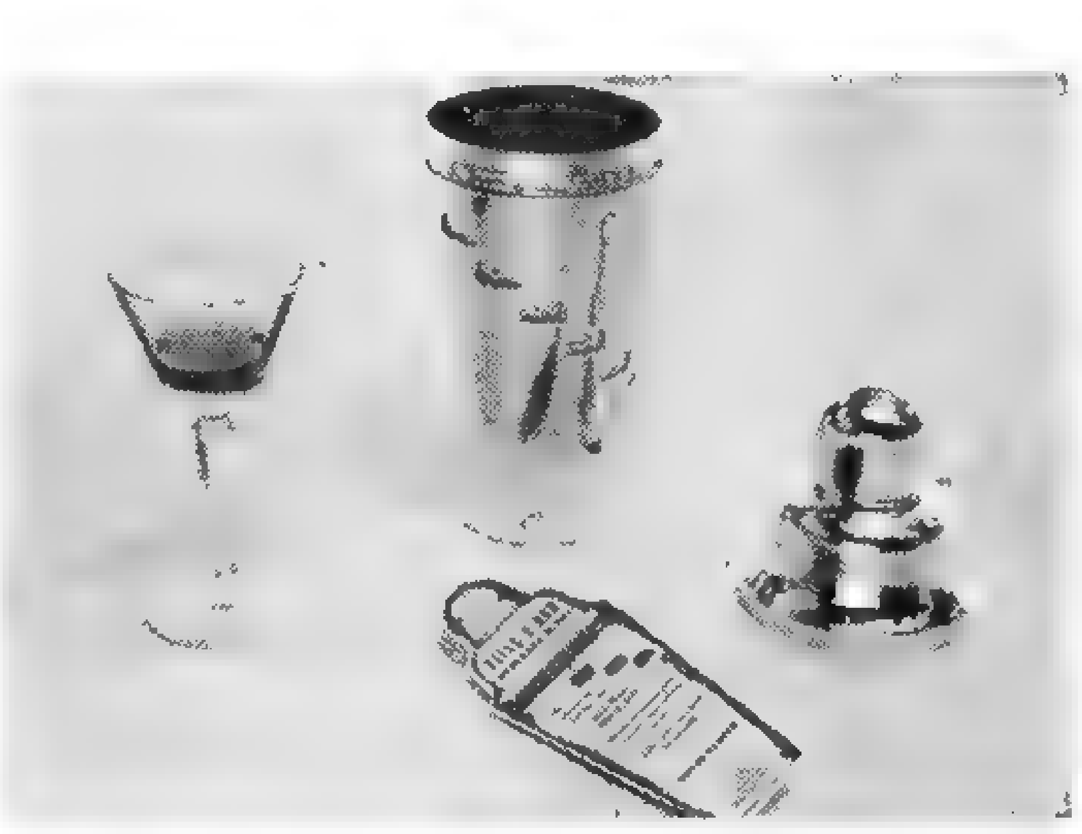


Shines shoes quickly, removes smudges, soil or slush. Cleans suede shoes and bags. 9½"x 6"x 14" cabinets of solid walnut, maple or ivory finish, 110-115 volt A.C. Motor guaranteed for one year, 8" sheepskin buffer, satisfied owners in every state.
No charge for shipments east of Rockies or west of Alleghenies. Other areas add $1.25.

GROOMASTER
Manchester Machine Co.
ST. JAMES, MO.
Bench Model $21.50
Write for illustrated booklets

with Esquire



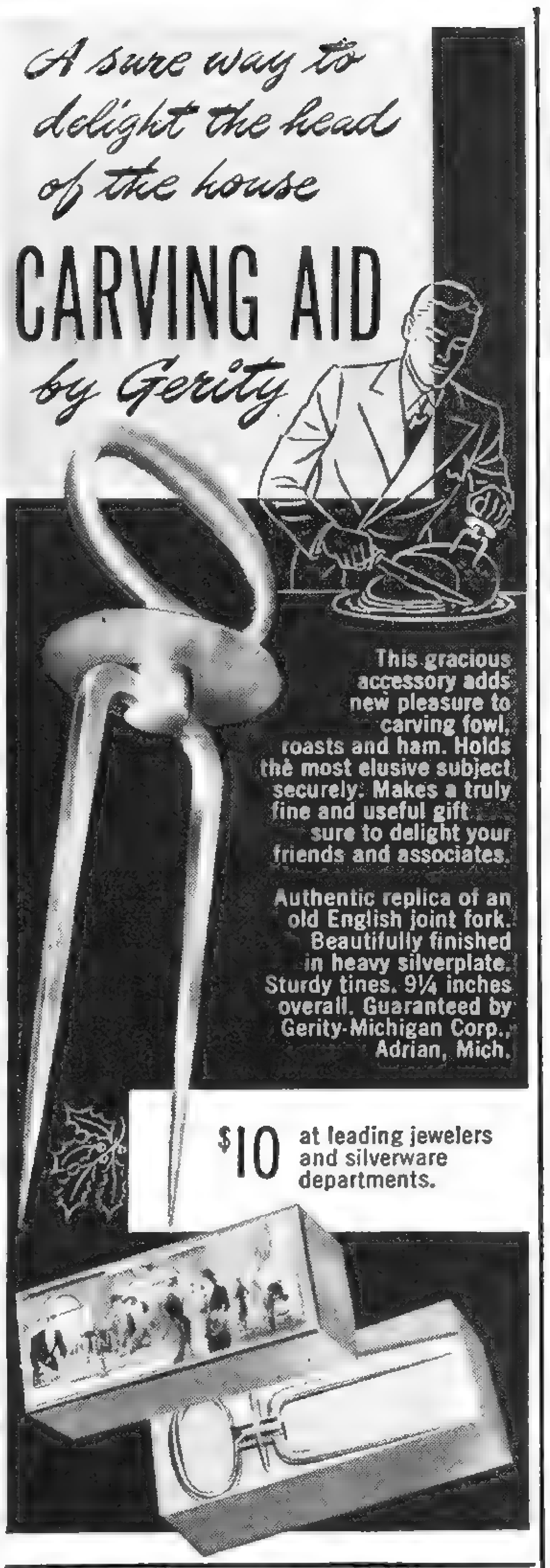
WHAT'S YOURS? A silver plated cocktail shaker tells you how to mix the drinks. 15 different recipes are printed right on the shaker—just "dial" the drink you want, and the correct ingredients appear in the slots below. Double, air-spaced shells prevent rapid melting of ice and come apart for easy cleaning.

EASY DOES IT. There's no elbow grease involved when you do your sanding or polishing with this miniature electric sander. It smooths down any kind of woodwork, gun barrels or scale models. Or converted to an efficient polisher with a sheepskin pad, it puts a real shine on automobiles, furniture or metal objects.

WHISKEY, NEAT. No sloshing the liquor around while you're mixing the drinks—provided the bottle is topped with one of these automatic jigger dispensers. It fits over the neck of the bottle and doles out exactly an ounce, every time you press the button. A set of three makes a good gift for the home bar-keepers.

Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



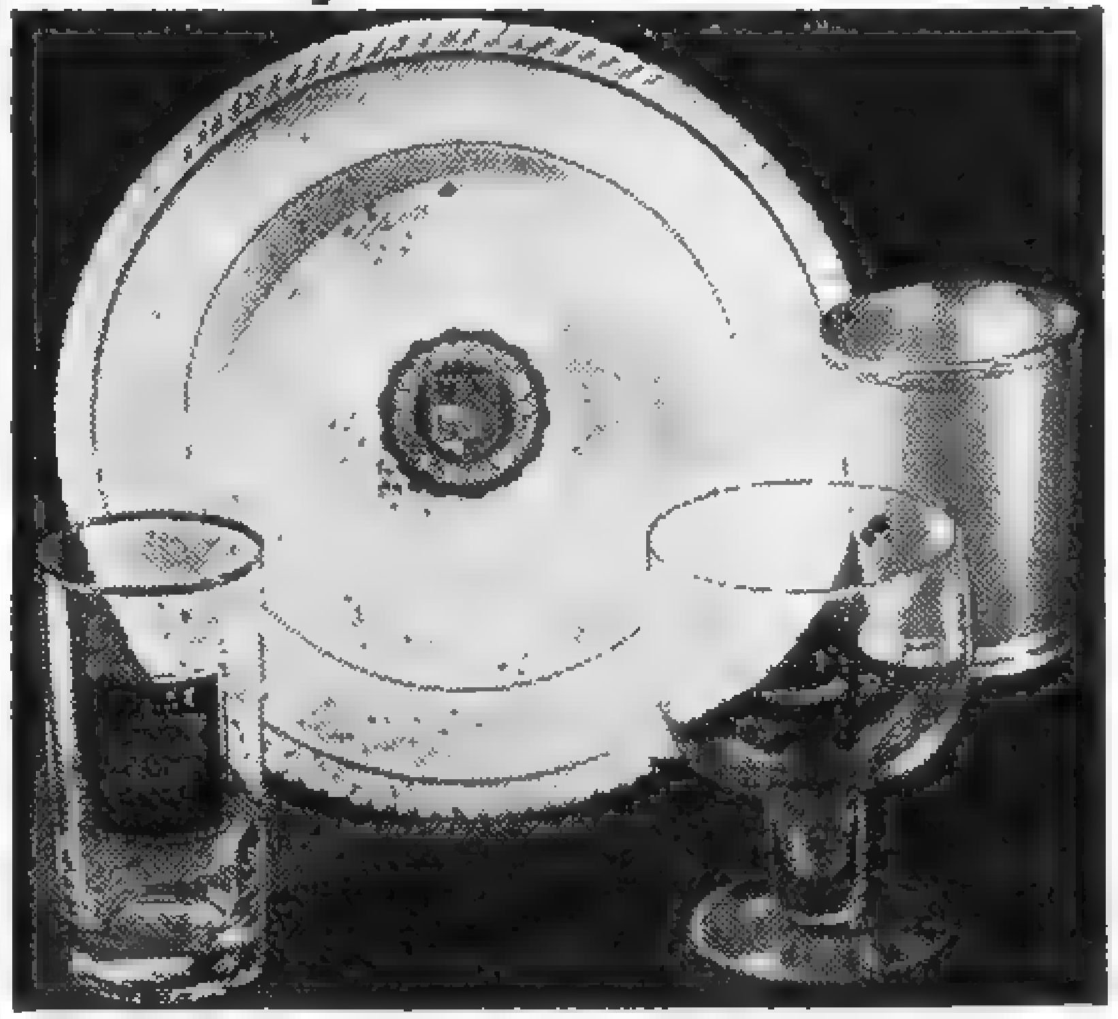
A sure way to delight the head of the house

CARVING AID by Gerity

This gracious accessory adds new pleasure to carving fowl, roasts and ham. Holds the most elusive subject securely. Makes a truly fine and useful gift sure to delight your friends and associates.

Authentic replica of an old English joint fork. Beautifully finished in heavy silverplate. Sturdy tines. 9¼ inches overall. Guaranteed by Gerity-Michigan Corp., Adrian, Mich.

$10 at leading jewelers and silverware departments.



Largest Stock of Fine China And Crystal In New York!

Your College Seal in colors on fine Englishware and good Crystal. Over 100 colleges and universities represented, including women's colleges, West Point, Annapolis, etc. Insignias are accurately reproduced in hand applied enamels in correct colors. Sorry, no orders less than 6 glasses or 4 plates of a design can be accepted.

1. Service or buffet plates have rope edge and 2 platinum bands. Size 10 inch. 4 for $16.00; Hiball, Old Fashioned or Footed Cocktail, per dozen $18.00.

2. Mint Julep cup—a reproduction of one owned by Patrick Henry—in heavy Silver Plate. Beaded rim and foot. Height 4½ ins.; holds 15 ozs. Frosts perfectly. Each $8.00. Also in heavy Sterling Silver, each $27.50 (both tax included).

3. The new king-size, Hollow-Stem Beer Glass that every man wants. Holds 16 ozs. of ice-cold, sparkling brew with enough room for a foamy white head. Golden bubbles spray up from the depths of the hollow stem. Clear blown Crystal. 8 for $12.00; 12 for $18.00.

PLUMMER, Ltd.
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Please send me FREE Gift Catalogue.

Name..
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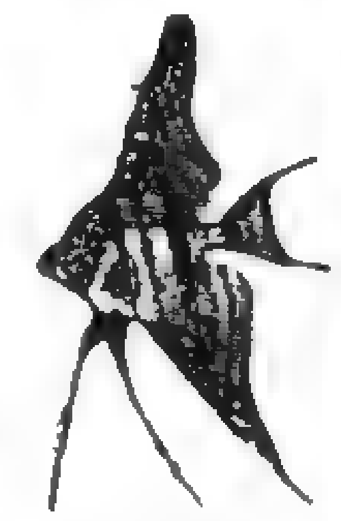

TROPICAL FISH

You can have a small, exotic section of the South Sea right in your home — richly colored tropical fish; also goldfish, water lilies, aquatic plants, accessories, etc. **48-page catalog. All fish in full color.** Send 20c coin or stamps (Foreign 50c).

EASTERN GARDENS, Dept. E
Kissena Blvd. and Rose Avenue
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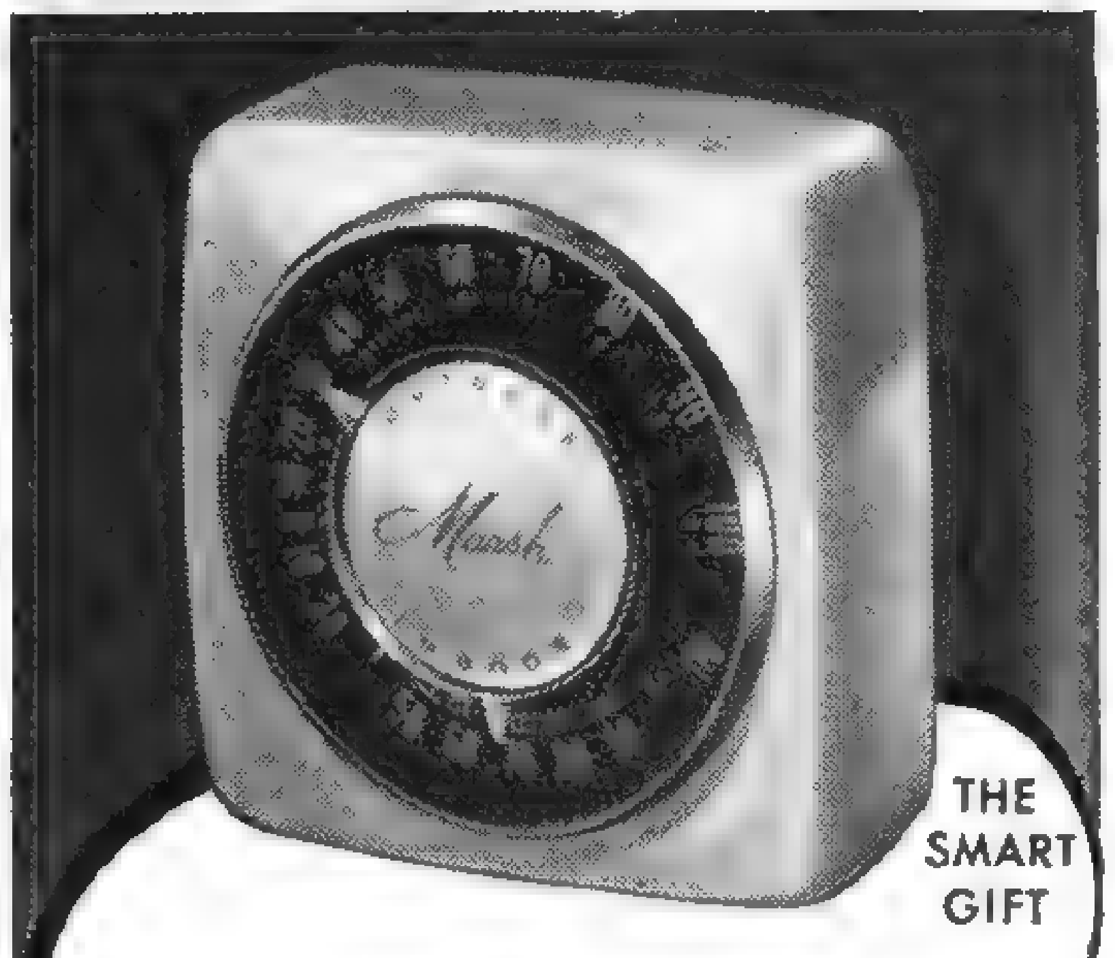

THE SMART GIFT

Accurate Outdoor and Indoor Temperature at a glance

Placed on wall of any room, easy-to-read pointers of Marsh Duo-Temp show accurate temperature — top pointer, outdoor; lower pointer, indoor. Beige case with dubonnet and gold dial in gleaming plastics. Lifetime guaranty by 80 year old precision instrument maker. Thoughtful gift.

$7.50 postpaid
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Jas. P. Marsh Corp.
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Broadcast through your Radio with this New WIRELESS MICROPHONE!

NO CONNECTIONS NO HOOKUPS OF ANY KIND

Completely Wireless BROADCAST IMMEDIATELY!

Broadcasts through any radio indoors—outdoors—anywhere. It's a completely self-contained wireless transmitter—a marvel of modern electronic engineering. Talk into it—sing into it—*and without plugging in—without connecting wires* your voice comes booming through any radio set within a 50-foot radius. Use it for fun at gatherings, parties, etc. *Ultra-Mike* is *not a toy*—it's a rugged, scientifically engineered transmitter in mike form that gives high fidelity performance.

$9.95 complete

Carry it with you—Talk as you walk—

LOADS OF FUN—AND PRACTICAL, TOO

Ultra-Mike is highly efficient over a full 50-foot range. It is completely self-contained, with its own tube and long life (easily replaceable) battery. No hook-up or connections are needed. Carry it with you—talk as you walk—and you'll marvel at its fine modulation—its full-bodied volume—the clearness with which your voice is reproduced.

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Just send name and address and we'll send C.O.D. plus postage, or send $10.00 and we ship postpaid. Don't delay.

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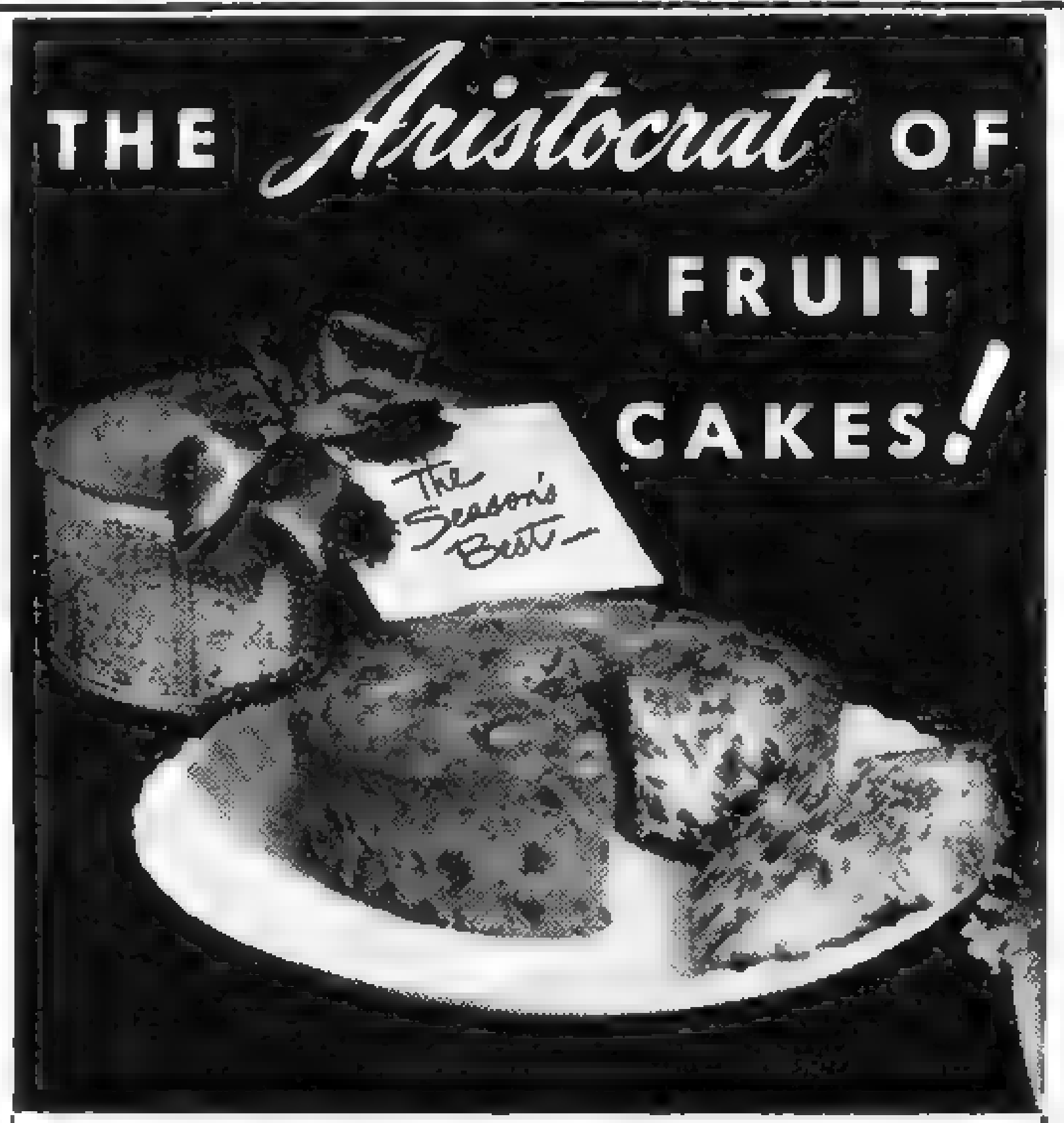

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A family treat or a long-remembered gift for your Holiday list! An epicure's taste treat! Crammed with rich nuts, fruits and a tantalizing blend of spices, these golden cakes are baked from rare Old English recipes. Beautifully packed in metal humidor (cards enclosed if desired). No C.O.D.s.

2½ lb. $4.09
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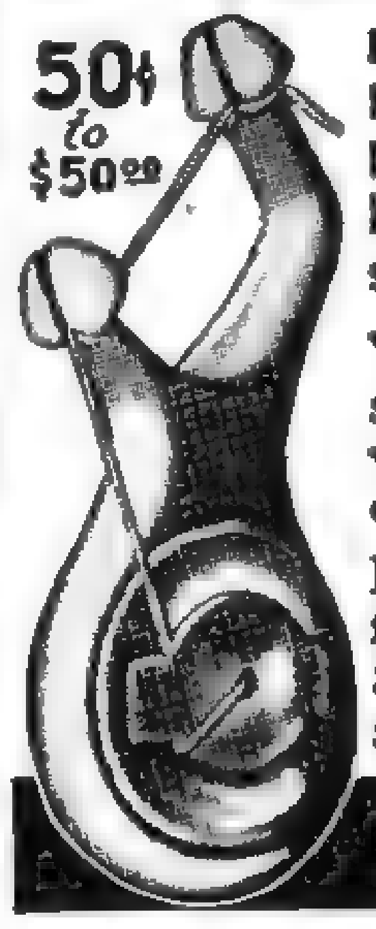

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50¢ to $50.00

Essential New Plastic Device for beauty and a sweeter breath

With just a bite cleans the 30 spaces BETWEEN TEETH where brushing can't,—food collects and ferments.

Lasts a lifetime. Easily refilled for 25c, a $2 family pkg. for $1.00 postpaid. Sample 50c stamps. Dept. Esq. 847

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A grand Christmas gift. Hand-fashioned from a special, tasteless, odorless alloy. Eight permanent, iridescent colors: gold, copper, wine, cranberry, chartreuse, emerald, sapphire, amethyst. Satisfaction or your money back.

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"A Gentleman's Gentleman"

Keeps $100 worth of trousers free of unwanted wrinkles. Slips easily in and out of snag-proof slots. Uses only 6" closet space. Selected hardwood. Chrome arm folds for travel. For slacks and skirts too. *The perfect gift.*

$3.50

THE MODERN PORTABLE HANGER PANTS-RAK FOR TROUSERS, SLACKS & SKIRTS

At your favorite dealer or write:

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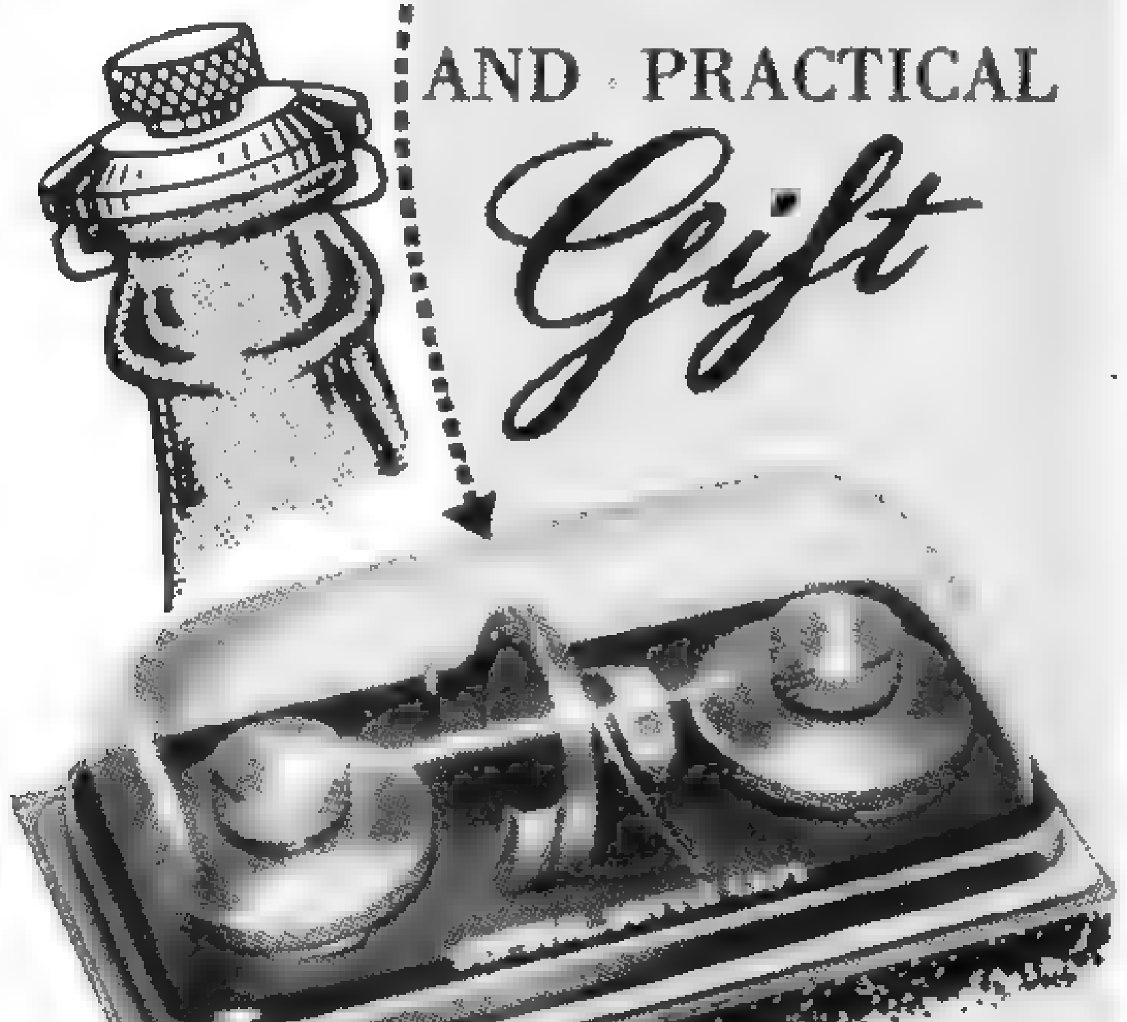
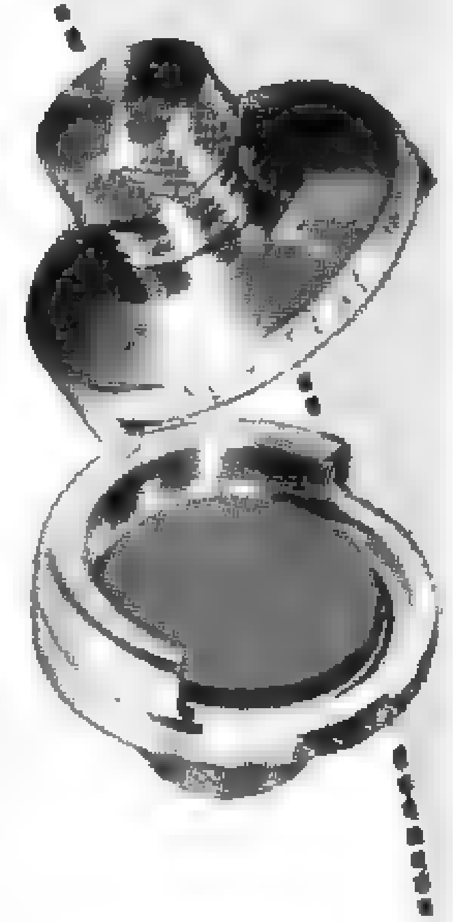


SLIPSEAL
GOLD-ALUMILITED
BOTTLE CAPS



New aluminum Slip-Seal caps keep sparkling flavor in carbonated beverages. A half turn of the hand-screw assures an air-tight, leak-proof seal. Beautifully finished in permanent gold alumilite.

Slip-Seal keeps that drink ALIVE

3 GOLD-ALUMILITED CAPS $1.00
(In attractive maroon Gift box)

AT LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES, MEN'S WEAR STORES AND GIFT SHOPS

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RELAX WITH THE YEAR'S MOST FASCINATING GAME

The miniature "slot machine" that can be played anywhere by any number of players with or without banker. Strike levers and watch the wheels spin. Score cards and instructions included.

DELUXE No. 250
100 interlocking Blue, White and Red Chips—IVORY BRODI, packed in a Suede Case.
$2.50

PERFECT HOLIDAY GIFT

No. 150
BRODI with 50 Chips, packed in a Leatherette Box $1.50

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BRODI alone .. $1.00

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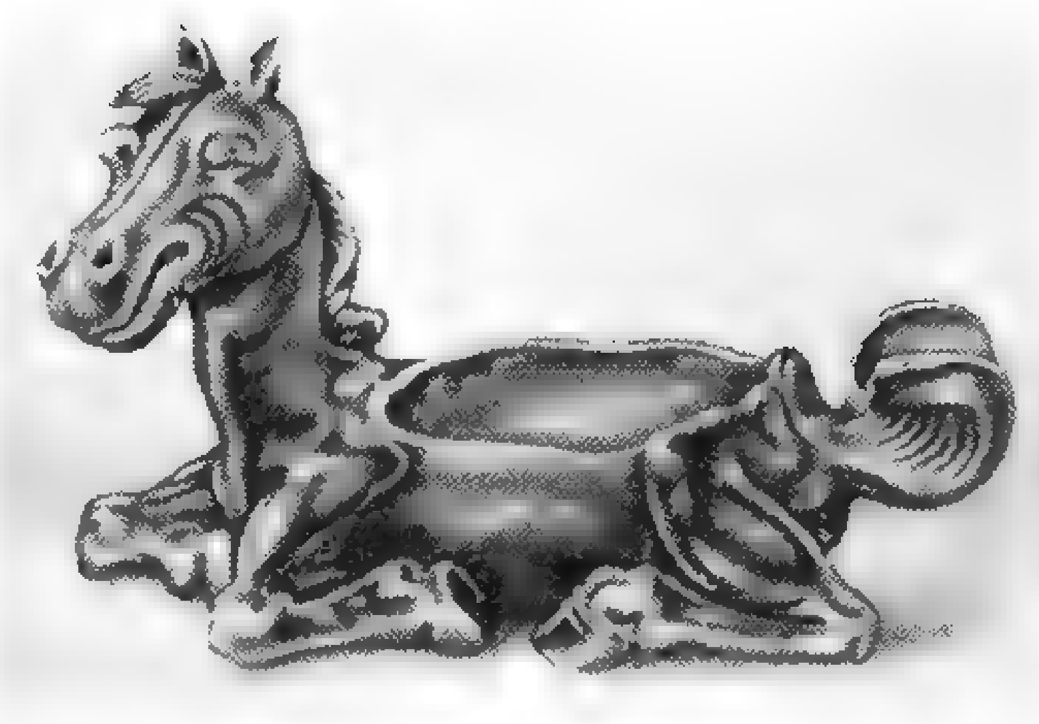
New York 19, New York, Tel. LU 2-1668

Manufactured by Devalera Mfrs., NYC 35, NY.



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ASH TRAY

You and your friends will get a kick out of this old nag. Her flirtatious glance invites you to deposit ashes in her swayed old back. Made of copper-plated metal with felt bottom. Won't scratch your finest table. Length about 6 inches. *Only* $4.00—prepaid.

Money back if not delighted.

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"Smart girl — before she said 'yes' she made him promise to wear ***Prairie*** *Belts."*

Around well-dressed men you'll find **Prairie** Belts and Suspenders.

$1 and up at your favorite dealer.

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This Christmas Give a
Personalized
TOILETRY SET
BEAUTIFULLY PACKAGED
A Gift With A Difference!

HE SET One 4-oz. bottle Muguet Cologne • One 4-Oz. bottle Fifth Avenue After-Shave Lotion • and 2 cakes Cold Cream Bath Soap

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Decorated with 2 or 3 letter monogram that WILL NOT WASH OFF.

When ordering please underline last letter. No C.O.D. please. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. 10 Day Delivery.

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FASCINATING
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$1.75

Order Direct from
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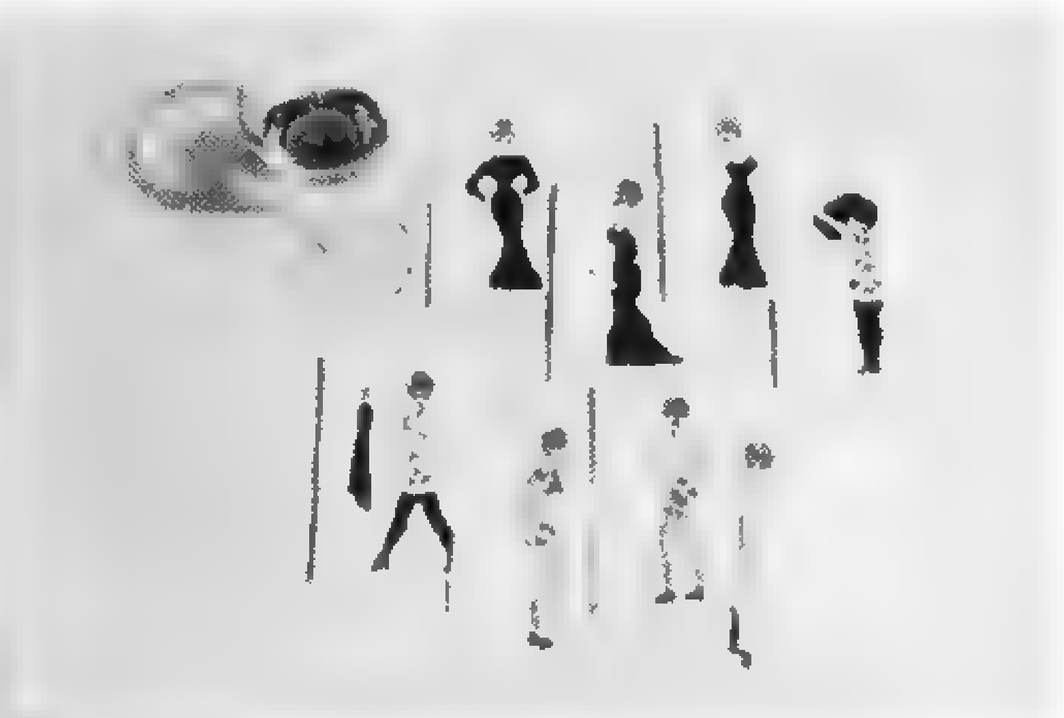
Talking Shop with Esquire

TEE MARTOONIS PLEASE. These inebriated cocktail glasses are just the thing for serving that second or third round of drinks. They lurch convincingly in a variety of ways, but still manage to cope with their contents. . . . To go with the glasses—a martini stirrer topped with a fat, pink glass elephant.



STRIP TEASE cocktail napkins ought to get the party off to a fine start. 8 napkins with the Little Lady appliqued in color—each one takes her a little further in the process of peeling. Another set features gals with lift-up skirts. A third has oggle-eyed gents—lift up the faces, see what makes them oggle-eyed!

FROM PALESTINE. This set in solid bronze is imported from Israel and is used in the home celebration of the 8 day "Festival of Lights." One of the lamps is lighted each evening of the holiday period, until all 8 are burning continuously. Urn holds the oil for the lamps. Solid bronze with Tiffany-green patina.

THE MARTINS OR THE COYS—or some other reckless mountain boys form the handles of these pottery beer mugs. The mugs themselves simulate a big barrel—of mountain moonshine, no doubt (hence the transfixed state of the happy clan). Each character has different coloring and wears different hill-billy get-up.

Ranger

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CRESTED FRATERNITY RINGS
For Your Sweetheart

A
CRESTED BRACELET
1019-E RHODIUM PLATED $3.25
PLUS 20% FED. TAX
FRATERNITY CREST MOUNTED OR INITIALS ENGRAVED
L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY
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A Luxurious Little Gift for the Man who mixes his own.

The Saeco
SUPER SPEEDSPOUT
IN GOLD

14-K Yellow Gold Electro-Plated

For Liquor or Wine Bottles. Pours Smoothly. Stops on a drop.

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Mailed postpaid at once Anywhere in U.S. or territories.
Clip this ad to a dollar bill. Money Order for larger number

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No hanger creases
Wrinkles disappear

For those friends who have everything here's an ideal inexpensive remembrance they'll appreciate. Ace hangers keep trousers, slacks, skirts, ties etc. in shape. Order your holiday supply early. Attractive and sturdy of lustrous chrome plated steel.

PRICE $2.00 EACH anywhere in U.S.A.

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FOR QUICK, EASY SHINES AT HOME

Use a SHINE-BOY SHOE HOLDER!

FITS LADIES', MEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SHOES...
SELF-LOCKING ADJUSTMENT... HOLDS SHOES SECURELY

Only 2.75
POSTAGE PAID
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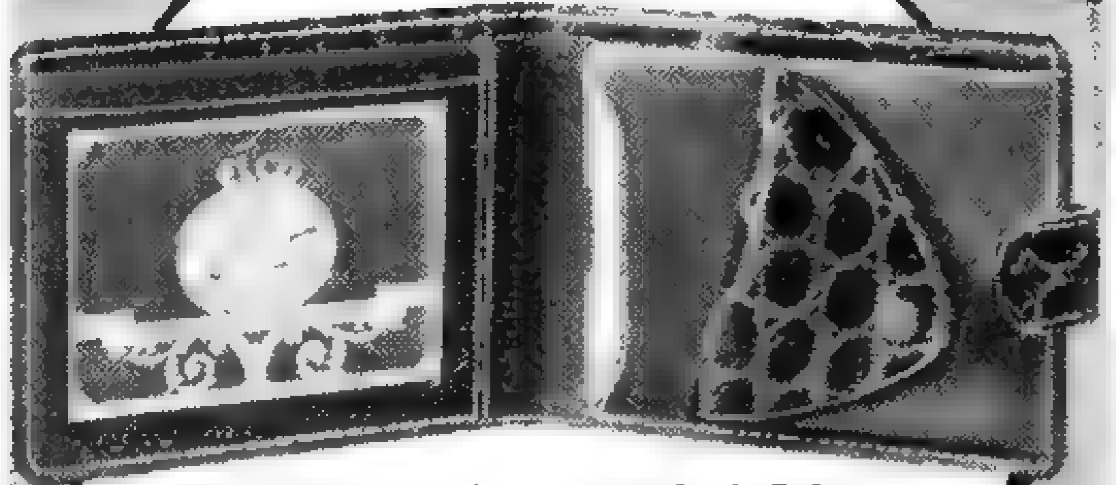
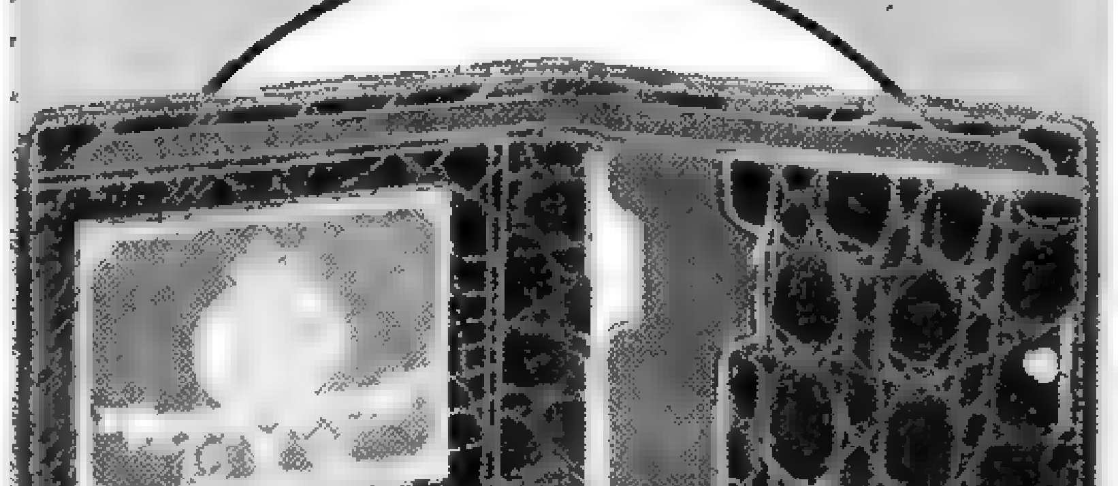
Thomas Shirt

You cannot buy him more luxury than a *Thomas Shirt* for his most particular leisure hours. A custom tailored California casual. This shirt is made of a new superb Satin Weave Gabardine, comparable only to the finest English worsteds. Colors are: Doeskin Beige, Aqua Blue, Russet Brown and Soft Gold. Retails at $13.50. If not available at your favorite menswear store, write Thomas Shirt, Inc., 224 East 11th Street, Los Angeles 15, California

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Snap change purse with snap closure; genuine alligator; domestic tanned
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Genuine alligator, domestic tanned
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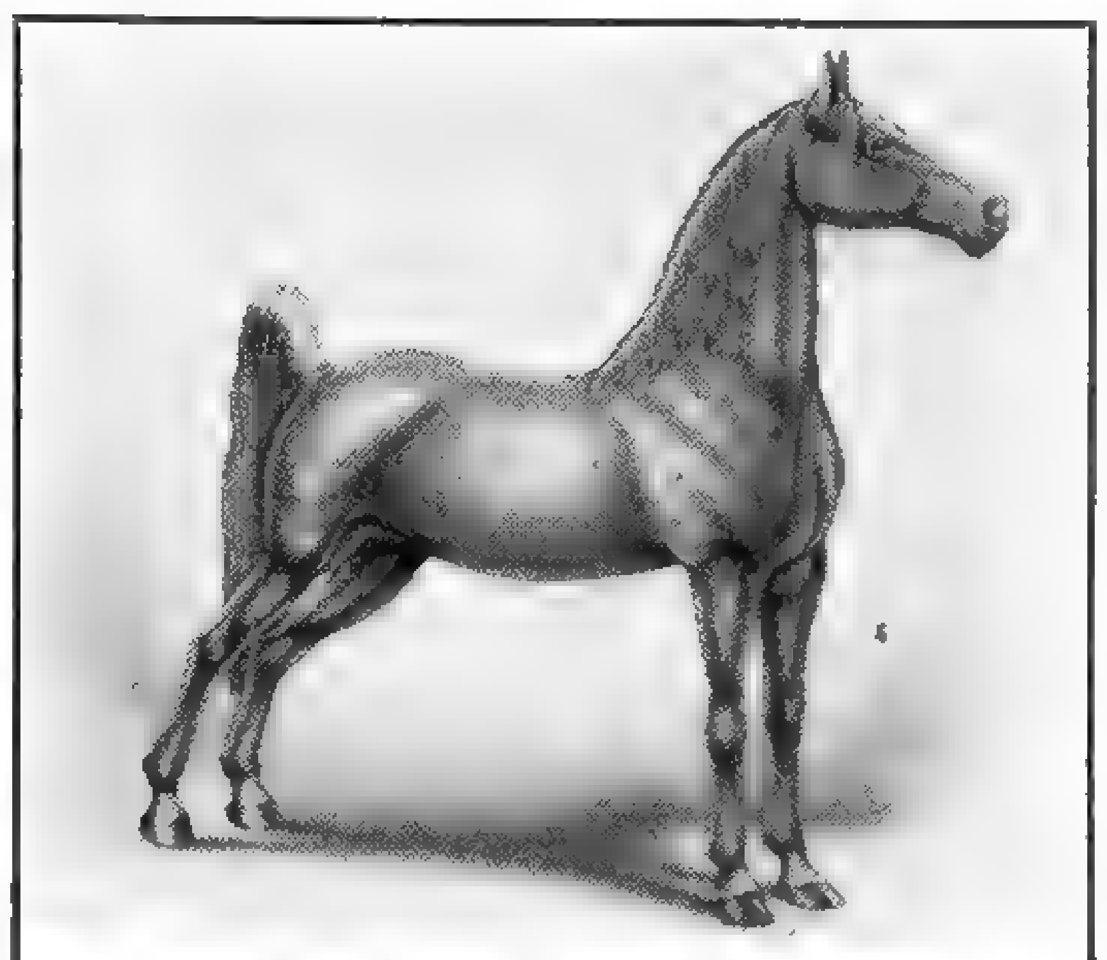

For Desk or Table
Model SHOW HORSE

Makes a hit with lovers of horses. It's a beautiful model in every detail. Made of iron, painted to look like a real sorrel, bay, or black horse with white front feet and a white blaze on his face. Very popular. Comes in two sizes—8 inches high for $3.75; or 6 inches high for $3.00 postage prepaid. Indicate height desired, and state color preferred. Your money back if not delighted.

"little joe" WIESENFELD CO.
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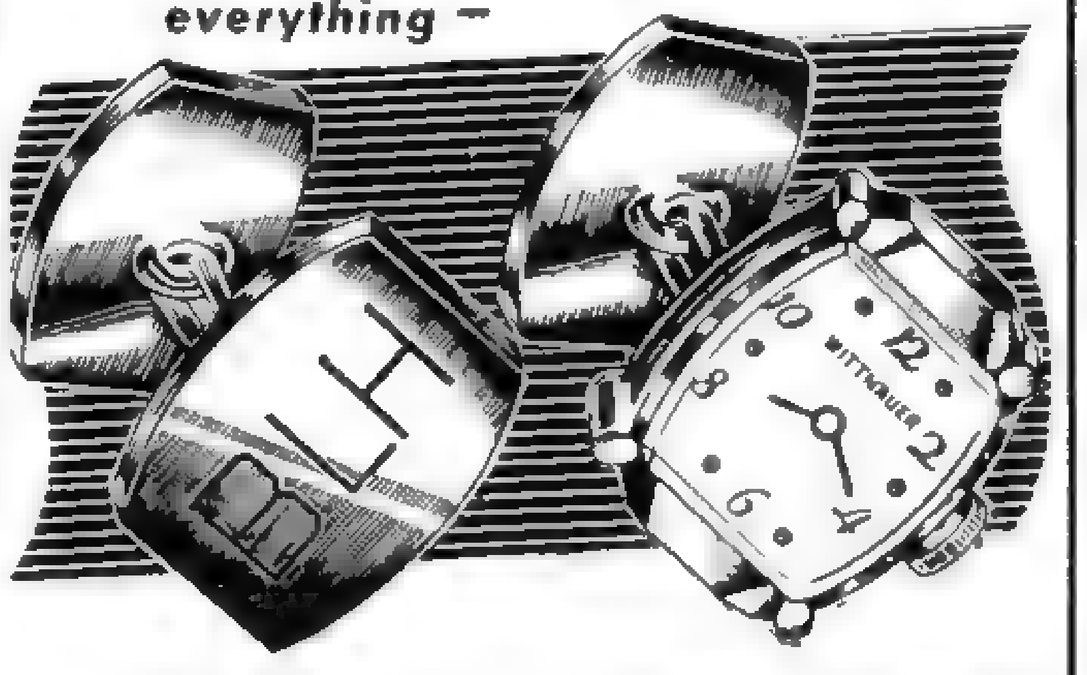

For the man who thinks he has everything —

LONGINES-WITTNAUER 14Kt. GOLD
CUFF LINK WATCH SET

Mounted in one link is a nationally famous, guaranteed 17-Jewel Longines-Wittnauer Watch. On the other link any monogram (up to 3 initials) engraved in block or ribbon style at no extra charge. This heavy 14Kt. GOLD CUFF LINK WATCH SET postpaid, only $100, fed. tax included. ORDER BY MAIL—send check or money order. Specify up to 3 initials.

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ALL POPULAR BRANDS
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1949
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
with the new
HYDRA-GLIDE FORK

You'll think you've got wings . . . when you take off down the highway on this jet-like streamliner! It's so *smooth*, so comfortable! It handles so easily, hugs the highway so securely, stops so quickly! Amazing Hydra-Glide Fork irons out bumps like magic, gives you effortless steering, new riding stability even on roughest roads. Oversize front brake adds to stopping power. Sealed ray headlight makes night riding a pleasure. These and other features bring you new thrills, more fun, with the 1949 Harley-Davidson. See your dealer today. Mail coupon now.

Harley-Davidson Motor Co.
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Send literature on 1949 models, also FREE copy of ENTHUSIAST Magazine filled with motorcycle action pictures and stories.

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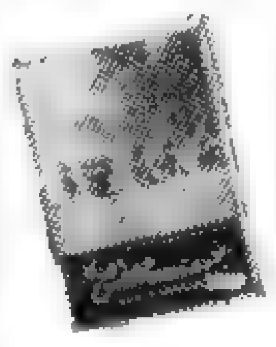
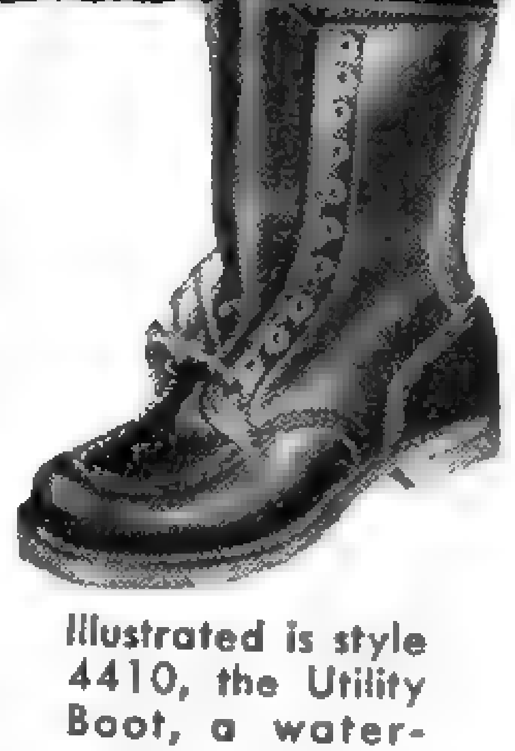


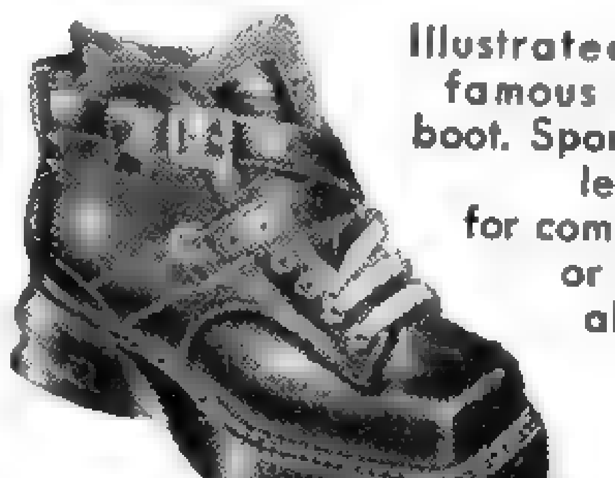


Outdoorsmen who know...choose ORIGINAL Chippewa BOOTS

A FAMOUS NAME IN FOOTWEAR FOR *nearly 50 years*

Take a tip from outdoor men and women who *know*—choose ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA boots. Their rugged construction, superior leathers and peerless craftsmanship combine to give you proved form-fitting comfort.

Illustrated is style 4410, the Utility Boot, a waterproof, moccasin type pac... white gristle non-slip soles . . . Munson type last. A haven of comfort for sportsmen.



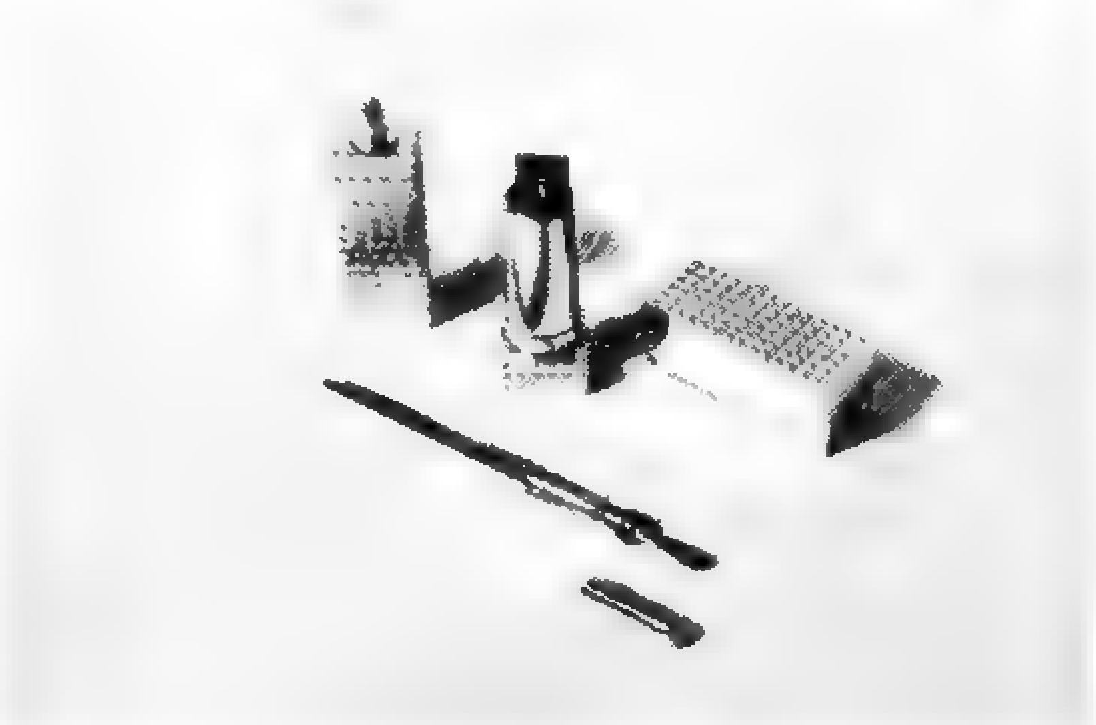
Illustrated is style 4314, the famous King-of-the-Hill ski boot. Sponge rubber and soft leather lined quarters for comfort... versatile low or high ski hitch to fit all bindings... super steel arch. For men and women.

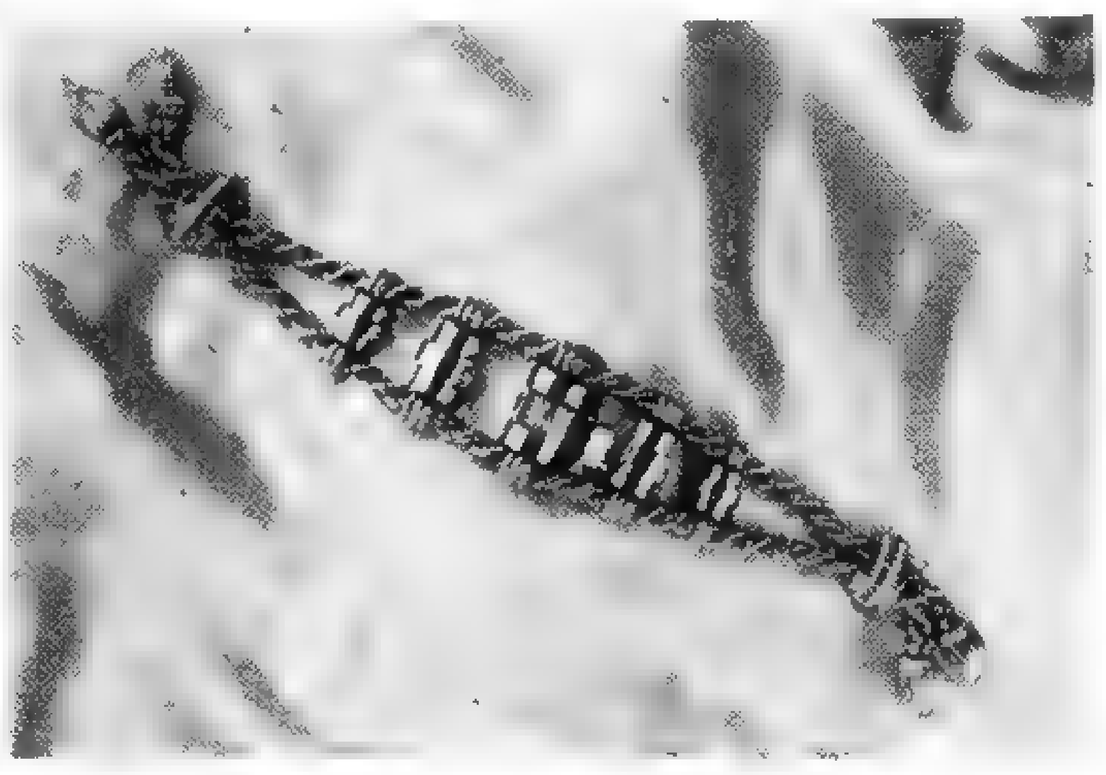
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON EVERY PAIR

"ORIGINAL"
CHIPPEWA SHOES
CHIPPEWA SHOE CO.
CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.

Talking Shop with Esquire

GIVE HER A SABLE—lipstick brush, that is. It comes in a gold-plated, double-decker affair—one end holds her favorite shade of lipstick, the other a detachable lip brush of genuine red Sable. Another clever lipstick case is square in shape—one side of it mirrored, so she can see to put her pretty mouth on.





GENTLE HINT. Is she late for your dates? She'll want to keep track of the time with this new bracelet-watch, called "Golden Hour". It's a copy of an exclusive French bracelet—two intertwining gold chains are held together with cross-links. The center link opens up to reveal a miniature 17 jewel watch.

A LADY IN DISTRESS would appreciate this Mad Money bracelet. There's enough cold cash attached to cover her taxi fare home. Suspended from the heavy, gold plated chain is a small, glass topped cylinder with "in emergency, break glass!" Contains a folded-up dollar bill, which ought to make conversation.

FANCY FELINES. Obviously, the gift for the girl who's Crazy about Cats—earrings made in the shape of a cat's head. Hand mounted stones in a gold colored metal frame-work, looks a good deal more expensive than it really is. If you want to give her the whole family, there's a duo of matching smaller pins.

Ranger

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Readinjack A MOST ORIGINAL HANDY LOUNGING JACKET

...for men at home, at school, or traveling. **Wonderfully easy to slip on or off** because of its clever, original, patented criss-cross back-opening and three-button closure. **Warm, comfortable, cozy and so convenient.** Made of Camelord, a rayon fabric that will give amazing service. Large front decorative pocket. To doff the "Readinjack" the man simply touches the hip buttons and slips his arms out. Never anything like it before.

THE PERFECT ANSWER TO THE GIFT PROBLEM. . . Postpaid $8.50

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All Cigars Guaranteed Fresh
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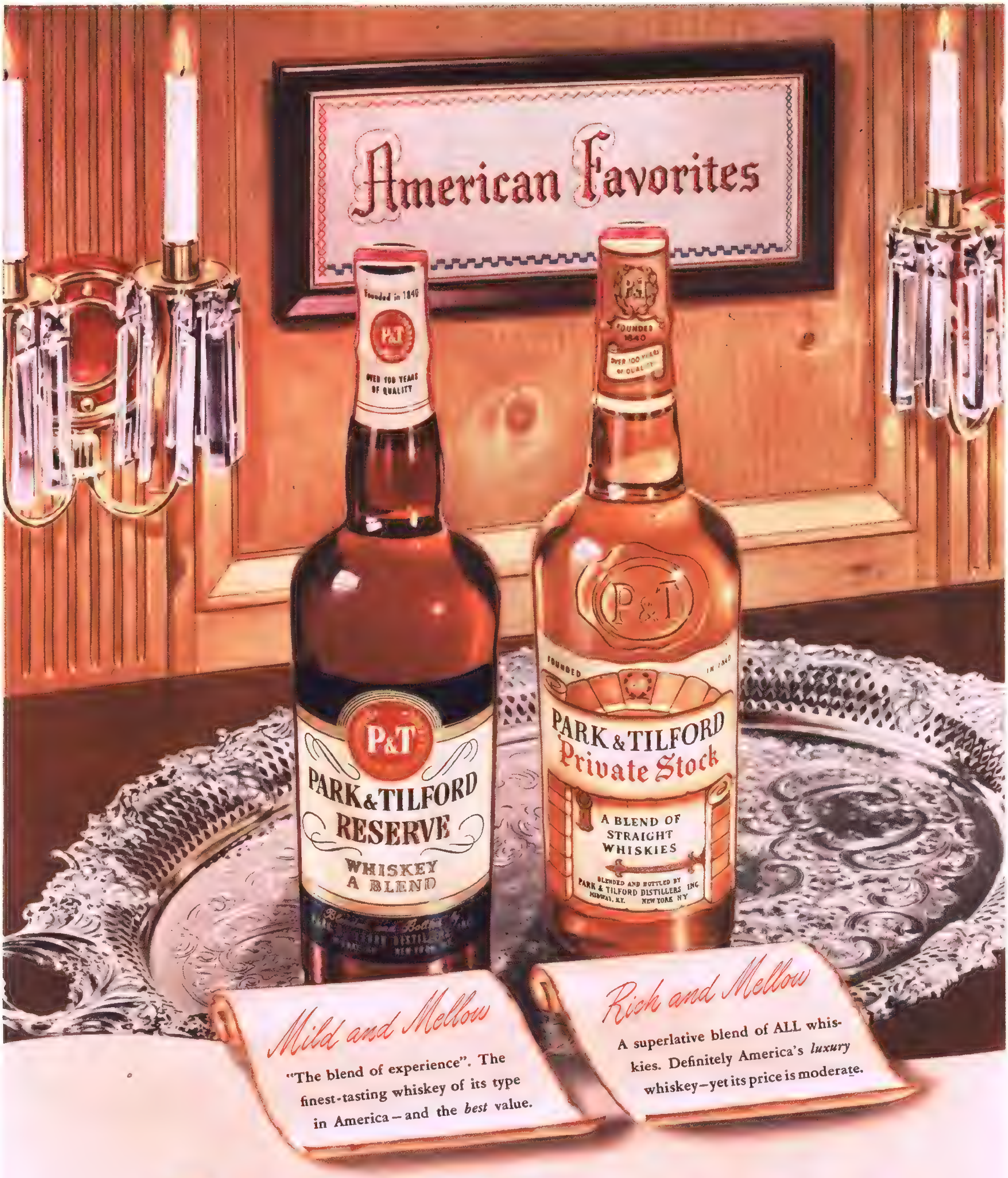
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OVER 100 YEARS OF QUALITY
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A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS INC.
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"The blend of experience". The finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America – and the *best* value.

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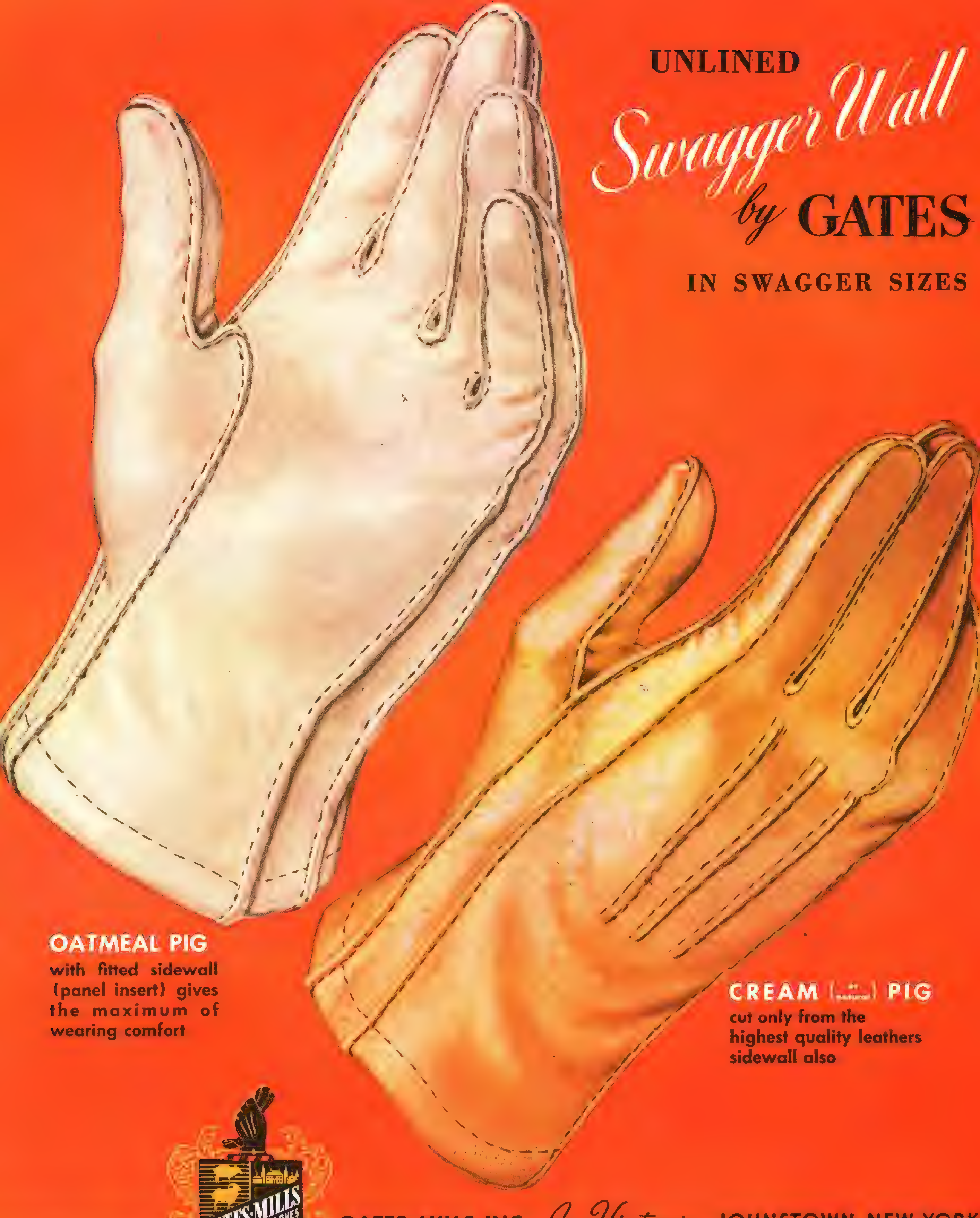
Swagger Wall

by GATES

IN SWAGGER SIZES



OATMEAL PIG
with fitted sidewall (panel insert) gives the maximum of wearing comfort

CREAM ([illegible] natural) PIG
cut only from the highest quality leathers sidewall also

GATES-MILLS
SWAGGER SIZE GLOVES

GATES-MILLS INC. *In Historic* JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

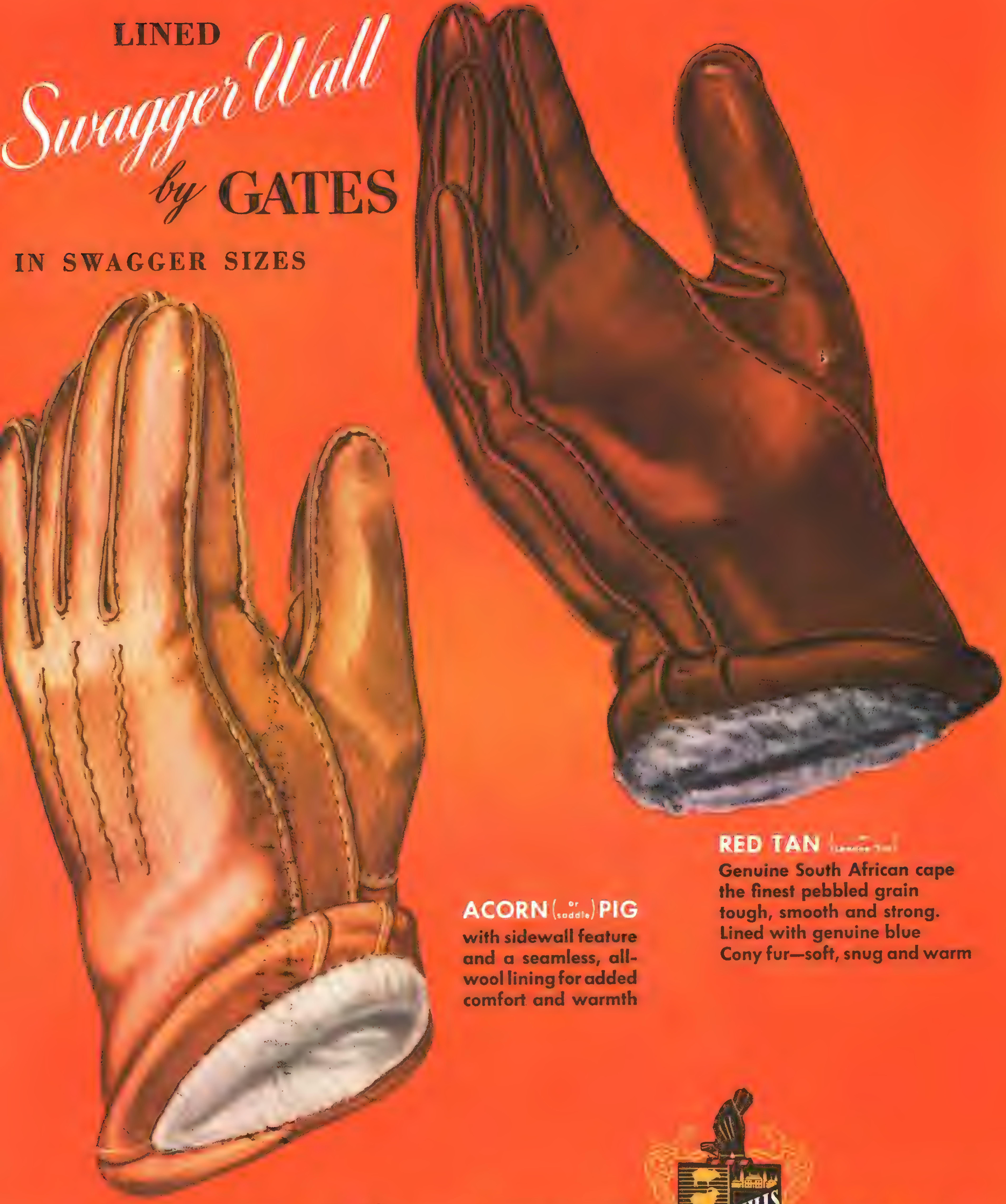
MEN'S GLOVES EXCLUSIVELY

LINED

Swagger Wall

by GATES

IN SWAGGER SIZES



ACORN (or saddle) **PIG**
with sidewall feature
and a seamless, all-wool lining for added
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RED TAN ([illegible])
Genuine South African cape
the finest pebbled grain
tough, smooth and strong.
Lined with genuine blue
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GATES-MILLS INC. *In Historic* JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

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MEN'S GLOVES EXCLUSIVELY

Remember your friends at Holiday time with
Cobbs Finest Florida Fruits

Tree-Ripe, Luscious Fruits And Delicacies From The Sunny Groves Of Florida Guaranteed To Arrive In Perfect Condition

Ponce de Leon discovered the real "Fountain of Youth" in the tropical fruits of Florida!

Mr. Ponce Says: "HERE'S SOMETHING REALLY DIFFERENT IN GIFTS . . ."

Cobbs YEAROUND TROPICLUB

Each month, for 12 months, Florida's Finest Fruits and Delicacies can be yours by subscribing to COBBS YEAROUND TROPICLUB. A different variety of Golden Fruits or other Florida Products brings the spirit of Christmas 12 times a year, or you may subscribe for any 9, 6, or 3 months.

DECEMBER, 1948—27 lb. basket assorted Florida Fruits. Makes a Merry Christmas for everyone.

JANUARY, 1949—A gaily decorated Jug of Pure Florida Honey and Crock of Fruit Jam.

FEBRUARY — For a warm feeling in frigid February. Approx. 27 lbs. (half bushel) of luscious mixed Oranges, Grapefruit, Tangerines, Kumquats, and Persian Limes.

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OCTOBER—Four 1-lb. Jars of assorted Tropical Fruit Jam and basket of Fruit Candy. Delightful!

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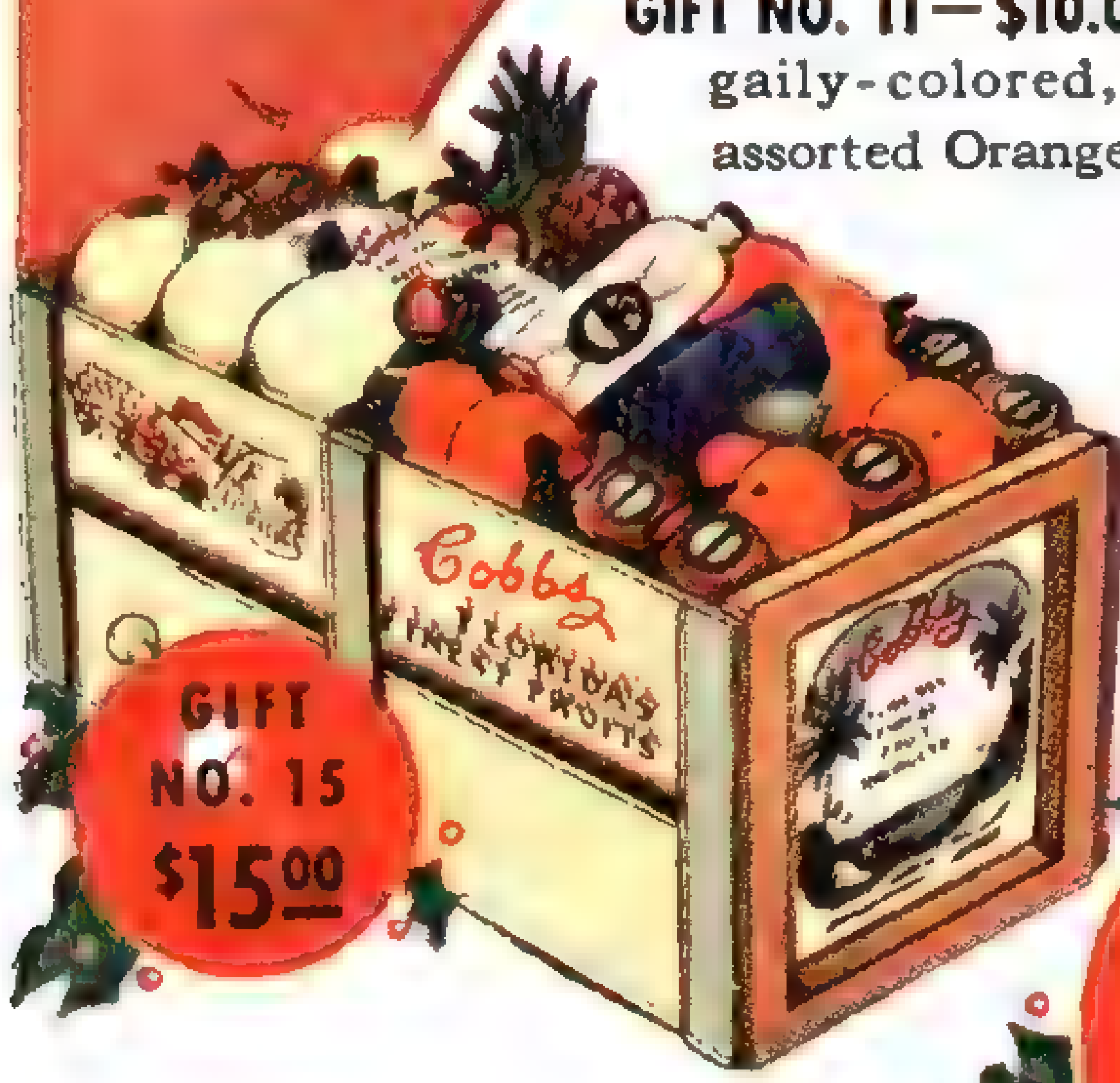
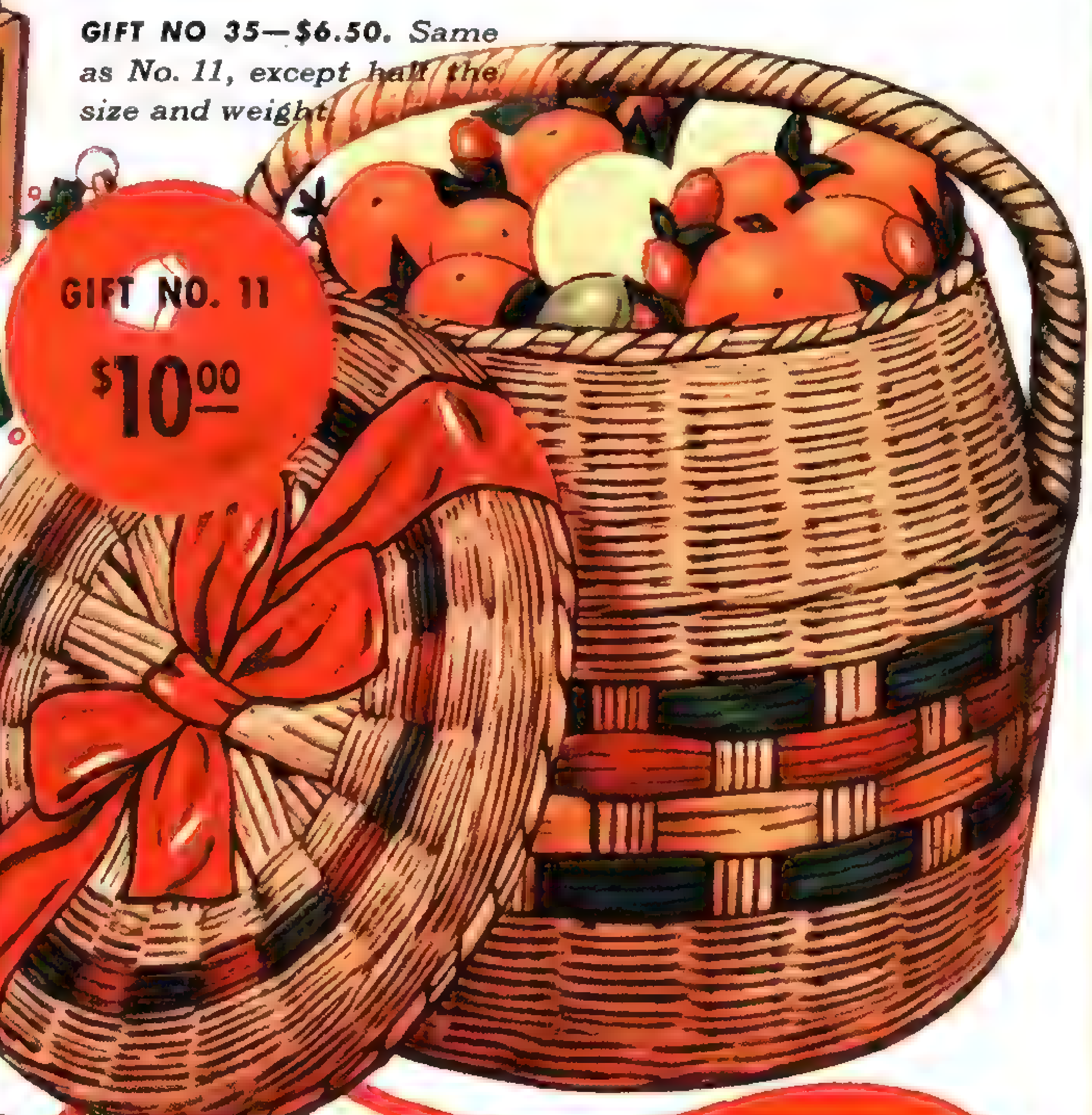
TO BUSINESS EXECUTIVES

COBBS Gift Boxes of fruits and delicacies are preferred by many leading business executives for conveying Holiday Greetings to clients, associates, and friends.

GIFT NO. 11—$10.00. Approx. 54 lbs. A handwoven, gaily-colored, imported wicker hamper of assorted Oranges, Grapefruit, Tangerines, Kumquats, and Persian Limes, boxed for safe delivery. A very popular gift!

GIFT NO 35—$6.50. *Same as No. 11, except half the size and weight.*





GIFT NO. 15 — $15.00

Approx. 90 lbs. Large box of mixed Oranges, Grapefruit, Tangerines, Kumquats, Persian Limes, a large Sugar Loaf Pineapple, also a hand-made colored Jug of Florida Honey, a Crock of Florida Fruit Jam, a Jar each of Guava Jelly, Pineapple-Cherry Jam, Tropical Fruit Conserve, Orange Marmalade, Grapefruit Marmalade and 1 lb. bag of Paper Shell Pecans.

From all parts of America, year after year, comes praise for COBBS Gift Boxes.

"Fruit arrived in perfect condition. Thank you."

"You certainly live up to your good name."

"Thanks for a delightful box of Florida Sunshine."

"A wonderful surprise. It really brightened up our Christmas."

"Fruit far superior to what we can buy here."

We pay express delivery charges. Citrus Fruits cannot be shipped into Arizona, California or Texas. No gift packages into Canada or foreign countries. Orders must be accompanied by remittance. References: any bank in the United States. We reserve the right to substitute when necessary, but always of equal or greater value.

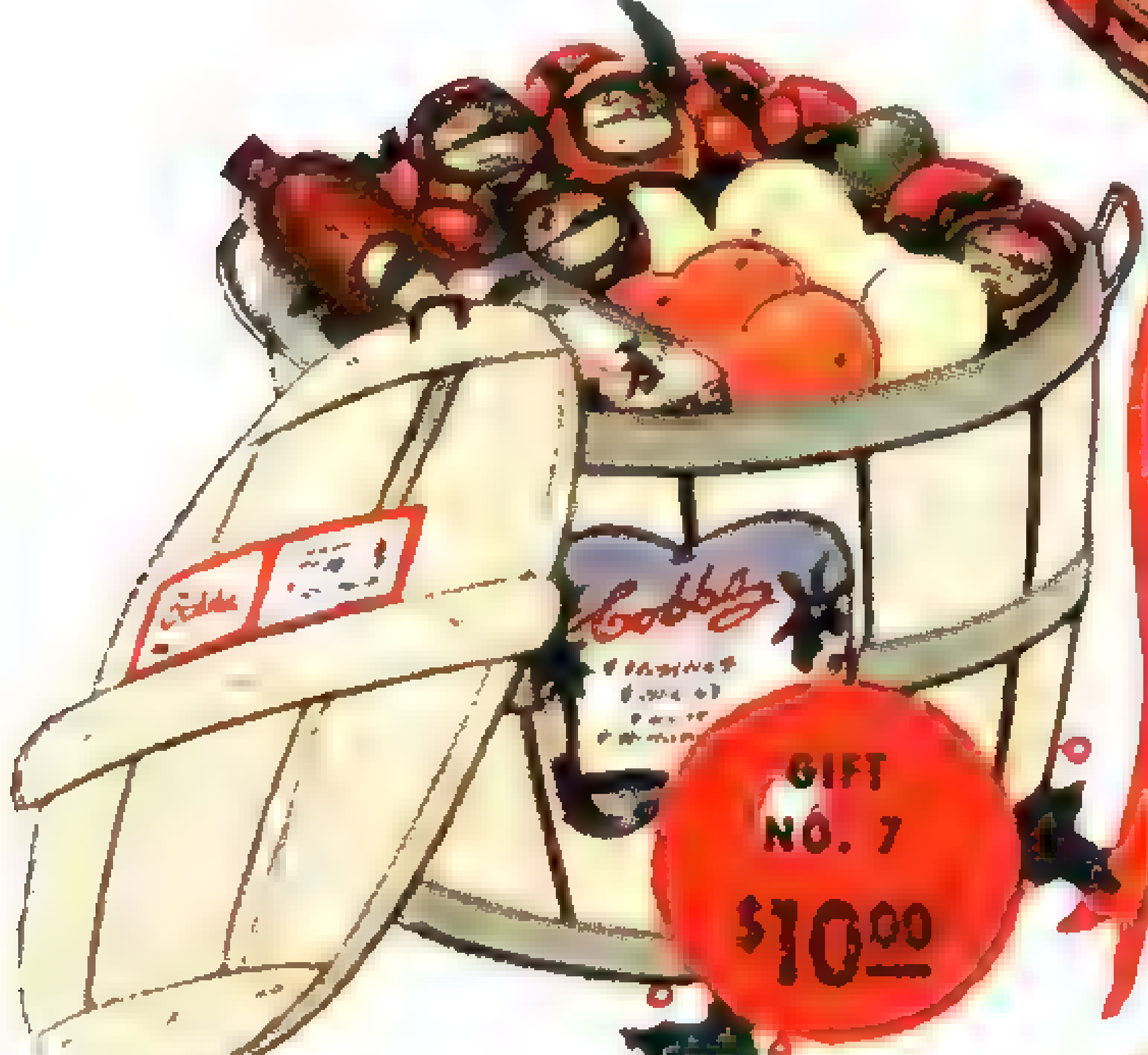
Make your selections from the gifts shown, and send us names of those to whom you wish boxes delivered. Our tree-ripened fruit will be plucked from the groves, carefully packed with your greeting card enclosed, and shipped—**within 24 hours after picking** — to arrive before Christmas, **satisfaction guaranteed.** More than two million gift packages have been shipped to enthusiastic customers during the past decade. **We are the largest Packers, Shippers, and Manufacturers of tropical gift fruits and delicacies in America.**

Orders should be in our hands by December 5th for guaranteed Christmas delivery. Unless immediate shipment is specified, delivery will be made for Christmas.

ALL ITEMS DESCRIBED MAY BE BOUGHT SEPARATELY.

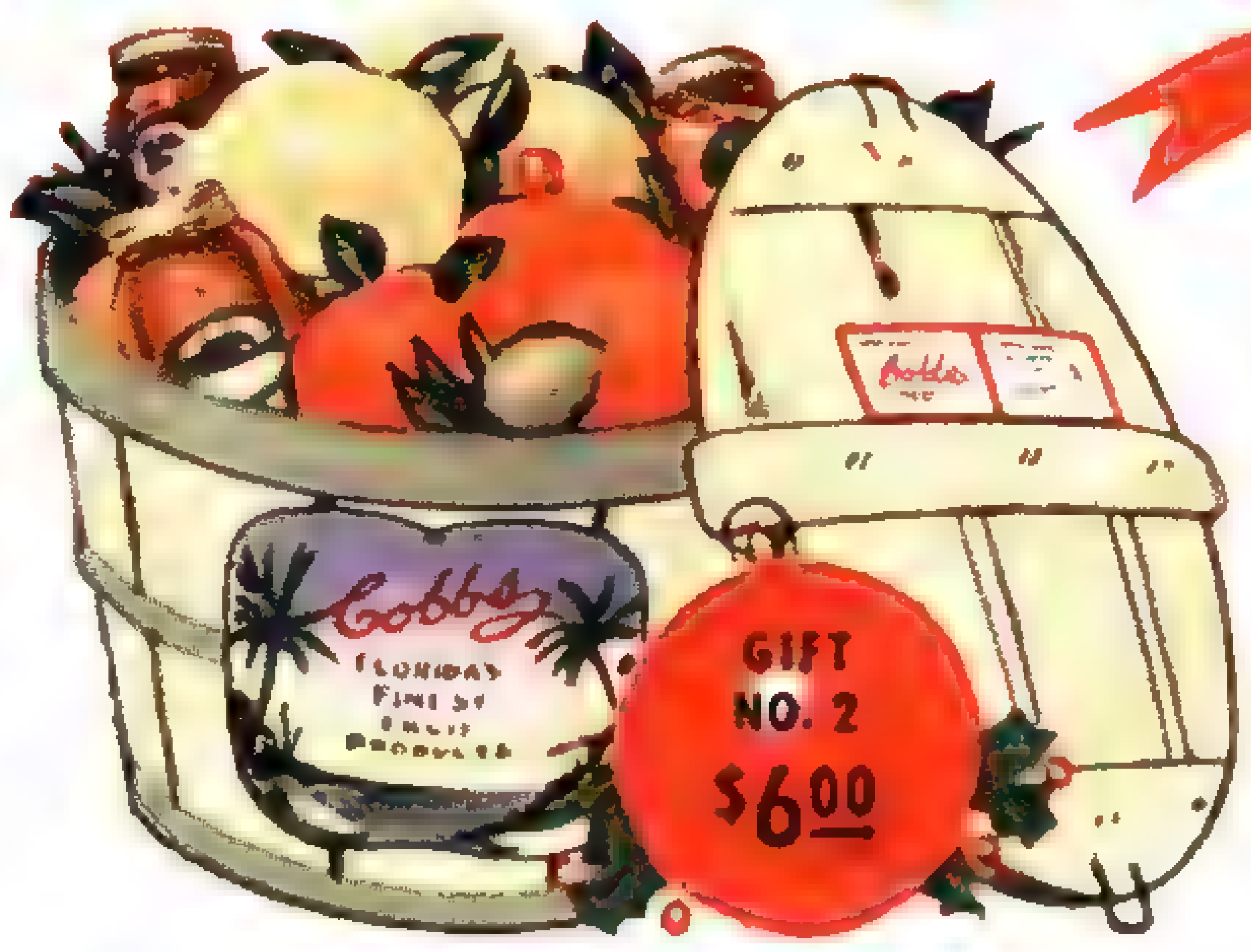
Cobbs

Box 3-D2, LITTLE RIVER
(MIAMI), FLORIDA



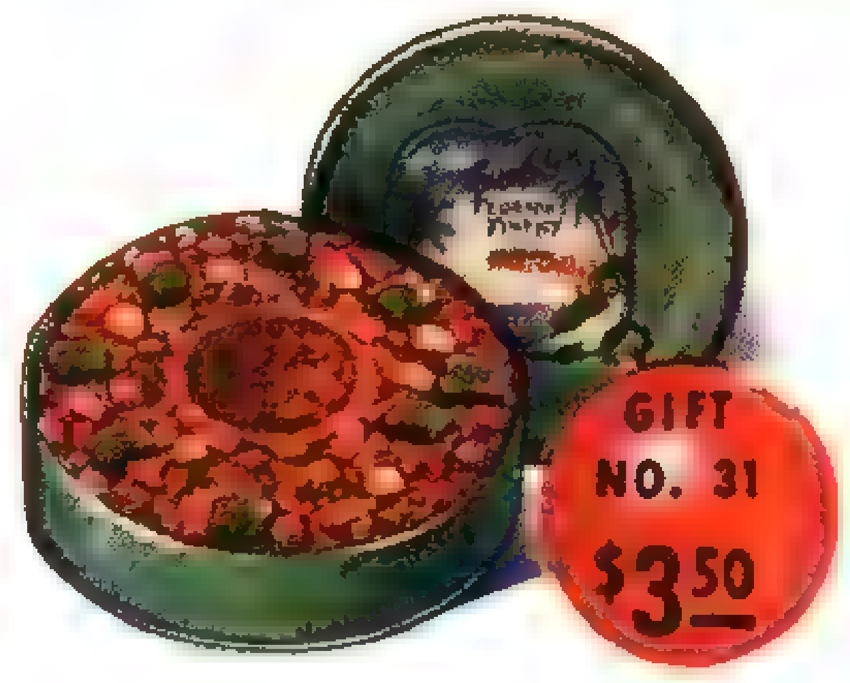
GIFT NO. 7 — $10.00

Approx. 54 lbs. A beautiful basket filled with Oranges, Grapefruit, Tangerines, Kumquats, and Persian Limes, a hand-made colored Jug of Florida Honey, a Jar each of Guava Jelly, Tropical Fruit Conserve, and box of COBBS famous chocolate-coated Coconut Patties.



GIFT NO. 2 — $6.00

Approx. 27 lbs. A tasteful basket containing mixed Oranges, Grapefruit, Tangerines, Kumquats, Limes, a Jar each of Guava Jelly, Tropical Fruit Conserve, Pineapple-Cherry Jam — a typically tropical delight.



GIFT NO. 31 — $3.50

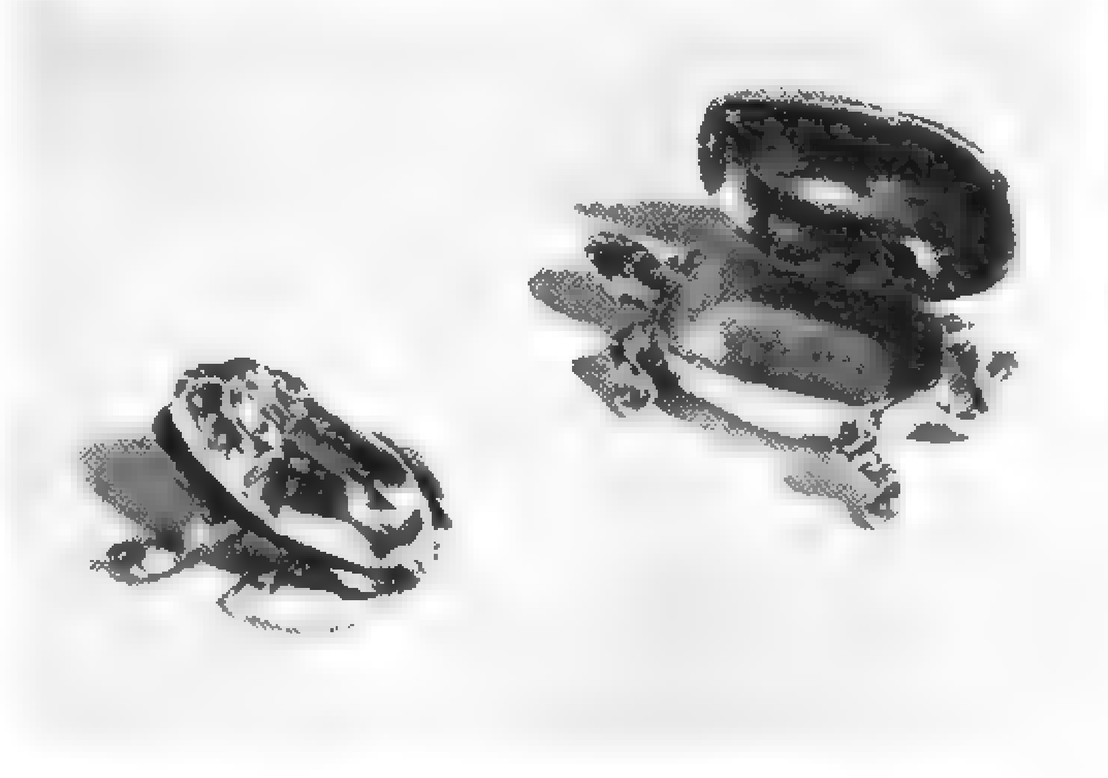
A 2 lb. COBBS Tropical Fruit Cake, aged in Brandy, baked full of Sun-ripened Crystallized Tropical Fruits, with Nut Meats and other delightful flavoring. Truly a mouth-watering delicacy. In attractive Metal Container.

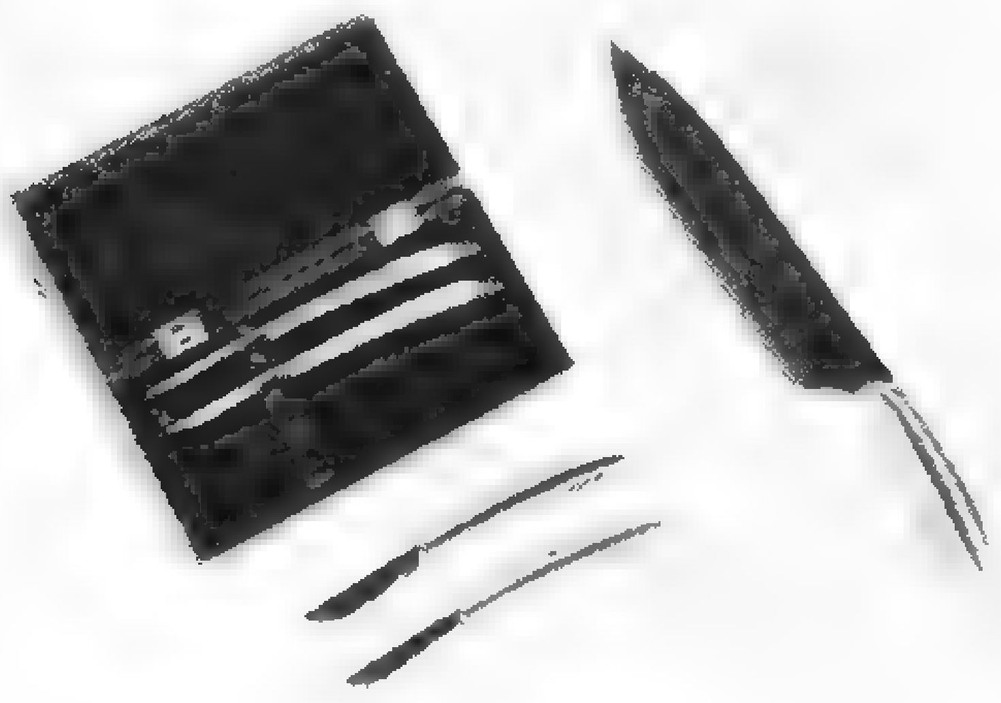
CHRISTMAS GIVING MADE EASY — ORDER TODAY

Write COBBS, Box 3-D2, Little River, Florida. Enclose check or money order and list of names to whom you wish gift packages sent. Please specify whether immediate or Christmas delivery is desired.

Talking Shop with Esquire

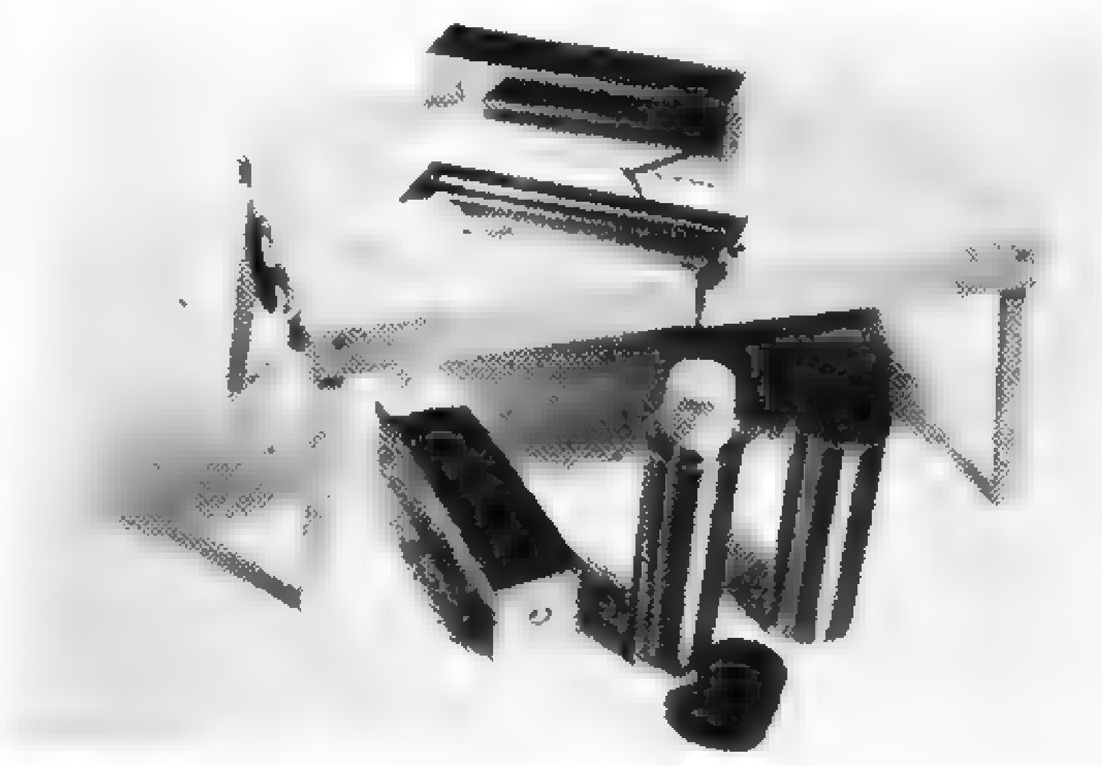
PURPOSEFUL PAPERWEIGHTS. They do more than just hold down the clutter on the top of your desk. Open up the back, and there's a hiding place for vitamins, stamps or whatever you want to keep handy. Take your choice of miniature toad or tortoise—they're cast in solid bronze and measure about 4" by 2½".

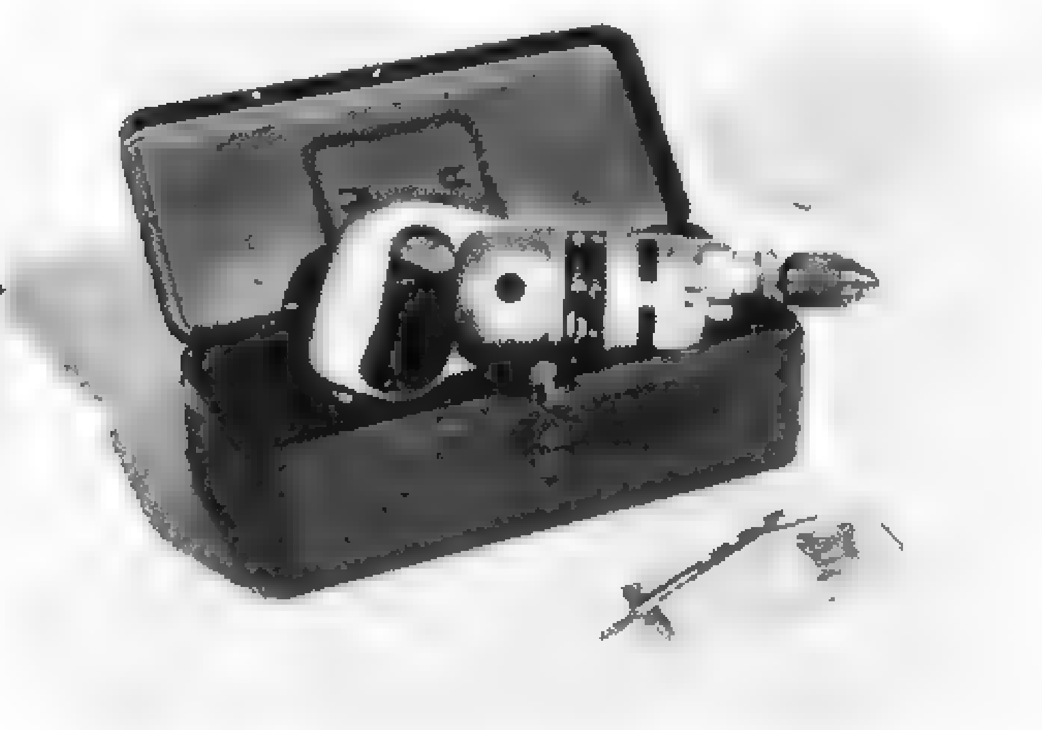




SET FOR SIRLOIN. Four of these keen-edged steak knives make a good gift for the Outdoor Chefs on your list. Knives are equipped with extra long handles and three-inch, razor-sharp blades. Sets come gift-boxed, Western style, in hardwood cases. The matching Barbeque knife has a whopping, ten inch blade.

PICNIC SET-UP. Here's a fitted picnic kit that not only carries the lunch, but obligingly acts as a picnic table. Closed, it holds 2-quart, chrome-plated vacuum bottles, each with 4 cups; 2 stainless steel sandwich boxes. Open, it becomes a 30" x 18" table, with 14" legs. Covered with rugged canvas duck.





HOME HOBBY-ISTS should find this Drill Kit a welcome addition to their workbench. The ¼" drill is right size for light, precise jobs, operates on either AC or DC, 115 volts. A built-in fan keeps the tool cool while in use: Comes equipped with rubber cord and reinforced connector. 8 different size attachments.

Ranger

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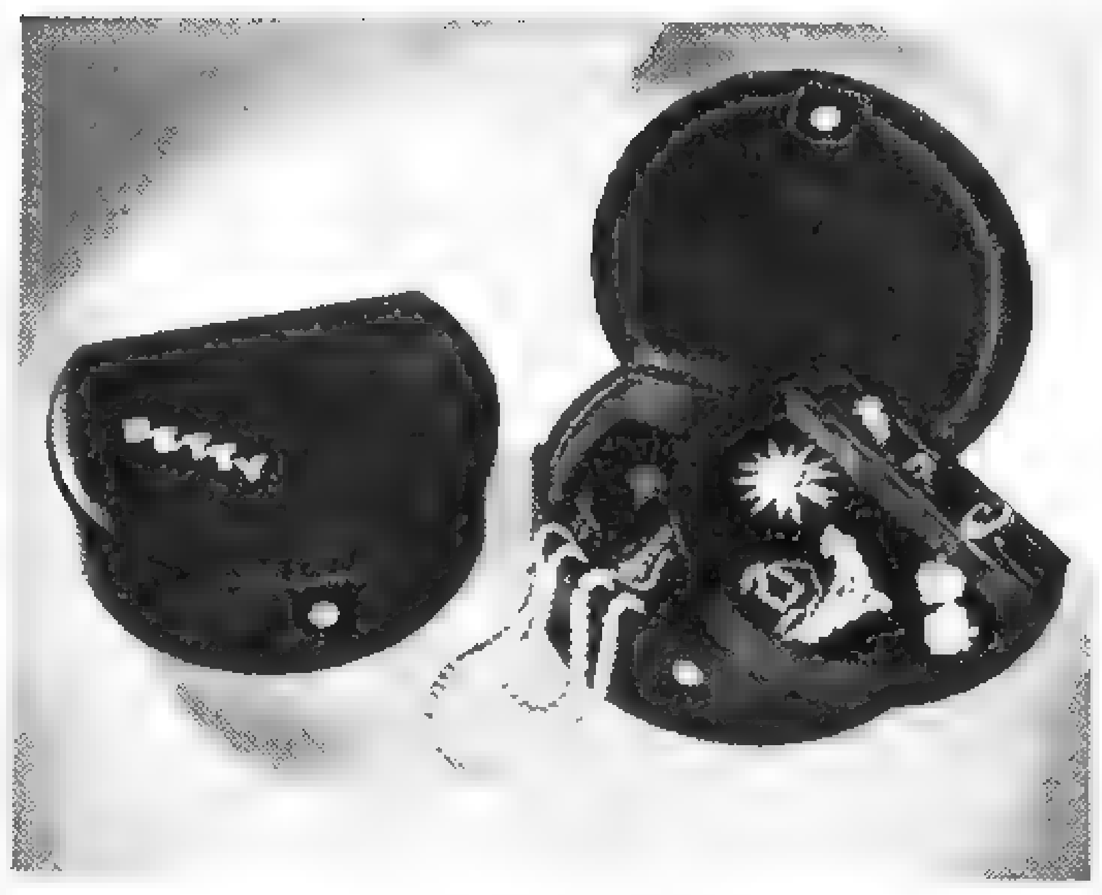

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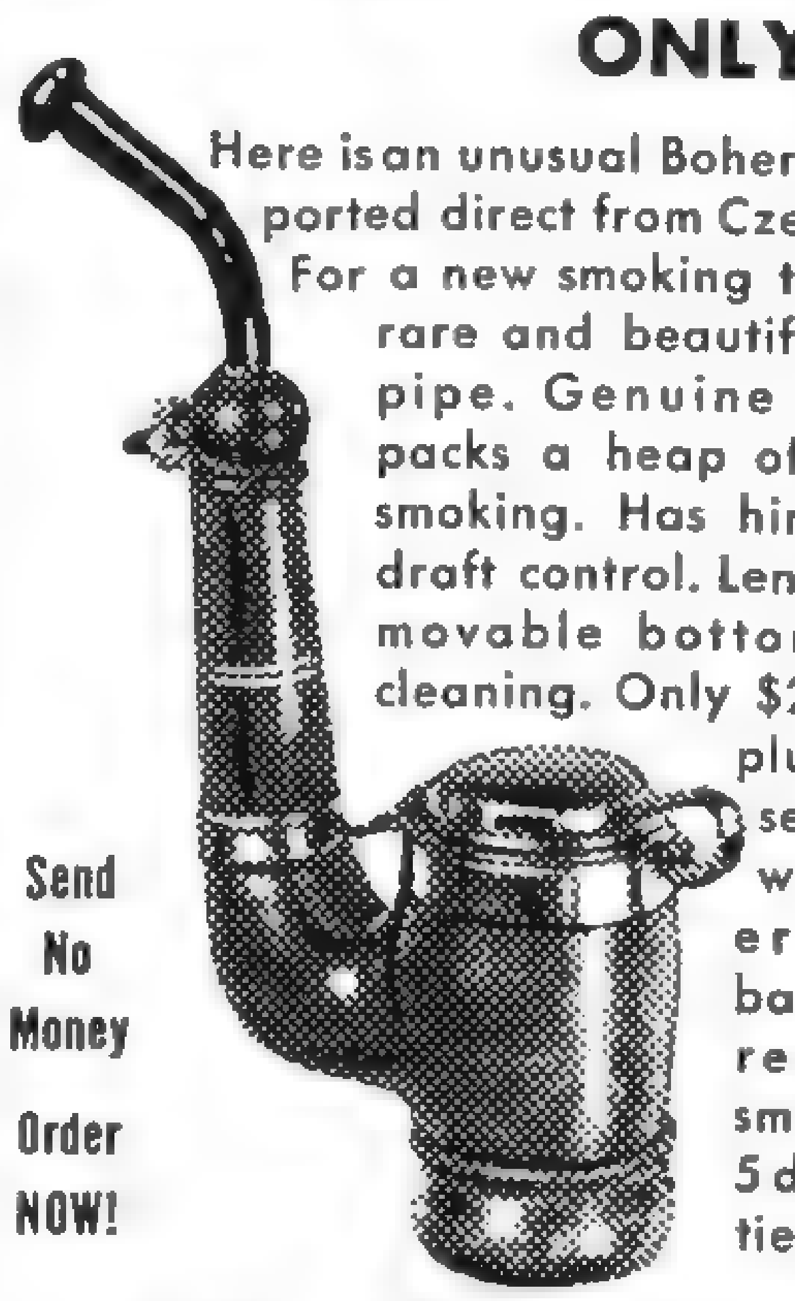

Here is an unusual Bohemian pipe imported direct from Czechoslovakia. For a new smoking thrill, try this rare and beautiful old-world pipe. Genuine briar bowl packs a heap of cool, sweet smoking. Has hinged lid for draft control. Length 6¼". Removable bottom for easy cleaning. Only $2.95 C.O.D., plus delivery, or send $2.95 & we pay delivery. Money back if pipe is returned unsmoked within 5 days. Quantities limited.

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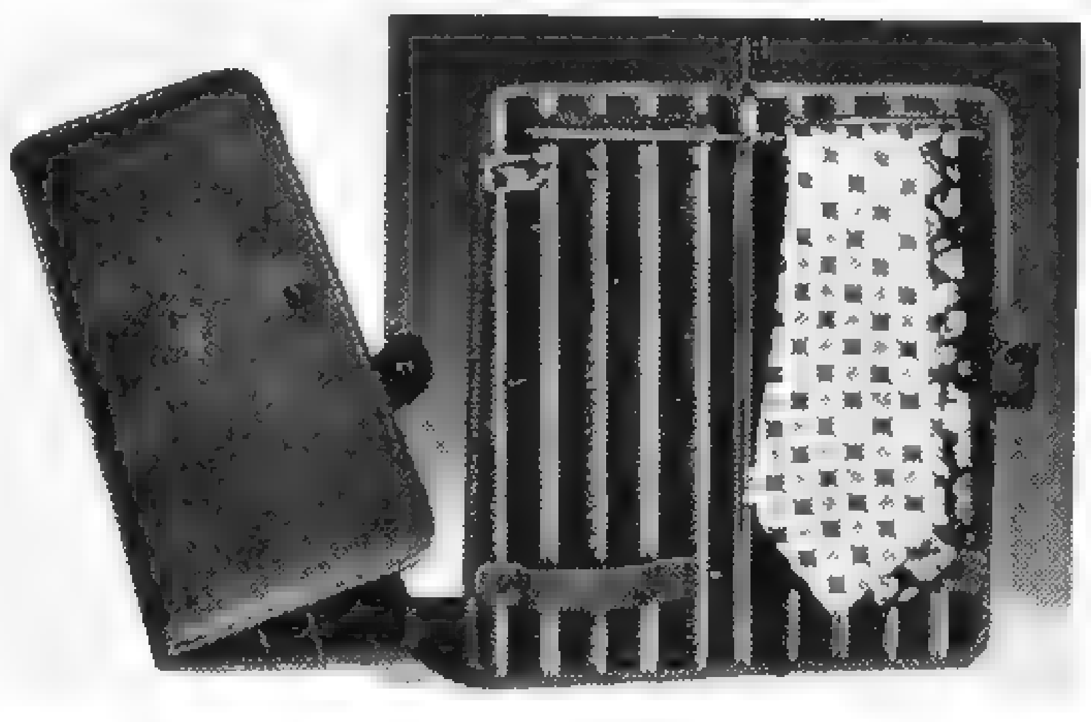

TRAVEL TIE CASE—Made of genuine top quality tan saddle leather, this wonderful travel tie case holds up to 24 ties wrinkle-free. Handsome striped lining. Sturdy brass hanger folds neatly out of sight when closed, ready for immediate use when open. Christmas gift-priced at $4.95 (includes postage and federal tax). Available as illustrated with 2 or 3 initials or first name in 24K gold: $5.95.

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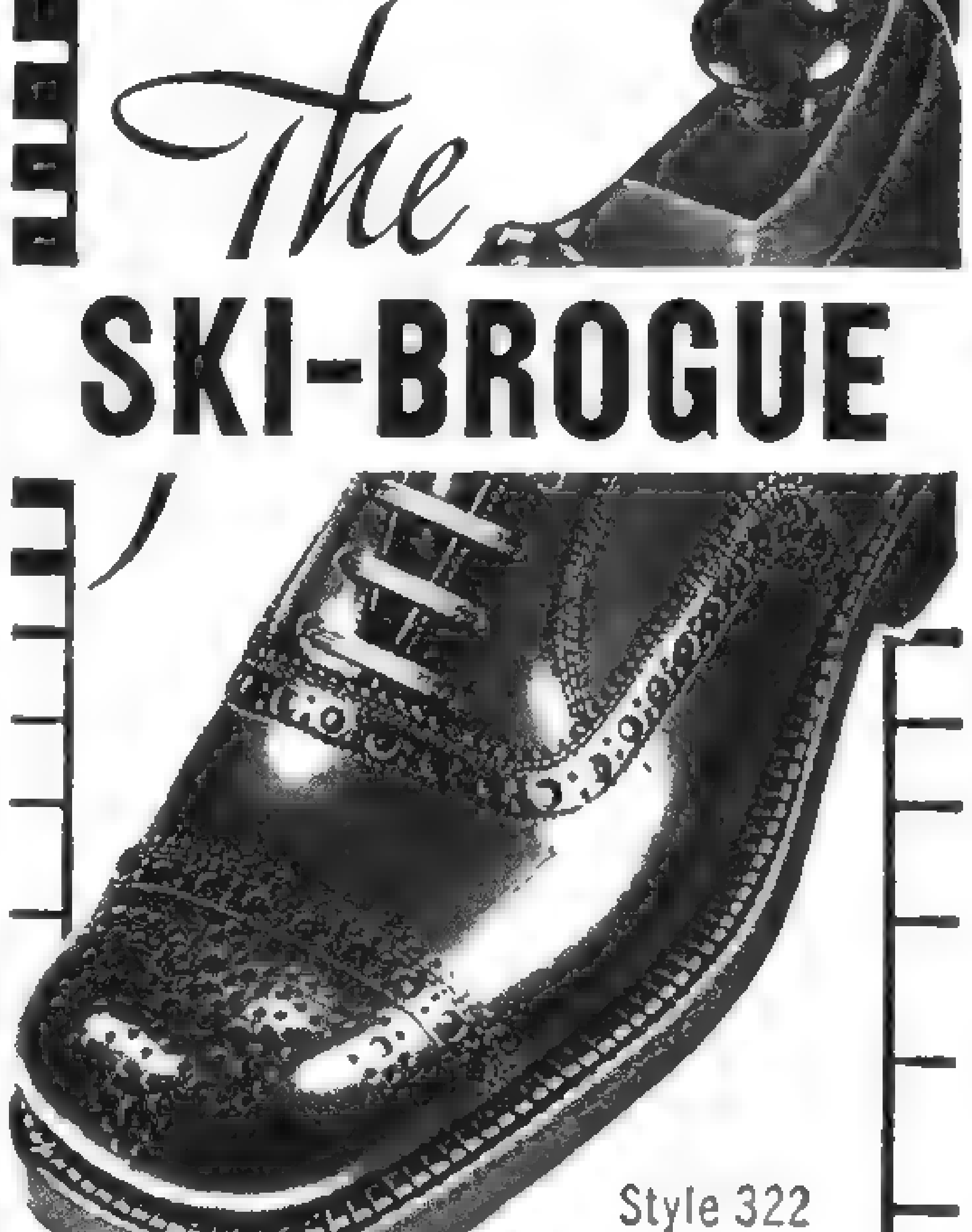

Style 322

You'll be the first to have this exclusive Ski-Brogue. A handsome, more comfortable he-man shoe, perfect for setting off any suit or outfit.

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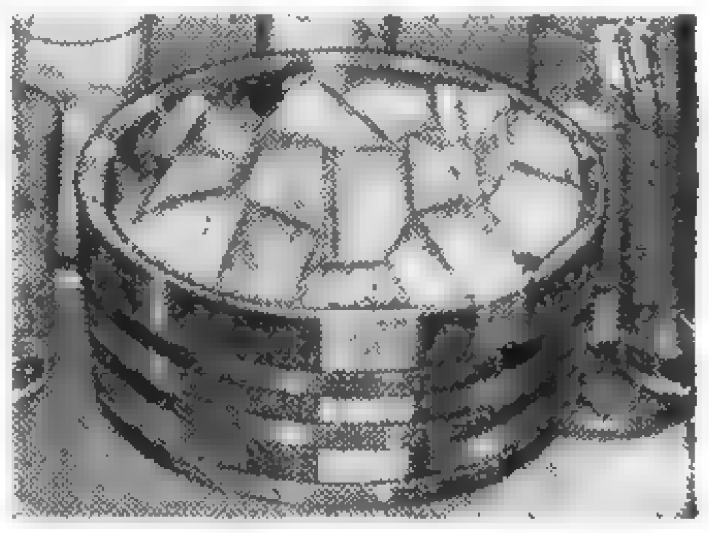

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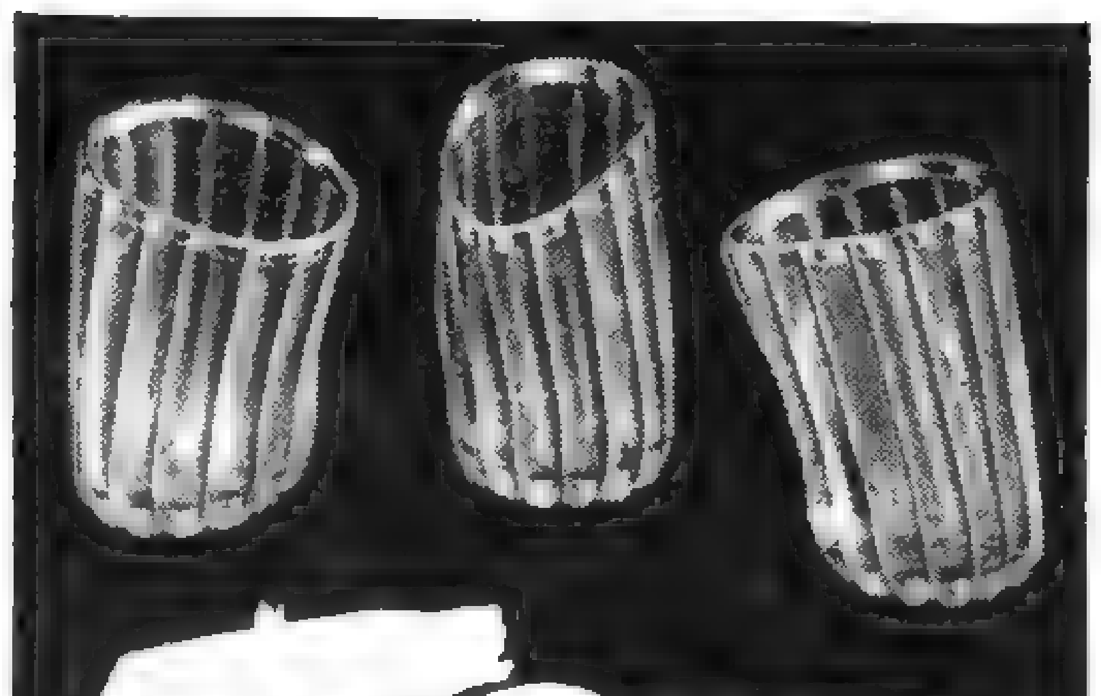

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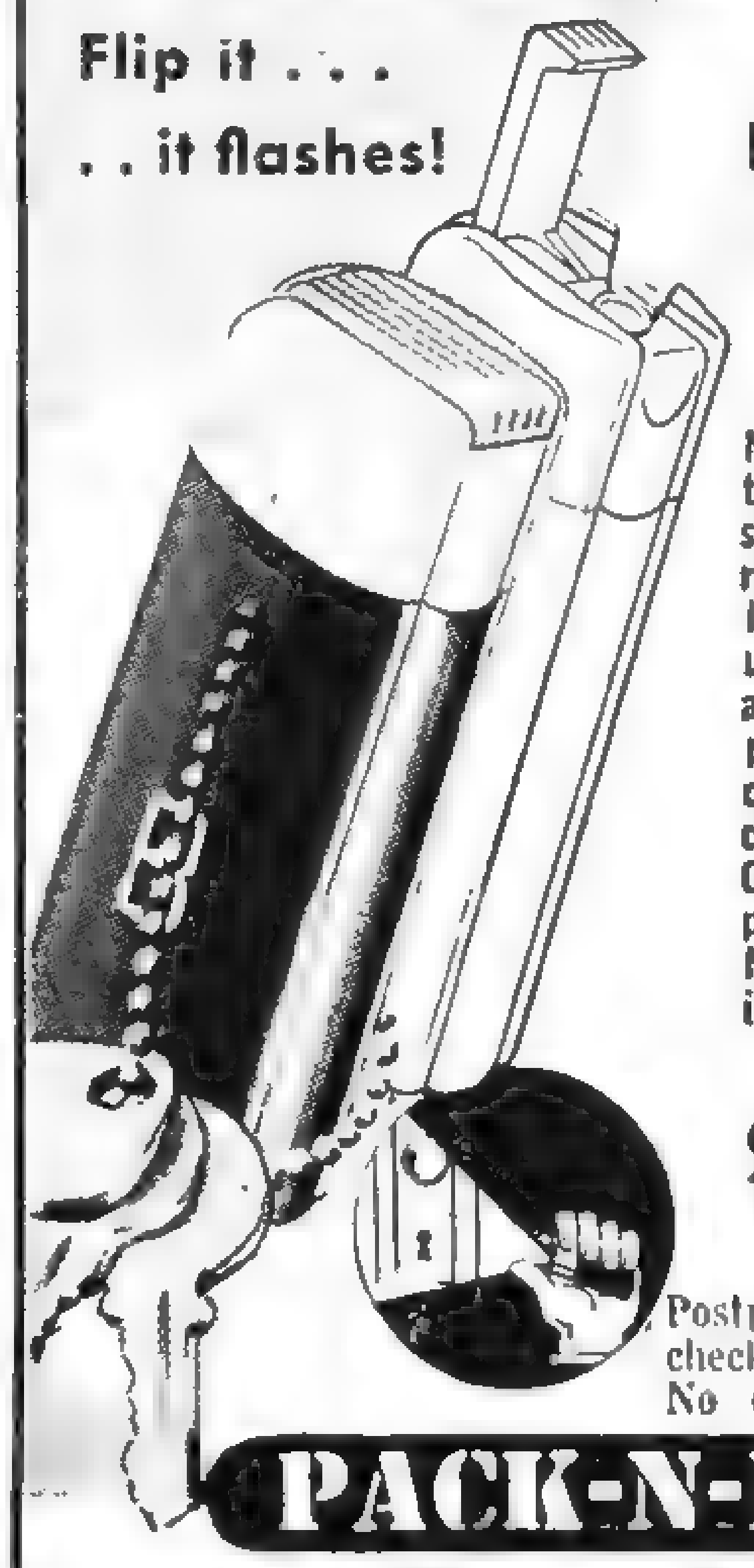

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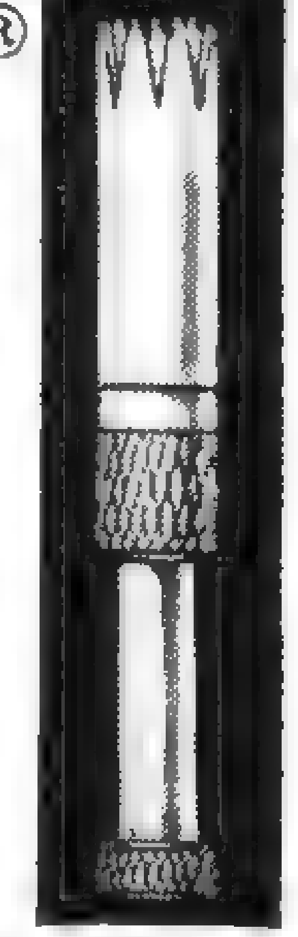

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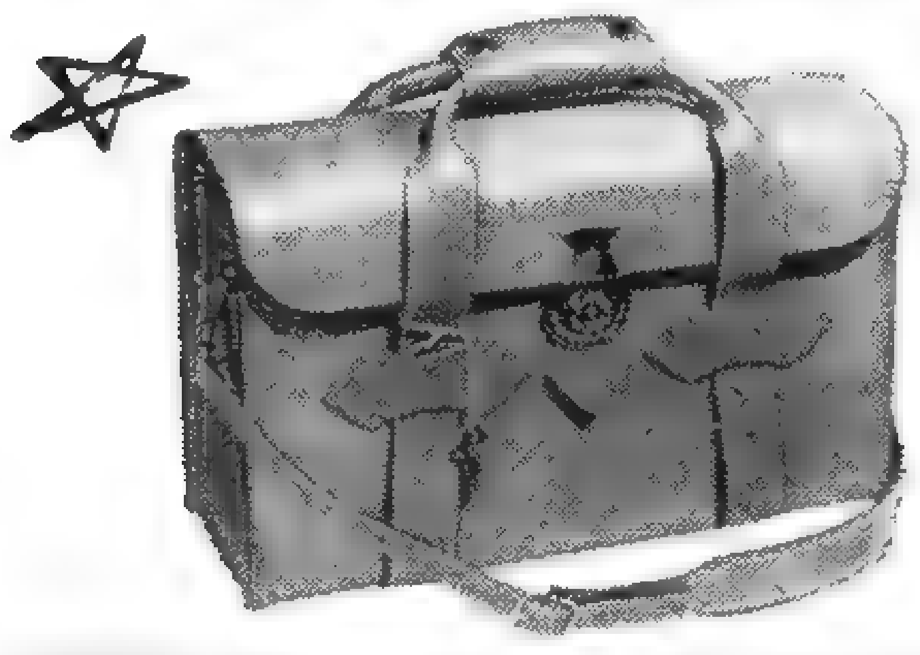

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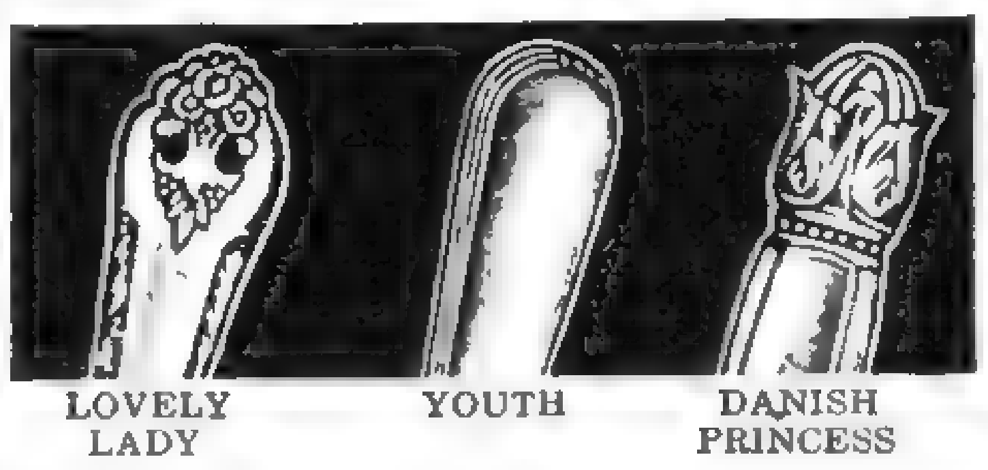

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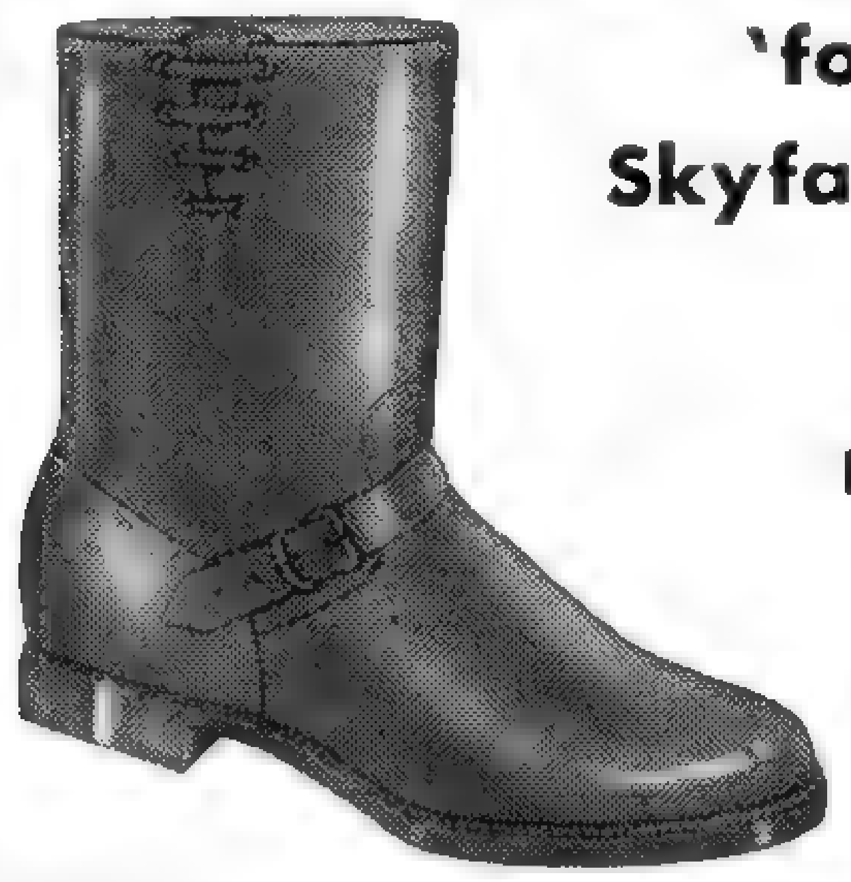

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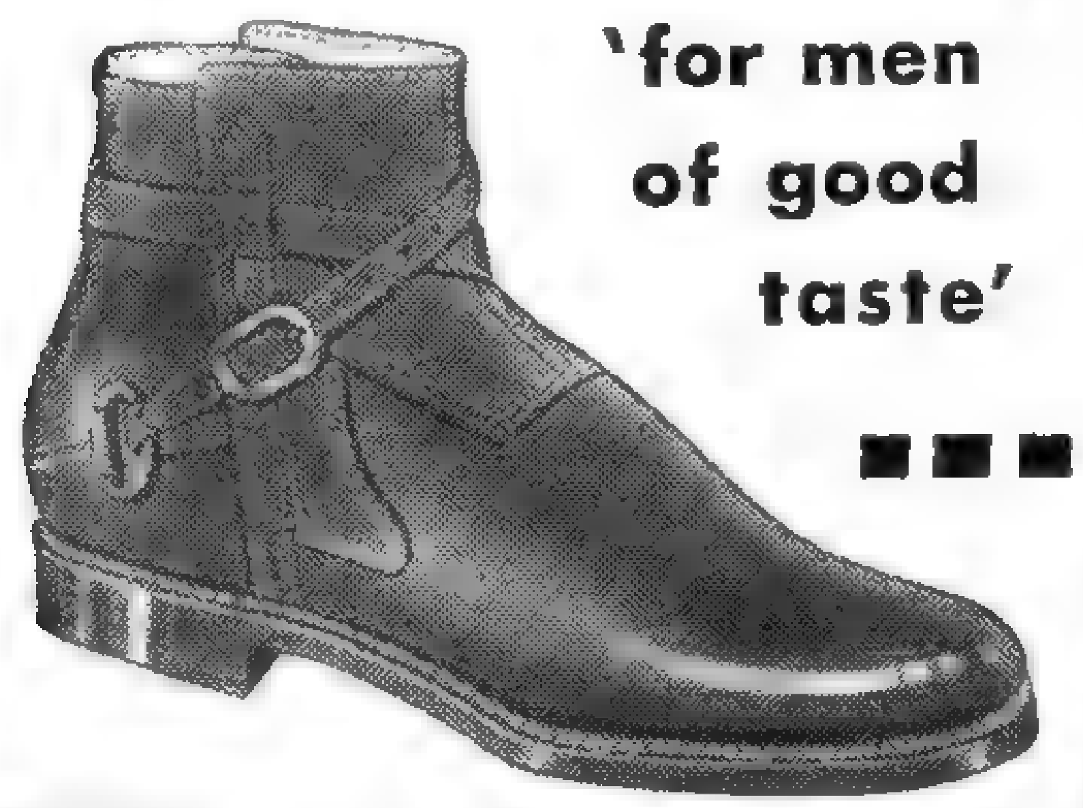

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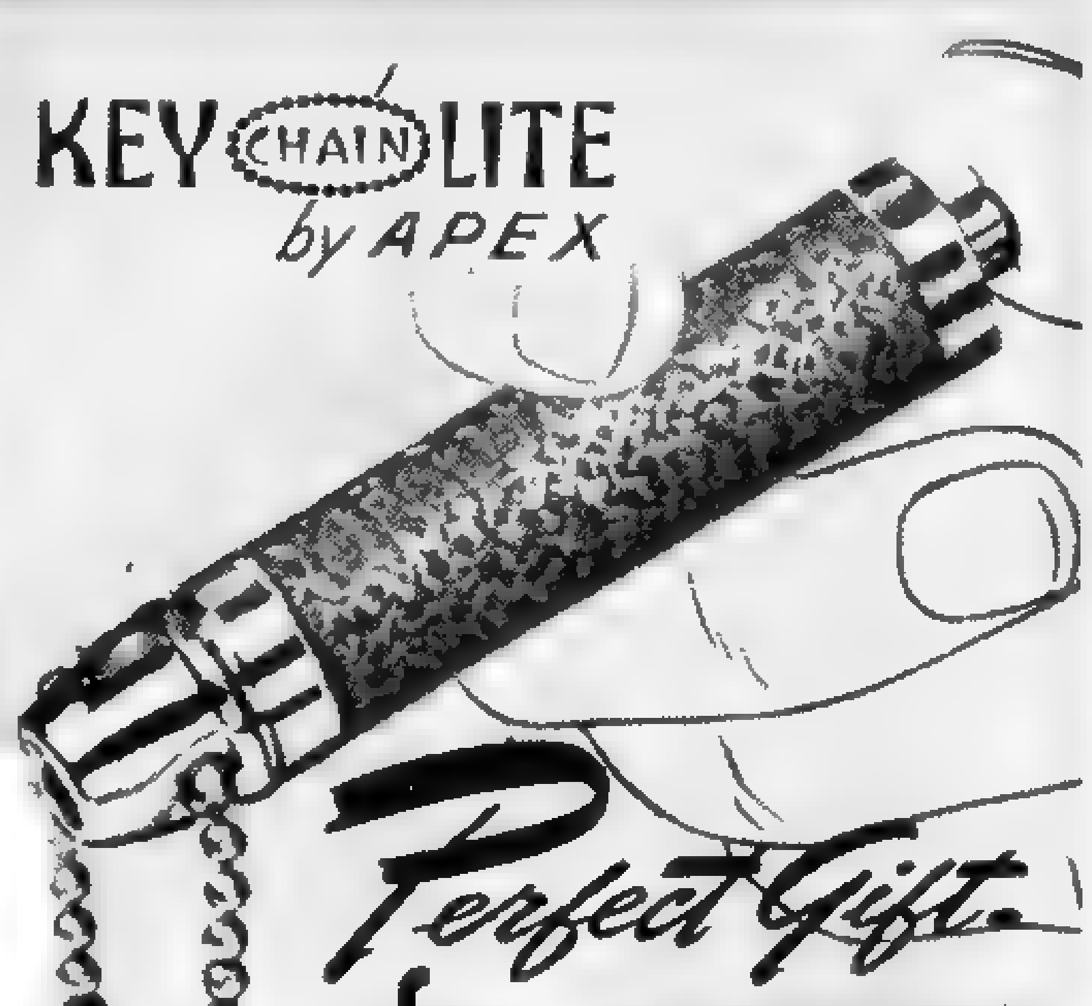
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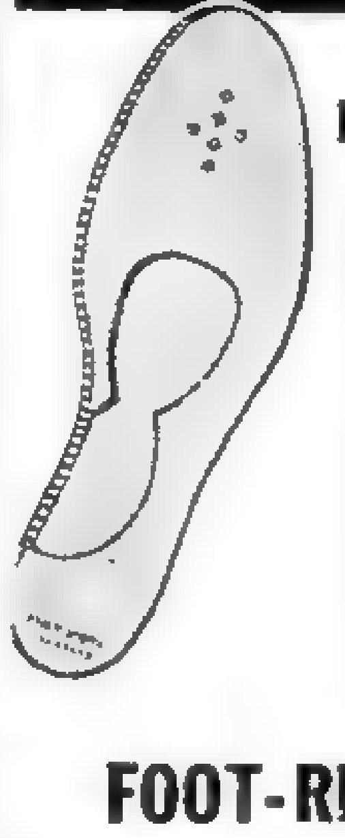

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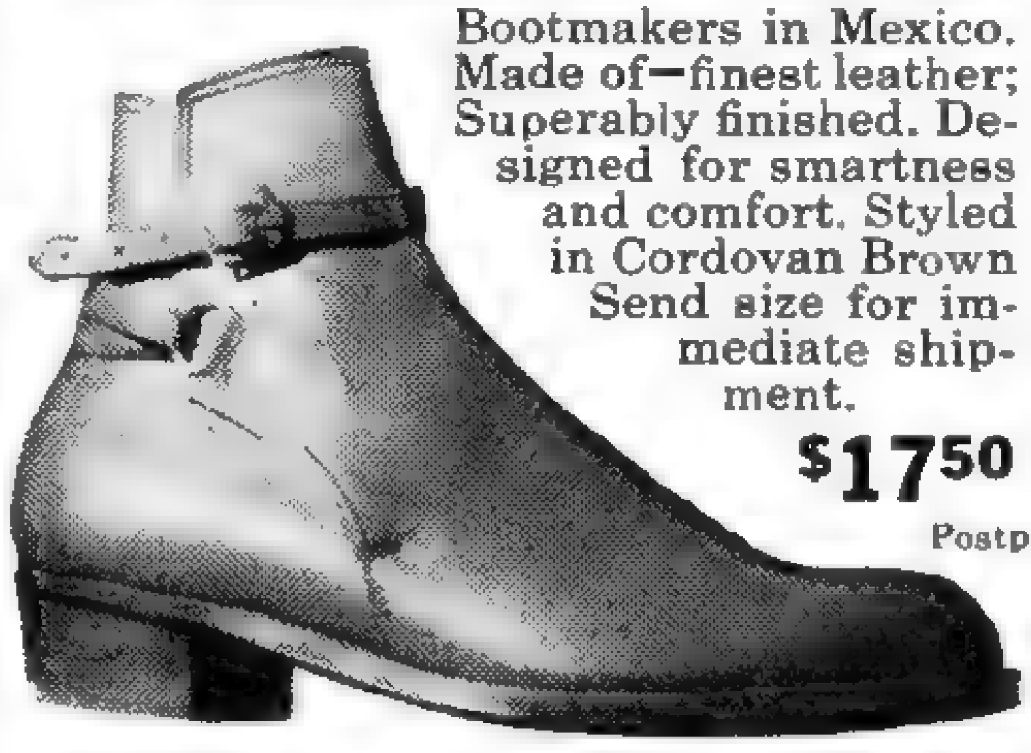
JODHPURS FOR SMART MEN

Our most popular import from Expert Bootmakers in Mexico. Made of—finest leather; Superably finished. Designed for smartness and comfort. Styled in Cordovan Brown Send size for immediate shipment.

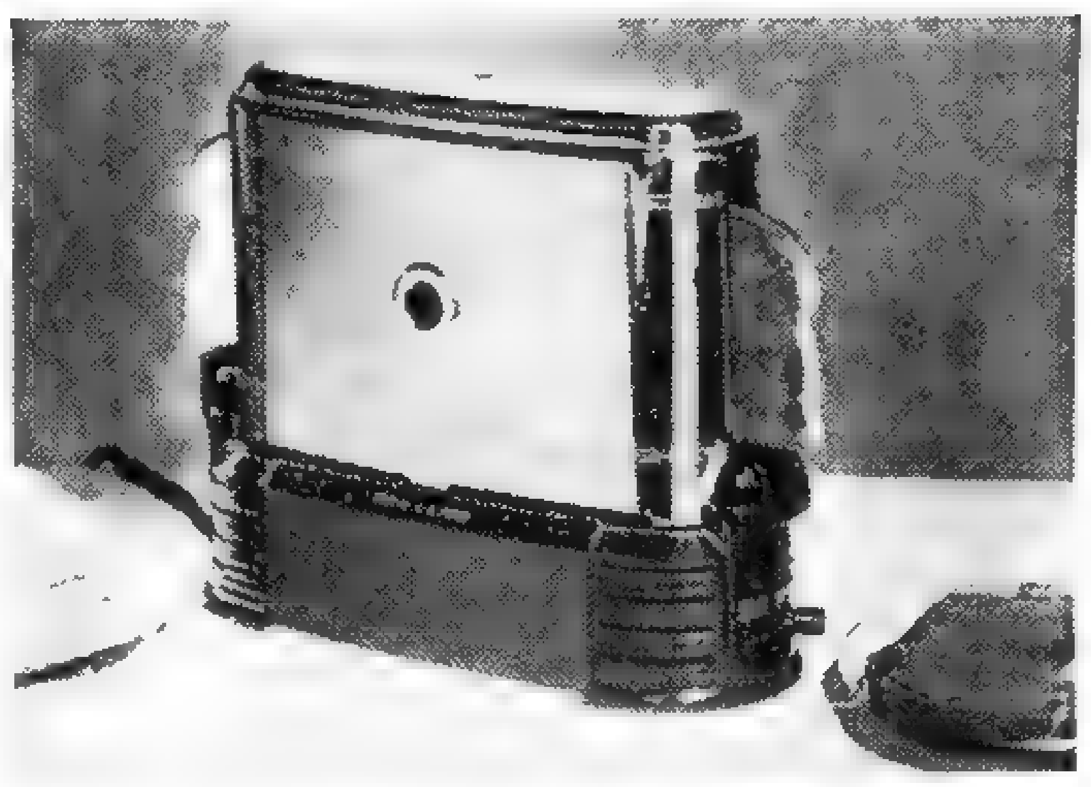


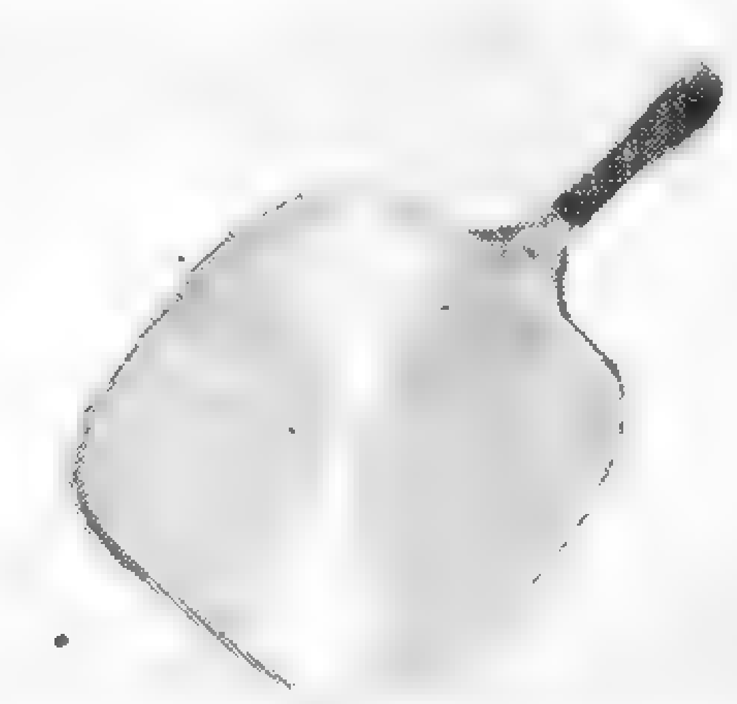
$17.50 Postpaid

Rafael R. Garcia Importer and Exporter
Church St. P. O. Drawer 428 Eagle Pass, Texas

Talking Shop with Esquire

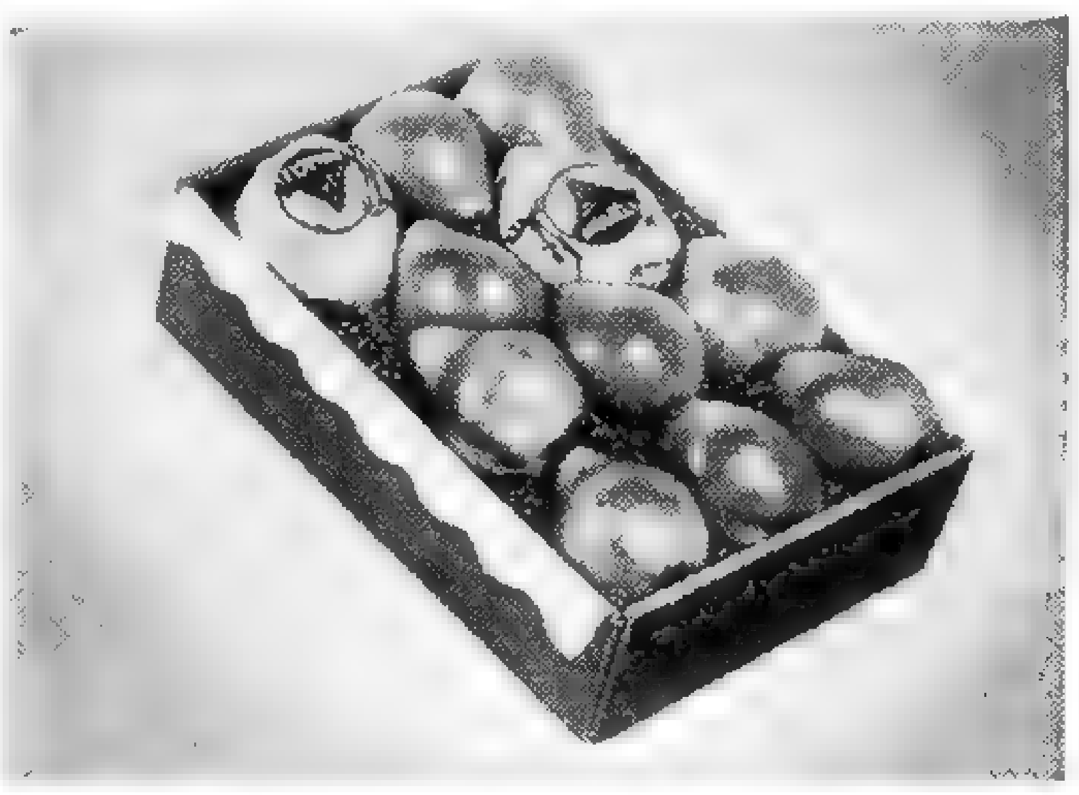
ASSEMBLY-LINE TOAST. This automatic electric toaster keeps the toast moving. Shove the bread in one end of the toaster, and it comes out the other—ready for butter and jam. 3 slices can be toasting at one time—or only one. Also accommodates English muffins, or slices of rye. Reheats cold toast in 10 seconds.





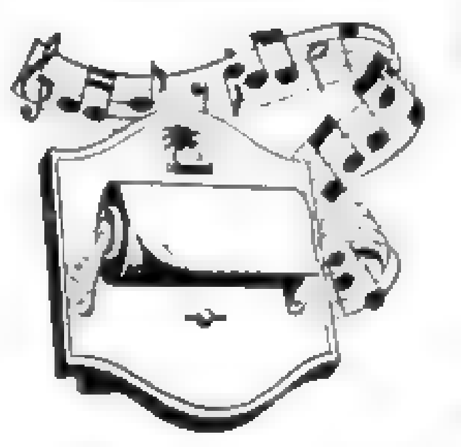
FOR PERFECT PANCAKES, try this on the front burner—a pancake griddle with a thermometer built right into the handle, and especially designed to maintain an even heat. While the batter's being mixed, turn the heat on full blast. Just before the indicator gets to "bake", turn down about half way, pour on the batter.

OREGON ORCHARDS offer a suggestion for the hard-to-please on your Christmas list. A gift box of big, juicy, Comice pears may be just the thing for an Aunt who Has Everything. Your gift card is enclosed, and the pears are guaranteed to arrive in perfect condition. They have lots of other ideas on fruit gifts.



Ranger

For answers to all shopping queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



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TISSUE OR TOILET PAPER HOLDER
Only $6.80 Post Paid
Charming as Xmas Gift
Pull Paper and Enjoy Music · Popular Tones, Swiss Movement
Send check or money order—C.O.D. You pay postage
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ADVERTISING AND WINDOW DISPLAY
LIVING ACCOMMODATIONS SECURED G I APPROVED
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The Christmas Gift for the Man Who "Has Everything"

Give him a 1949 Dartnell Personal Record Book, the aristocrat of appointment, memo and personal desk books. He will use it every day on his desk at home, at the office or on trips. For 25 years the Dartnell has been the choice of top business executives, professional men, high army and navy officers.

Hand bound in luxurious imported leather with gilt edges. Size 5x8 inches. 200 pages for appointments and personal memos. 200 pages of useful data. A place to keep track of anniversaries, golf scores, investments, income tax deductions, etc. Lists best hotels in leading cities, railroad and air fares, road mileages, etc. This is the finest desk book in the world.

Price includes gift box. For 30 cents extra we will imprint his name in gold. $5.50

THE DARTNELL CORPORATION
4662 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago 40, Illinois

HOLIDAY for Active feet... with HABITANTS hand-sewn moccasins

Just wait till you sink your weary feet into these snug, *lambs wool* lined genuine Moccasin-Slippers! Soft? Like velvet. Warm? Mister, they are hand-made for us up in the French-Indian country of Northern Canada where warmth and comfort *really matter.*

Hand-crafted of vegetable-tanned saddle leather, hand-molded to the last, hand-stitched with pure linen thread. HABITANTS give years of blissful foot relaxation. Handsomely styled for *men or women.*

ORDER BY MAIL. HABITANTS are a luxurious Christmas gift, only $8.95 Add 25c for shipping. Send your check or money order *today.* Include shoe size.

Fellman, Ltd. INDIVIDUALITY in FOOTWEAR
Dept. ED
855 BROAD ST.
NEWARK 2, N. J.
6 East 46 St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

somebody

on your

gift list

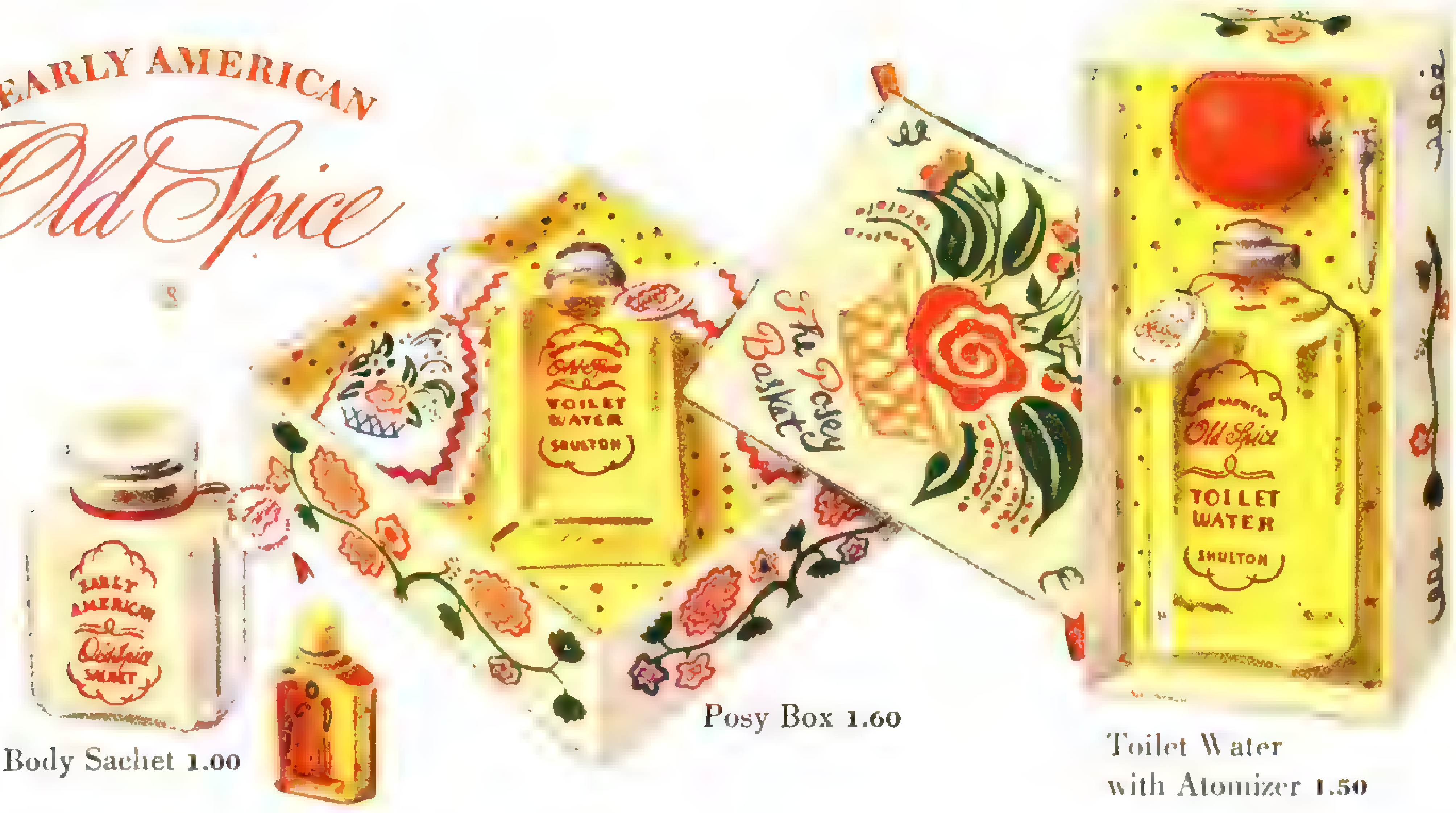
is hoping

you'll

see

this page

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
®


The Posey Basket
Old Spice
TOILET WATER
SHULTON
EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
SACHET

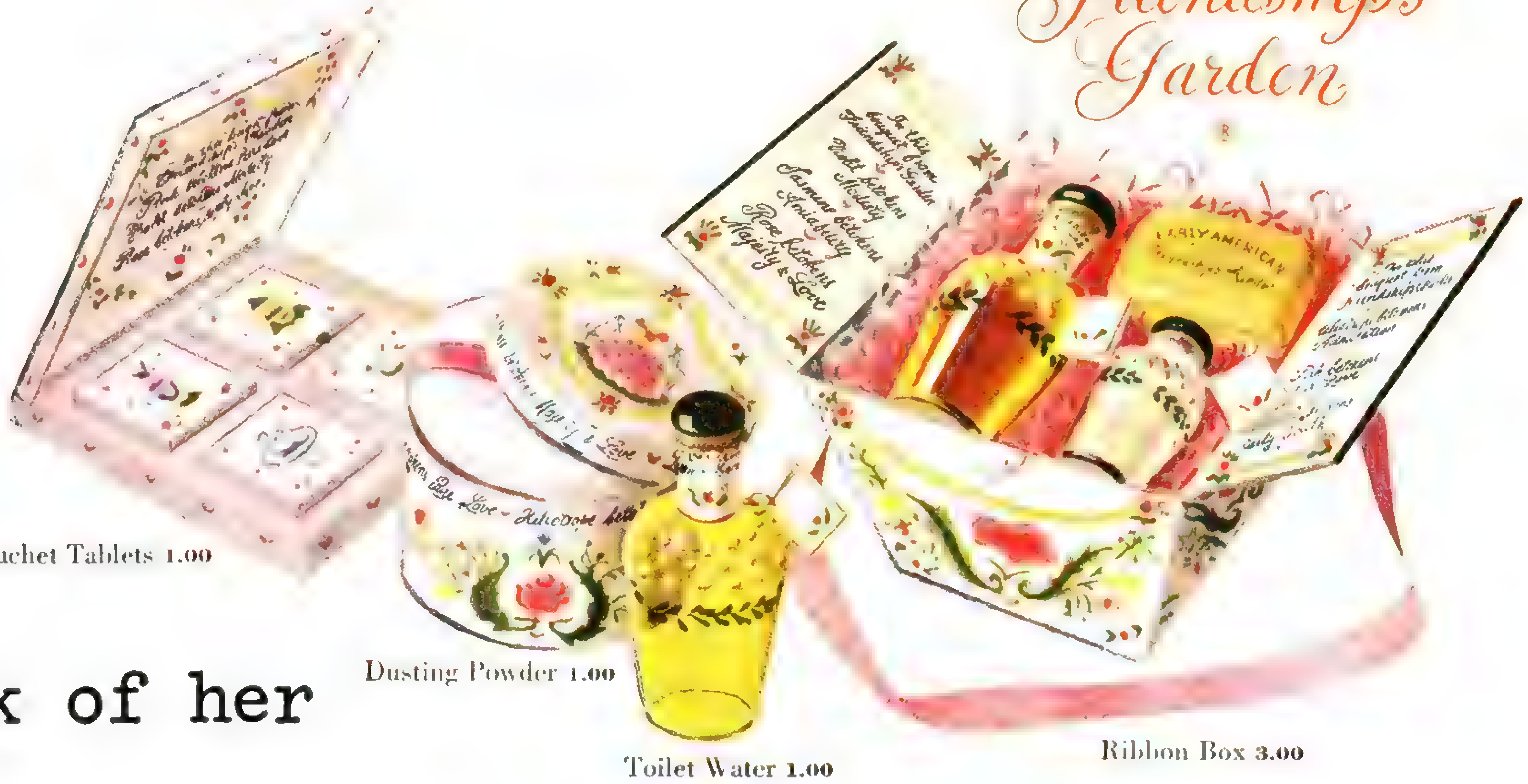
Body Sachet 1.00

Perfume 2.50, 4.00, 7.50
Purse Perfume shown 1.00

Posy Box 1.60

Toilet Water
with Atomizer 1.50

EARLY AMERICAN
Friendship's Garden
®


EARLY AMERICAN

Sachet Tablets 1.00

Dusting Powder 1.00

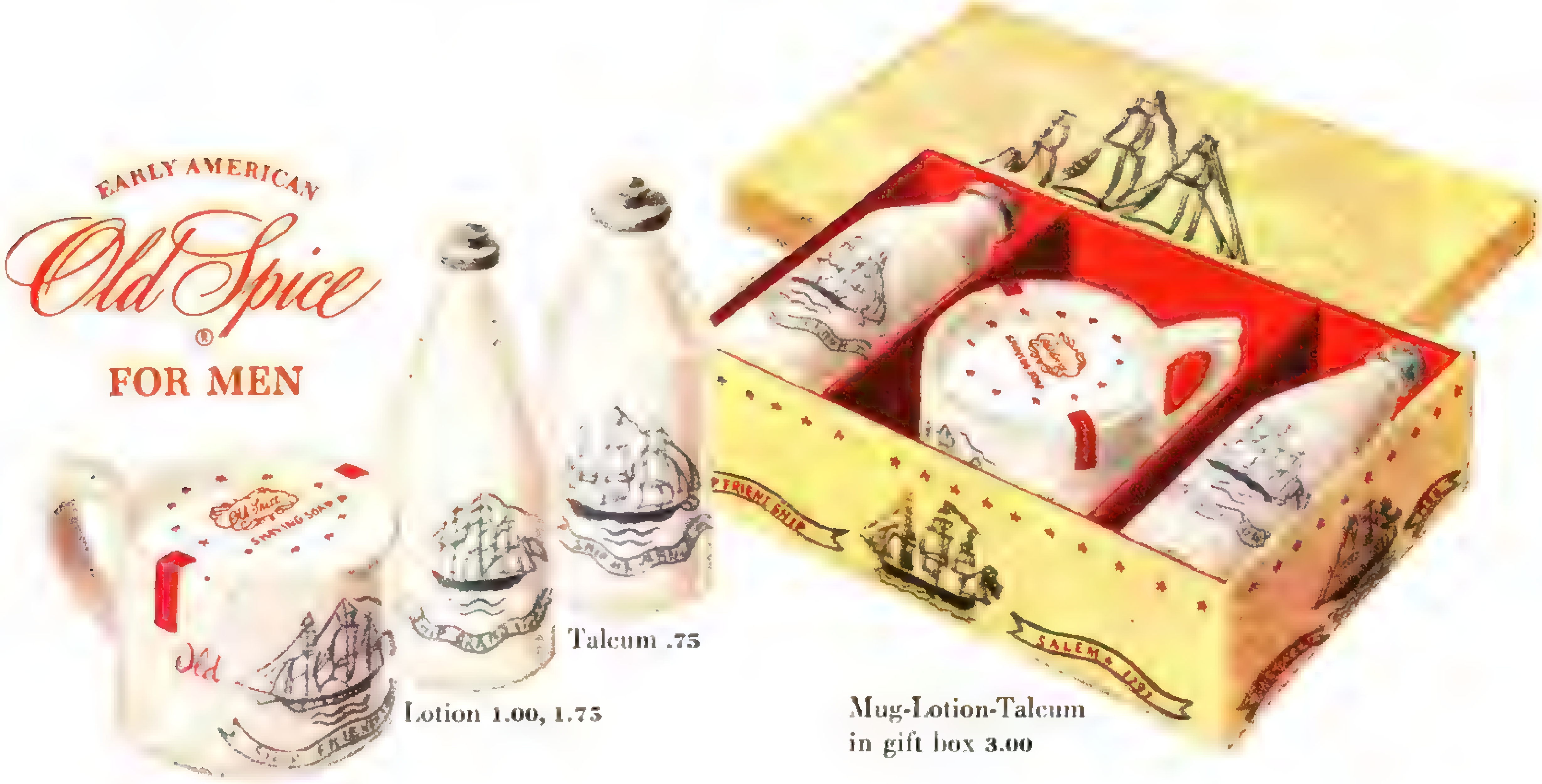
Toilet Water 1.00

Ribbon Box 3.00

... and think of her

... and think of him

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
®
FOR MEN


Old Spice
SHAVING SOAP
FRIENDSHIP
SALEM 1737

Shave Mug 1.00

Lotion 1.00, 1.75

Talcum .75

Mug-Lotion-Talcum
in gift box 3.00

Shulton

Rockefeller Center, New York

ALL PRICES PLUS FEDERAL TAX, EXCEPT SHAVE MUG

this year give a Gift with a Future!

OSHKOSH luggage

(*Open Stock*)

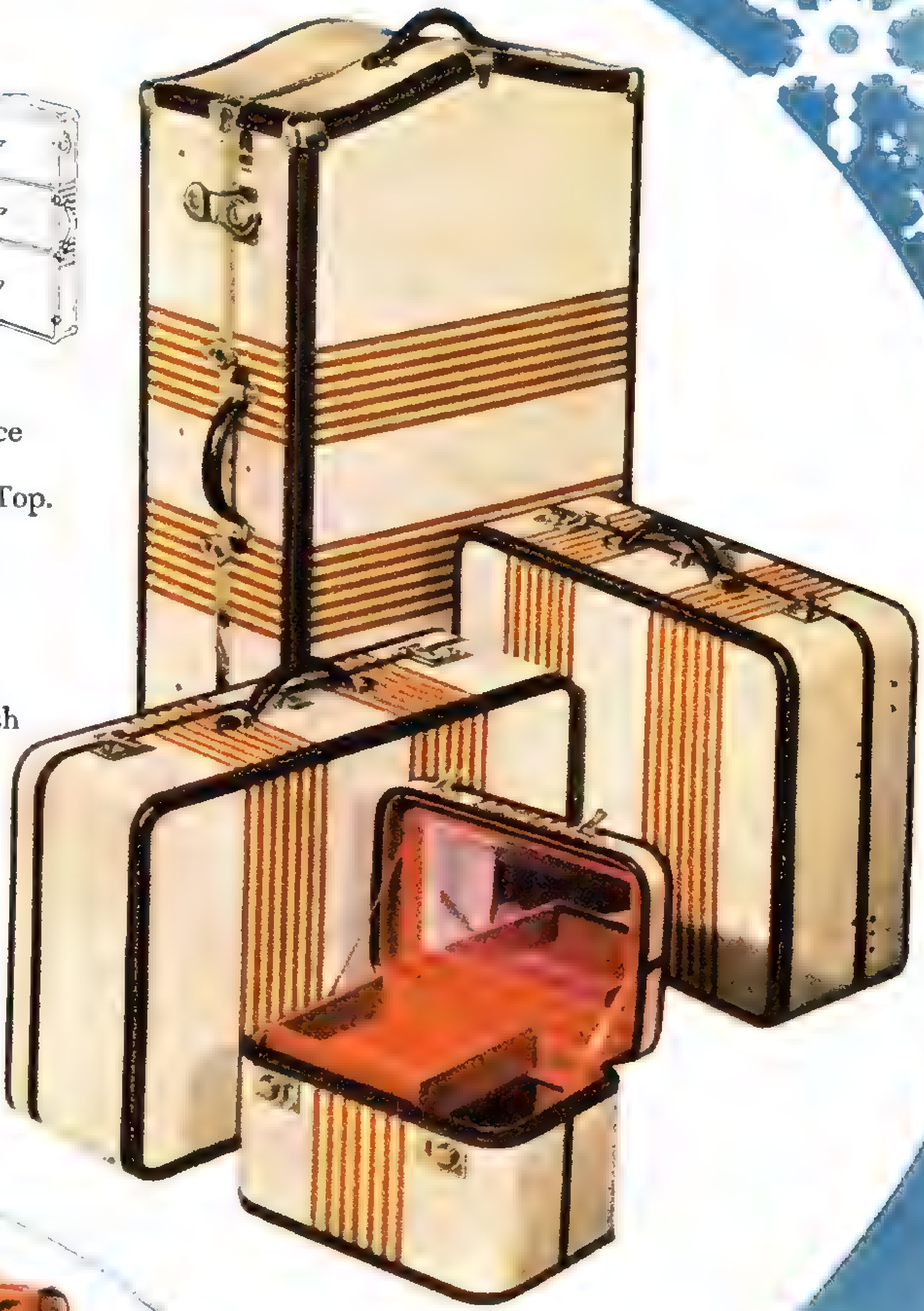
from $25.00 to $5,000.00

Part of new **"CHIEF"* ENSEMBLE** . . . choice of the fortunate few who can afford the finest. New **Taxi Wardrobe** with Dome Top. Provides extra hanging length. Clothing always right side up. Discourages wrinkles! Take it right with you, no checking. World's smartest traveling "clothes closet"!

Women's "O.T." Wardrobe. Peak of Oshkosh luxury from fabric to fittings. New snag-proof plastic hangers. Silk lined!

Pullman Case in famous Chief quality.

Tops-Up Cosmetic case. Full-sized mirror; movable tray. Liquid repellent lining.



Plane Flight
Minnetonka

Oshkosh Plane Flight* for men. Luxurious leathers over lightweight steel frames. Beautifully lined and fitted. Larger: travels 2 suits in zipper-curtained protection. Companion case for toiletries and extras.

Oshkosh Minnetonka* (also in Cherokee* red). Smart pyroxlin-coated duck covering; bound in white rawhide with effective black and white double striping. Luxuriously lined with deep blue satin. Larger is **O.T. Women's Wardrobe.** New snag-proof plastic hangers. Accommodates the "New Look"—with ease! **Weekender.** Just what its name implies, ideal for essential extras on longer trips.

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ONLY OSHKOSH LUGGAGE BEARS THIS LABEL:

Oshkosh LUGGAGE

none finer 'round the world

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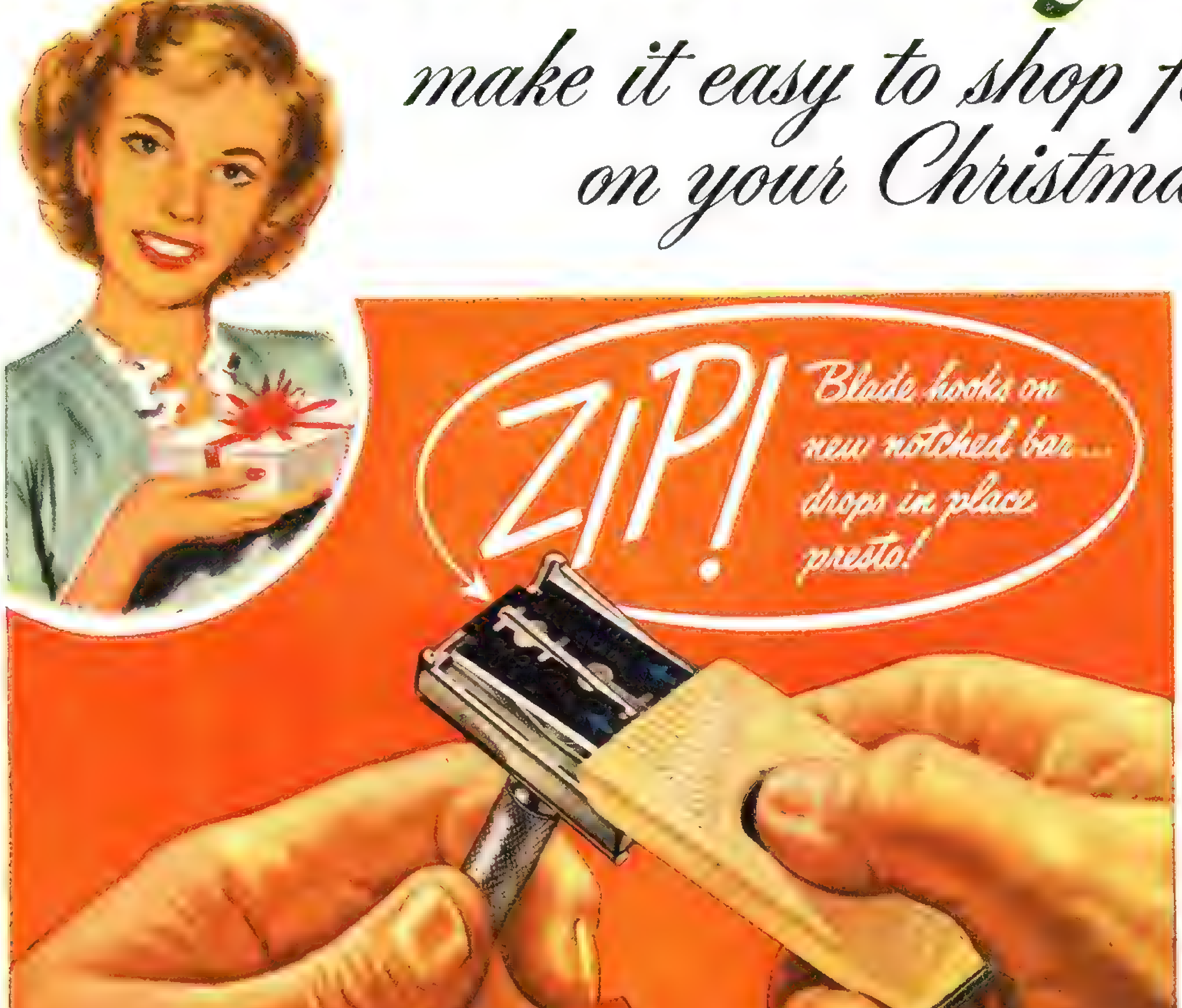
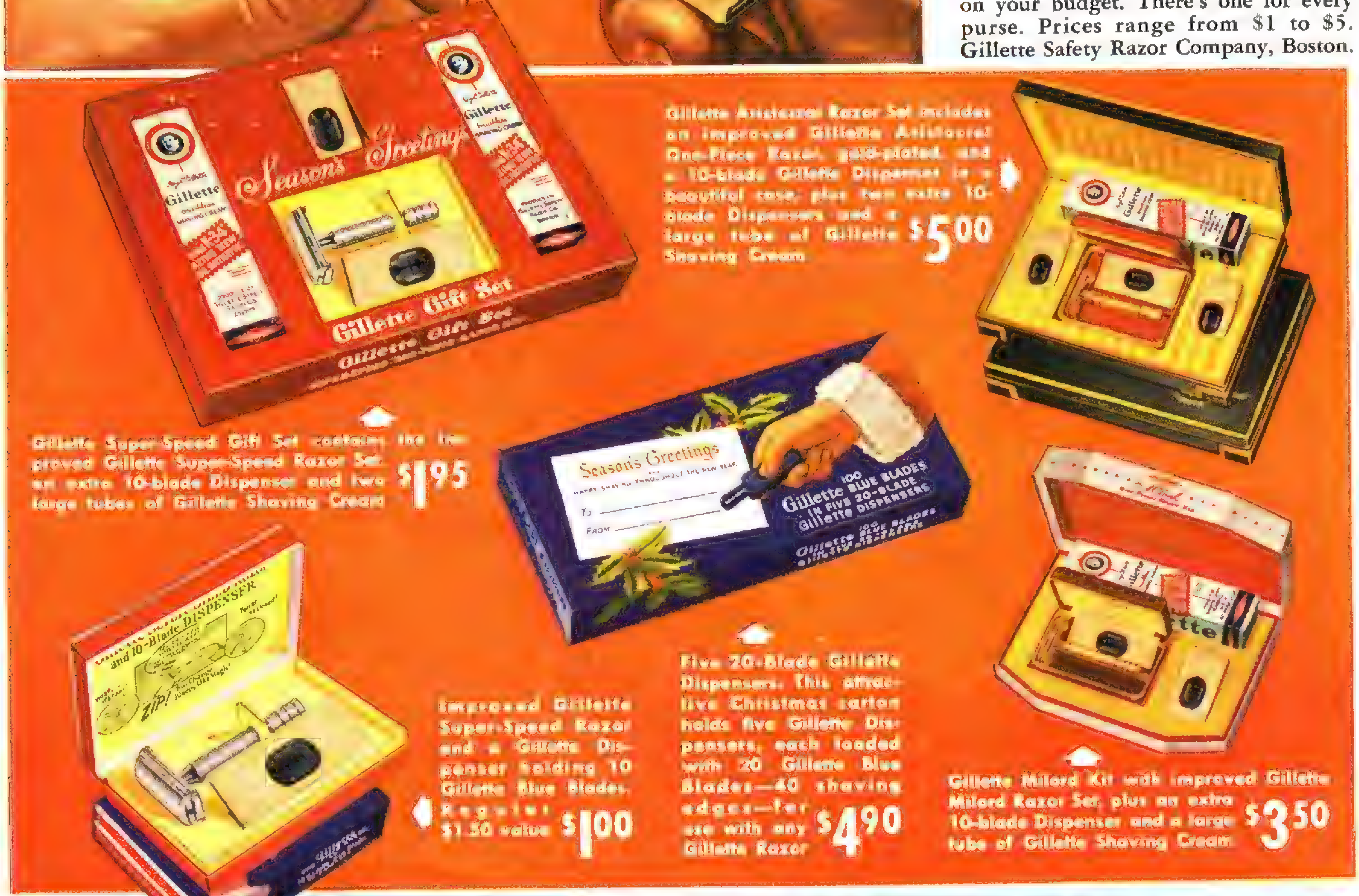
Gillette Gift Sets

make it easy to shop for any man on your Christmas list


ZIP!
Blade hooks on new notched bar... drops in place presto!

These Handsome, Practical Gillette Gifts Are Sure To Please The Men You Wish To Remember

To make menfolk happy this Christmas, select gaily-packaged Gillette Gift Sets from the brilliant assortments on display at nearby stores. Here's something every man on your list—from the head of the family to the cop on the beat—will truly appreciate and really use. This year, each Gillette Gift Set includes an ultra-modern Gillette One-Piece Razor. It's tops for extra shaving comfort and convenience . . . the only razor that combines instant blade changing with double-edge economy. Twist . . . the razor opens. Zip . . . it's loaded. Twist again . . . and a man's all set for the swellest shaves ever. If he already has this great new razor, he'll more than welcome an extra one for club, office or traveling kit. Gillette Gift Sets are easy on your budget. There's one for every purse. Prices range from $1 to $5. Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston.



Gillette Aristocrat Razor Set includes an improved Gillette Aristocrat One-Piece Razor, gold-plated, and a 10-blade Gillette Dispenser in a beautiful case, plus two extra 10-blade Dispensers and a large tube of Gillette Shaving Cream $5.00

Gillette Super-Speed Gift Set contains the improved Gillette Super-Speed Razor Set, an extra 10-blade Dispenser and two large tubes of Gillette Shaving Cream $1.95

Improved Gillette Super-Speed Razor and a Gillette Dispenser holding 10 Gillette Blue Blades. Regular $1.50 value $1.00

Five 20-Blade Gillette Dispensers. This attractive Christmas carton holds five Gillette Dispensers, each loaded with 20 Gillette Blue Blades—40 shaving edges—for use with any Gillette Razor $4.90

Gillette Milord Kit with improved Gillette Milord Razor Set, plus an extra 10-blade Dispenser and a large tube of Gillette Shaving Cream $3.50

look *SHARP!* feel *SHARP!* be *SHARP!* use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED

Mark Twain Shirts
MOORESVILLE
WASHABLE RAYON FABRIC

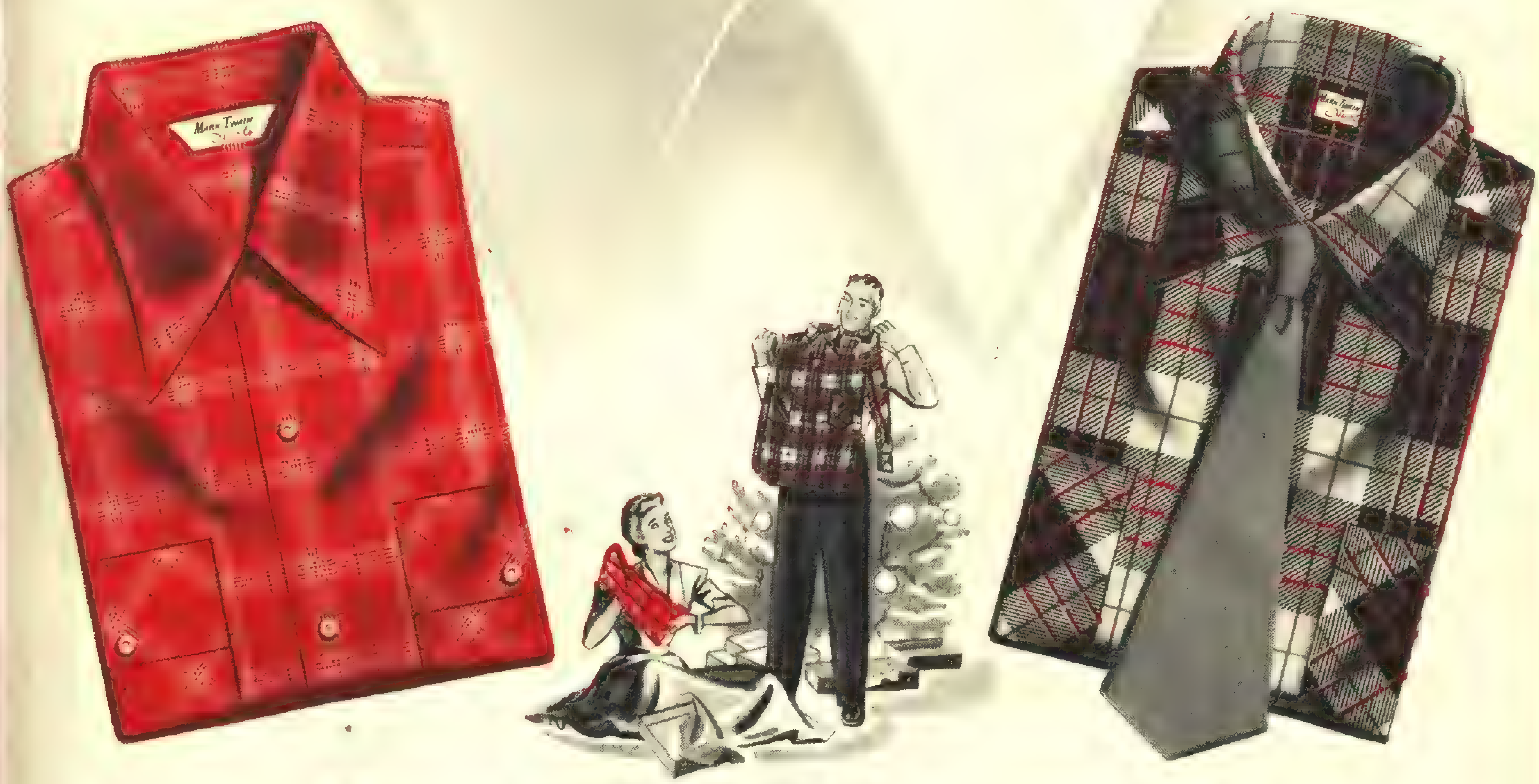
Everybody's HAPPIER WITH MOORESVILLE WASHABLE RAYONS

He's happier because he has some of the handsomest patterns he or his friends have ever seen. *She's* happier because these Mooresville Fabrics wash like a dream. They hold their colors, hold their size, hold their fine, soft "feel." And, very important, they don't muss easily. A special finish makes them shake out wrinkles like a sail in the breeze. The patterns shown – and others equally good-looking – were specially woven for Mark Twain Shirts. Look for them at your favorite store, identified by Mooresville's "Good Conduct" Medal.

MOORESVILLE
WASHABLE RAYONS

MOORESVILLE MILLS
Sales Office:
Empire State Building

MARK TWAIN
Shirts



When you give MARK TWAIN Sportsman* shirts you'll receive MANY THANKS all year long

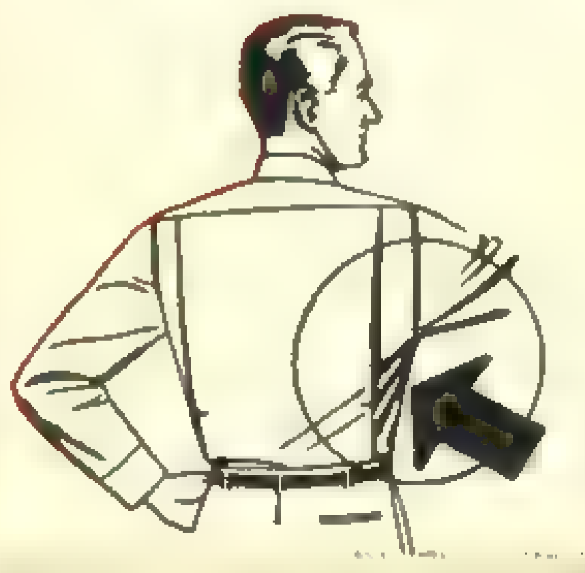
For Him: Mark Twain Sportsman Shirts in exclusively woven Mooresville fabrics are luxurious sport shirts with dress shirt fit and appearance.* The convertible collar in sizes 14 to 17½ is grand with or without a tie. And you can get your own sleeve length, 32 to 35. Leave this ad for "her" to see. She'll appreciate the hint . . . you'll appreciate the results.

For Her: If you like "him" in gay colors, distinctive plaids and neat checks, you'll love these Mark Twain Shirts on him. They're newer than new and have that popular "bold look" he wants.

Write Dept. "S". for Dealer's Name

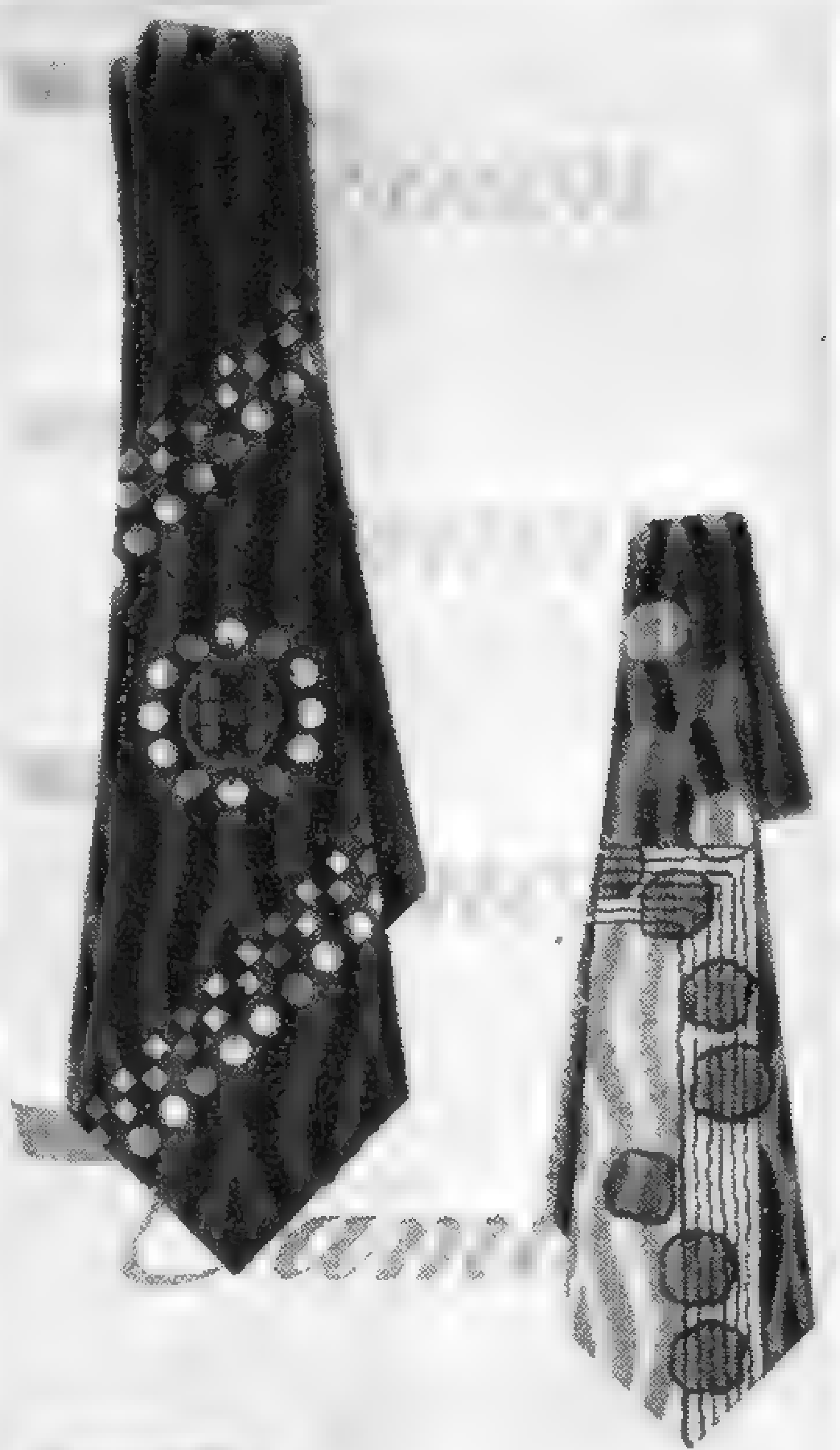
Mark Twain Shirts, $3.50 to $5.95—Sport Shirts, $3.50 to $8.95

Buy by name buy... MARK TWAIN Shirts



*Mark Twain's bi-swing back gives added freedom. You enjoy sport shirt comfort with dress shirt fit and appearance.

ELDER MANUFACTURING COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS
Manufacturers of MARK TWAIN SHIRTS for Men and TOM SAWYER Apparel for Real Boys



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New designs
and colorings . . .
a dash of cheer
for a very
festive year.

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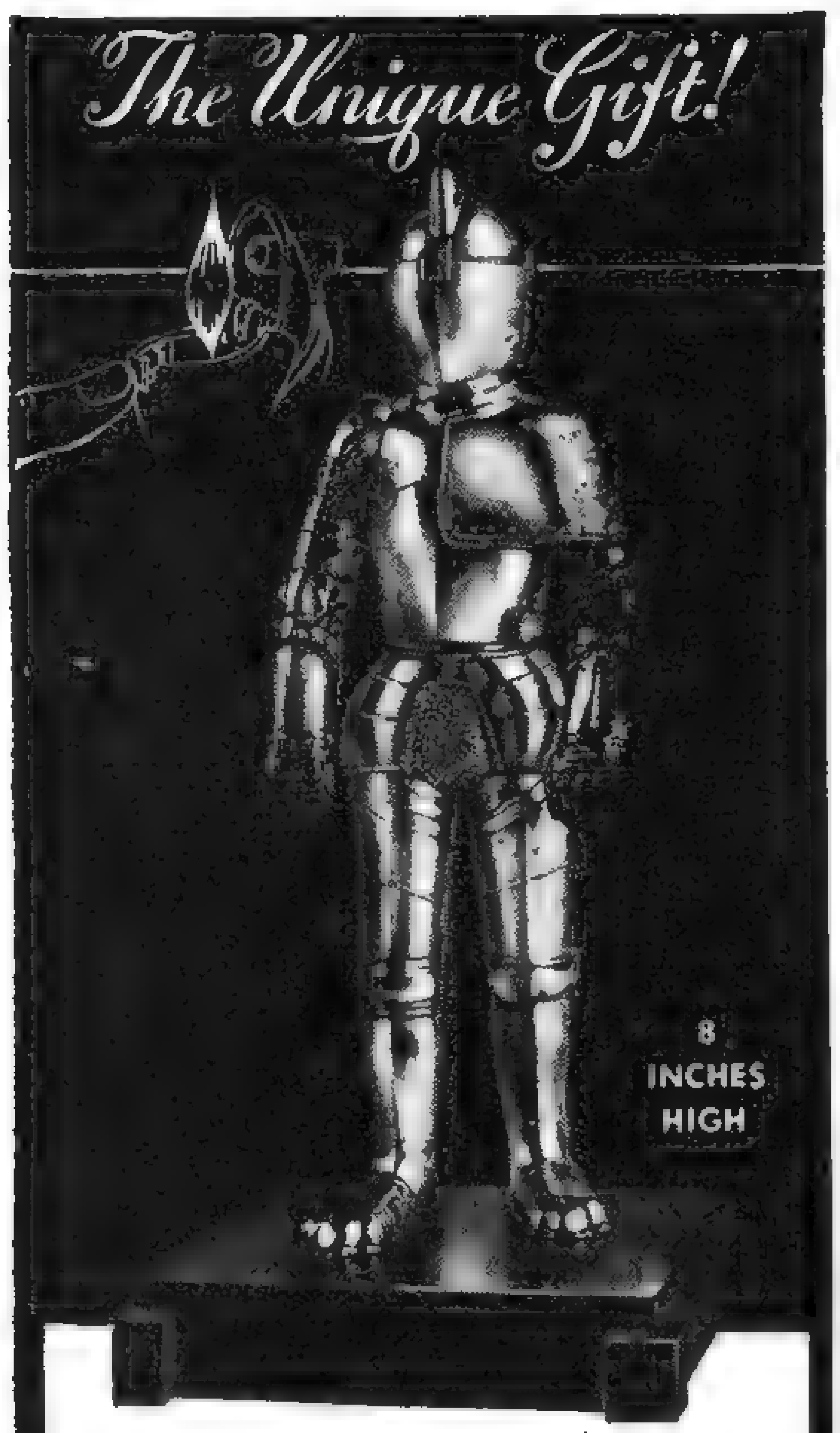

Knight in Armor
table lighter

Authentic reproduction of 17th century Earl of Pembroke armor, accurate to minutest link and greave. Touch the visor . . . helmet snaps open . . . and there's your light! Positive action, dependable as the knights of old. 8″ tall including sturdy black plastic base. Precision diecast to give years of unfailing service. Gleaming chrome finish won't rust or tarnish. Takes standard lighter-flints and fluid; vapor-seal prevents rapid evaporation. Makes a decorative and distinguished accessory for desk, den or table. ORDER NOW to delight any man on your list.

$7.50 *at better stores everywhere* **or ORDER BY MAIL**

ERIC WEDEMEYER, Inc.
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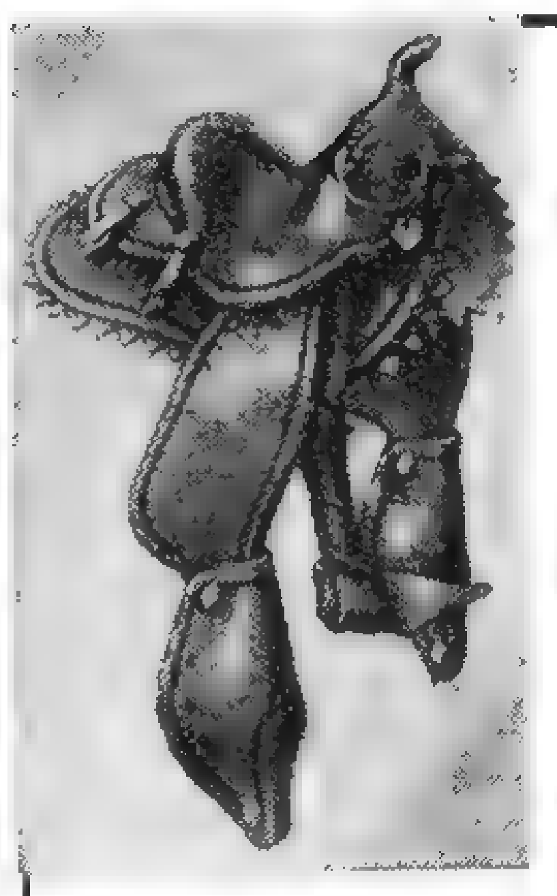
(We ship postpaid)



PERFECT MINIATURE WESTERN SADDLE

Anyone who loves horses and collects their gear, or any collector of miniatures will be delighted with this perfect miniature of a western saddle. It includes horn, lariat, girth and leather-covered stirrups. An inspired gift for any horse lover. 3½″ long—only $5.00, postage prepaid. Your money back if you are not delighted.

"little joe" **Wiesenfeld Co.**
Dept. B51, Baltimore 1, Maryland

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SMOKER'S ROBOT
For Smokers in Bed

YE HAREM PIPE
for a
HARUM-SKARUM
NEW YEARS

Thrill your party with this lazy, luxurious favor. Collects cigarette ash, sparks and butt automatically. Prevents burns on rugs, bed sheets, furniture.

At all better stores, or write to Jonathan Law.

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West of Miss. $2.75

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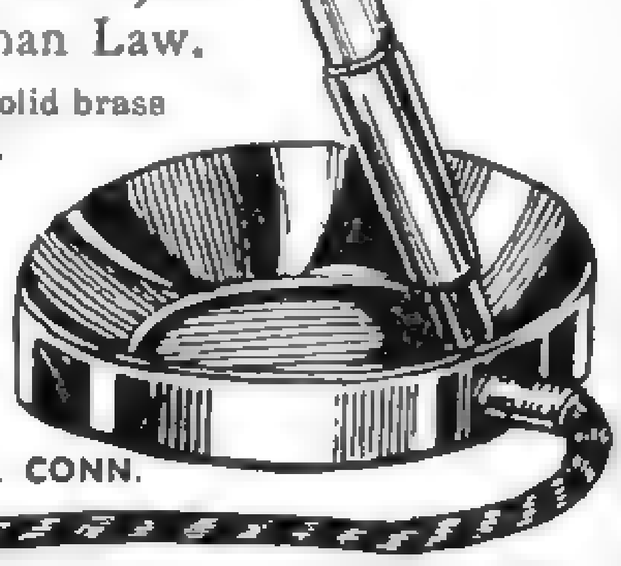

FISHERMEN
"Old Jake" Sez:
"The more you know about fishin', the more fish you'll catch."

ANGLERS' ALMANAC
"the fisherman's handbook"

JUST OUT—NEW 1949 EDITION

Tells you "WHEN, WHERE and HOW"

This NEW 1949 Edition gives you the real LOW-DOWN on 41 Fresh & 43 Salt Water Fish; NEW articles on Spinning & Tying; NEW "Where-to-Go" pages give best fishing locations, time & day to fish; NEW dope on Baits, Tackle, Tides, Knots, Tips & Tricks, Fees, Seasons, Fishing Calendar, etc. Profusely, *clearly* illustrated. **PLUS—a new, exclusive "Fishing Chronology of 1948".** **Only $1**, postpaid. Money back if not satisfied. At your local dealer, or write to:

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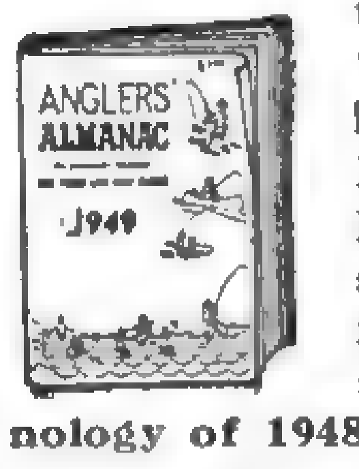

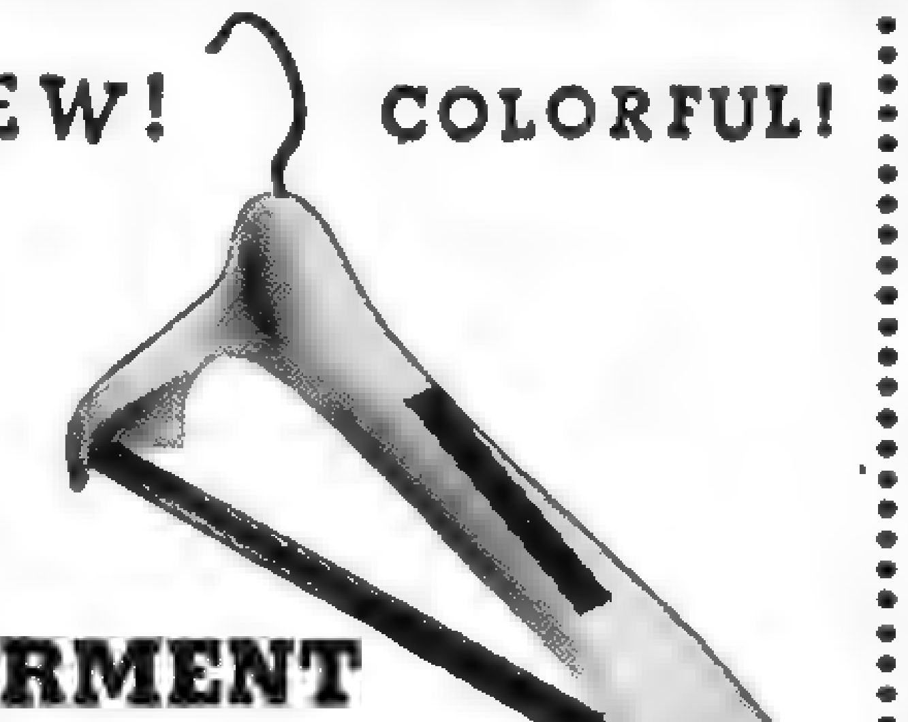

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GARMENT DRAPES

clothes look better - closets look smarter

To preserve fine cut and good styling, hang your clothes on attractive new "Garment Drapes". Shoulder-form shape supports collars without creasing, protects shoulders from crushing, allows garments to hang in natural lines. Felt pads prevent slipping or shifting. Six beautiful colors to modernize your closets: red, green, yellow, black, blue, pink. Smooth, durable plastic with long-life "suspended" construction. 16″ wooden pants bar.

$1.25 ea. 12 for $10.00 Postpd. No C.O.D.'s

......PENNOCK & ASSOCIATES......
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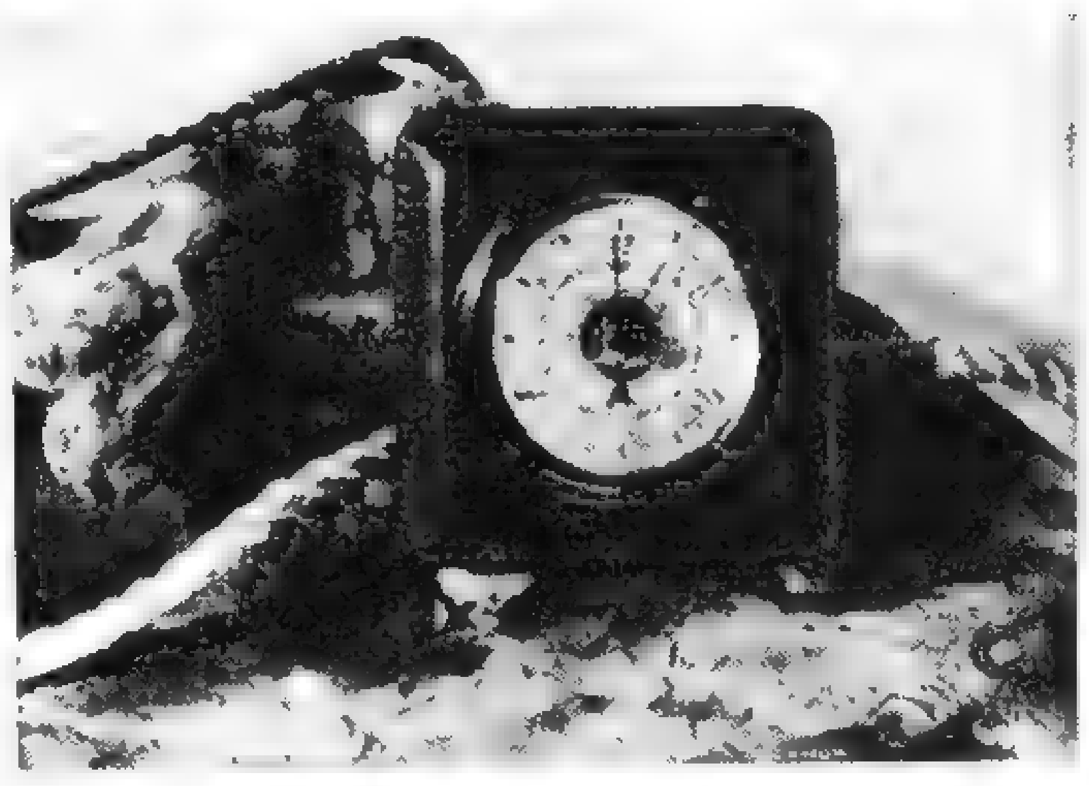
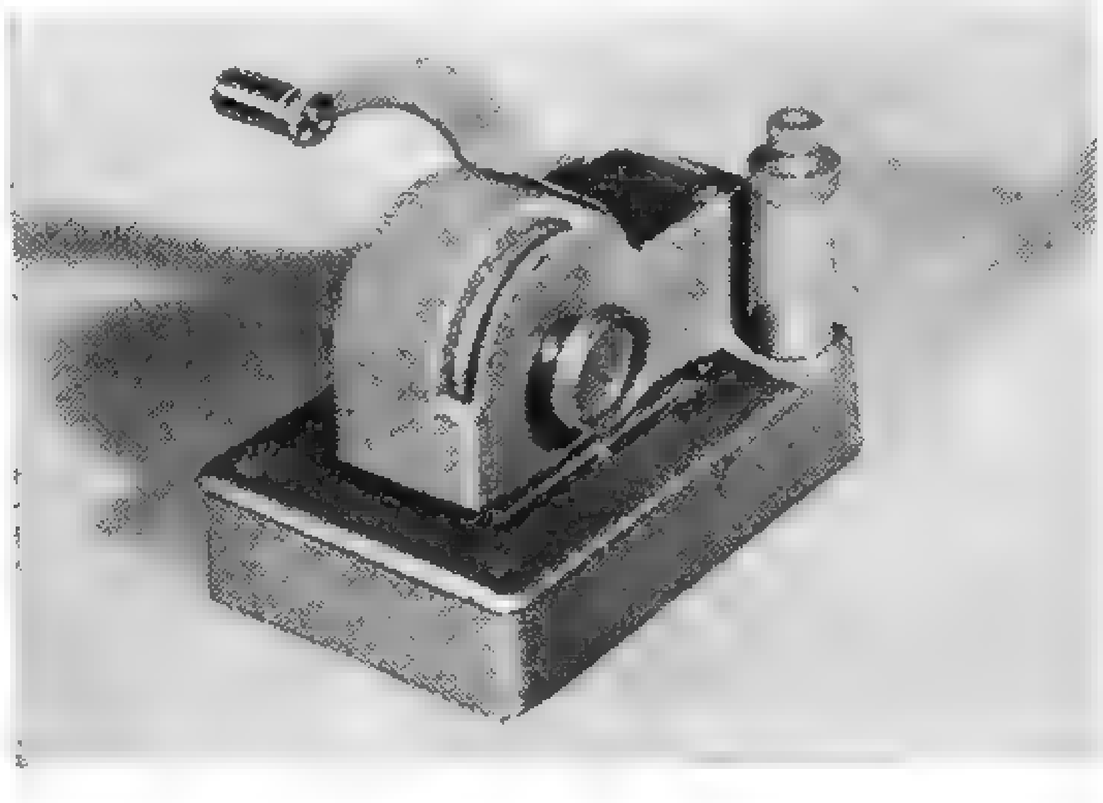
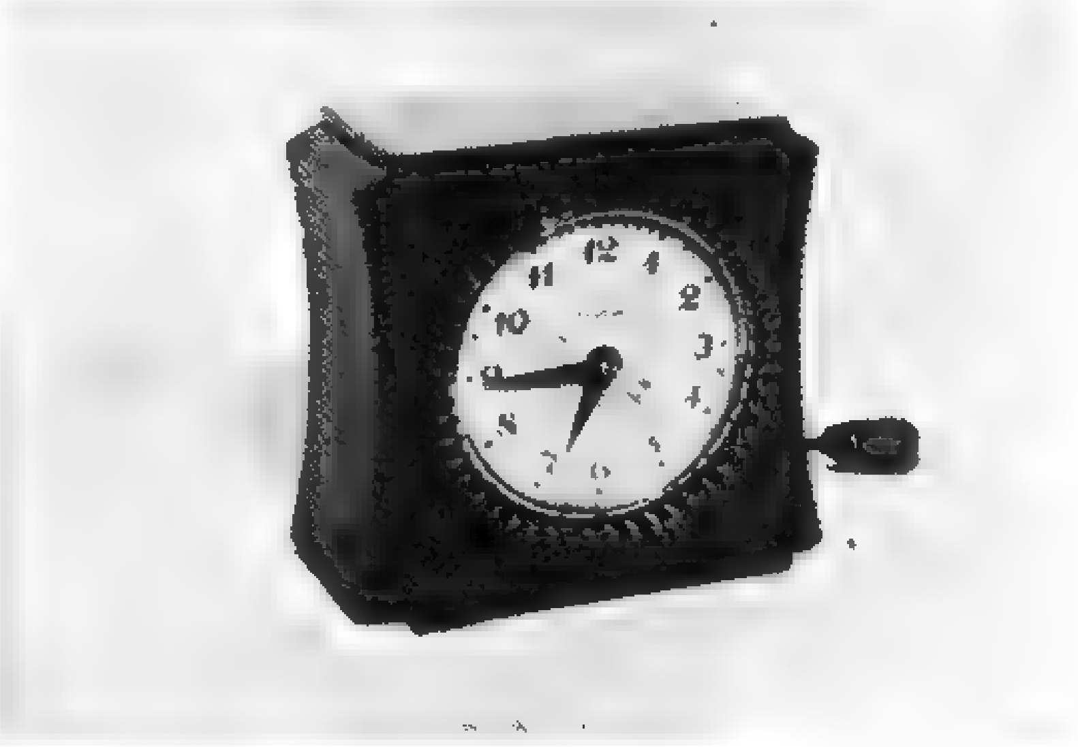
Talking Shop with Esquire



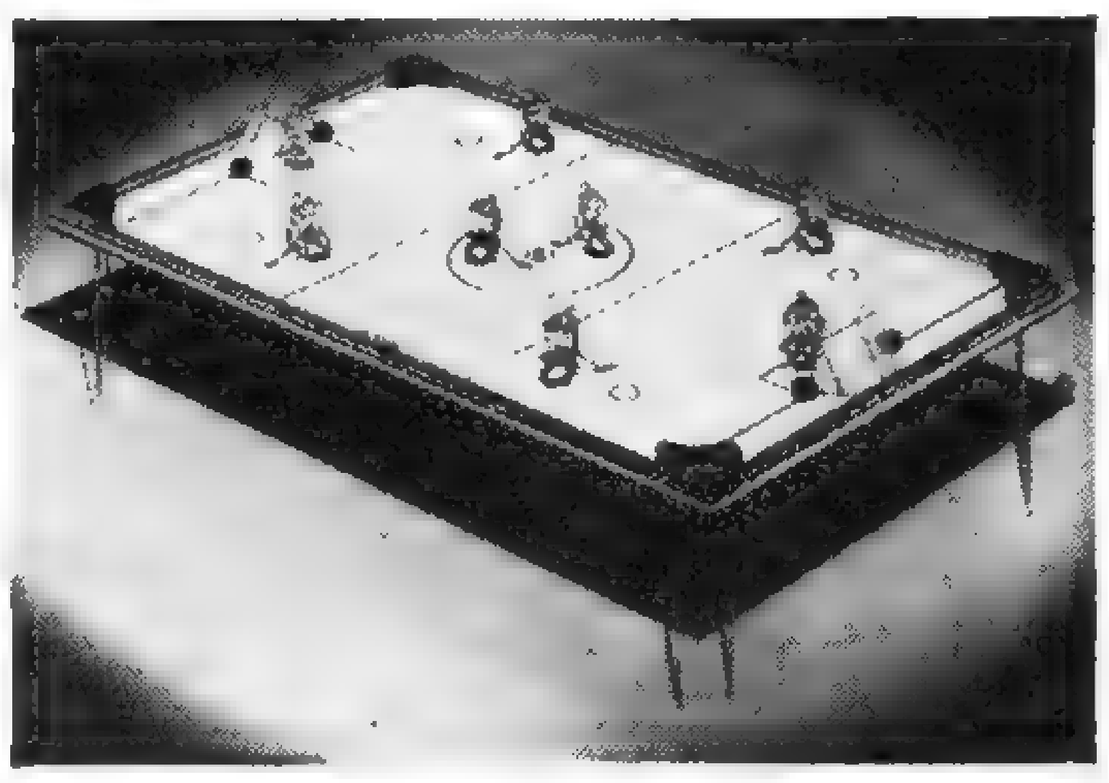
WEATHER PROPHET. A glance at this desk barometer gives home weather fore-casters the low-down on what's with the weather. The dial clearly interprets the movements of the barometer; figures are made of raised polished brass. Top grain cowhide leather case with saddle stitching around the outside.



NO FOOLIN' with the checks turned out on this professional check-writing device. The amount is stamped in with indelible ink—"Shredded" right into the paper so that it's impossible to tamper with the amount without destroying the whole check. Makes a nice "prestige" gift for an owner of a small business.



CLEVER CLOCK. Keeping track of the right time is just one of its talents. It will turn on the radio to a pre-selected station to get you up in the morning, or have the coffee perking by the time you roll out of bed. Just plug the electric percolater into the "selector" the night before. It will even start a washing machine.



LET'S PLAY HOCKEY. An indoor version of ice hockey that ought to keep the kids amused. Magnetic control units enable the players to move skaters and puck over the playing field – scoring just like real hockey. Playing board is about 12″ x 20″ with metal supports. Two or four players—for 6 to 12 year-olds.

Ranger

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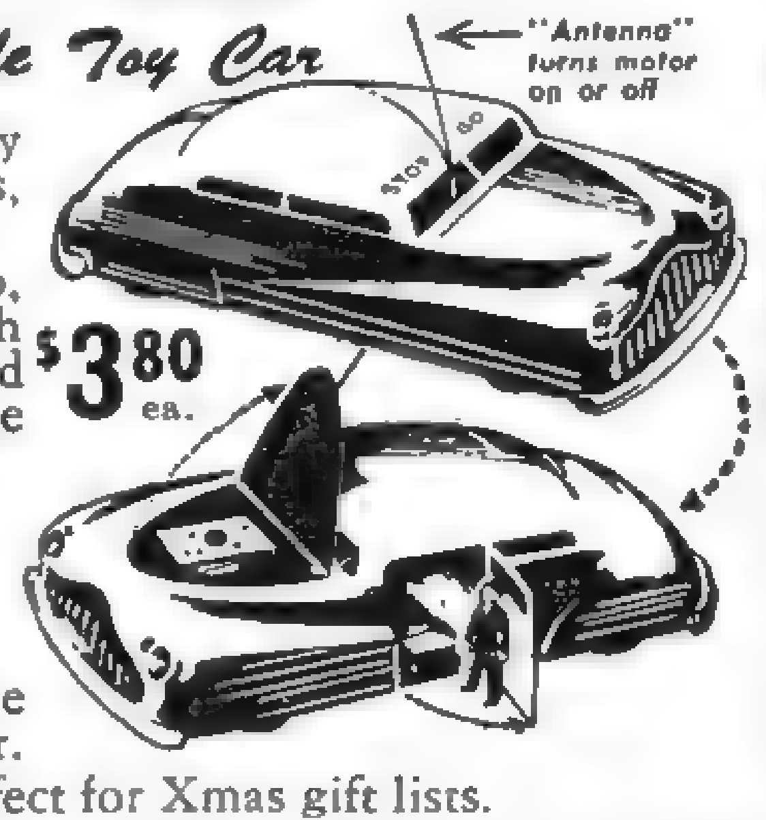
"Antenna" turns motor on or off
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The Miracle Toy Car

Unbelievingly amazing. Starts, turns, stops.

- ● Hood goes up, door opens with driver attached to "inspect the trouble."
- ● Hood and door close, car starts again . . . automatically!
- ● All metal, fine precision motor.

$3.80 ea.

Perfect for Xmas gift lists.
We pay postage, no cod's. Free catalog on request—ready soon. Satisfaction Guaranteed. 2 for $7.40
Also available at toy and department stores.
Retailers: write for interesting proposition.

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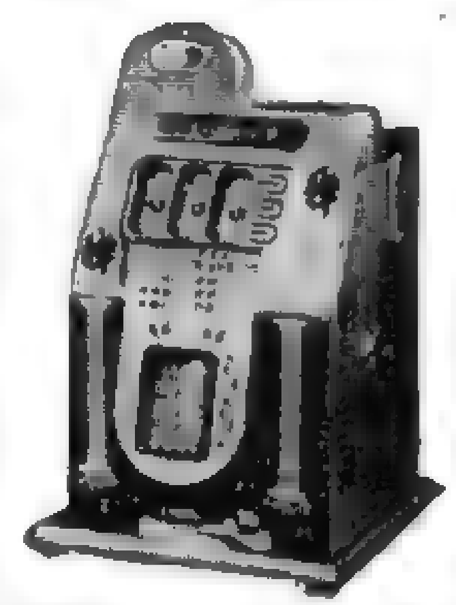
New York 16



JACK-POT O' FUN
FOR YOUR GAME ROOM!

Pep up game-room parties with a real slot machine! Like those you see in Clubs, the famous Mills Gold Chrome Bell Machine pays out on "cherries", "plums", "bells", etc. No dull moments when the reels start spinning! Model shown is completely re-newed throughout. Cabinet is colorfully refinished. Mechanism operates perfectly. Price, *only* $139.50, prepaid. Include 25% with order, pay balance on delivery. Be sure to specify coin play desired, 5c, 10c or 25c. Sold on 10 day Money Back Guarantee. Many other Reconditioned and NEW models, from $99.50 to $268.00. *Offered only for home use.* Literature mailed on request.

AUTO-COIN, 4135 Armitage, Chicago 39, Illinois

XMAS BUY *for the* **BIG GUY!**

BUFFALO PLAID ALL WOOL OUTDOOR SPORT SHIRT

Sizes 17-20 also Extra Longs from Size 15 • Colors: Red & Black also Brown & White

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Complete Outfitters to Large and Extra Tall Men Exclusively

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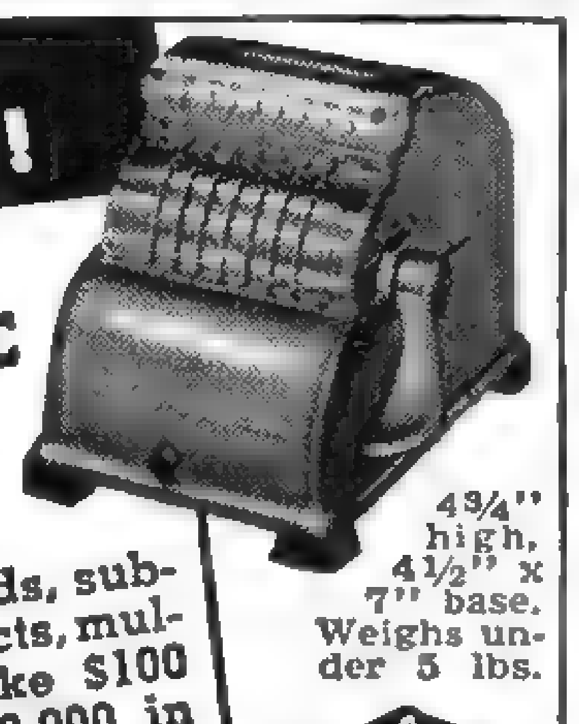
New York 11, N.Y.
Write for Free Catalog E



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Adds, subtracts, multiplies — works like $100 machine. Over 30,000 in use. Guaranteed for life.

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4¾″ high, 4½″ x 7″ base. Weighs under 5 lbs.

only **$21.95**
including Fed. Exc. Tax

It's Amazing! It's Sensational! It's Exclusive!

"The New Arthur Murray Way"

makes learning to dance easier than ever!

Good dancers are popular— here's the first step to popularity

There is only one basic step to learn with "The New Arthur Murray Way." If you can do this simple step you can learn

IT'S EASY!

Even if you have never danced before you can become a popular partner in a fraction of the usual time "The New Arthur Murray Way"

Take Arthur Murray's short-cut to good times. Find the self-confidence and popularity you've always longed for.

Only a few hours at any Arthur Murray Studio will transform you into an expert dancer. His unique methods, now improved to a higher degree than ever before, make learning easy, lightning-quick and such fun!

The key to all the new dances is Arthur Murray's basic discovery — the "First Step to Popularity." Once you put yourself in the hands of an Arthur Murray expert your success as a popular partner is assured. Like magic you find yourself leading or following a smart new Fox Trot, Rumba, Samba. You can actually go out dancing after one hour even if you've never danced before.

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Remember — only at an Arthur Murray Studio can you get that wonder-working combination of his new, improved exclusive methods and the trained skill of his teachers. Save yourself time, money, disappointment. Learn the "Arthur Murray Way." You'll be a joy to dance with, a pleasure to watch. Get a dance analysis *free* at any Arthur Murray Studio. Come in or phone *today*. Have the time of your life at your very next party!

PROOF You can dance after one lesson!

See how quickly you can learn to dance "The New

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give **Sacro-Ease***

the scientifically-designed seat pad that relieves back pain

Sacro-Ease will:

1. Prevent slumping.
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is a thin, flat steel-and-rubber pad, recommended by many prominent doctors. Nationally advertised since 1941—sold all over the world.

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FROM THE
CHEESE CENTER OF THE WORLD

Plymouth Cheese Cellars
Ideal for Holiday Gifts

***You Never Tasted* FINER CHEESE**

You never saw **A GIFT** more pleasing . . . our "EPICUREAN SELECTION" is the ideal gift for the friend or business associate who "has everything". 7 distinctive and exciting taste treats . . . generous quantity of each. Contains 1 lb. Aged Wisconsin Cheddar, 12 oz. Balgique, 1 lb. Aged Brick, 4 oz. Camembert, 8 oz. Yorkshire, 4 oz. Blue and 1 lb. Mild Wisconsin Cheddar Cheese. In beautiful "Keystone" Gift Box . . . **$6.50**

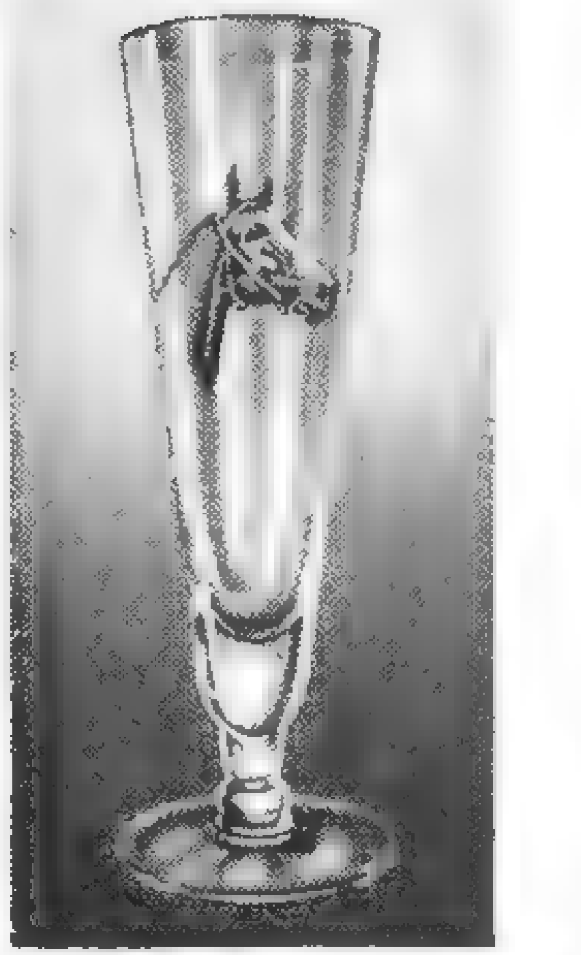
OTHER POPULAR ASSORTMENTS

"FIVE FLAVORS." A selection of rich variety. 1 lb. Aged Wisconsin Cheddar, 8 oz. Yorkshire, 4 oz. Blue, 1 lb. Aged Brick, 12 oz. Balgique. In "Keystone" Gift Box **$4.85**

"All-American." A selection of 1 lb. Aged Wisconsin Cheddar, 5 oz. Smoke-Flavored Cheddar, 12 oz. Yorkshire and 1 lb. Mild Grass Cheddar. In "Keystone" Gift Box **$4.15**

American Type Cheeses our specialty . . . sold direct to purchaser only . . . *never* sold in stores. When you buy direct, you are assured cheese correctly aged for perfect enjoyment. ORDER NOW. You'll want boxes for all your friends, too. Send check or money order. We pay shipping charges to any U. S. address East of Rockies. (*West of Rockies, add 25c per box.*)

Plymouth *Cheese Cellars*
DEPT. 109 · PLYMOUTH, WIS.



PILSENER BEER GLASSES

Your favorite beer or ale seems to taste better in these graceful glasses and the artistic horse head in black by C. W. Anderson will draw admiration whenever you and your friends gather together for those pleasant moments of refreshment. 8¾ inches tall—holds 9 ounces. Makes a memorable gift too. 8 for $7.00—12 for $10.00. Postage prepaid. Your money back if not delighted.

"little joe" **WIESENFELD CO.**
Dept. B51 Baltimore 1, Md.

GIVE WHITE SHIRTS from Fat Men's Outfitters

Sizes 17½ to 21

White Luxurious Broadcloth Shirts. Famous Sig Klein exclusive comfort features. Lounge collar, low sloped front, with stays, one pleated flap pocket with button, French cuff, single needle construction. **6.95**

White on white Broadcloth Shirts, smartly figured. Same quality features, sizes above. **7.95**

Mail orders, check, money order, or C.O.D. Free Gift Catalog. Address Dept. ES.

SIG KLEIN'S Since 1865
FAT MEN'S SHOP
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T.M. REG.

TRUE COFFEE FLAVOR

. . . can be captured only by grinding immediately before making—this alone prevents the harmful effect of air on ground coffee. Adjustable for any grind.

Price **$5.95**
Postpaid. Add 25c West of Miss.
Available in Red, Blue, Natural wood Lacquered and Unpainted.

EAGLE PRODUCTS
Box 84A Meriden, Conn.

Personalized
NECKWEAR

▶ Display your monogram proudly on your tie—for the new look in neckwear. Pure silk ties come in solid navy or wine—lined for long wear. Hand embroidered monogram. Your choice of 2 or 3 initials in contrasting colors. A splendid Xmas gift!

No C. O. D.'s please **$6.50** post-paid

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NO MORE BROKEN CORKS

No "lost in the bottle" corks, either, with the Gourmet Cork Puller. It is the slickest way to pull a cork you ever saw. (It is also a bottle cap opener). Very attractive gift box, too.

Silver plated model **$2.95**; Sterling Silver (with tropical wood handle) plus leather case **$5.00**; Completely gold plated handle **$10.00** with leather case.

All Postpaid. Gift Cards enclosed

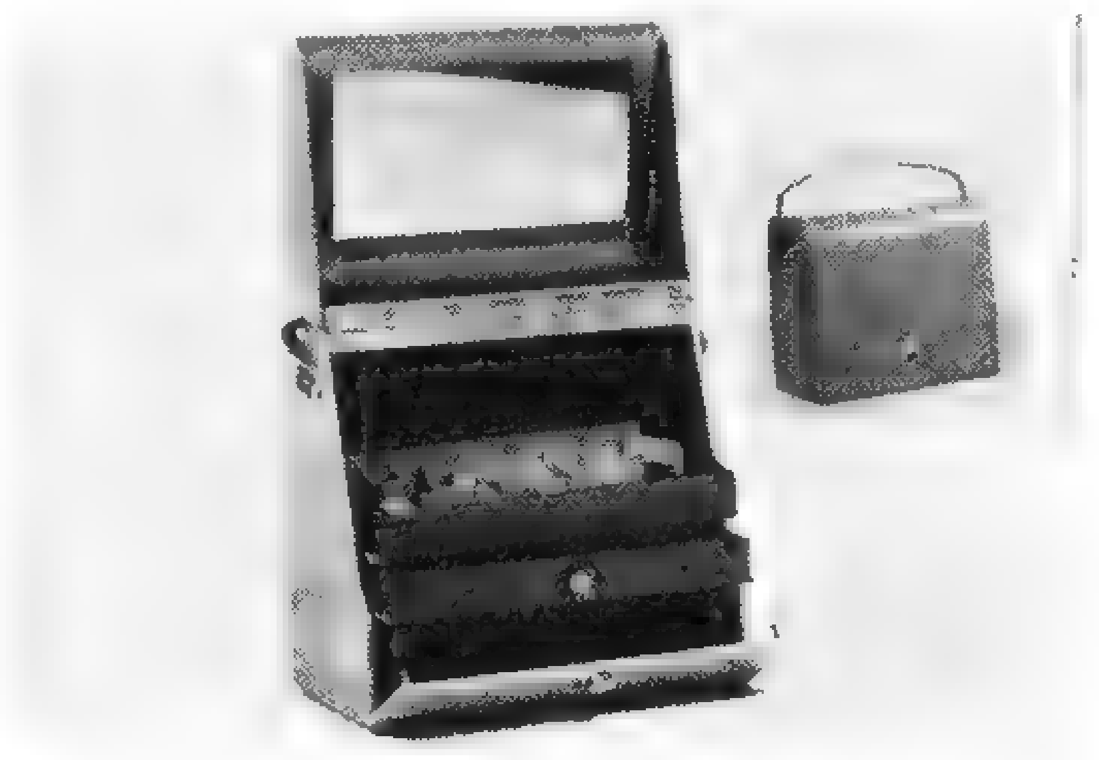
PeeWee House Please, no COD's.
11046-G BARMAN CULVER CITY 12, CALIF.

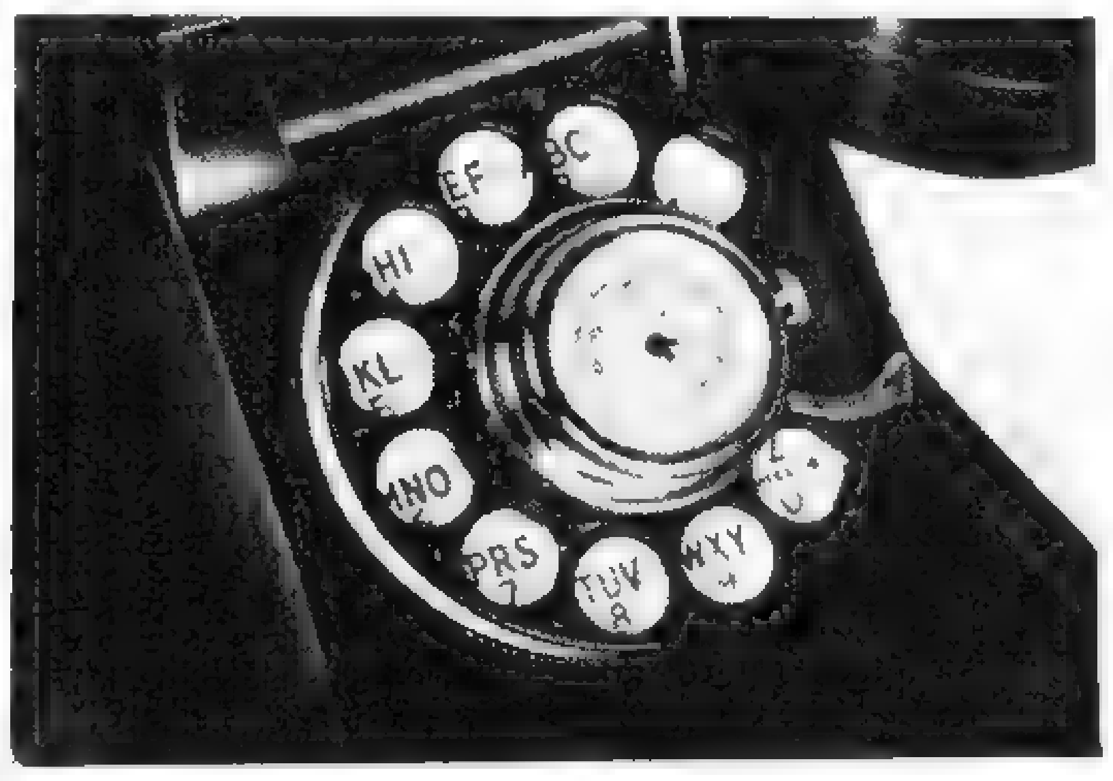
Talking Shop with Esquire

GIVE HER THE WORLD! This miniature jeweled case is made in the shape of the globe and opens up to hold 4 of her favorite photos. The 1¼" frames each rotate on an axis. Gold plated continents are in relief on a blue enamel ocean, and colored stones dot the principal cities. Comes with a small easel.

DOLL-SIZE HAT BOX, for Dolls over 18. There are 2 crown-shaped bottles of perfume inside it—one is "Stradivari", for femme fatale moods, and the other is "Duchess of York," for lighter moments. Or, if she's a woman of Many Moods, there's a pink and black box containing a whole collection of colognes.

WEEK-END IN HAVANA or a Clipper trip to Paris—wherever she goes, this leather travel case will see her through. Holds a trayful of her cosmetics—adjustable leather straps hold bottles and jars in place; hinged top is backed with a large mirror. Pull-out drawer for jewelry, with room left for a night gown.





TELE-TIMER. Is the lady of house addicted to long-distance telephone calls? Here's a special 'phone watch which attaches right to the center section of the dial to help her keep track of the time. Swiss movement with a sweep second hand and radium dial for night calls. Easy to attach, just press on by hand.

Ranger

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For All Who Wear Glasses!

EYEGLASS CLEANING TISSUES

Specially treated patented tissues clean perfectly, leave no lint, prevent misting! These handy, vest pocket booklets provide clear vision, make wonderful gifts. Give them—and use them!

Box of 9 Booklets
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OR

The SWANKY-MOST—10 DeLuxe, gold monogrammed booklets, gift-wrapped in transparent box . . .

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EXCESSIVELY OILY SKIN
BLACKHEADS
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OPEN PORES
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For men that suffer from these skin conditions a special cleansing lotion at last has been developed by GEORGETTE KLINGER, skin expert.

Truly designed for men's needs, this all-purpose pore-deep facial cleanser is also a perfect before-and-after-shaving reconditioner with astringent and antiseptic properties — to make men look better — feel better.

So — men get wise —

Order a trial bottle today. Comes in two sizes, 4 oz. $2.00 or the big 8 oz. bottle $3.75, plus 20% Federal tax.

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SCOTLAND
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86.8° PROOF
White Label
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
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PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
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DISTILLERS
PERTH
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Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

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assert yourself in the bolder look shirts by

Van Heusen

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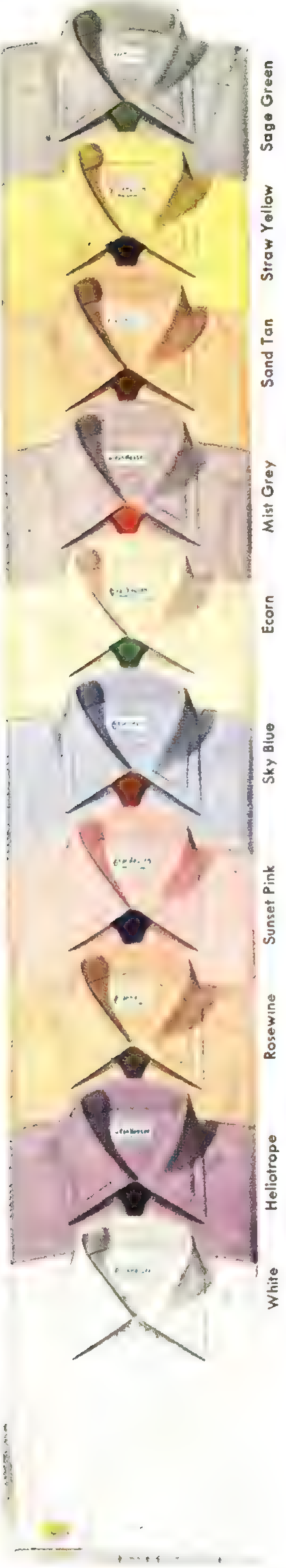
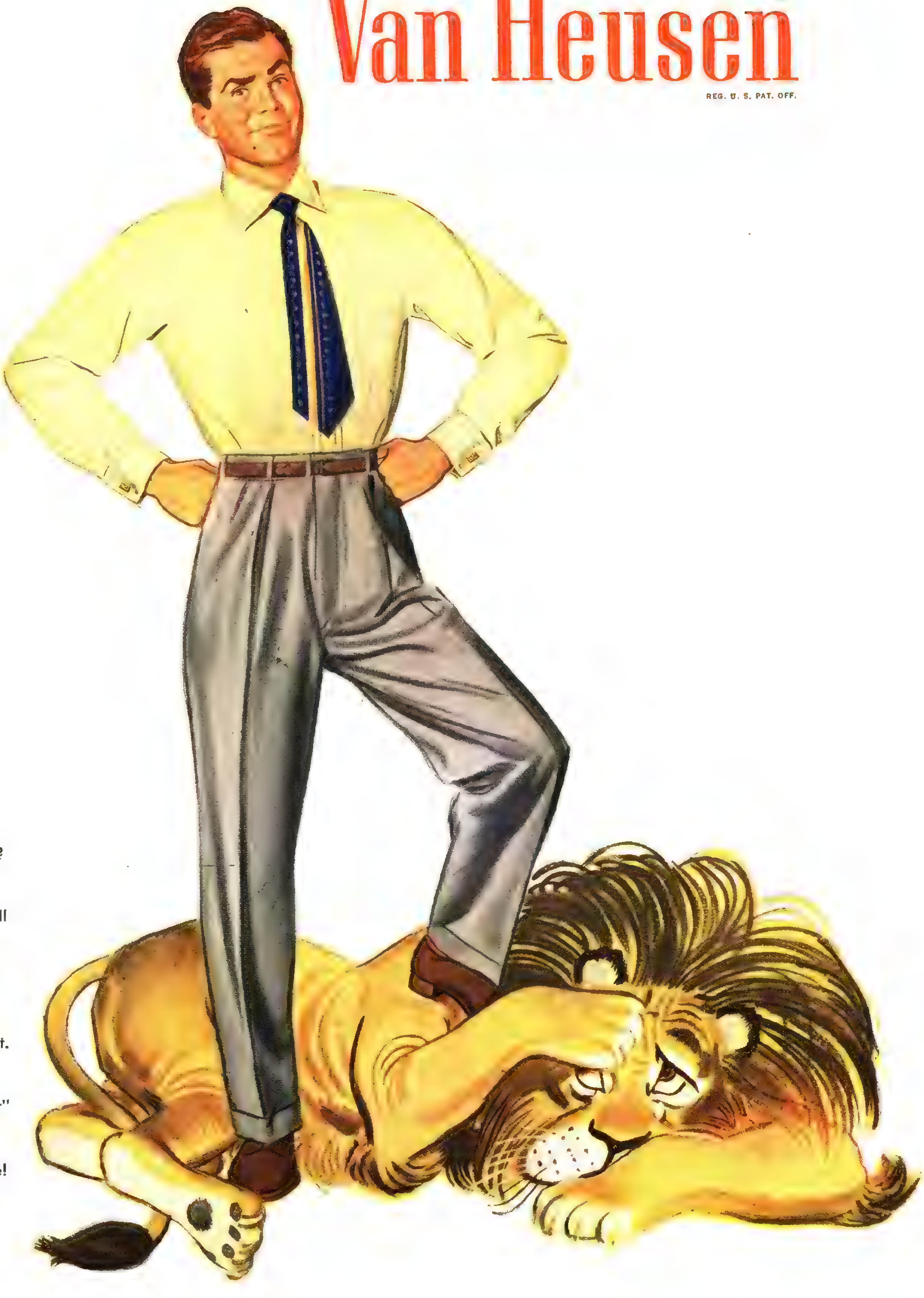

Sage Green
Straw Yellow
Sand Tan
Mist Grey
Ecorn
Sky Blue
Sunset Pink
Rosewine
Heliotrope
White



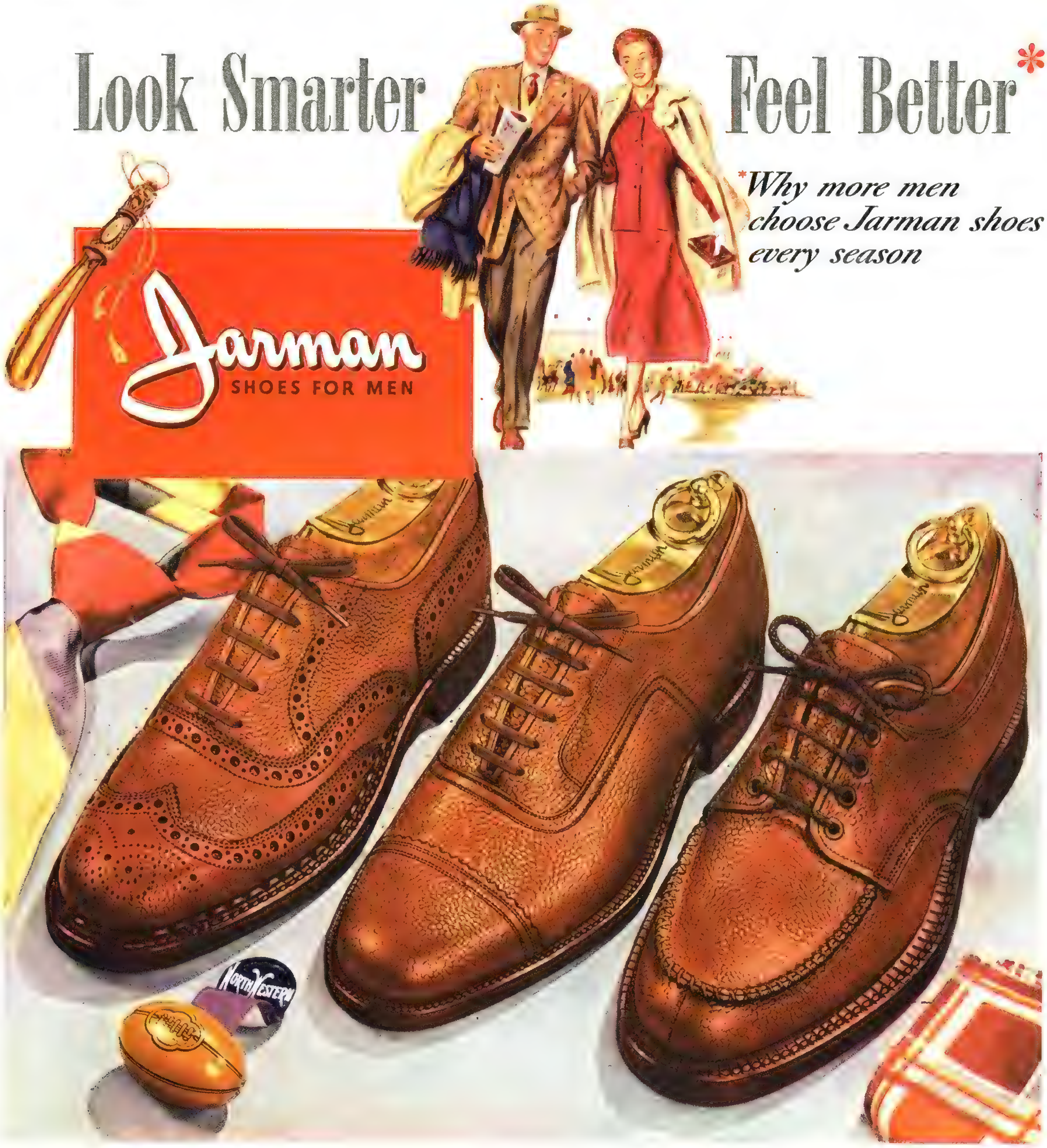
Are you taking this opportunity lion down? The "BOLD LOOK" is here! Van Heusen makes it official with the Bold Look shirt all America has asked for. You want solid colors . . . here are nine smart new shades and white! You want half-inch stitching . . . here it is on collars, cuffs, and center pleat. You want widespread collars . . . and here they are, improved with "Comfort Contour" styling! Sanforized fabrics—a new shirt free if your Van Heusen shrinks out of size!

The Van Bold shirt, French or Single cuffs . . . $3.95
The Bold Look Tie . . . $2.

Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1, N. Y.
Makers of Van Heusen Shirts
Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sport shirts

Look Smarter Feel Better*

**Why more men choose Jarman shoes every season*



LEFT: Style 4707. Rugged wing tip pattern with storm welt and heavy sole.

CENTER: Style 4751. Smart straight tip bal design. Leather sole, rubber heel.

RIGHT: Style 4725. Sturdy hand-sewn "Moc-San" blucher. Heavy leather sole.

Rugged leather for football weather

Jarman Grainadiers

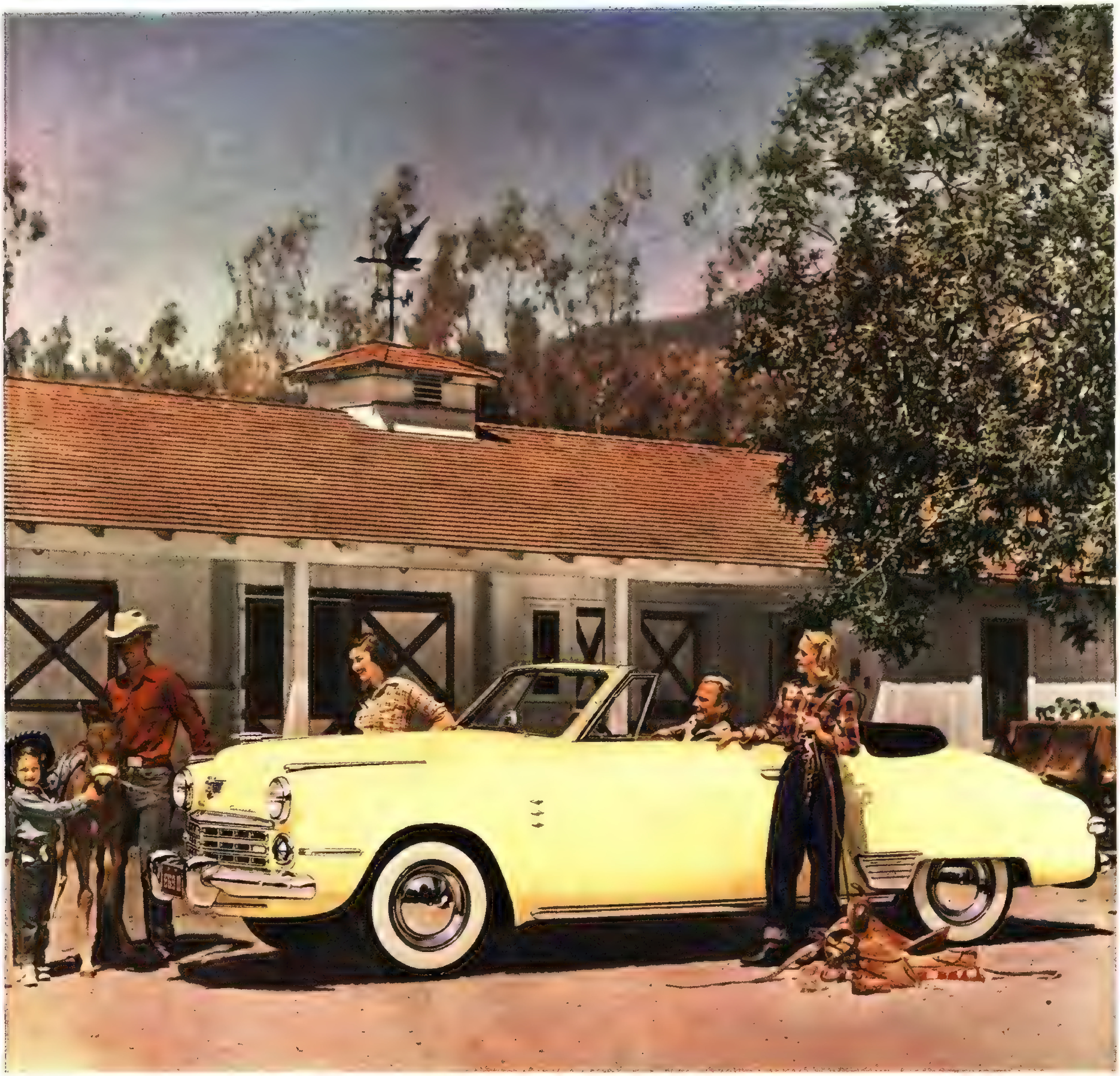
Sturdy, durable Scotch grain leather is latched to extra-mileage soles in these ruggedly masculine Jarman "Grainadiers"—choice of active men everywhere for winter wear.

$9.95 to $13.95

Some Styles Higher...

Designed to withstand winter's punishing weather, these finer Jarman shoes give you distinctive, top-quality styling and *extra* comfort, exclusive features that make you *look smarter* and *feel better*. Typical of all Jarman shoes, this is why more men demand Jarmans season after season. For winter, you have a wide choice of handsome Jarman patterns in rich, masculine colors—a style for every occasion. And in each skillfully fashioned pair you get fine, mellow leathers that assure smooth finish and longer service—plus Jarman's famous *friendliness of fit*, the gentle, foot-snugging comfort that's yours the instant your foot slips into a Jarman shoe. Your Jarman dealer has the newest winter styles. Try a pair *today*.

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, DIV. OF GENERAL SHOE CORP., NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



Ride the sunshine trails in flight-streamed luxury!

You're at home on the range—you're at ease on tricky mountain curves—you're at peace with all the world in this dreamlined new Studebaker convertible.

You breeze across the most rugged miles as though they were velvet paved. You ride relaxed. There's a road-hugging feel to the soft-sprung weight beneath you.

More than the law of gravity looks out for your safety in this low-swung new kind of sports car. Its brakes automatically adjust themselves! You have the swift, sure stopping power of a brand new car for thousands of miles!

Stop in and take a close-up look at all the new Studebakers—the fabulously fine Champion and Commander sedans and coupes as well as convertibles.

There's something memorable for you to see in closed-car luxury, too—the special, extra-long-wheelbase Studebaker Land Cruiser. It's a flight-streamed masterpiece.

STUDEBAKER

First in style...first in comfort...first by far with a postwar car

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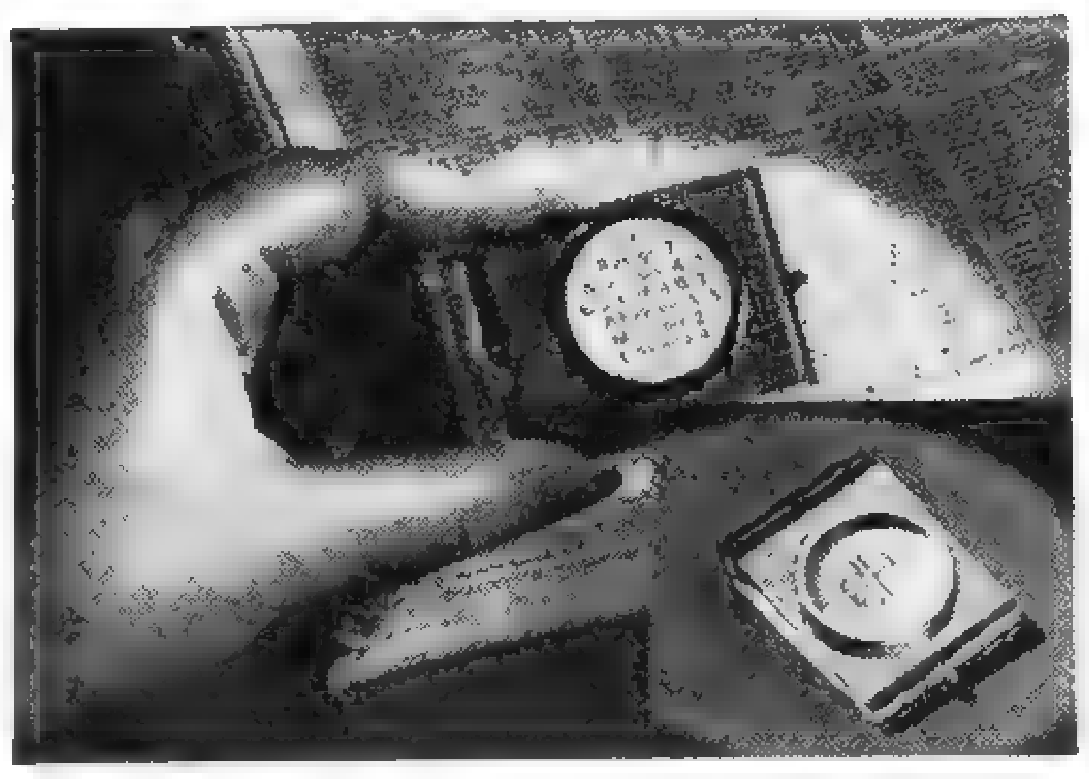
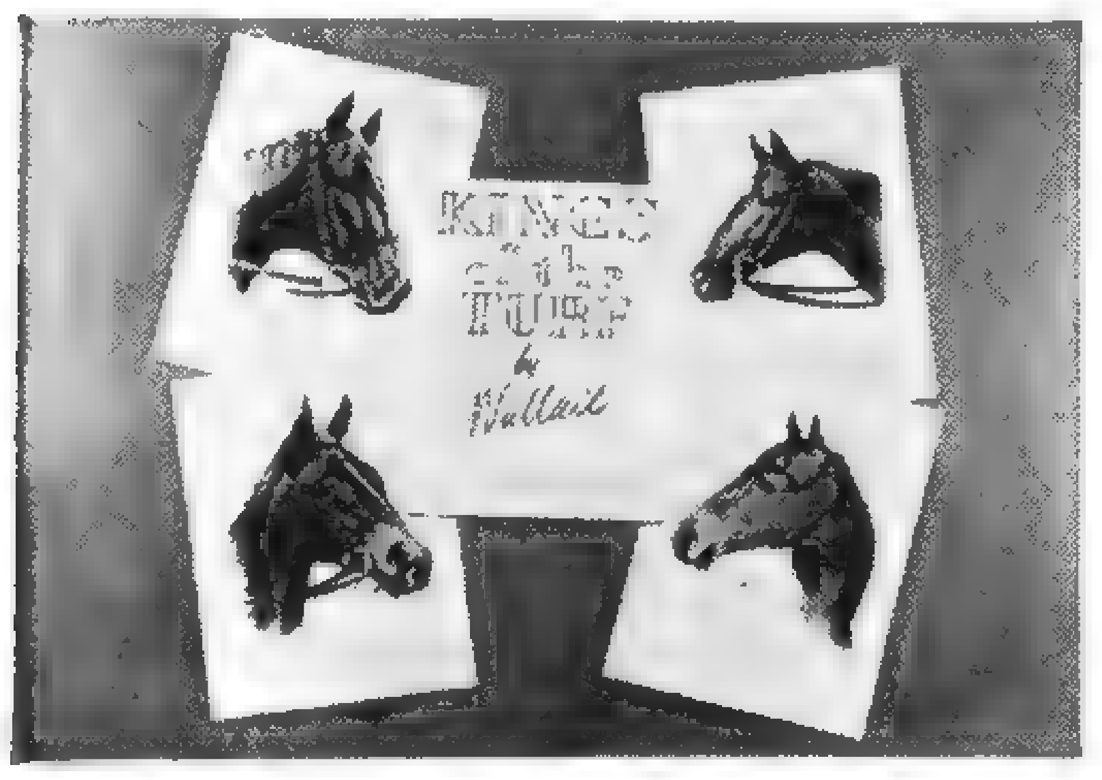
South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.

Talking Shop with Esquire

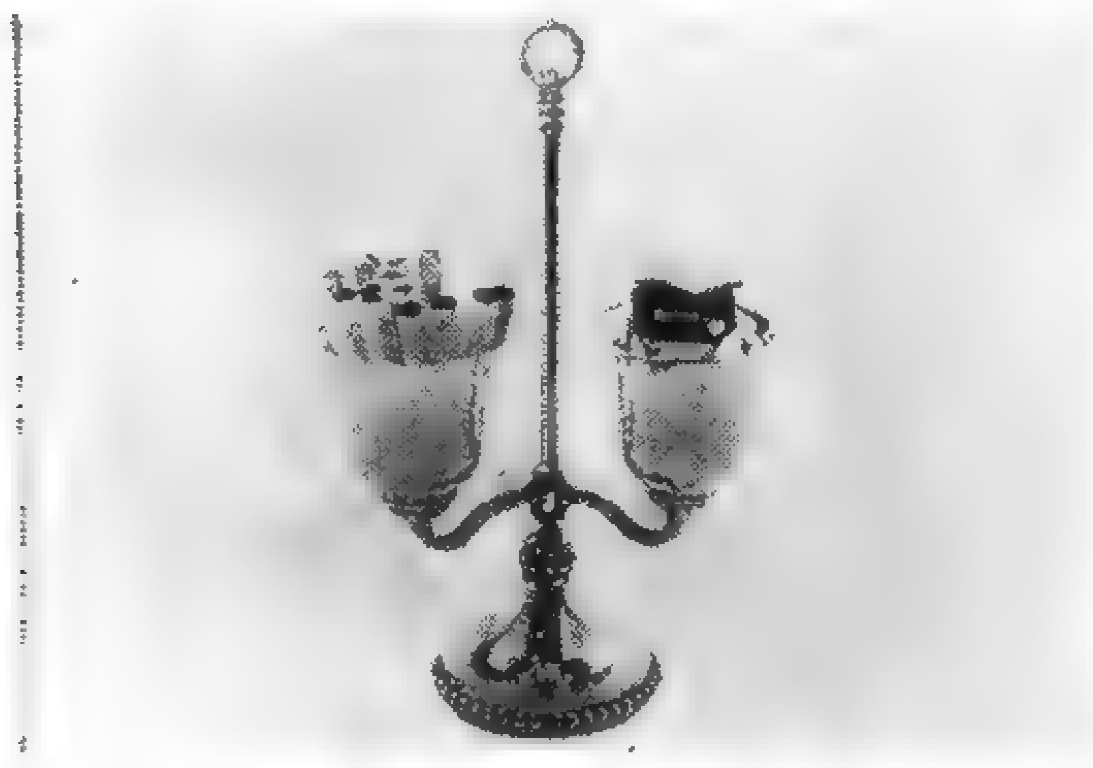
MAGNIFYING MATCH CASE that makes phone numbers, theater programs and menus always readable, no matter how fine the type. The gold-plated metal cover accommodates a standard match pack and has a round magnifying glass mounted in the front cover. Open the case to magnify whatever you want.





HORSEY SET. A portfolio of 12 prints of famous American race horses makes a good gift for racing fans. Sepia color portraits of some of the Turf's greatest—Whirlaway and nine others. Prints measure 17" x 13"—good size for framing. The complete set lends a nice touch to an office or game room.

WRITER-LIGHTER gift thought for the smoker who writes and the writer who smokes – a pencil and lighter combination. Gold-filled (14K) mechanical pencil is topped off with a concealed cigarette lighter. Press down on the pocket clip and up pops the light; release your finger and it goes out automatically.



FOR THE HOSTESS on your list—a silver-plated cigarette service to doll up her coffee table. It's a combination urn arrangement—one side holds the cigarettes, the other a single-action lighter that can be removed for convenient use. The triple-plated silver finis is non tarnishable; stand is about 8½" high.

Ranger

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CANDY...rich, luscious, assorted chocolates, all hand dipped, quality guaranteed, direct from the kitchens. Packed in gaily decorated Xmas carton with colorful foil wrapper. Ideal Xmas gift for your gal, secretary, or that sweet young thing at the receptionist desk.

2½ lb box $3
5 lb box $5

CANDY SALES CORP., 347 5th Ave., Dept A, N.Y.C.

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STATURAIDS
$19.50

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No. 388 – Brown grain (shown above)

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ORDER THE ABOVE STYLE BY MAIL
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Our 10th year producing fine Staturaid custom made height increasing shoes.

HOW TO ORDER: Send correct shoe size (or old shoe), with deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage; or if you remit in full, we pay mailing charges.

Free Catalog showing 50 styles in height increasing shoes, sent on request

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Golfs new and most practical putting device. Play in your own living room. Just set it on the floor—putt from any direction exactly like putting on the green. Sink your putt—ring the bell. *We suggest you get two or more—play back and forth—it's fun for everyone.*

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SAVE YOUR NECK *With* EYE-SPY

Let an Eye-Spy Traffic Prism watch overhead lights for you. Optically ground and polished glass gives clear reflection . . . ball and socket joint allows easy adjustment. Quickly secured to windshield with live rubber suction cup. A "must" if your car has a sunshade.

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It's Brand New –for Men

$1.00

Strictly masculine . . . handsome basket weave design. Flexible, comfortable, cool—will not discolor skin or pull hairs. Adjustable to fit any wrist or watch. Guaranteed precision ground stainless steel. Ask your dealer for Ever-Last-O Royal Knibb watch band or mail coupon today. Best value . . . in hand polished stainless steel, *$1.00;* also gold plate on stainless steel, *$1.50. Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.*

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Send postpaid the watch band checked below.
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...with adjustable straps for real snug fit!

Handsome new Aviators' Boots...styled like those the Army fliers wore! Wonderful for sports, hunting, ice fishing, outdoor work, riding, flying, school and stadium wear. WARM—completely sheep-lined. RUGGED—waterproof rubber bottoms; non-slip soles; spring-lock zipper. HANDSOME—soft, flexible brown leather uppers. Full 11" height. COMFORTABLE—wear with or without shoes in every kind of weather.

Order by mail—only $12.95 per pair. Check or money order (add 50c for postage and handling) or C.O.D. Mention your shoe size. Immediate delivery. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*

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It contains all these superb delicacies: 8 oz. Rock Candy Syrup—3½ oz. Olives Cashew Stuffed in Sherry Brine —1⅓ oz. Pate de Froix Gras—1⅓ Pate of Olives—1⅓ oz. Pate of Herring —1⅓ oz. Pate of Caviar—1⅓ oz. Pate of Smoked Salmon—1⅓ oz. Pate of Anchovies—2 oz. Pearle Onions Marinade—2 oz. Angostura Bitters—4 oz. Lemon Concentrate—6 oz. Grenadin—3 oz. Lime Concentrated—6 oz. Swedish Arrak Punch—4 oz. Cherries Almon Stuffed in Sherry Lingon—2 oz. Coffee Instant.

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Chain and ring 24kt. gold plate . . . metal crest in full color on fob of steel-reinforced genuine morocco, pigskin, etc.

You'll be proud to own and display this distinctive key chain designed by a leading French designer. Kar-Krest won't chip . . . comes in tailor-made transparent lucite box that makes handsome air-tight, flame-proof cigarette case . . . (holds full pack of cigarettes).

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two complete coats in one

Chilly weather one day, and blustery cold the next! You're set for any weather in a Season Skipper* coat—it's truly two complete coats in one! When the weather is mild, it's a trim, handsome topper! When winter winds howl, the patented all wool lining makes it a warm overcoat. The lining *buttons* in and out—no metal gadgets to get out of order. You can buy the coat and lining separately if you like—but get them together and be right for any weather all year 'round. Season Skipper coats are expertly tailored in 100% virgin wool Tweeds, Fleeces, Gabardines, Venetian Coverts, Camel Hair and Alpaca.

$65 and up with the lining
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For nearest Season Skipper dealer, write C. B. Shane Corp., Dept. E-128, 325 West Madison St., Chicago 6, Ill.; 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.; 608 South Hill St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

in goes a lining...
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E-12

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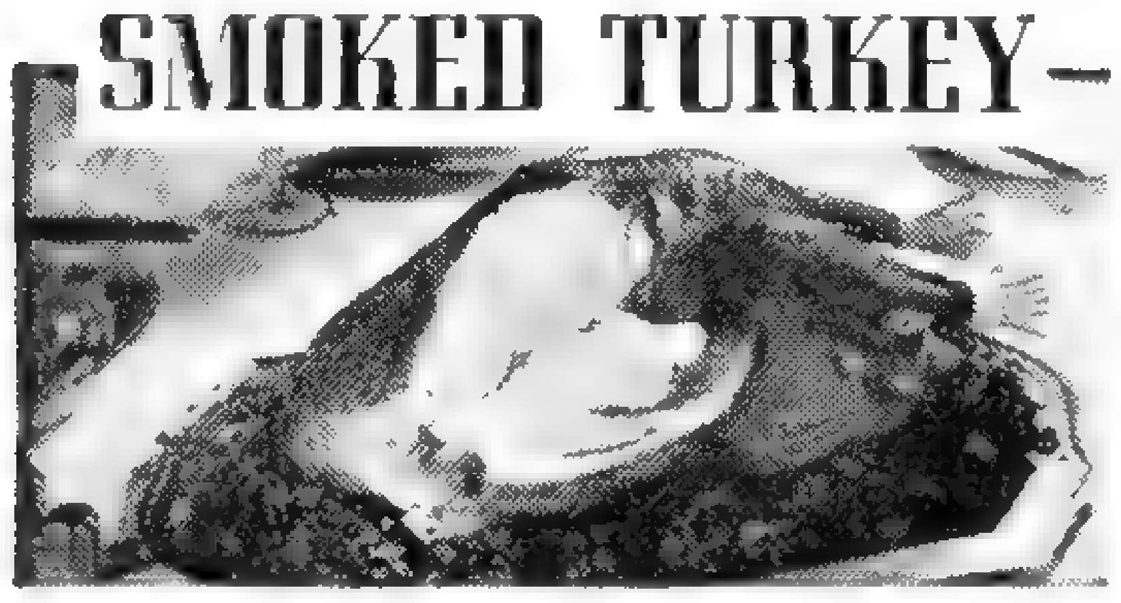

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Ideal for holiday dinners, party *piece de résistance*, or family get-togethers. Our *own* broad-breasted birds slow-smoked over hickory embers to golden brown luscious perfection, all ready to serve. The choice of 85 keen gourmets. Recipes included.

HOLIDAY GIFTS • So different, so personal. Perfect gifts for your special friends, business associates, employees, or relatives. Tasteful gift cards furnished. Shipped direct.

ORDER DIRECT • Whole turkeys, 5 to 15 lbs., $1.60 lb. Half turkeys, 3 to 7 lbs., $1.70 lb. *State weight desired*. Smoked turkey breasts, $13.50 each. *All shipped prepaid*.

VALLEY FORGE FARMS
VALLEY FORGE HIGHWAY
LANSDALE 2, PENNA.

CHIPPEWA

HENRI SAYS:
"TO GIVE THE CHIPPEWA IS *SMART....* TO GIVE THE HINT IS *BRILLIANT*"

● Do both this Christmas and be a double-winner! Friends and relatives who get one of these handsome, man-tailored, 100% wool CHIPPEWA garments will bless you for it. And if you hint strongly enough, you may get a genuine, made-in-the-northwoods CHIPPEWA yourself!

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Accepted by
OUTDOORSMEN EVERYWHERE
FROM RAW WOOL TO FINISHED GARMENTS UNDER ONE ROOF
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Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill Co.
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SHIRTS • STAGS
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In a Wide Variety of Styles, Designs and Colors

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An unusual and distinctive gift! Let a colorful gift box of nationally famous Wisconsin aged cheese and epicurean cheese foods convey your personal greetings to friends and business associates. 4 lbs. 5 oz. net wt.—truly a gourmet's assortment! ... Send your complete gift list with check or money order now. We acknowledge orders, supply gift cards. Specify delivery preferred:

Immediately ☐ For Christmas ☐
Gift list for ______ boxes attached, or
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City __________ Zone ____ State ______
Sender

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Perfect for loafing around house—for Pullman travel—winter resort—college—slipping down to breakfast—convalescing, etc. For every member of the family. Scarlet, Royal Blue, Green, Maize, Coral, Maroon, Brown. Give second and third color choice. State hose size regularly worn. Ideal gift. Only $2.95 per pair, postpaid. Money back guarantee. Immediate delivery. Order Now. Your gift list carefully handled.

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Supplier to the U. S. Olympic Ski Team
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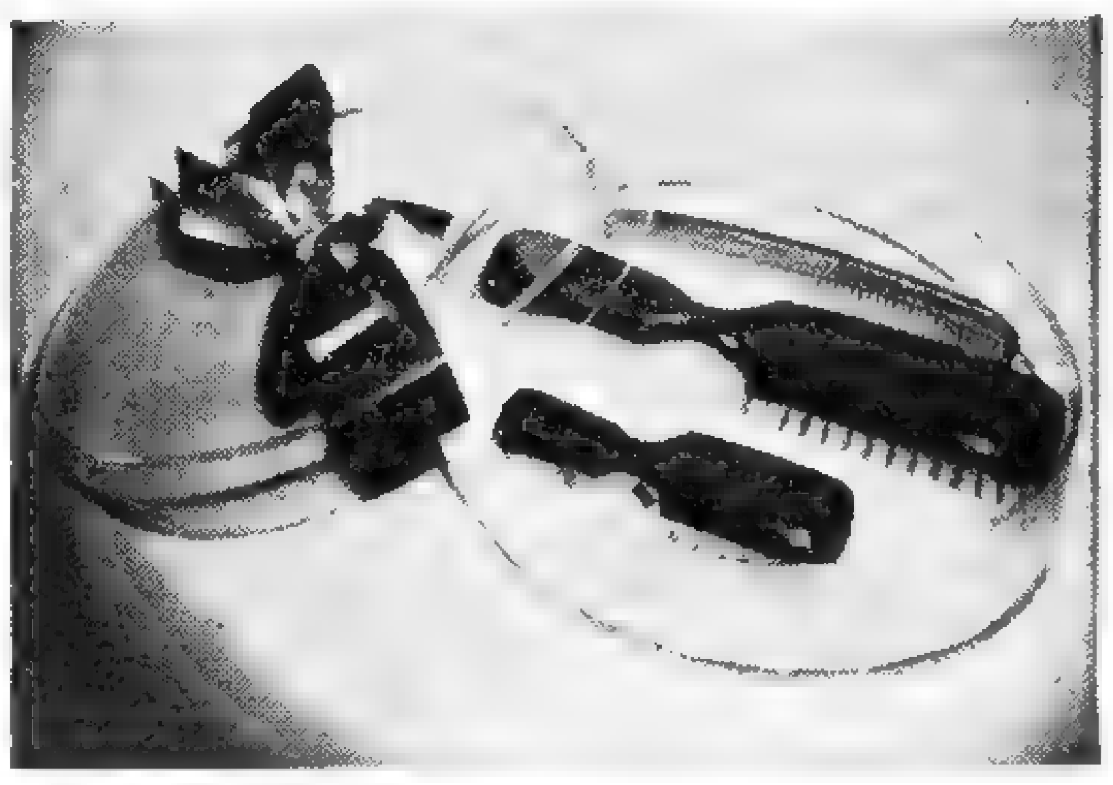
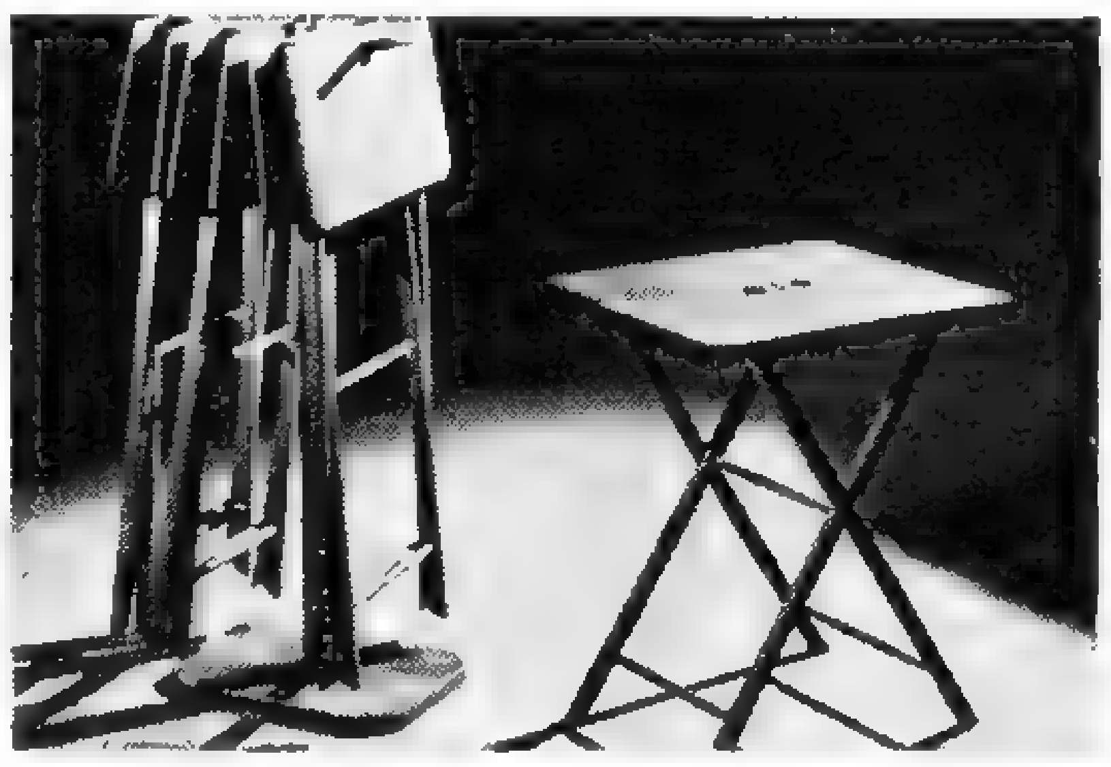
Talking Shop with Esquire

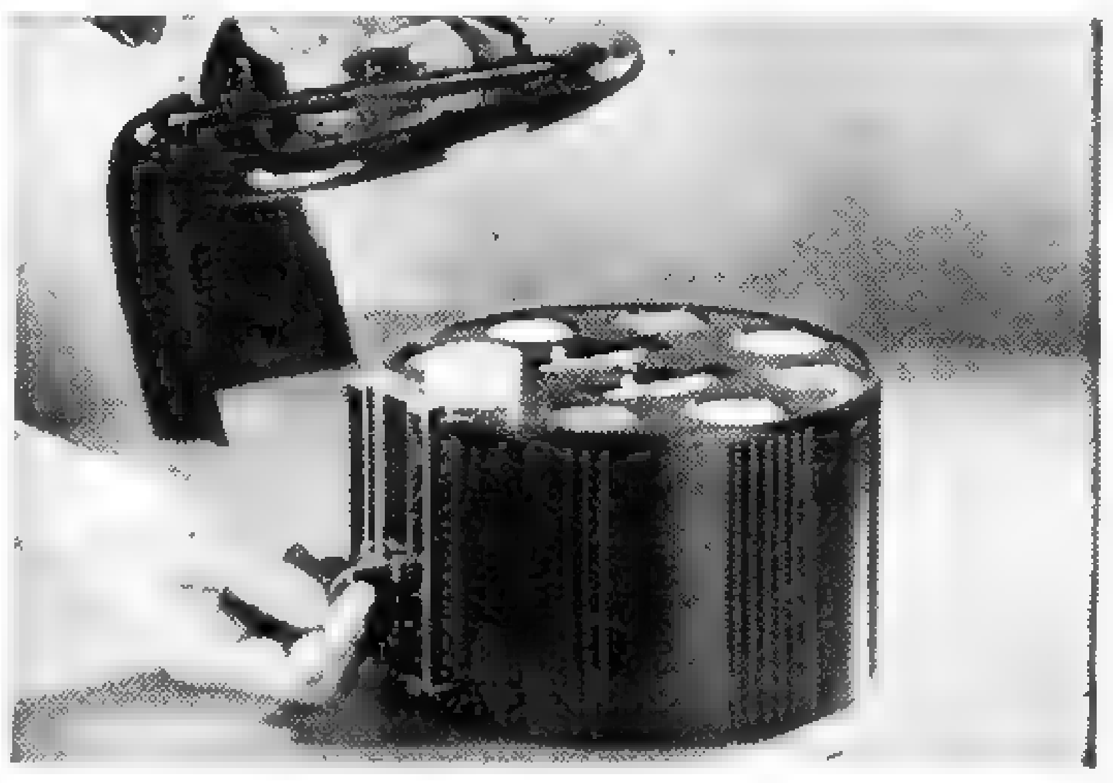
GLAMOUR GIRLS, age two to ten, will probably get a charge out of this brush set. One hair brush is built to small-girl size, the other is even smaller – to use on her doll's hair. Nylon bristles with either red or blue backs. For the young fellers, there's a special brush and comb set packaged in a miniature drum.

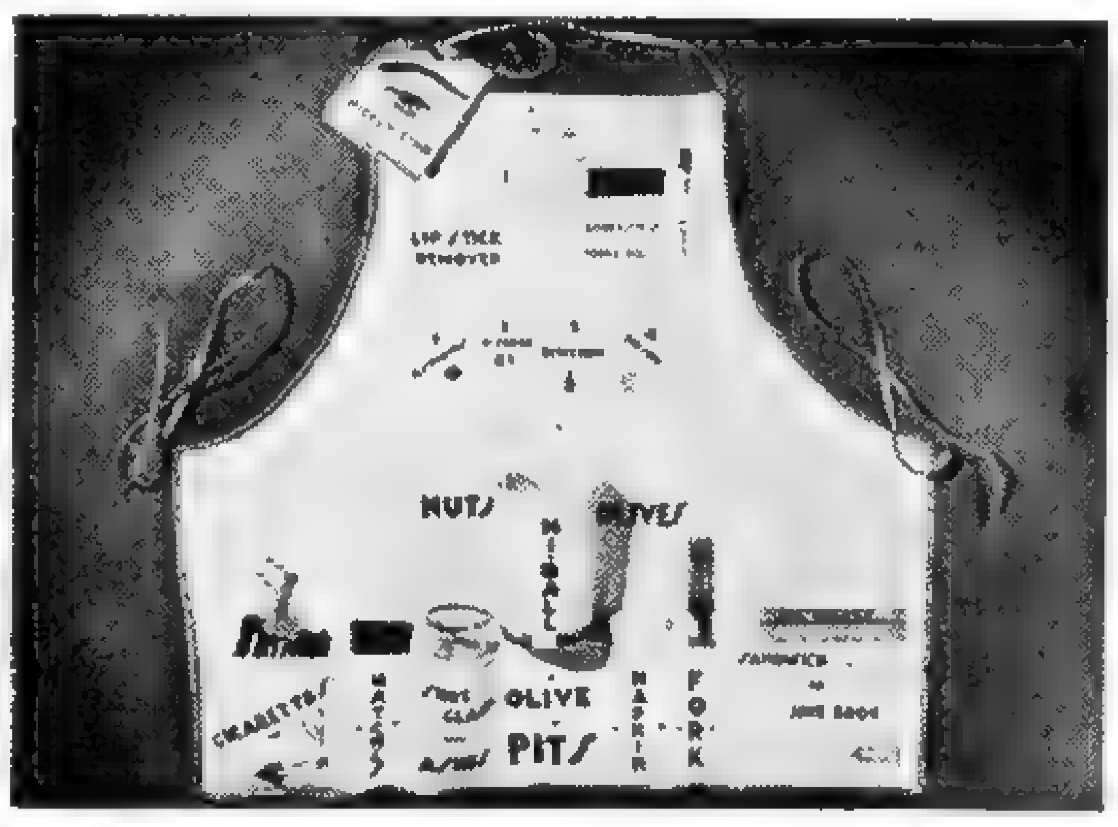




FOUR IN HAND—tables, that is. They stack conveniently on a rack when not in use, taking up a minimum of space. Tables measure 13" x 16" x 20" high—just the right size for a hand of gin rummy – or a glass of gin rickey. In mahogany or with a green finish – a household asset for either a host or hostess.

CHIP CHECK. A gift suggestion for Poker Players – a rack and chip set that counts out the number of chips you want. Set the indicator for the right amount, push in, pull up—and there they are. Counting device is attached to the Bakelite rack and swings around to any of the 8 stacks of poker chips.





FOR BINGE BUTLERS. You're equipped for all emergencies with this bartender's apron. 20-odd pockets are all labeled for different items, from benzadrine and address book to lipstick remover and vitamins. There's even one for "sandwich or joke book" and a secret compartment hides Mickey Finns.

Ranger

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$1.50
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Holds 5 Garments
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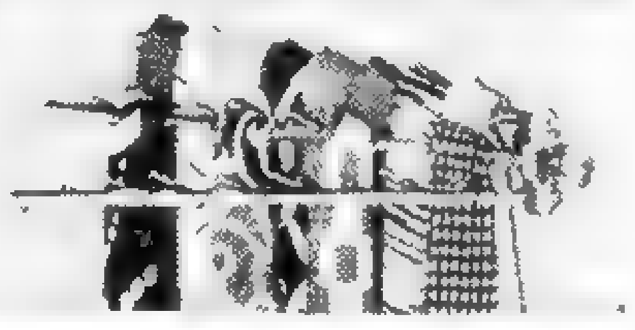
At last ... a hanger that ends slipping, falling garments (also saves space, time and money). Holds skirts by waistband, trousers by cuffs. Weight of garments eliminates wrinkles. Easily mounted on wall or door. Each garment held securely in nickel-plated spring steel clips on lustrous black enameled steel brackets. Will not mark garments.

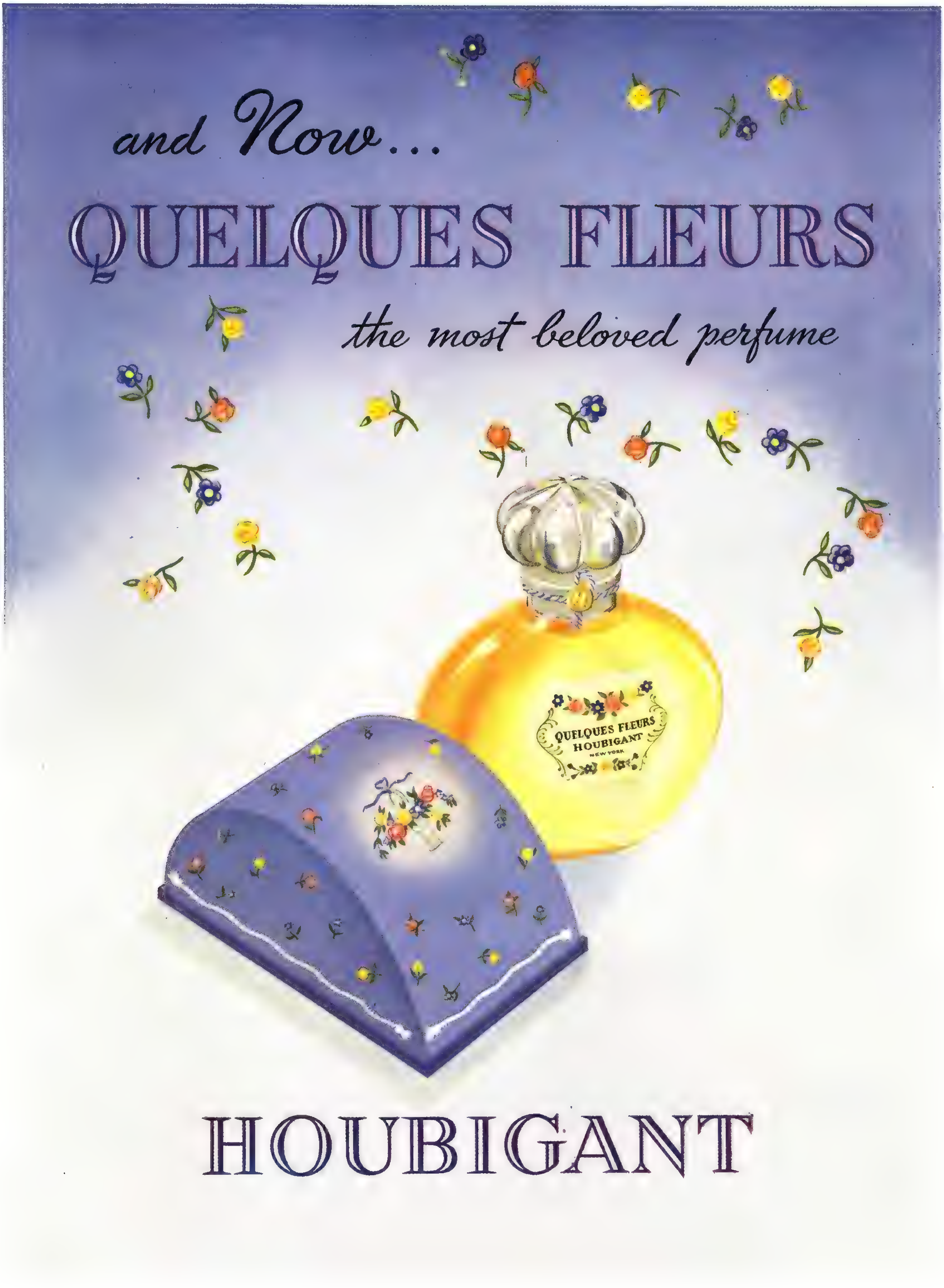
KWIK-LOK TIE RACK
$3.98
Order Today for Christmas Delivery



Just a twist of the wrist and quick as a flash a tie locks itself neatly, securely on the KWIK-LOK TIE RACK. Ties will not slip or bunch ... no adjusting necessary ... holds 24 ties (48 when hung two to a pin). When not in use, the three 11 inch arms pivot flush to door or wall, saving space. Made from sturdy steel ... chrome plated. DeLuxe Quality to satisfy even the most discriminate, has no equal at any price. A gift (if you can part with it!)

Send cash, check or money order for full amount and we prepay postage. C.O.D.'s—postage extra

WILBAR SALES CO.
549 W. Washington, Dept. 321, Chicago 6, Ill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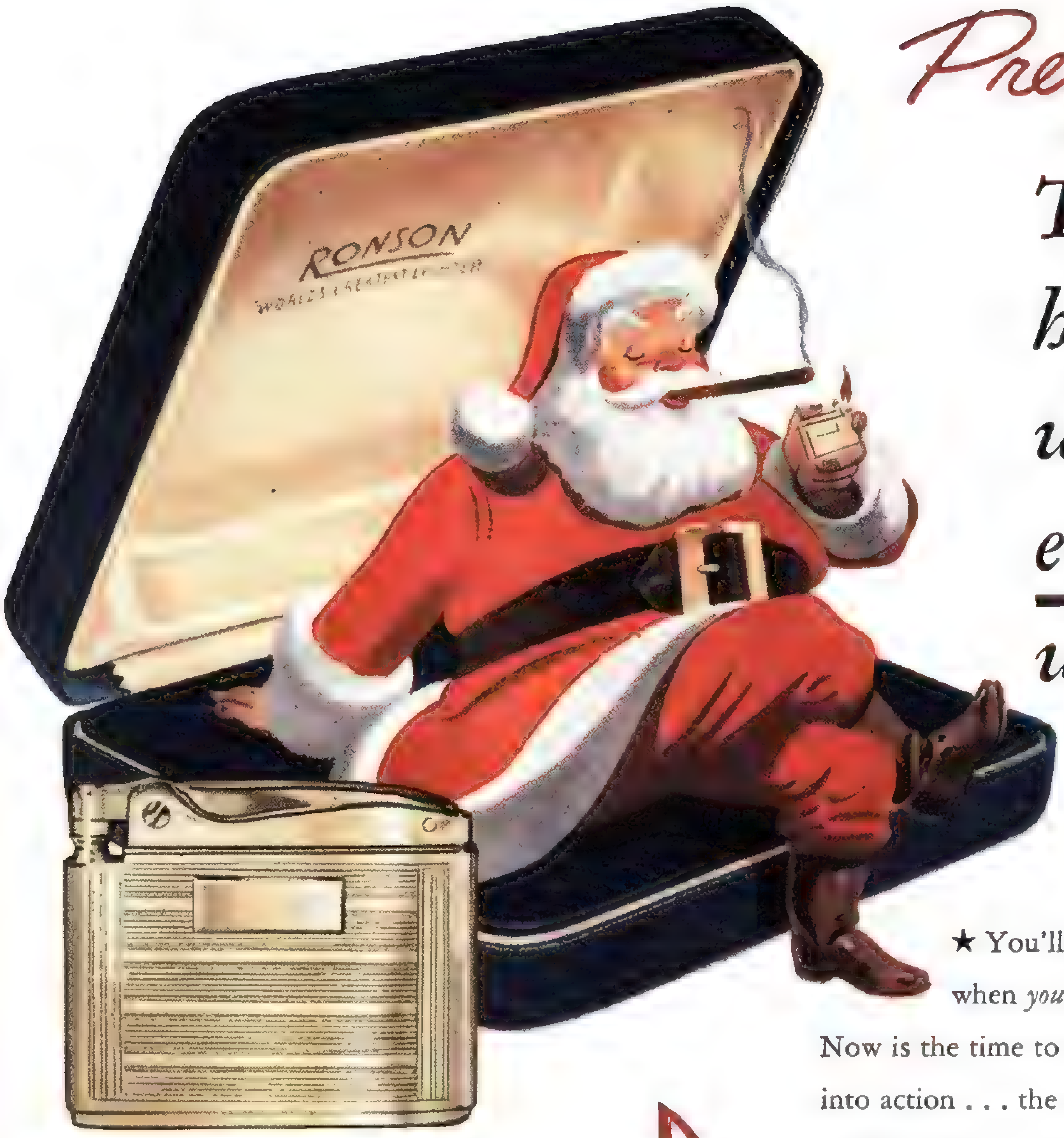
Pretty soft for Santa!

This year he knows what everybody wants . . .



"ADONIS"—slim-as-a-fine-watch in 14K Gold (above)—$200 (plus tax). In sterling silver—$25.00 (plus tax)—in other metals, starting at $10.00.

For cigarettes, cigars or pipes . . .

PRESS, IT'S LIT! RELEASE, IT'S OUT!

Safely out the instant you lift your finger!

★ You'll be sitting pretty, too, when *you* play Santa with Ronson! Now is the time to put your gift thoughts into action . . . the famous, patented Ronson safety-action . . . *one-finger, one-motion!* Many times each day, Ronson's swift, sure lights will serve your loved ones faithfully and well . . . adding to their smoking pleasure . . . repeating your message of good will through the years.

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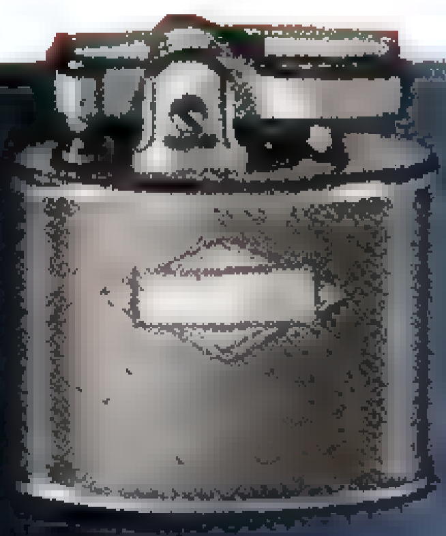
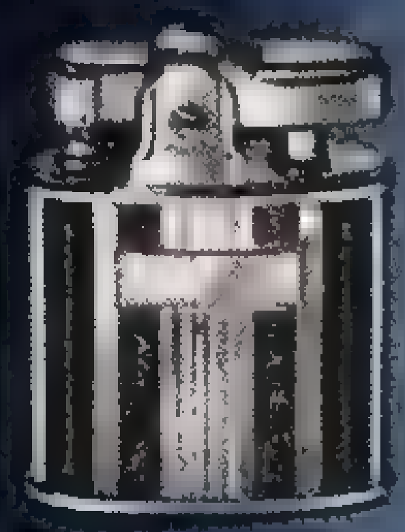
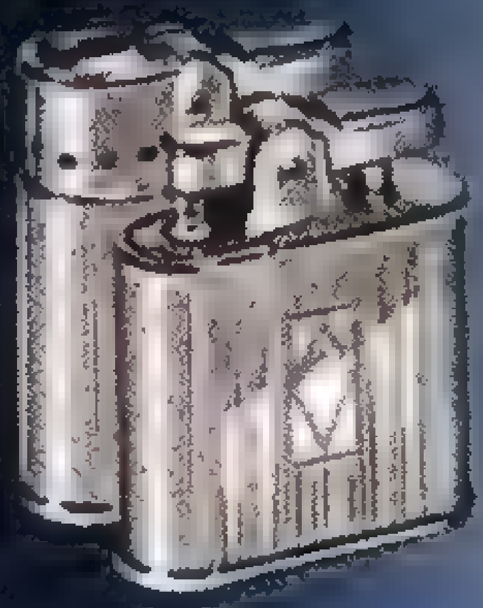
FUN . . . EXCITEMENT . . . Tune in to Ronson's "20 Questions" Saturday nights (Pacific Coast, Sunday nights), Mutual Network.



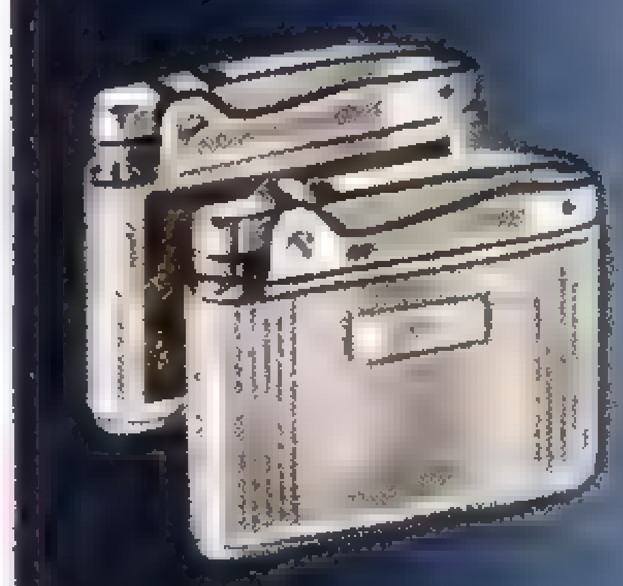
STANDARD—trim, dressy lighter for pocket or handbag. In chromium plate, $6.00.



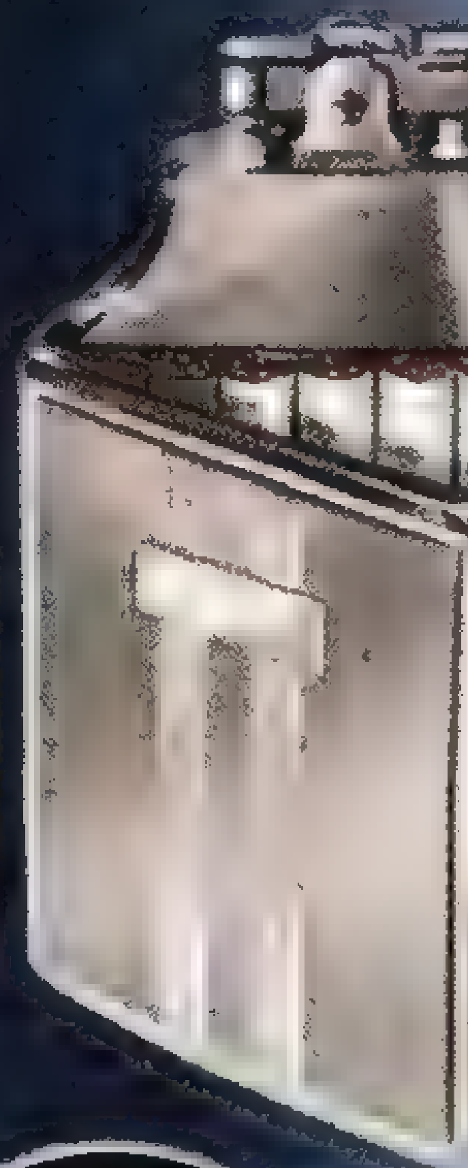
PRINCESS—dainty ladies' lighter in chromium and tortoise enamel finish, engine turned—$7.50.



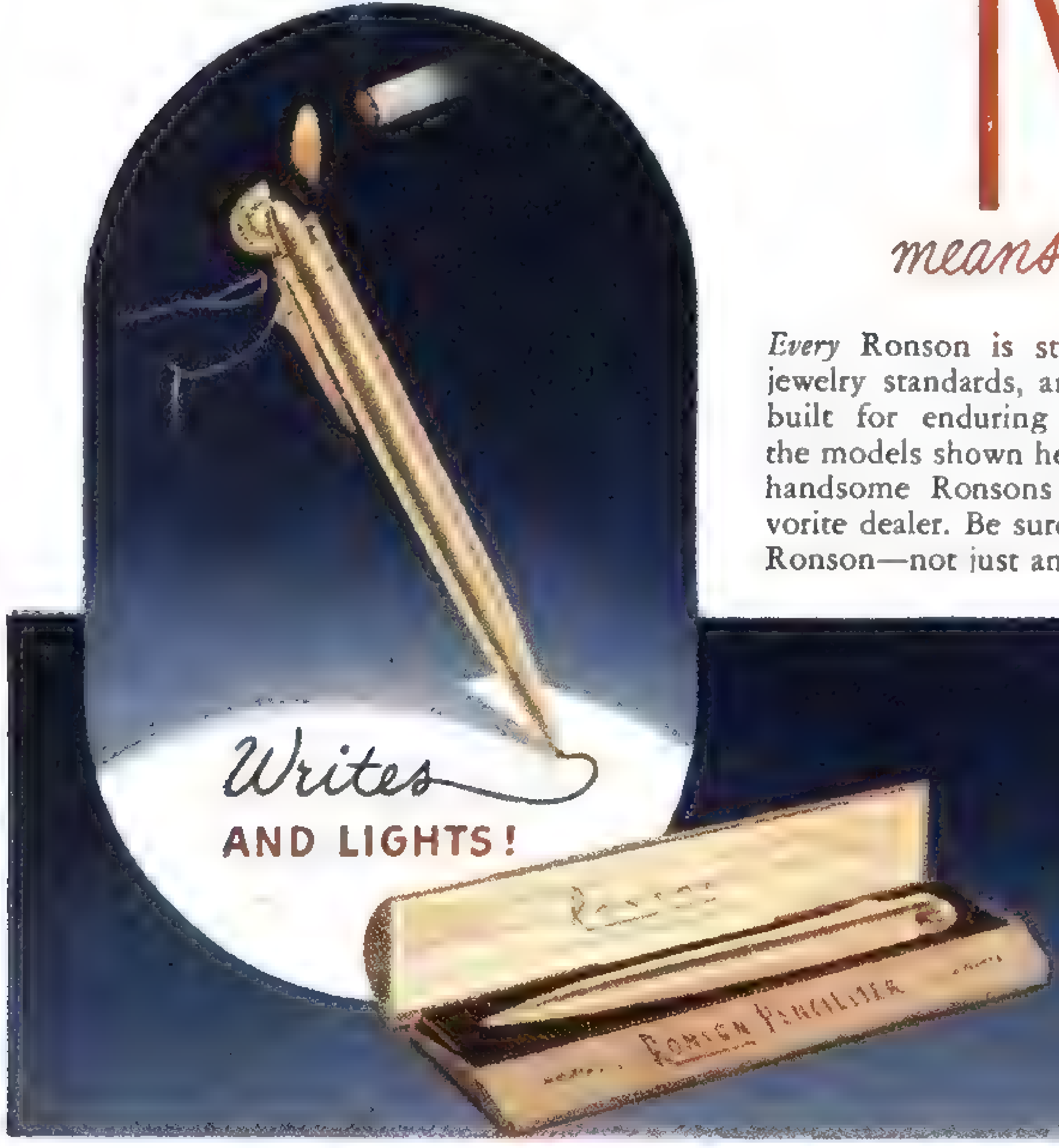
WHIRLWIND—with disappearing windshield. Smart indoors, sporty outdoors—in chromium plate—$8.25.

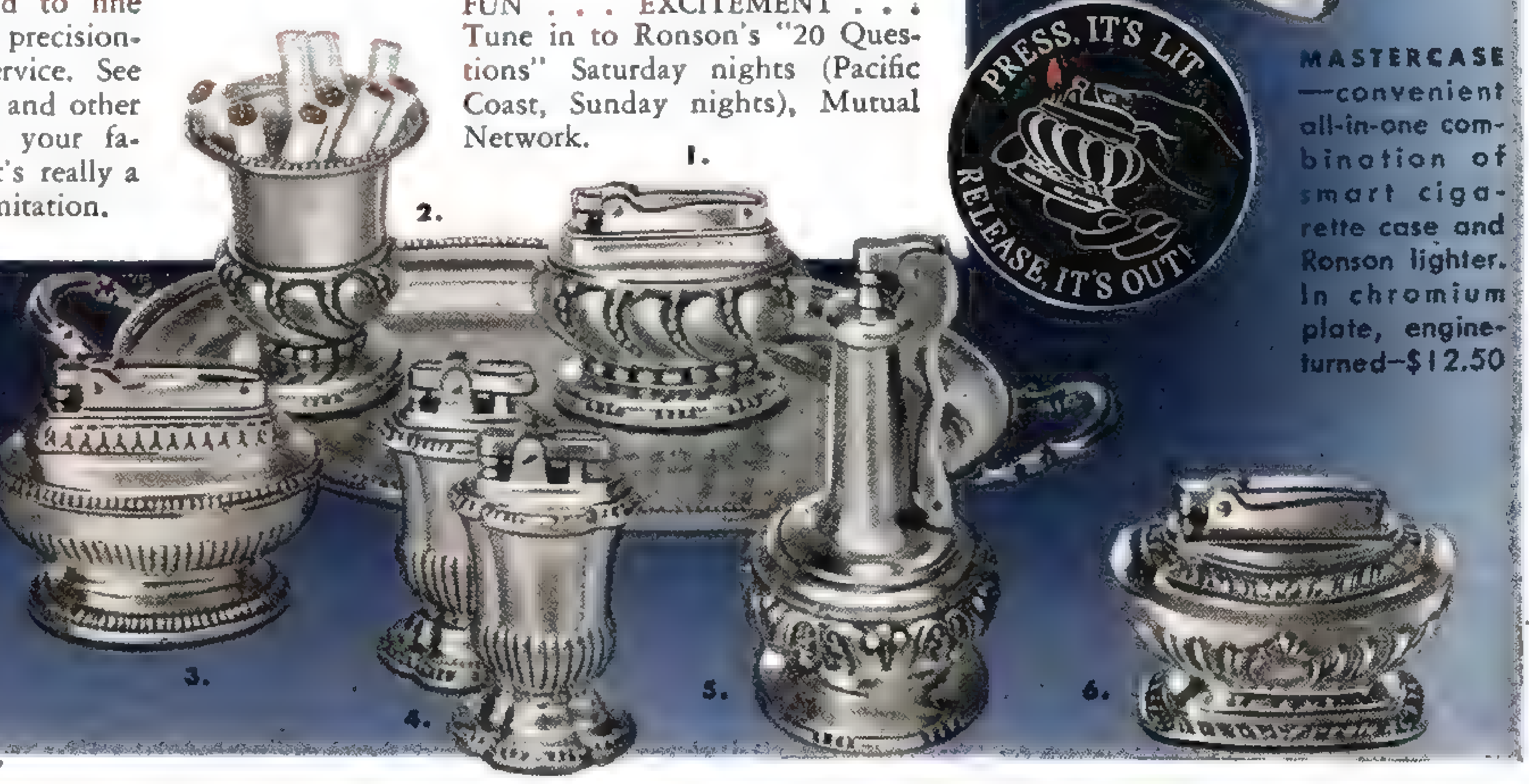


ADONIS—the streamlined lighter. In chromium plate, engine-turned—$10.00. Chrom. and enamel finish—$12.50.



MASTERCASE—convenient all-in-one combination of smart cigarette case and Ronson lighter. In chromium plate, engine-turned—$12.50





NEW RONSON PENCILITER

. . . Your two most constantly used personal appointments now trimly, beautifully streamlined into one . . . for years and years of trouble-free lighting and writing service! This double-duty masterpiece—with the world-famous Ronson safety-action—makes an inspired gift for every smoker who writes and every writer who smokes! Comes in a handsome gift box. 1/20 14K GOLD FILLED . . . $15.00 (plus tax).

For every table and desk . . .

1. **"CROWN"**—that famous Ronson table lighter, in rich, heavy silver plate—$11.00 (plus tax).
2. **"CROWN SET"**—comprising "Crown" table lighter (see 1, above) with matching cigarette urn and tray—all heavily plated in gleaming silver. The complete set—$32.50 (plus tax).
3. **"QUEEN ANNE"**—exquisitely styled table lighter, heavily silver-plated—$11.00 (plus tax).
4. **"MAYFAIRS"**—silver-plated table lighters of classic beauty—$16.50 the pair (plus tax).
5. **"DECANTER"**—gracefully styled table lighter, heavily plated in silver—$14.50 (plus tax).
6. **"GEORGIAN"**—the latest Ronson table lighter, in heavy silver plate—$12.50 (plus tax).

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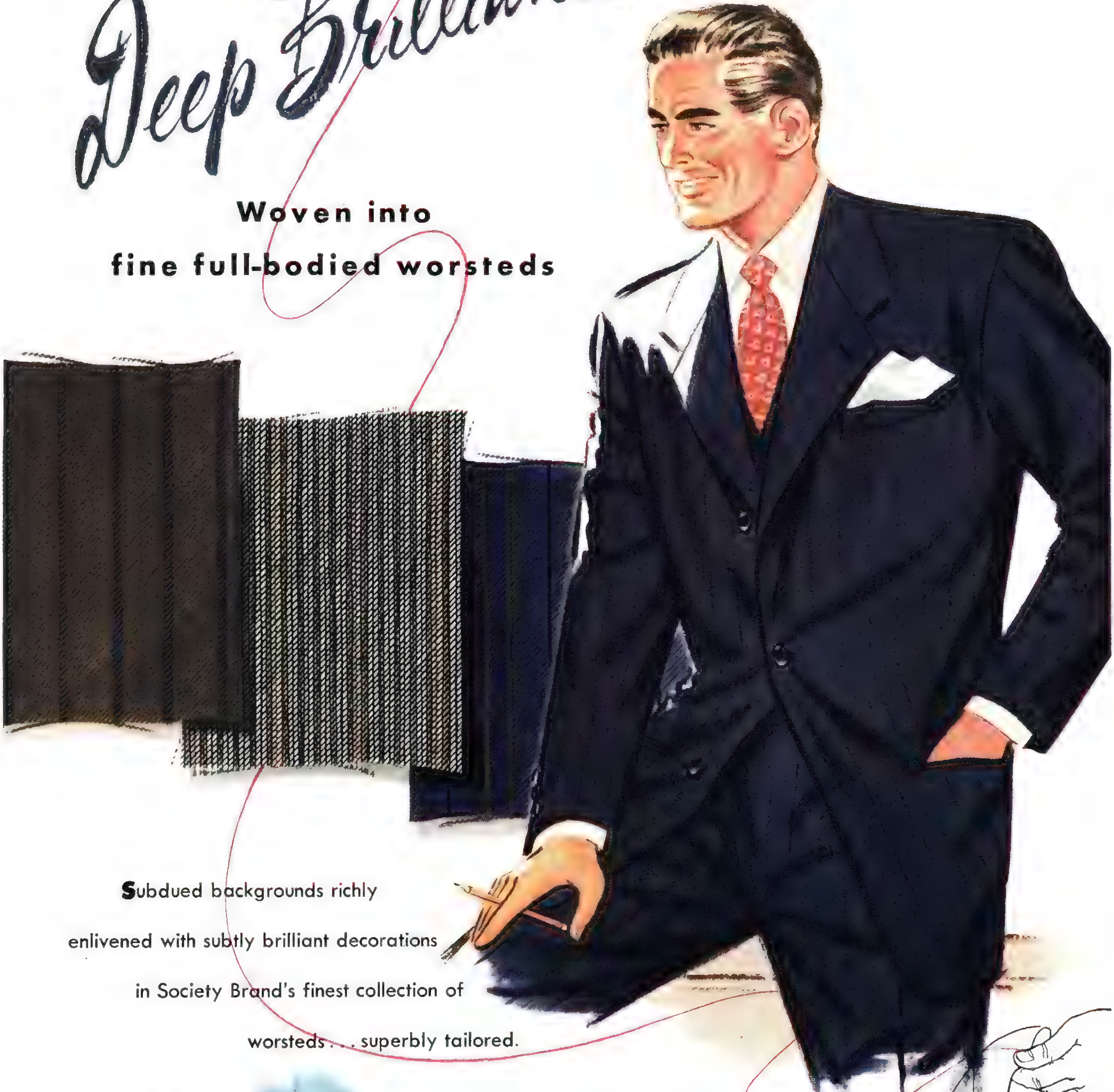

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FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

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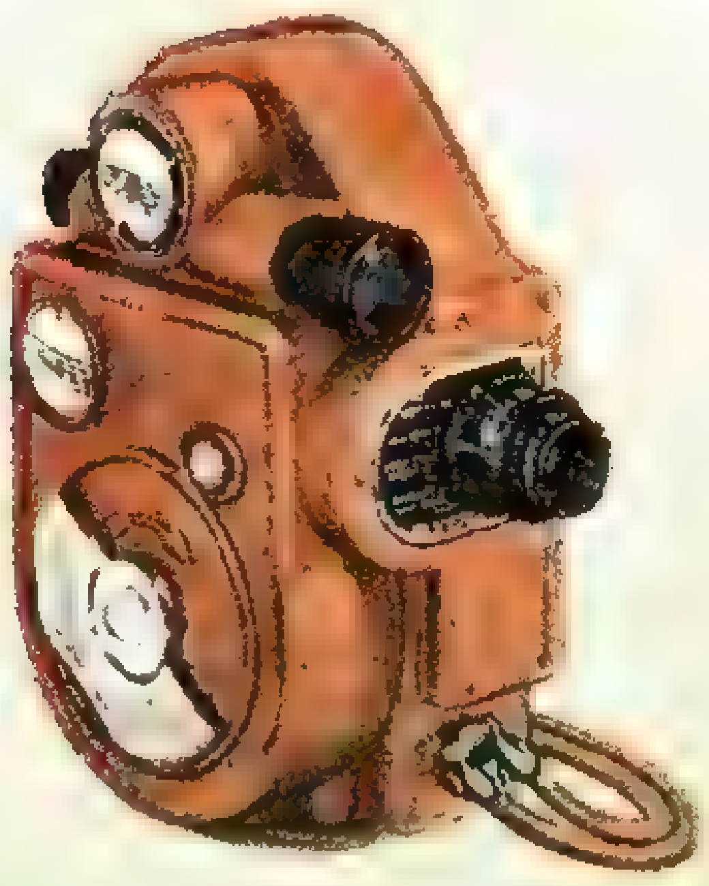
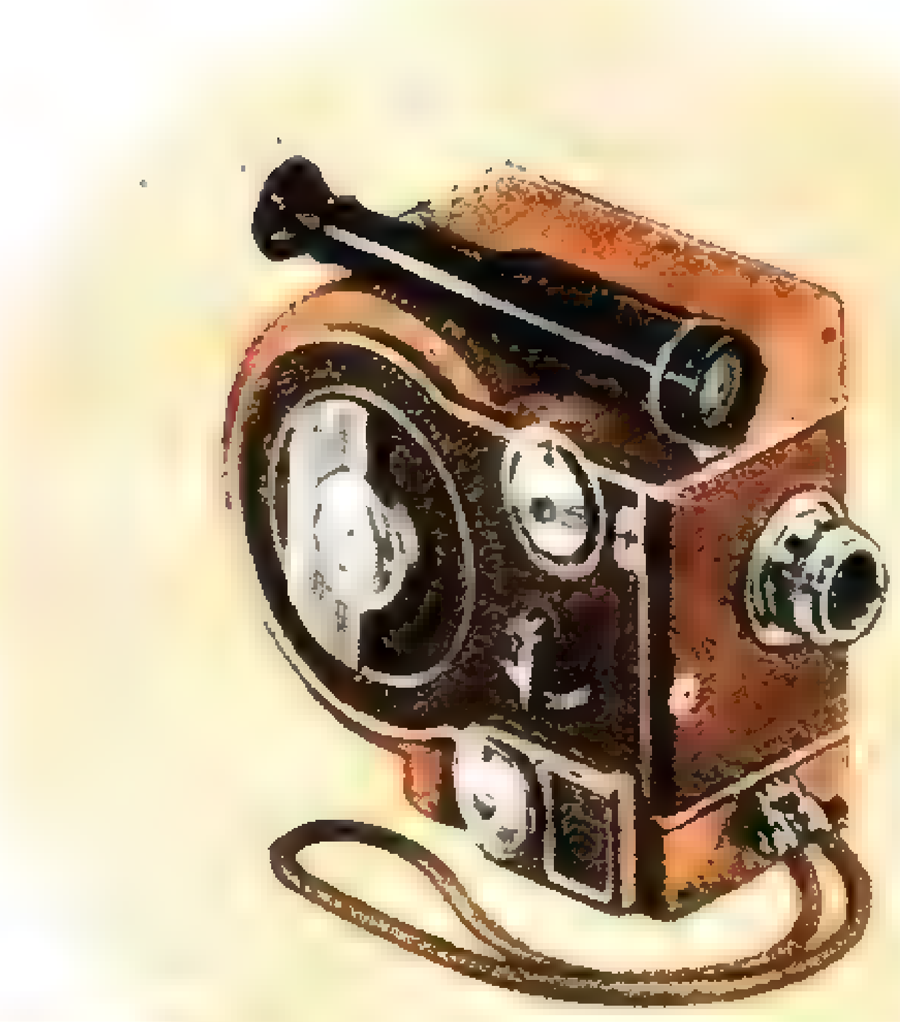
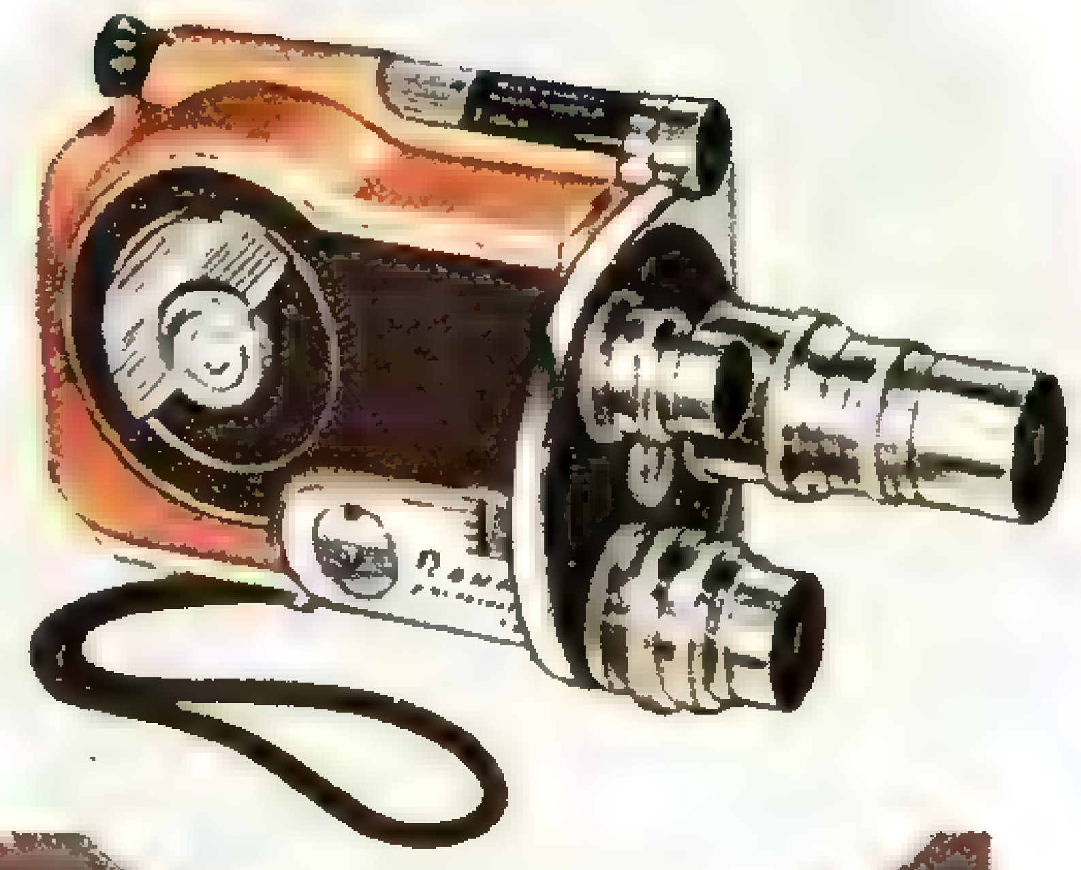
Revere "88" 8mm Camera—Easy threading. Five speeds. F 2.5 lens. Including tax **$77.50**





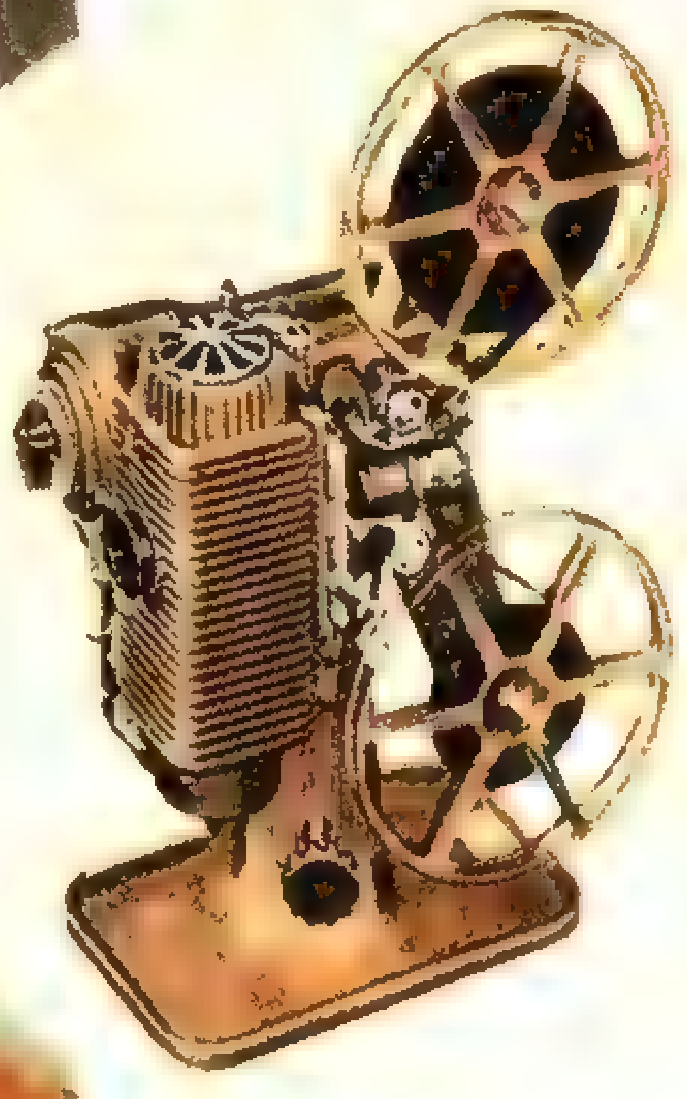
Revere "70" 8mm Magazine Camera—Instant load—no threading. Five speeds. F 2.8 lens. Including tax **$127.50**

Revere "26" 16mm Magazine Turret Camera—3-lens turret—Adjustable view-finder. F 2.5 lens. Including tax **$152.50**

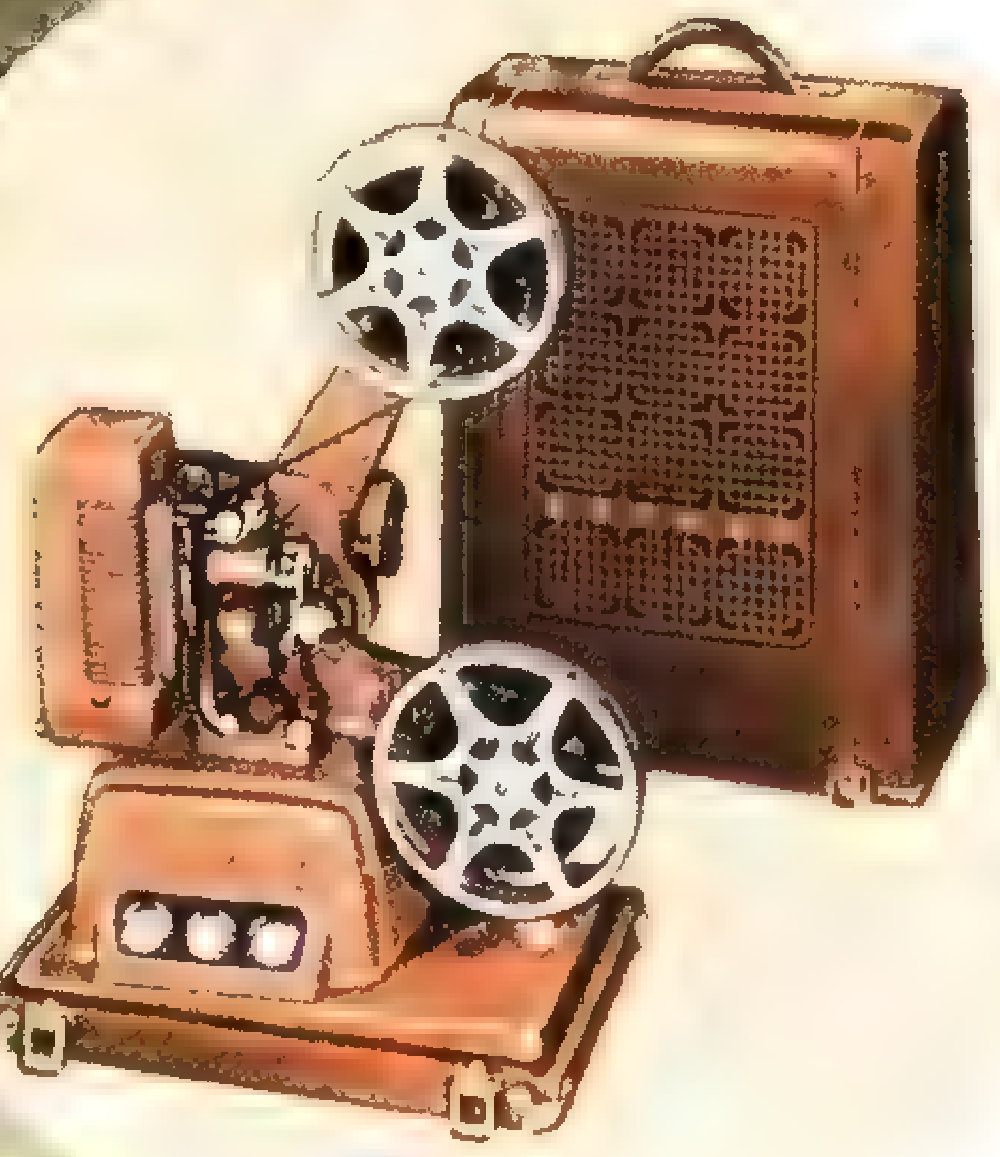


Revere "85" 8mm Projector—500 watt. F 1.6 lens. **$120.00**

Revere "48" 16mm Silent Projector—750 watt. *(Not Illustrated)* **$120.00**



Revere "16" 16mm Sound Projector—Theatre-tone. Simple operation. AC-DC. **$287.50**



this year give Revere . . .

for a Christmas they'll never forget!

Home movies are becoming a Christmas tradition. When dinner's over, everybody adjourns to the living room for the "big show". Taking movies, too, is part of the Christmas picture. You'll want glorious full-color movies of all the joyous events—the busy preparations . . . the glittering, laden tree . . . exciting opening of gifts . . . outdoor fun . . . and those many other priceless scenes the whole family will enjoy re-living again and again. So make this a Christmas they'll never forget—give a Revere! Remember, if you can take snapshots, you can take good movies . . . it's that easy with Revere! See your dealer now. REVERE CAMERA COMPANY • CHICAGO 16.

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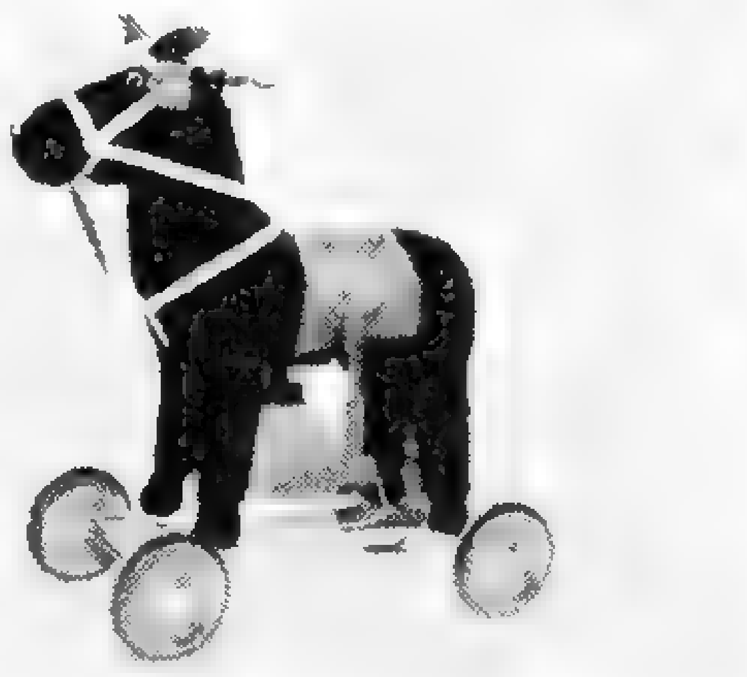
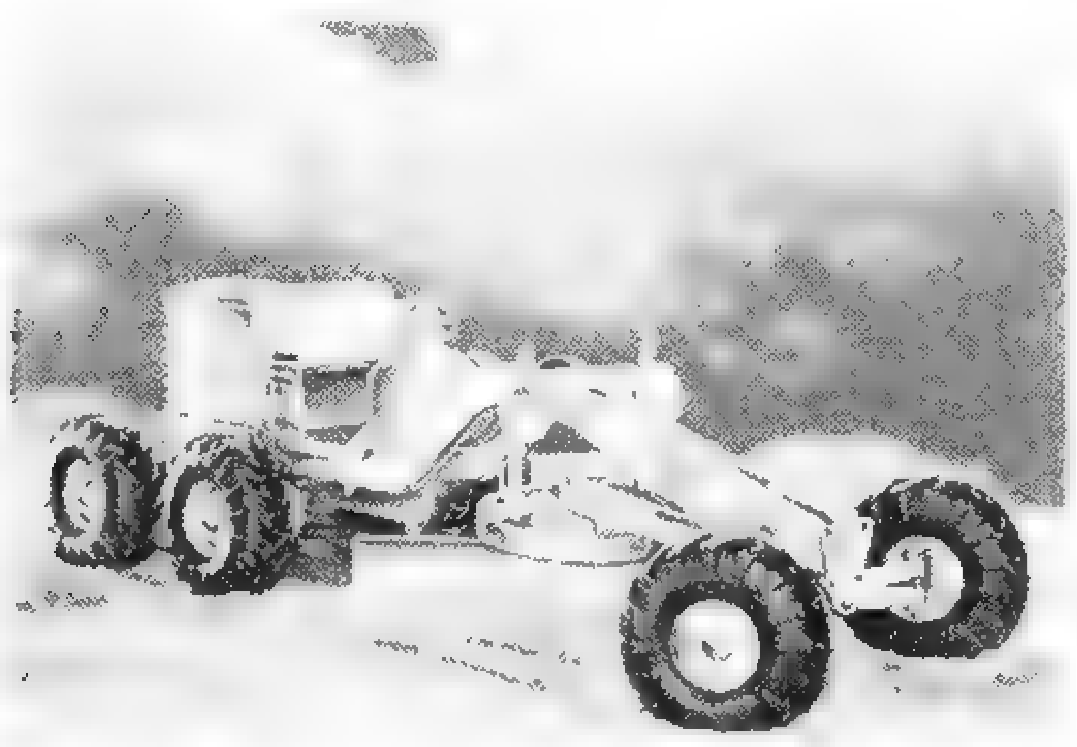
IN PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS REVERE ADDS TO YOUR PLEASURE

Talking Shop with Esquire

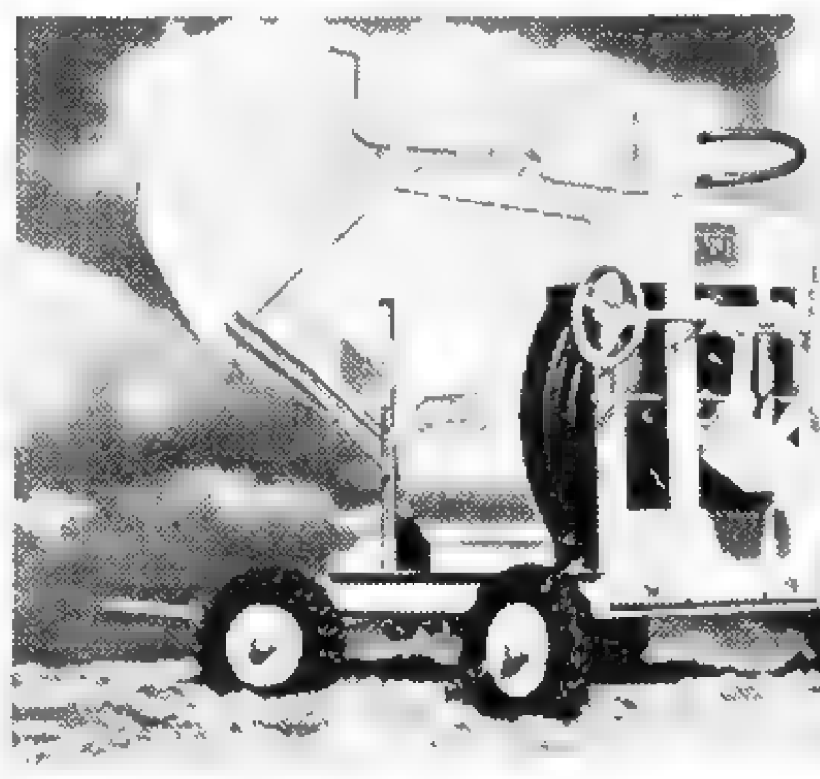
HEIGH HO, DOBBIN! Something new in hobby horses—this one is set on wheels, with a Kiddie-Kar type of steering action. A handle on the back of his neck controls the wheels. This sturdy cayuse stands about 21" high and is 18" long. From saddle to floor it's about 14". Designed especially for horsemen aged 1½ to 4.

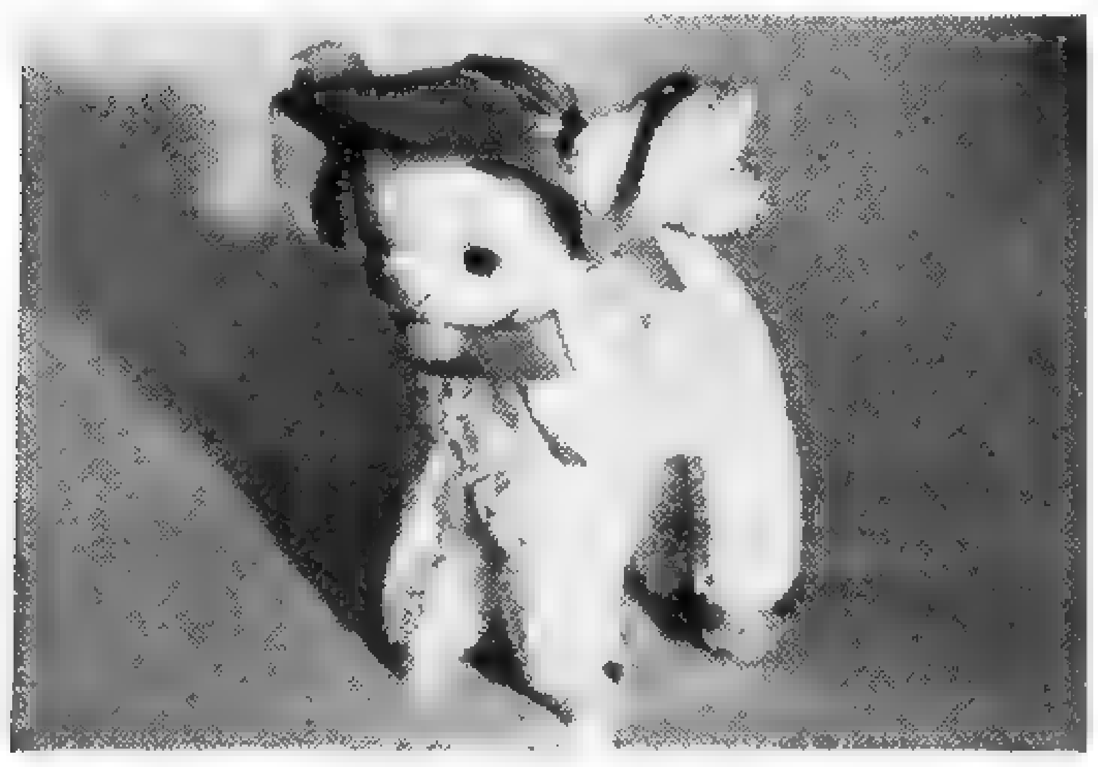




THE TOY ROAD GRADER has tandem mounted wheels to keep it level on rough grades and adjustable scraper blades, just like the big ones. Weighs about 10 lbs.; about 26" long. The Earth Hauler is a scale reproduction of the Wooldridge Heavy Duty Hauler, with Goodyear rubber tires, steel construction, and all.

FOR EMBRYONIC ENGINEERS—realistic model toys that are built just like their full size counterparts. The concrete mixer, for example, is only 15" high and weighs 7 lbs., but it's an authorized reproduction of the Jaeger machine, and can actually make concrete. Or there's an 18" Bucket loader with caterpillar tread.





TALENTED LAMB. Wind 'er up and she plays "Mary had a little Lamb." A Swiss music box sewed up in her insides furnishes the sound effects. She stands about 10" high, and has a soft white plush coat. Little girls will have a great time with her yellow felt bonnet—it can be taken off and put back on again.

Ranger

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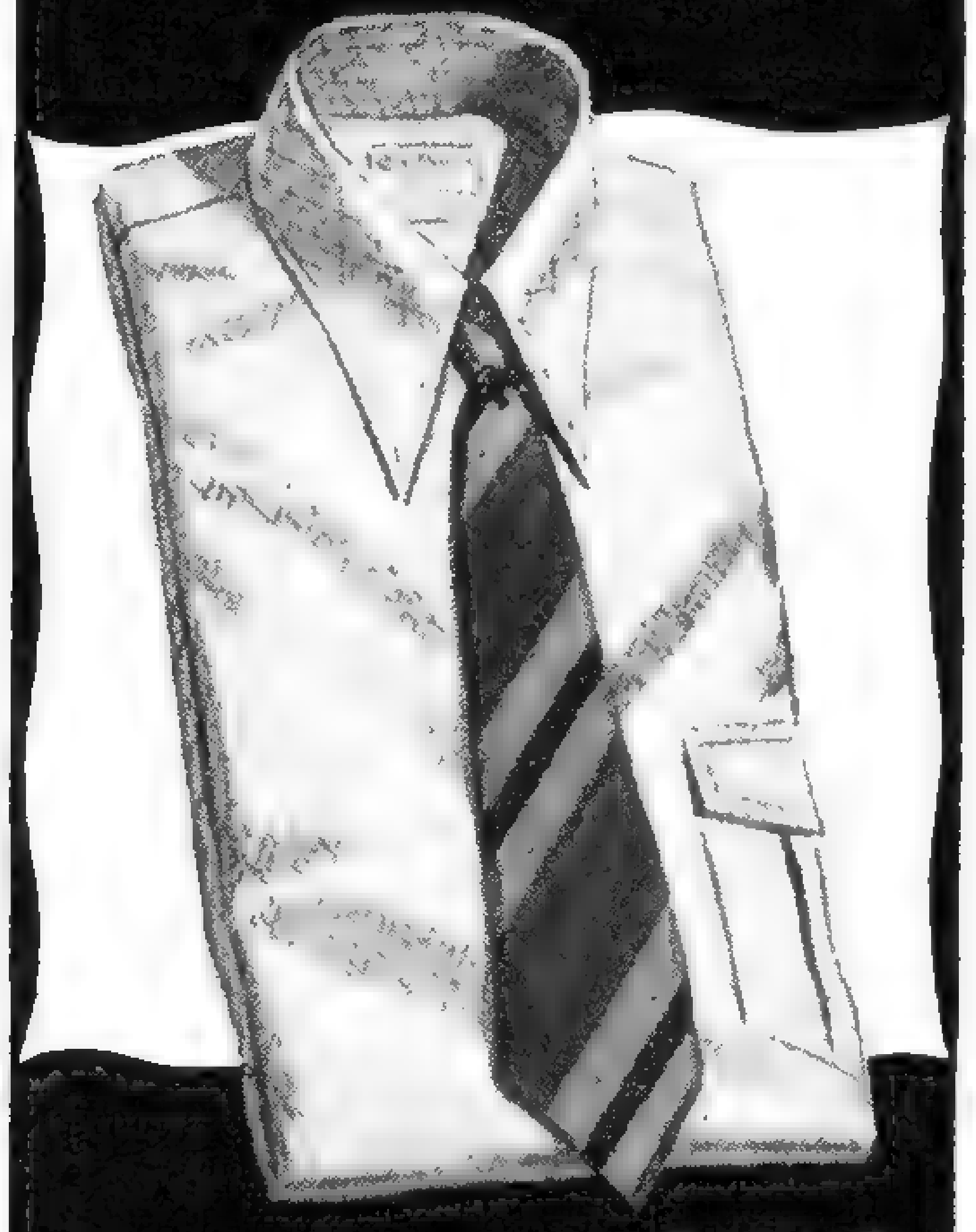

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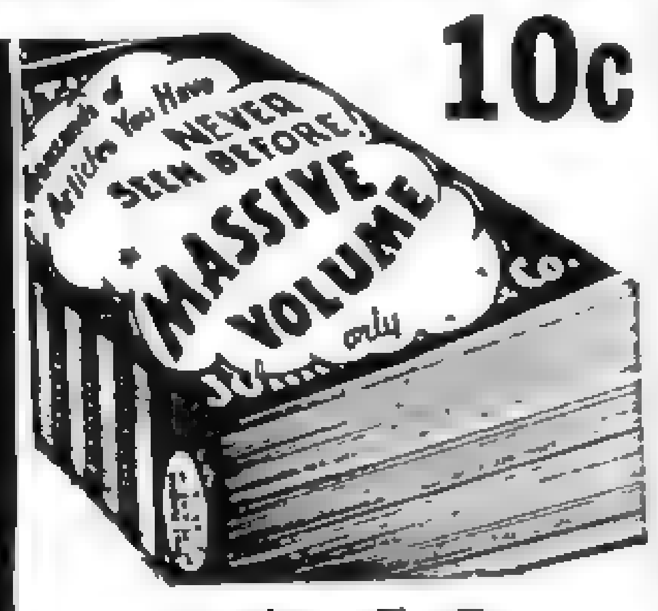
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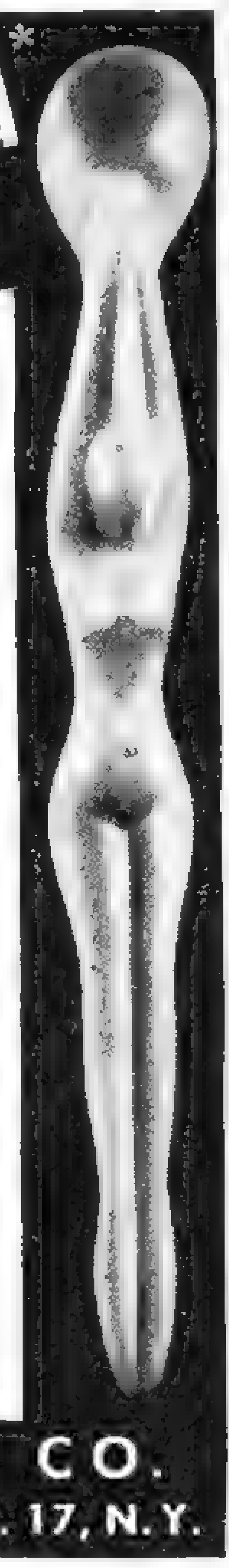

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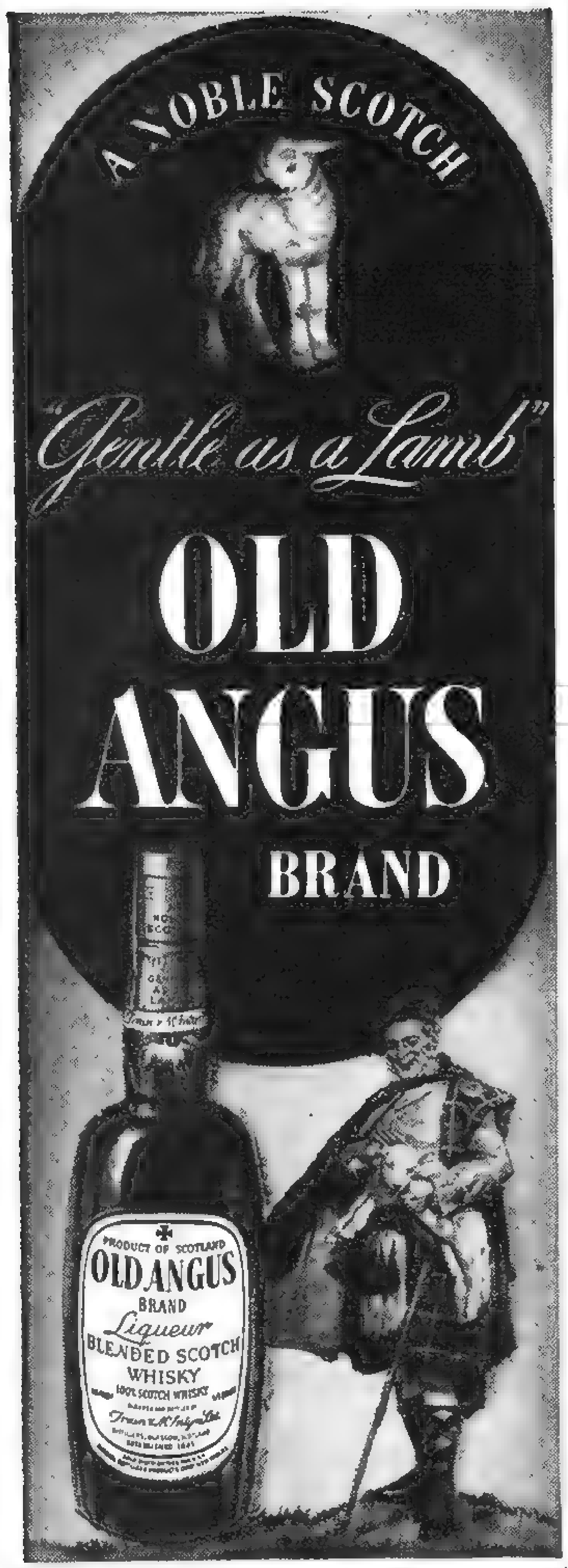

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Going Places

Painting the Town

BACK A FEW years ago, one of the great expectations for a newspaper or magazine writer visiting Hollywood was an invitation to have dinner at Mike Fish's home. To all appearances, Fish, a Falstaffian personality, was a still photographer in the publicity department at the Warner Brothers' studios. Actually, however, he was just a man biding his time. Because Mike, although an exceedingly competent photographer, was a better cook. He was well aware of this, too, and he worked at Warners' only to save enough money to open his own restaurant. Well, Mike finally has his place – one block east of Chicago's Magnificent Mile – and it is everything that we had been led to expect as we enjoyed dinner in his Hollywood home.

THE FOOD AT Fish's is Italian style. His Italian Egg Fu Young for example, is certainly one of the most tasteful and imaginative Italian dishes available anywhere in the world. Mike whose previous experience with cheesecake consisted mainly of photographing leg art, now offers a special cream cheesecake which he has flown in from Hollywood once a week. His tenderloin a la Mike Fish and his freshly chopped Gourmet meatballs (in which the garlic is unspared) are the sort of treats which you expect only from a man who recognizes and reverences superb food. All in all, we consider ourselves extremely unselfish in tipping you off to Fish's, for this, after all is the sort of magnificent restaurant you hate to see become too crowded.

MIKE FISH'S isn't the only new item to pop up this month. The other night we dropped into Leon and Eddie's, which is still an ornament on West Fifty-second Street in Manhattan, and sampled a drink called Bandana from Havana. Aside from the name, which strikes us as being annoyingly complicated, we fell quietly in love with the potion itself. It's made from the small Cuban bananas, which are called bandanas, and is ninety proof. One of the pleasantest things about it is its flexibility. It can be used as a liquer, as a highball base, and in daiquiris.

TO RETURN FOR a moment to Leon and Eddie's, this big and brassy temple remains one of the most successful and pleasurable retreats in all New York. By the time you read this, Miss Sherry Britton may no longer be on the premises, a fact that must be looked upon as distressing. Eddie Davis, however, will still be around, singing his sinful hymns.

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Getting Away From It All

DECEMBER is probably the most versatile winter vacation month, with the first good ski snow covering northern slopes, while it's still fine golf and riding weather in many of the southern states. Increasingly popular is the winter week vacation between Christmas and New Year's. Accommodations at the best-known ski resorts are usually tight for that period. At any other time during the month you usually have your choice of rooms—and at reasonable rates, too.

TOUGHEST PLACE to get accommodations, usually, is on a cruise ship to the Caribbean. Which is why the Holland-America Line's announcement of its winter cruise program is of more than usual interest to the December escapist. Both the Nieuw Amsterdam, flagship of the line, and the popular Veendam will run in luxury cruise service to the West Indies, Bermuda and South America. Sailings are scheduled from mid-December to late March.

Five cruises ranging in duration from 12½ to 18 days will be made by the Nieuw Amsterdam to South American and Caribbean ports, with the first sailing December 21. The 36,667-ton ship, one of the largest in luxury cruise service, features air-conditioned public rooms, three Delft-tiled swimming pools, a golf driving range, and unusually spacious sports decks.

MOST WESTERN ranches open to paying guests are either working ranches, where cattle and crops come first and a few guests are accepted, and "dude" or guest ranches, which are primarily resorts. Saddle Rock Ranch in the Arizona foothills near Flagstaff is a combination of both, since it's really two ranches six miles apart. They're both in the red rock country, about 4,000 feet above sea level, where the cactus meets the pine. Here in a picturesque country where most of the western movies in Technicolor are filmed you can enjoy real ranch life for a minimum of $65 per week. Activities include riding, swimming (except in December, January and February) fishing, hunting, archery, sun bathing and shooting.

THREE-WEEK escorted winter tours by rail, car and steamer through the Grand Canyon, the southwest, Yosemite, the coastal cities of California, Mexico and New Orleans are being booked by the American Express Co. Tours leave Chicago every week until May 8, with all-expense rates at $632, plus 15% tax, for lower berth accommodations.

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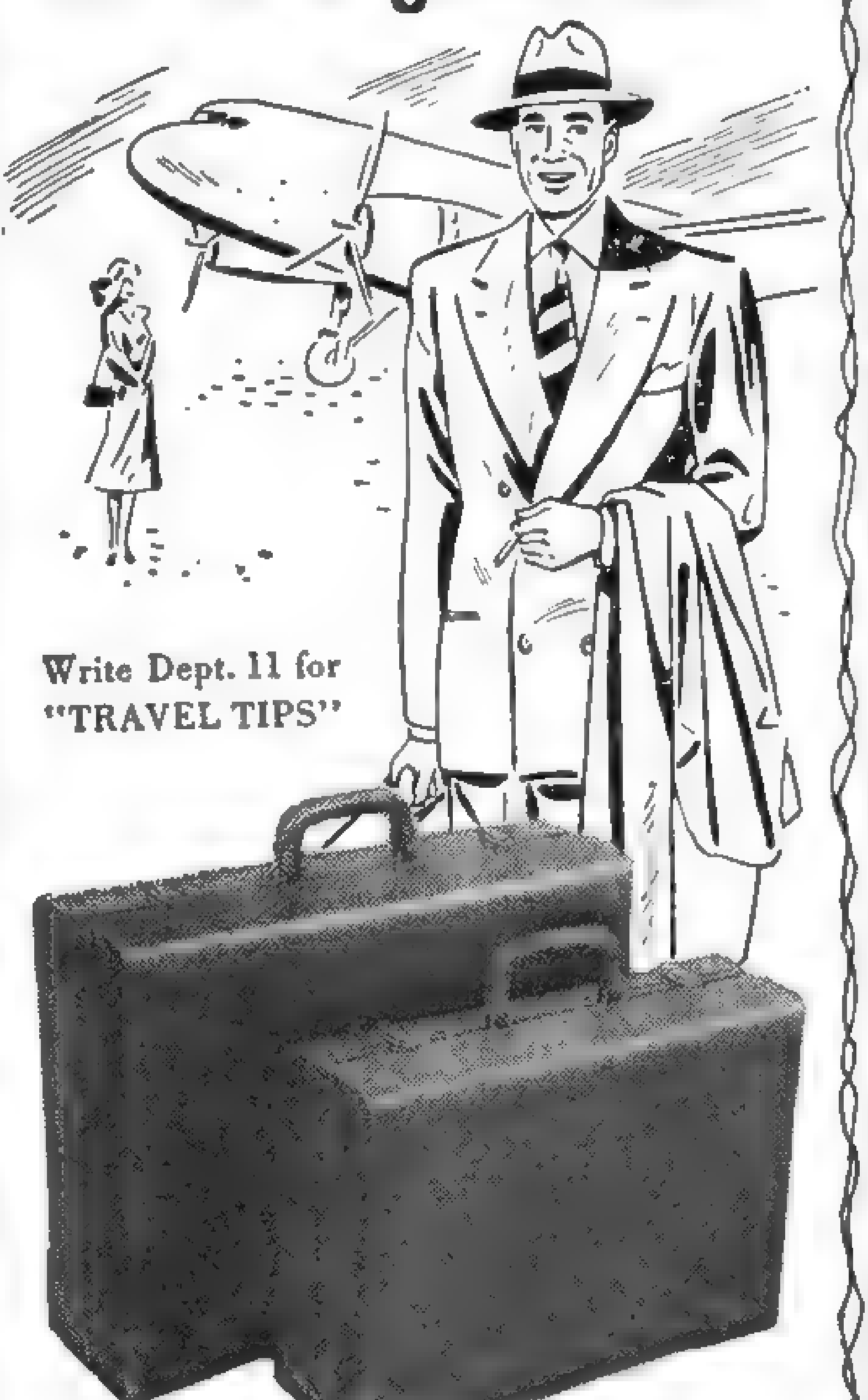

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Backstage with Esquire

John P. Maloney

JOHN P. MALONEY, our twenty-three-year-old Discovery of the Month, tells us the incident described in his affecting true story, *Herman's "Ding Ho" Christmas*, occurred on December 25, 1945; the ship was the *USS Landing Craft Support 107*. Born and reared in the West Virginia coal-mining town of Gary, Maloney joined the Navy at seventeen, serving for three years as Quartermaster 1/c. His duty on both oceans led logically to a vacation job as Mate aboard a windjammer in Long Island Sound, and last summer he was an outside laborer for a Gary coal company. He is now in his junior year at New York University, where he has been an evening-school student, working in the reference room at the New York *World Telegram* and as librarian's assistant with a law firm.

The portrait of Albert Einstein on page 90 is the first of a series of "Men of Achievement" photographed for Esquire by YOUSUF KARSH, the eminent Armenian photographer. Mr. Karsh's professional credo is that people should be portrayed in terms of beauty—meaning that beauty of character which he believes everyone possesses in varying degrees. During Mr. Einstein's sitting, a spirit of cordial understanding was easily established between the two men since Karsh, like his illustrious subject, is a man of essential simplicity. The Karshes live outside Ottawa in a modest house with four wooded acres bounded on two sides by the Rideau River. Their white birches, by moonlight, remind French-born Mrs. Karsh of the dancers in *Les Sylphides*, and because the place has become a bird sanctuary they call it "Little Wings." Yousuf Karsh has photographed many of the world's great men and is perhaps best known for the fact that on the last day of December, 1941, he daringly removed the cigar from the mouth of his subject, Winston Churchill.

Lucius Beebe

LUCIUS BEEBE, formerly a columnist and currently a feature and editorial writer for the New York *Herald Tribune*, frequently named as one of America's ten best-dressed men, and a perennial member of what he terms "New York's saloon society," is just the man to write urbanely about Christmas in New York, as he does in *Home-Town Christmas*, page 71. He is, by the way, a ranking historian of American railroads (as witness *High Iron*, *High Liners* and *Trains in Transition*. He and Charles M. Clegg, his collaborator for *Mixed Train Daily*, own their own private railroad car, "The Gold Coast," a museum piece of Victorian décor which becomes their home during Western travels. Just now they are working on a history of Wells Fargo to be published in 1949. Beebe contributes a monthly feature to *Gourmet* Magazine, is a member of the National Committee of the Wine and Food Society of America and a chevalier of the Confrerie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, which he explains is a semiofficial French confraternity of wine experts. This facet of his personality is reflected in *The Stork Club Bar Book* which is almost as well known as his collection of essays, *Snoot If You Must*. He was born at Wakefield, Massachusetts, of a long line of Boston bankers, in 1902.

The last time we saw F. HUGH HERBERT, he had just attended the stage debut of his daughter, Diana, as a leading actress in his play, *For Love or Money*. He then hurried back to Hollywood to write a sequel to his motion picture, *Sittin' Pretty*. As we understand it, the new movie, which may be released by the time you read this, will take its pragmatic author-hero, Clifton Webb, to college.

We can't tell you anything about G. CAMERON RUSSELL, who debunks explorers so knowingly in the article, *With a Lion by the Tail*. As we go to press he is unavailable for interview, being out of the States, as it happens, on a scientific expedition.

Earl J. Wilson

EARL J. WILSON is in Shanghai, working with the U. S. Information Service. He was born in Washington, D. C., and attended the School of Foreign Service at Georgetown University while working as an attendant in a mental institution. He says: "I filled my share of paste pots as copy boy for the Washington *Post*, later became a reporter, went off to the wars in the Marine Corps. After some fairly weird experiences around the Pacific (including zither lessons in New Zealand) I returned to the Washington *Post* as a feature writer, and, eventually, back to the Near East for this job. Though no ball of fire, I have had a number of stories in various magazines and have the distinction of being the only Marine alive to contribute a piece to *House Beautiful's* annual *Guide to Brides* (an article about a foxhole home)." He is also part author of *Betio Beachhead*, a book about the Tarawa landing.

The Breaking Point, according to its author, BUDD SCHULBERG, was written in Key West "while recuperating from some of the largest tarpon anyone has ever failed to catch in those waters." He and his wife and "two perpetual-motion machines named Stephen and David" spend their winters in Key West, their summers on a Bucks County farm. At the time of writing he was well into a new novel, which furnished a splendid excuse for not lending a hand with farm chores. He was also teaching a writing class for disabled veterans at a near-by Army hospital. Concerning Hollywood, which is more or less his home town, and which he satirized with that literary bombshell, *What Makes Sammy Run?* he remarks: "We are still on friendly terms, though critical of each other. I am known, alternately, as the son of B. P. Schulberg, the producer, the brother of Sonya Schulberg, the young novelist, and the son of Ad. Schulberg, the European agent. As for hobbies, I am rather proud of the fact that I was once Secretary of the Southern California Pigeon Racing Association and on a good night I can sing every libretto of Gilbert and Sullivan."

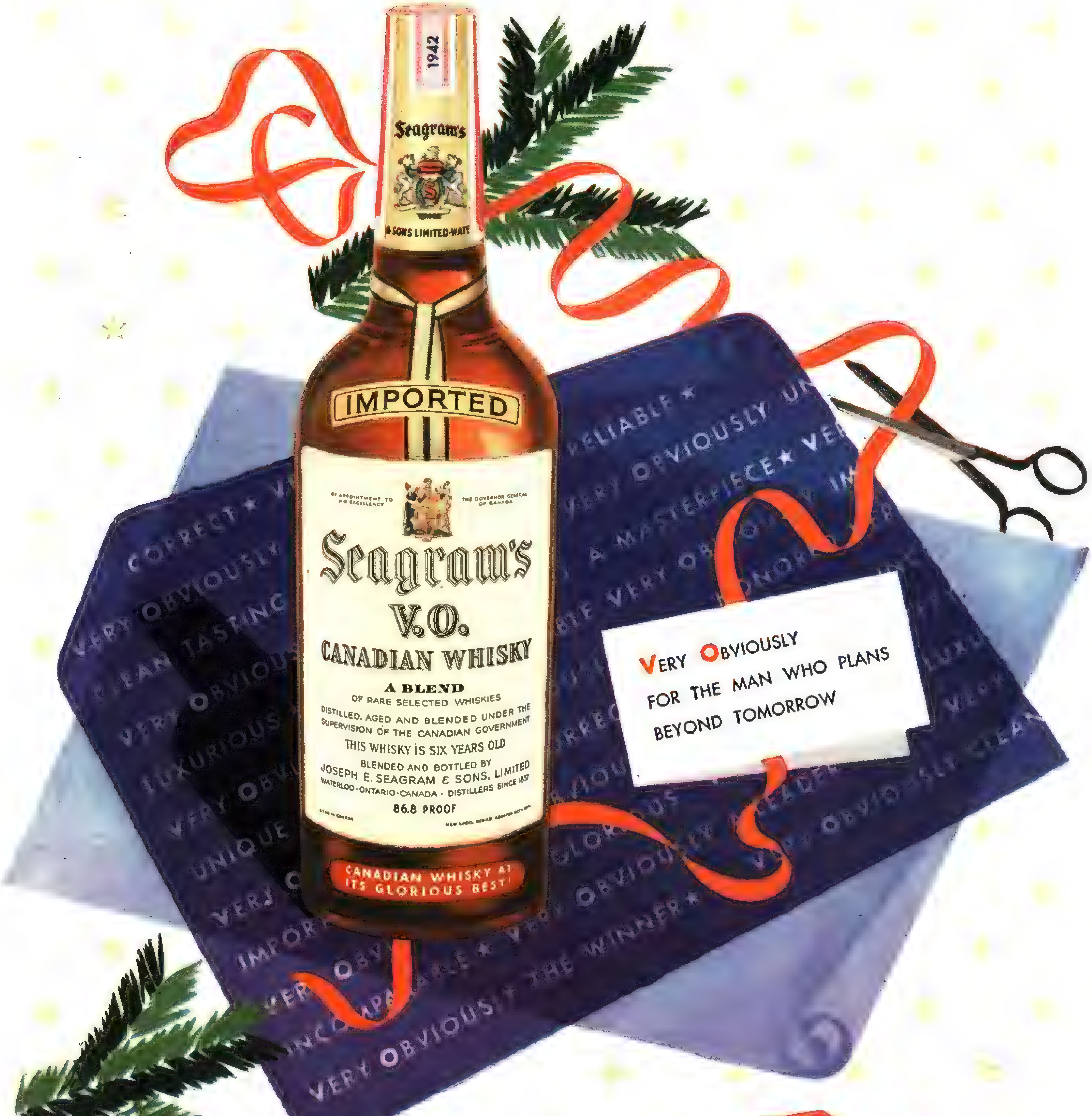
Robert M. Bleiberg

ROBERT M. BLEIBERG (*Want To Get Rich Quick?*—page 98) writes: "After discarding several pictures which made me faintly resemble Dorian Gray I was forced to fall back on this old wedding snapshot—a three-weeks-old wedding snapshot, I might add. Other highlights of my career include graduating from Columbia College in 1943 (on graduation day I was lugging a machine gun on Oklahoma maneuvers); surviving a couple of Pacific campaigns as an infantryman; and, during the past two years, writing feature stories for *Barron's Business and Financial Weekly*. I am one of those people who would probably be writing even if editors paid off in Confederate currency, provided a big enough by-line went along with it."

YLLA, whose stirring photographs of horses you'll find on pages 96 and 97 under the title, *Aristocrat of Arabia*, has wrought exciting new wonders in animal photography. In addition to her professional skill with a camera she is endowed with infinite patience and an affectionate understanding of animals which enables her to deal with them gently or firmly in order to achieve the moods that distinguish her pictures. She describes her background as a mixture of Central Europe. Beginning as a sculptor in Paris, she happened to take some animal pictures while vacationing in Normandy which showed such promise that she thereupon changed her profession. She did the illustrations for Julian Huxley's *Animal Language* and her first books were published in Paris, some of them appearing in this country. Since coming to America seven years ago she has done several books for Harpers, including *Dogs* and *The Sleepy Little Lion*.

James Poling

Now it can be told that JAMES POLING, contributor of *Young Man with a Problem*, also appeared in this magazine in the early thirties with the memorable, anonymously published story, *The Wench Is Not Amused*. This trenchant outline of seduction was published in *Bedside Esquire* and still elicits considerable fan mail from willing amusers. A graduate of the University of Michigan, Mr. Poling spent most of fifteen years as an editor in book publishing. He left Doubleday Doran, where he was managing editor, to enter the Navy, serving aboard a flattop in the Pacific as Air Combat Intelligence officer. Following the war he worked for Universal as eastern story editor, finally decided to free-lance. He is married, lives in New York City, and denies having "any colorful background or stirring adventures other than those experienced by a few million other guys during the war."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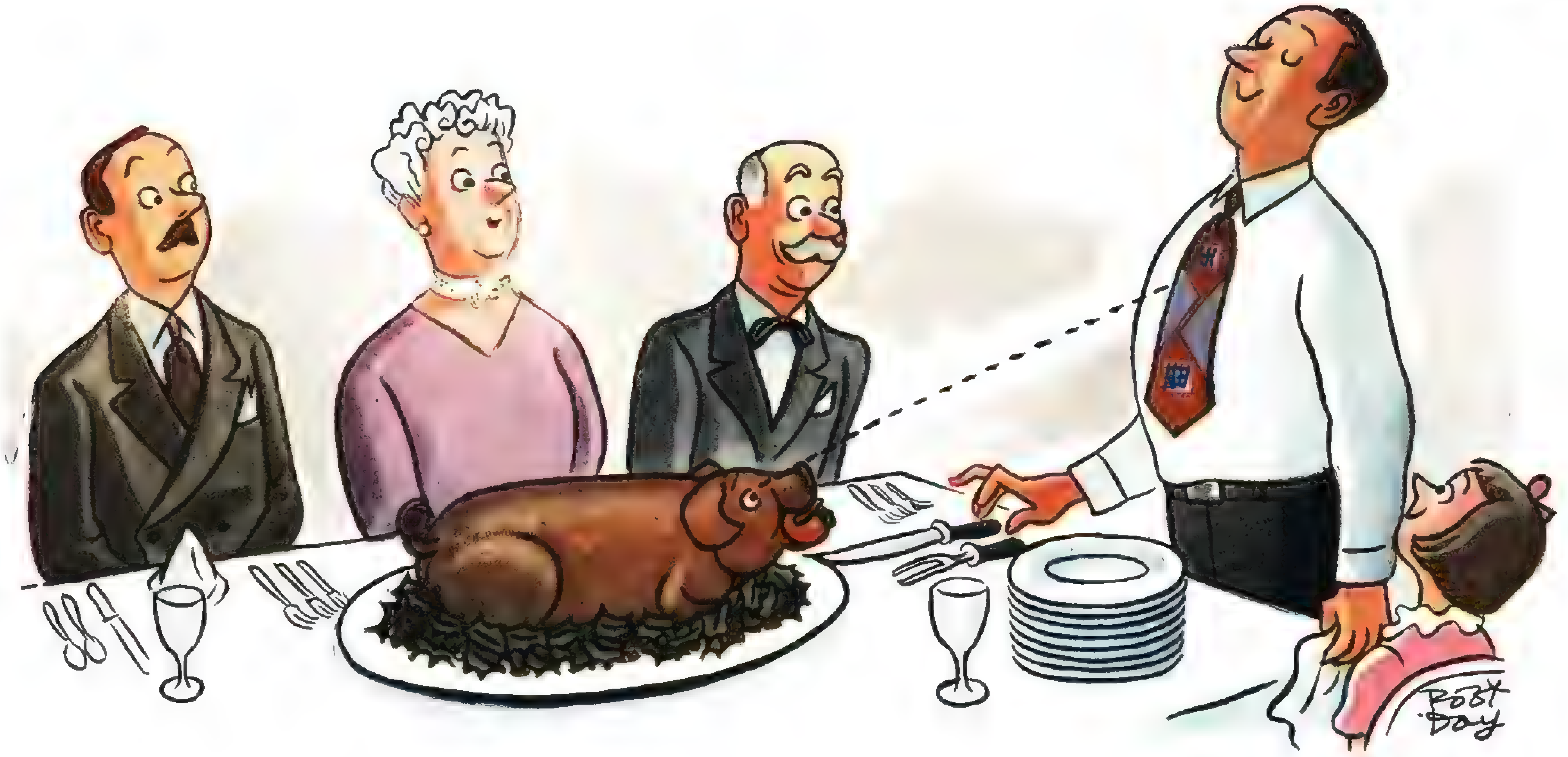

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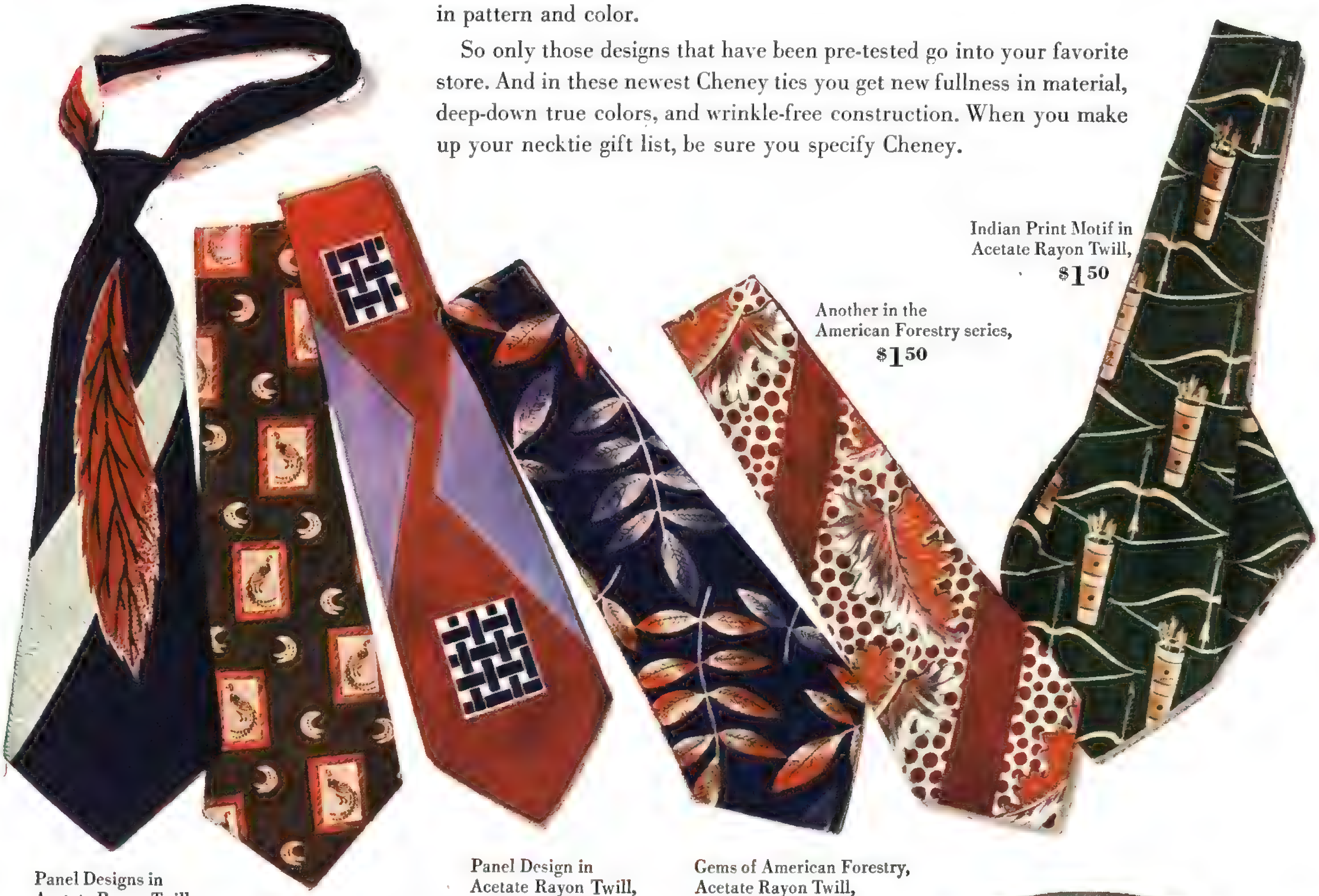

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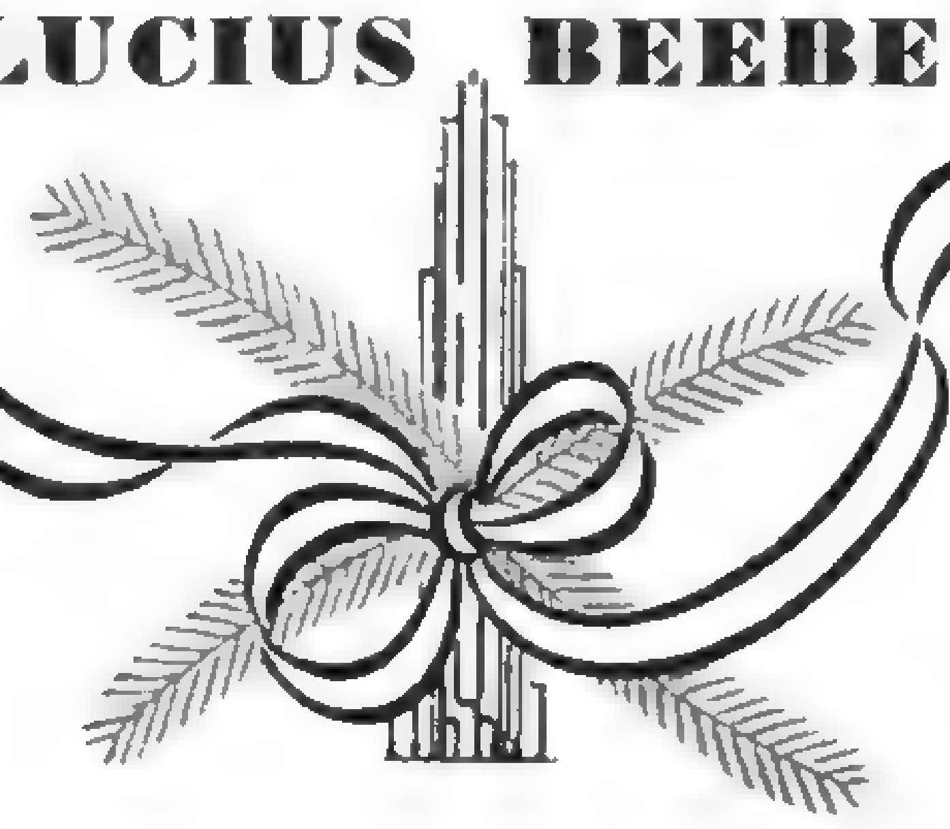
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Home-Town Christmas

Once a year the biggest city in all of America turns, by a strange magic, into a small and friendly town, and the Yule spirit quickens even a heart of stone

An Article by

LUCIUS BEEBE



New York, in the lexicon of American cities, will probably never be classified as a sentimental city. San Francisco may be—and, in fact, is—unabashedly sentimental over a number of things: Lotta's Fountain, the Palm Court of The Palace, and the cable cars, which no amount of utilitarian persuasiveness can compel it to wrest from its civic bosom. New Orleans is sentimental about the beautiful ironwork on the façades of the Vieux Carré and the long disused significance of balls and masking at Mardi Gras. Even Chicago is sentimental and gives alarmingly tangible evidence of it by preserving the municipal pump works and water station as one of the few available clues to a lustier and more implicitly western Chicago before Mrs. O'Leary's cow got in a pet with a lantern.

But New York renounces sentimentality as it eschews anything not severely functional and transcendentally modern. It tears down the structures of its almost immemorial elevated railroads and changes the names of age-old avenues without compunction. Anything that isn't as up-to-the-moment as dated coffee and as functional as a thermostat, so far as Manhattan is concerned, can go into discard. It took the Great Blizzard of 1947 to make New Yorkers wish, and that only for the moment, that they had steam fire engines again and wood-burning stoves; and the horse-drawn victorias and hansoms in Central Park are purely for the tourist trade.

New York has a heart of stone and concrete and the juices flowing in its veins are fuel oil and gin, but once a year it lets its civic hair down and metaphorically tells its maiden name, and that time is Christmas. It has been remarked by some eminento—I forget who—that every holiday of national significance and observance in the United States is an orgy: Fourth of July is an orgy of noise and oratory; New Year's Day an orgy of alcoholism; Easter an orgy of fashion; and Thanksgiving an orgy of overeating. If this is the case, Christmas in New York, a city which some folk claim is no part of the United States anyway, is what amounts to an orgy of good feeling. Not, you will understand, comparable to its antecedent holiday in ancient Rome, known as Saturnalia, when all the senators went around manumitting slaves and lesser persons merely tossed purses filled with gold through the windows into the streets. Nothing like that, but for New York friendly and almost warm.

More than anything, New Yorkers at every Christmas celebrate the anniversary, a year ago, of the time they were actually polite to someone or didn't kick the crutches from under a cripple or resisted the urge to fire the orphan asylum. This sort of negative morality among New Yorkers is the equivalent of acting like Abou ben Adhem almost anywhere else.

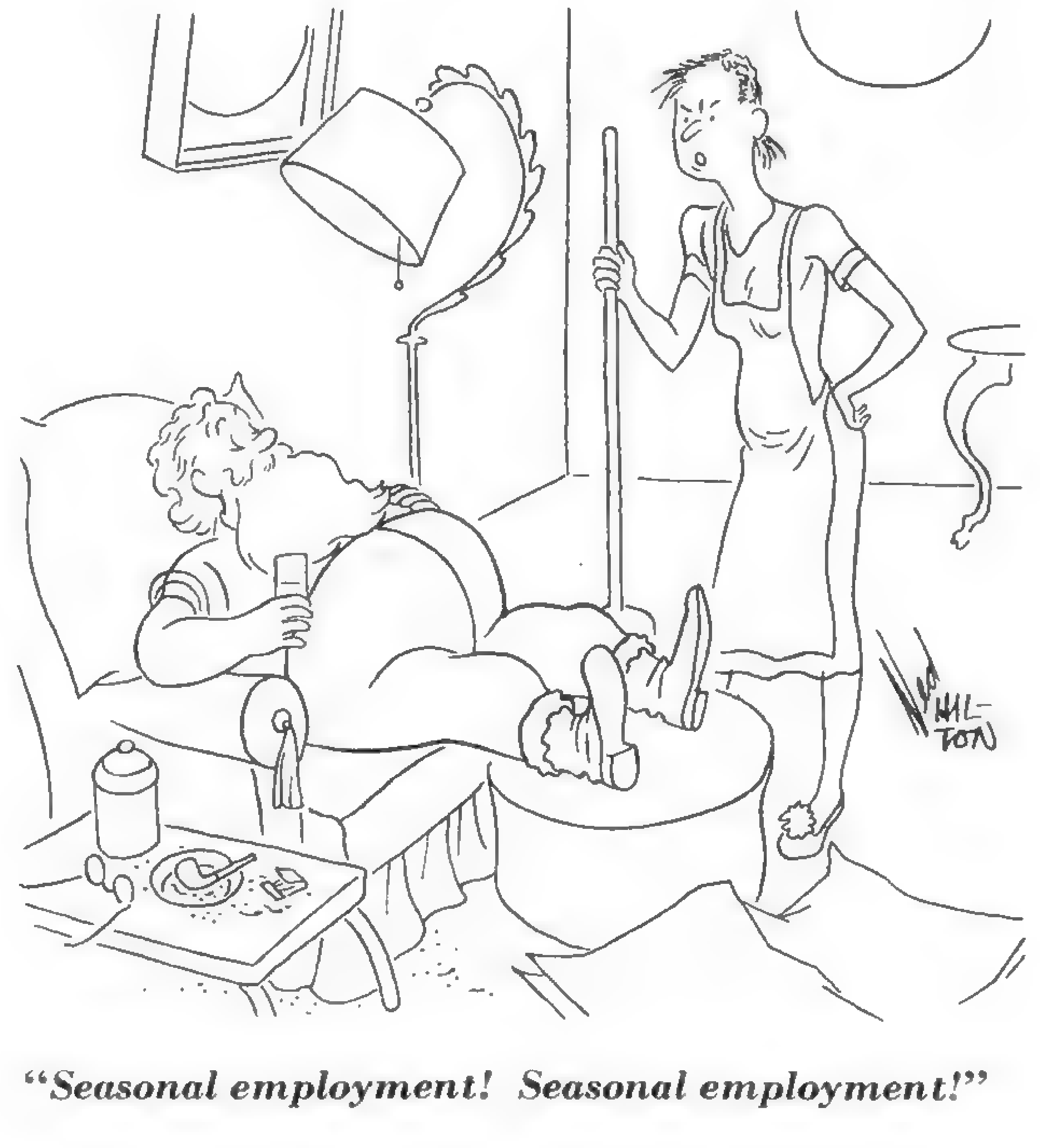
This, too, is a frame of mind and an approach toward the glad Yule season that makes New Yorkers particularly vulnerable to being needled into good will and comparative peace on earth.

Of all the year's holidays, Christmas is the most authentic and universally accepted in the New York calendar.

For one thing, the end of the year is about the only holiday which finds almost everyone who is a New Yorker actually on the scene in Manhattan. The contingent of fashionables on tap at Palm Beach or Palm Springs is relatively negligible. For another, the season is all things to all people: a time of religious solemnity to the virtuous, a time of wassail and jollification to most, a time of sentiment and affection to family folk, and of crusty salutations even among the members of Boston's most rigid cribbage club. It is nationally universal and lays hold on the affections of New York's numberless persons of foreign descent or extraction so that it is celebrated in various faubourgs by the Poles, the Lithuanians, the Hollanders, the British, the French and the Latins, the Mesopotamians and the Greeks.

In the case of the newspaper office where the writer is employed, the collapse of rational and ordered activity sets in early the day before Christmas. Time-honored tradition decrees that the library shall be the first to surrender all inhibitions about its functional duties and disintegrate in a pleasant state of noisy dementia induced by an enormous punch bowl set up in the rear of the stacks devoted in more conventional season to containing the Dictionary of National Biography. By early afternoon a horrid hurrah from the sixth floor indicates that Financial, Advertising and Classified have pooled their resources and that nothing more in the line of industry can be expected from this direction until December 26th or perhaps 27th.

By midafternoon phone service has become erratic, some hooligan having set up a diminutive bar behind the chief operator's switchboard, and any executive of consequence has been downstairs at the bar at Bleeck's (*Continued on page 228*)



"Seasonal employment! Seasonal employment!"

For someone special
Victor Kalin

Something Special for Miss Brigham

Mr. McLeish discovers that it is never too late to get into the spirit of Christmas and proves beyond any doubt there really is a Santa Claus

A Story by F. HUGH HERBERT

On the morning of December 24th the McLeish apartment on Park Avenue was already fragrant with the scent of pine needles. Poinsettias in lush profusion bloomed on the piano and in the fireplace; mistletoe hung from the chandeliers and over the doorways; fat red candles wreathed in holly leaves and tinsel adorned the mantels and the sideboards. Mrs. McLeish, who had spent a great deal of money and many happy hours to achieve this effect, thought it looked very Christmasy.

"Don't you just love it, dear?" she inquired of Mr. McLeish as he came in to breakfast.

"No," said Mr. McLeish.

"Now, now, baby," Mrs. McLeish purred affectionately. "You mustn't be crabby at Christmas."

Mr. McLeish, who wanted to be crabby because he *felt* crabby, scowled across the table at his wife. They had been married for forty-one years and he thought she was a damn fool to be calling him baby after all that time. He had thought she was a damn fool to call him baby on their honeymoon. *That* was when he should have put his foot down.

He sipped his orange juice morosely. A holly twig, sere and desiccated by virtue of central heating, fell from its vase and landed on the marble hearth with a faint, crisp clatter. Mrs. McLeish jumped up nimbly and, with deft, loving fingers, replaced it in the vase. "I just adore English holly," she said. "It's *so* pretty. Don't you think so, honeybunch?"

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR KALIN

"No," said Mr. McLeish, through gritted teeth. It was, in his opinion, a damn silly question. He had always loathed anything to do with holly, and his wife was well aware of this prejudice. Moreover, he found the endearment "honeybunch" a shade more nauseating than "baby."

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. McLeish. "I'm afraid you're going to be difficult again." She resumed her seat at the table, and when Mr. McLeish favored her with a brief glance over his oatmeal, she pursed her lips, blew him a little kiss, and winked.

Restraining an ignoble but powerful impulse to flick a spoonful of oatmeal into her eye, Mr. McLeish continued to eat sullenly. He loathed Christmas with a deep and abiding hatred. He also loathed Easter, Valentine's Day, Mother's Day, and Thanksgiving, to name but a few. Mr. McLeish was an enormously successful publisher of greeting cards. He firmly believed that across his desk had passed more sticky, maudlin sentiment and artistic symbolism regarding these recurrent festivals than had ever come under the eye of any other living man. Moreover, by an irony of fate Mr. McLeish did not appreciate, the very sentiments that he found to be the most repulsively expressed almost invariably became the biggest sellers.

Mrs. McLeish was slitting open a pile of envelopes neatly stacked by her plate. "Oh look, baby," she suddenly squealed. "Here's a card from the Wiltons! Isn't it cute? When you open it, a darling little snow-covered house sort of pops up! Look! Isn't it adorable?"

"No," said Mr. McLeish. He recognized the card as one of his extensive line, and his contempt for people who deliberately bought cards out of which little houses popped up was equaled only by his satisfaction in having the business acumen to publish them. He recalled (having quite a head for figures) that this particular number cost four and an eighth cents to manufacture and retailed for eighty-five cents. The Wiltons were just plain damn fools.

Mrs. McLeish, a gentle soul, was getting rather irked. She had kept track of her husband's conversation since he had entered the room. Thrice, to date, he had emitted a glum, uncompromising "No." "Really, Reginald," she complained, "I think it's naughty of you to try and spoil my Christmas every year. Can't you forget, just for a few days, that you publish Christmas cards—and enter into the spirit of it?"

"No," said Mr. McLeish, bringing his tally of negatives to four.

Mrs. McLeish decided that by pretending to burst into tears she would make her husband feel like a heel. She therefore pretended to burst into tears and left the room. Whether she actually succeeded in making Mr. McLeish feel like a heel becomes a problem in semantics. He had all the makings of a first-class heel, anyhow, and when she left the room he really felt no different, save perhaps for a slight sense of relief that now she could no longer irritate him by posing silly questions.

Some minutes later, having finished his breakfast, Mr. McLeish found his wife in the drawing room happily arranging a pile of beautifully wrapped packages under the Christmas tree. He noted immediately that her eyes bore no trace of tears. "Why did you pretend to cry just now—in that childish fashion?" he inquired testily. Mrs. McLeish, who was consistently feminine, vowed that she had indeed been weeping. She was lying in her teeth, and Mr. McLeish knew it. She patted his arm ingratiatingly.

"I just *love* Christmas, honeybunch," said Mrs. McLeish, "and you'd love it too if you'd sort of give way to it. Why don't you? Just for *one* year?"

Mr. McLeish, who loved his wife despite the fact that he often thought her a fool, began to weaken. He asked her, quite indulgently, just what she meant by "giving way" to it.

"Well, baby," said Mrs. McLeish, leading him by the hand to a love seat, "here's what I mean. *I* think it's terrible the way you just give me a check for Christmas."

"I've noticed you're always happy to get it," he told her.

"Honeybunch," said Mrs. McLeish, "you just don't understand what goes on in people's hearts. If you bought me some little trinket—no matter what—I'd treasure it far more than a check."

"Oh," said Mr. McLeish, who doubted it.

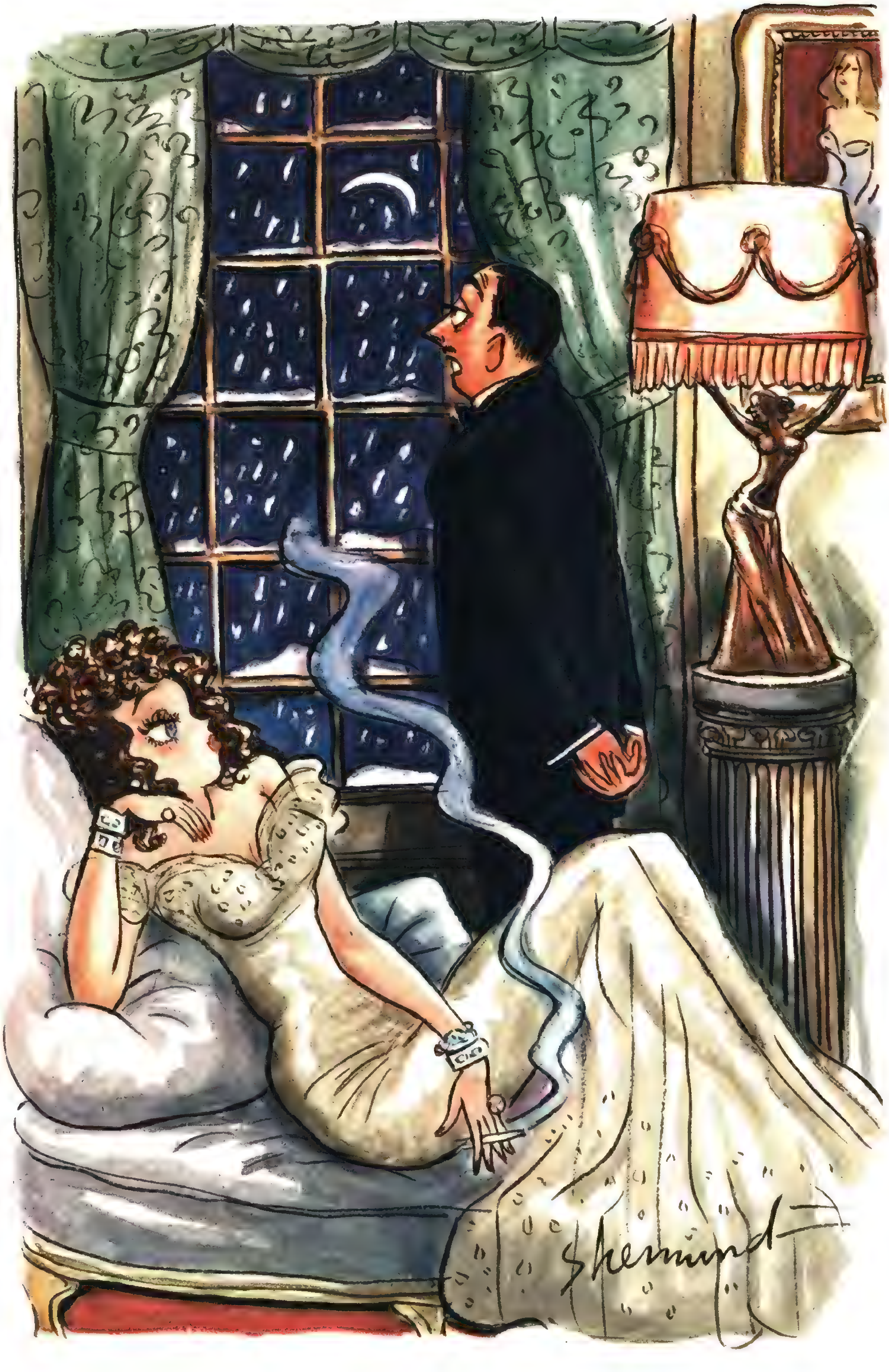
"And," his wife continued, "it's not only me. You always give checks to the servants and to your secretary instead of gifts. Checks are so *cold*."

Mr. McLeish, who gave very handsome checks, mildly advanced the theory that checks enabled the recipients to buy whatever they really wanted or needed, instead of getting stuck with a dozen hand-decorated doilies when they didn't *want* doilies.

Mrs. McLeish brushed this valid argument aside. "People love to be *surprised* at Christmas," she maintained. "They love *unwrapping* things. They love to feel that you thought enough of them to go out and select something beautiful for them—that you were thinking of *them*—even the servants."

Mr. McLeish, a logical man, said that he did not think enough of his servants to justify such a course. He pointed out that William, their butler, was a lazy slob; that Geraldine, their cook, had a genius for taking the flavor out

(Continued on page 234)



"My—but these winter evenings are long!"

Young Man with a Problem

John Crosby, Allen's favorite radio columnist, fights airwave banality but is almost worn out in the clichés by the drubbing he takes from soap operas and quizzes

An Article by

JAMES POLING

JOHN CROSBY is a young man upon whom the gods have smiled. That, at least, is the opinion of his contemporaries. Crosby himself, however, has a sneaking suspicion that while the Olympians were bestowing accolades with one hand, they were administering an adroit goose with the other. It is all very well to achieve fame and fortune of a sort in the brief space of two years, he will tell you, but don't forget the price he has paid. Have *you* ever tried listening to the radio for a living?

As radio critic of the New York *Herald Tribune*, with syndication, as this is written, in twenty-nine newspapers with a circulation of around three and three-quarter million, John Crosby, at thirty-six, is recognized as the most important man in his field. People who should know say that nothing like Crosby's column has appeared since the series of radio critiques written in 1933 by the late Ring Lardner. Crosby writes with the same subtle, caustic wit that marked Lardner's writing. See Crosby on give-away shows: "Too many programs of late are built on the questionable theory that philanthropy is an adequate substitute for talent." Or Crosby on dull public-service programs: "Good intentions are such a novel state of mind in radio that a broadcaster may almost be forgiven for falling into the error of thinking that's all a program needs." Or on audience-participation shows: "They ought to be reviewed by a psychiatrist rather than a newspaperman." Or on Gabriel Heatter: "There's dramatic news tonight, ladies and gentlemen, powerful and dramatic news. Gabriel Heatter is back from a vacation that was all too brief for both of us. Already my gingivitis is much worse." Ring Lardner would have approved of this young man.

Fred Allen calls him "the first literate critic to sit in judgment of radio," and it is generally accepted that Crosby's column fulfills a long neglected responsibility of newspapers in that it is a truly honest and adult consideration of a medium that plays an important role in our national life. Too many newspapers have ignored the radio or contented themselves with printing cozy press releases or cuddly gossip pieces about programs and airwave personalities. John is no cuddler. He is free-swinging, outspoken, and always readable—so readable that he has a large and devoted following among those who never even tune in on a program.

The praise lavished upon John has had little effect on his brother reporters, who still make envious cracks about his "drawing down all that dough for writing seven hundred words, five times a week, about some lousy soap opera." A photograph that appeared in a national news weekly shortly after his column's inception showed him lolling on the beach, copy paper and pencil in hand, with a portable radio adjacent to his right ear. That, people believe, is how a radio critic works. Once upon a time—long, long ago—a young man by the name of John Crosby thought so, too. Tain't so, McGee.

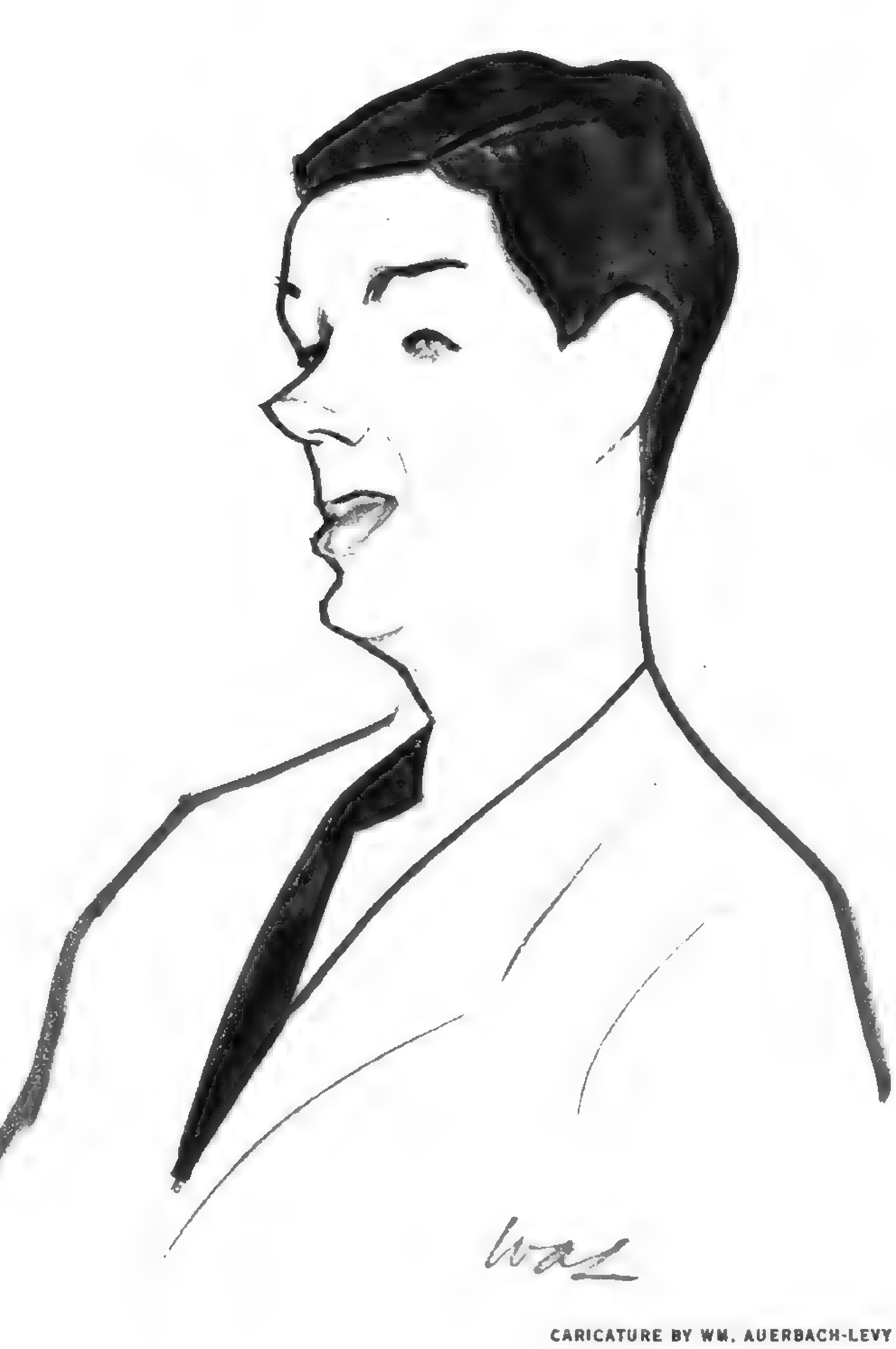
John is, on the whole, tolerant of the conglomerate voice of ignorance that cavils at his supposedly indolent life. Occasionally, though, he talks back. When he does, he points out grimly that the movie or theatre critic has something new and fresh to write about with each new show, whereas Benny, Hope, Amos and Andy, Joyce Jordan, Just Plain Bill, and the majority of other important radio shows have been around, dressed in the same tired old formula, practically since John's diaper days. And yet he is required to dream up a new and interesting column five days a week, fifty-two weeks a year. The idea is hideous to contemplate. When you've written about Hope once, you've written about Hope, period. Not even the most optimistic person dreams of the day when radio comedians will make news by doing something different. The same holds true all the way down the radio-log line. Radio formulas may not be as earth-shaking as Einstein's $E = mc^2$, but, brother, they got here first and it will take atomic energy to dislodge them. There certainly *is* something in John's contention that trying to write 260 interesting radio columns a year doesn't exactly come under the head of indolent living.

Furthermore, John *has* to listen to the radio. He is that journalistic phenomenon, a columnist with a conscience. He actually hears the programs he writes about—which can't be said, in truth, of all radio columnists. After all, only a schmoe would listen to those silly programs when innumerable press agents are being paid thousands of dollars to turn out reams of copy about the damn things and all you need to make a column is paste and scissors. Crosby is that schmoe. He, God help him, listens. While more fortunate men are faced with no greater problem than filling an inside straight, getting a raise, or thinking up an excuse that will go down with the little woman, Crosby's eardrums are being battered by the dreary drivel of the airwaves.

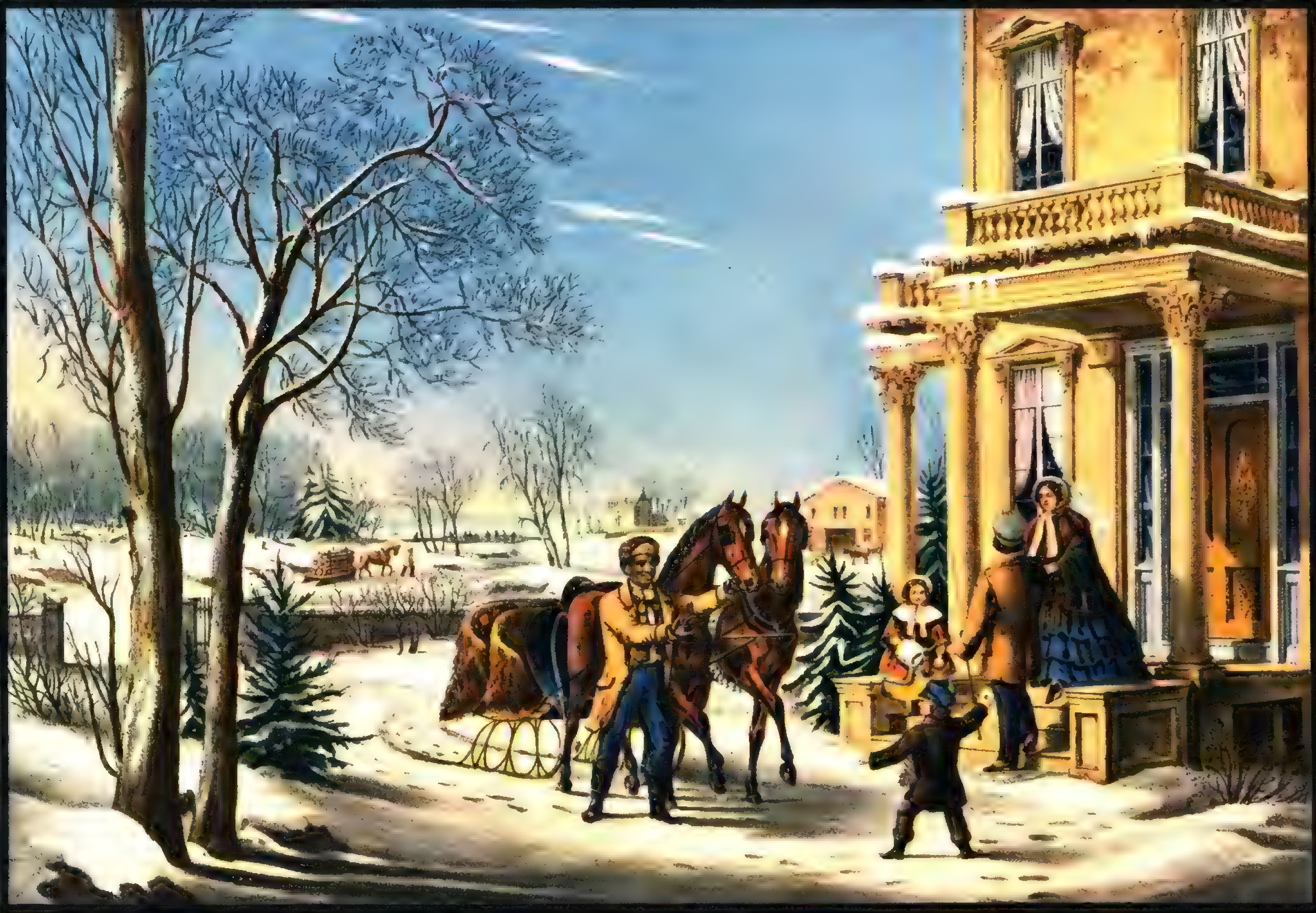
He once wrote, "Of all the things I enjoy not doing, not listening to the radio is my favorite . . . Some programs are more fun not to listen to than others." These lines appear to have been written more in sorrow than in scorn. They are plaintive words, spoken with a brave little smile by a guy who's in a hell of a predicament.

John's prelistening days were fairly normal and in no way prepared him for the ordeal of success. After an average boyhood in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, he survived his freshman year at Yale only to become exposed to journalism through a summer job on the Milwaukee *Sentinel*. He immediately abandoned education for the privilege of flaunting a press card, but he'd been a *Sentinel* reporter for only six months when an economy wave washed him ashore for a year's enforced

(Continued on page 244)



CARICATURE BY WM. AUERBACH-LEVY



ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR 1855 BY N. CURRIER; IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF N. Y.

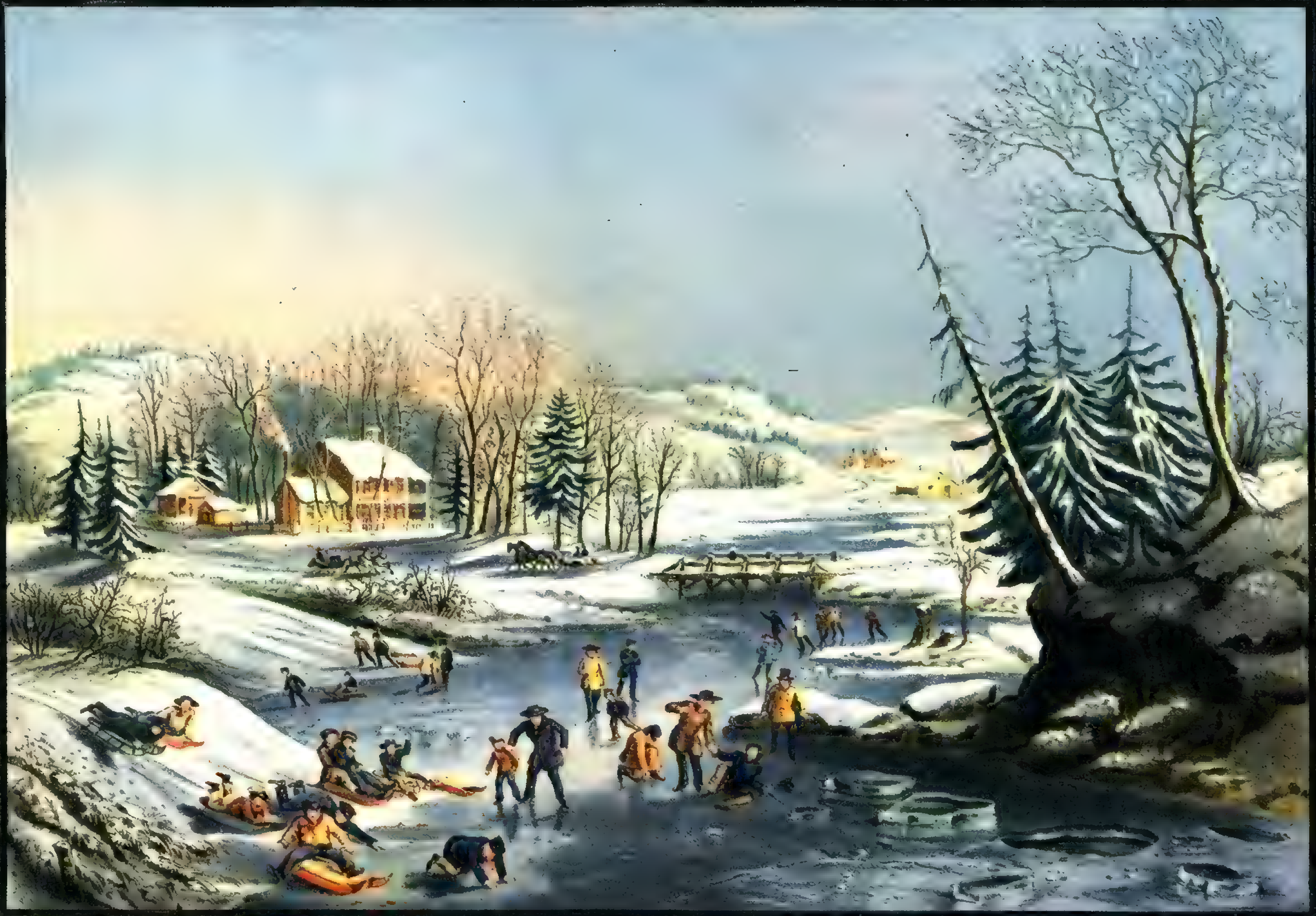
F. F. PALMER, DEL. LITH. BY N. CURRIER

AMERICAN COUNTRY LIFE

PLEASURES OF WINTER

CHRISTMAS, and Currier & Ives: Turkey, and Plum Pudding! Some things clearly are ordained to go together, and the simple rustic pleasures so pleasantly pictured by Messrs. Currier & Ives seem to belong to the youth of our country, as youth belongs to Christmas. So that at Christmas the man in a penthouse, in a chromium plated saloon, or in a penitentiary cell overlooking the bay, fondly accepts the delicious unreality of a vision which takes him back to Christmas morning in the country, "when he was a boy."

He may have been born on Third Avenue and Thirty-Third Street, but he sighs as he remembers breaking the ice in the water pail with the dipper at 5 A.M. of a crisp winter morning (*all farm boys get up with the dawn*). He remembers the thrill of a jackrabbit's eyes giving back the glow of his lantern as he went to the barn to take care of the animals. He remembers the whiplike crackling of ice on the meadow pond (*or was it in Central Park?*) as he skated that noon on his miraculous new blades. Then there was the game of finding each year the perfect Christmas Tree, unmatched for its color and symmetry, that sent him trudging for hours over the fir-covered hills (*or was it from store to store?*) for the towering green triumph of that one particular seedling set in the earth so many years before for this one glorious



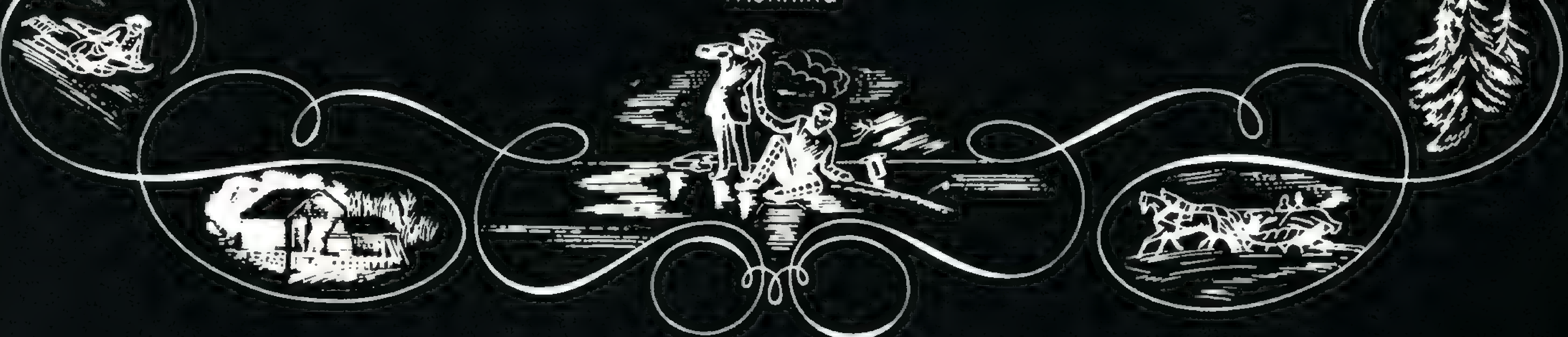
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR 1854 BY N. CURRIER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF N. Y.

F. F. PALMER, DEL.

LITH. & PUB. BY N. CURRIER, 152 NASSAU ST., N. Y.

AMERICAN WINTER SCENES

MORNING



day alone. There was the Yule log to be brought in for the great fireplace, that final triumphant outdoor task before the jollities and feasting and merriment indoors began around the family table. All this is the holiday aspect of the wonderful American tradition that every grandfather walked ten miles to school in snow up to his armpits, even in the summer. And who ever heard of a millionaire who worked for more than two dollars a week on his first job, even while he must save enough money to put himself through night school on the side?

What sweeter memory than the jingling bells on a sleigh, particularly to a man who has never been in one, as the little horse picks his way down the narrow road to visit the neighbors around the bend, going away slowly and gingerly, but stepping smartly on the trip home, as the snug stable nears? What more unforgettable moonlight than the beams that shone on the girl that Christmas night as—but that is probably blaming too much on our friends Currier & Ives. Enough that they have provided a nation with an album of its youth. Enough that they have soothed the minds of men everywhere at Christmas, with fancy if not with fact. It seems only fair that they should once again work their magic in this Christmas issue, keeping alive the gaiety and simple beauty of a holiday that has come once again.

COURTESY OF THE OLD PRINT SHOP-HARRY SHAW NEWMAN, NEW YORK CITY

The Breaking Point

The author of that Hollywood best seller, *What Makes Sammy Run?*, goes fishing in Mexican waters and hooks some of the most unpleasant characters we've ever met

A Story by
BUDD SCHULBERG

"WELL, honey, they're here all right," Brad said. "I just ran into Fefe in town. Says the fellow he took out yesterday got five sails. We've got a date with those babies in the morning."

Martha looked up from the hotel bed and the magazine she was reading and stared at him. She saw a big man who had once been handsome, who had once been her lover and for a long time now had been her husband. She saw a ruddy complexion that women considered attractive and that derived almost in equal parts from outdoor living and indoor drinking.

"You saw Fefe, and you also saw the bottom of a glass," she said.

"Oh, Christ, are you going to start that again?"

She felt the same way about it, but the pattern that enclosed them would not let her rest. "I'm not starting it. You started it when you broke your neck to get into town to have that first drink. In the hotel twenty minutes, and you can't wait to go into town and get stinking."

She hated that word, and for this very reason she always used it when she felt like this.

"I'm not stinking. Four, five drinks with Fefe—you call that stinking?"

She watched him take his shirt and pants off and stretch out on the bed. "Not stinking," he mumbled. "Poppa doesn't get stinking that easy. Just sleepy. Little sleepy, that's all."

Martha said nothing. She had decided to drop the case. It wasn't the charge she would have liked to convict him on anyway. She knew what the charge really was. It was the fishing in the morning. It was the fact that he never even bothered to ask her if she felt like going fishing in the morning. Their first day back in Acapulco after five years, after the long cruise, maybe she felt like just lounging around the hotel. Maybe she felt like strolling through town, noting the changes, or looking up the people who had been most hospitable to them on their honeymoon. But Brad would never know. Brad would never ask her. Brad would just go on being Brad, the big spoiled boy, the son of the chairman of the board, who never grew up, who thought everything was put there for his amusement—the sailfish, the native ports, Martha . . .

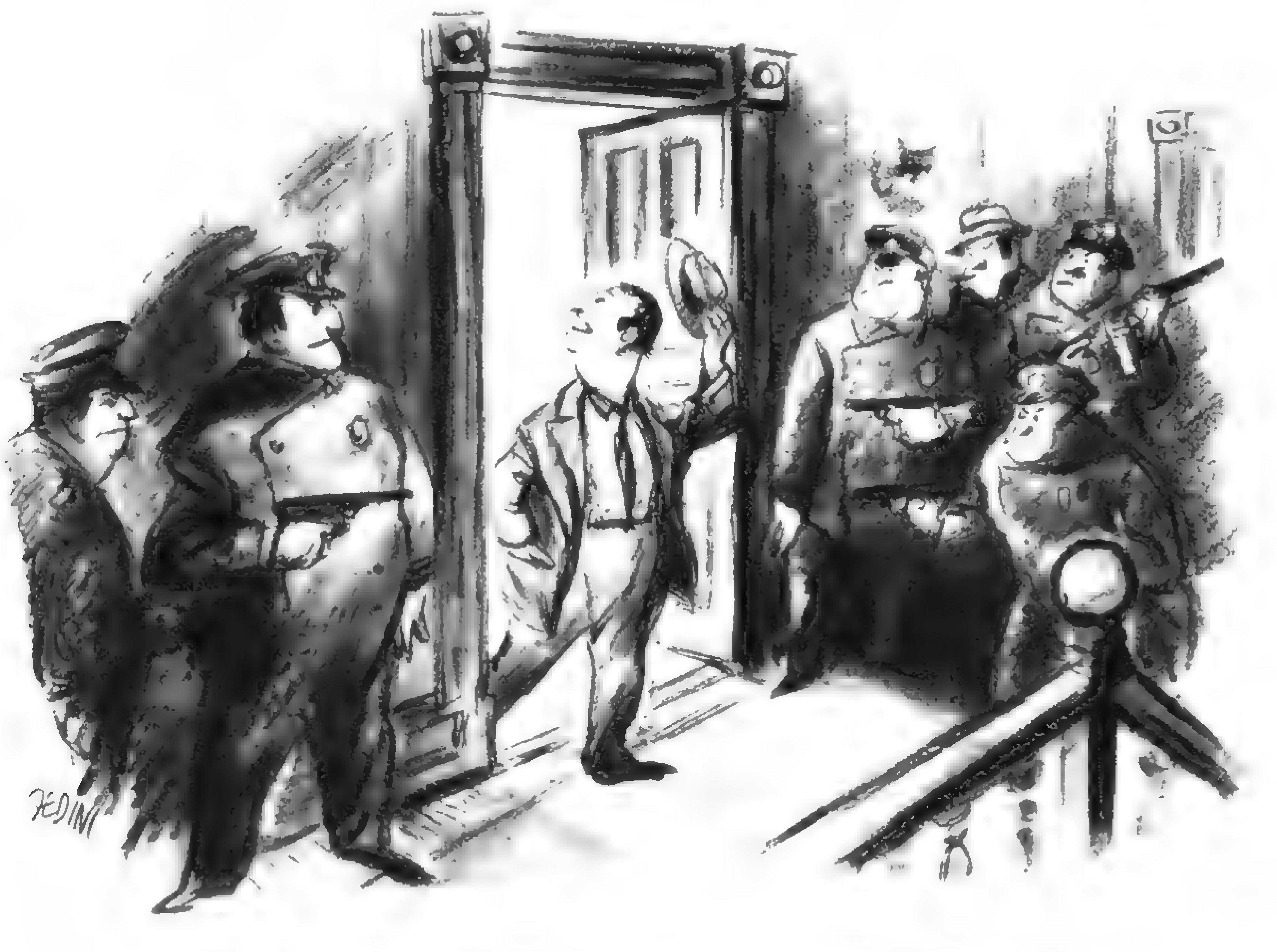
He was lying on his back with his mouth slightly open, his breathing punctuated by the familiar sound of his snoring. If she were to come into a dormitory of a thousand sleeping men, Martha felt sure, she would recognize that snoring. How many nights had it disturbed her reading? How many early mornings had its monotonous insistence penetrated sleep? How many nervous hours had she listened to it, and how many mornings had it provided the sound track for her first sight of the new day?

Suddenly his snoring was arrested by a violent snort. He is like a bull, she thought, with no more romance or even human passion in him than the stud bulls we've seen on ranches. He never asks me if I want to make love, he never asks me if I want to go fishing, he never asks me if I want to go to the bullfights; no, he just holds up two tickets—"They soaked me two hundred pesos apiece for these but I've got 'em!" And then, at the bullfights, there was always that business of the horses . . . Oh, she knew her Hemingway; she knew that the business of the horses is neither good nor bad, is not important, is merely a necessary, momentary unpleasantness that should not distract one from the real issue—the integrity with which the *torero* is preparing his bull for death. But Brad there, laughing at the jerky movements of that skinny horse's leg after the bull had refused to take the point of the *pica* for his answer, *laughing* and telling her to take her hands away from her face, which she could not do because one hand was needed to cover her mouth and the other one had to hide the tears coming out of her eyes. My God, how close are sympathy and selfishness, she thought. When I cry for the horse, the innocent bystander crushed to earth, I cry for myself, trembling against the impact of the dark beast.

Once, after a particularly cruel bullfight, she had refused to speak to him for the rest of the afternoon. And up in the hotel room before dressing for dinner, the time he always liked, she would not give herself to him—not so soon after the business of the horse.

He had tossed his head then, with a bull's rage and a bull's stubbornness, and had roared out into the hall, on his way to the bar, with a familiar threat that disgusted her, that made her want to remove herself forever from the path of his charge. She had stood at the window looking down into the great avenue, her mind already hurrying ahead to her suitcase, her clothes, the note she would leave . . . but when he came in several hours later, listing slightly with his overload of tequila, and threw himself down on the bed and began to snore, she was still there, trapped like a bird that has come in through an opening it can no longer find.

And now tonight, here in Acapulco, as she watched and listened to him sleep, she wanted—as she had wanted on that other evening—to blame her failure to leave him on the rigidity of her Boston family tradition, a background that shrank from scandal and the public charge-and-countercharge that delighted tabloid readers. But she knew herself too well to accept this as any more than the hard outer shell of the frailty of flesh and spirit that (*Continued on page 215*)



"Don't worry, Hazel—I can take care of myself"

Petticoat Fever ——▸

THE ancient and wise Chinaman who combined certain innocent elements and made dynamite was probably given but a split second to reflect upon this natural law before he was blasted into the arms of his ancestors. And what have we here? A leg, which is, says our dictionary: "A limb of an animal used for walking." Also a stocking: "A close-fitting woven or knitted covering for the foot and lower leg." So, like our Chinese friend, we have combined these innocent elements—the limb of an animal, and the close-fitted covering. Result: Dynamite, gentlemen, more dynamite.

KODACHROME BY MUKY

Not All of Them Were Merry

Christmas can be tinsel and stardust in your eyes, or it can be like this one was—far away and all alone, surrounded by cold hills and sad memories

An Article by

JIMMY CANNON

THIS is a Christmas story of soldiers in the year 1944. When I sat down to the typewriter all that I had to write was clear in my mind. But I find it difficult to reach that Christmas. The copy refuses to move. There are too many other Christmases in the way. I try to identify them, but it is impossible. It is as though they were one Christmas. I am a boy and I am a man on this Christmas Day which never was, but is a little of all of them I have known. The places are never the same and neither are the people. But the mood is changeless and I am always apprehensive. It is a time of happiness and I have known much of it during the season of Christmas. But the fear is there and it tarnishes the joys of recollection. My reverie is disorganized and blemished by the knowledge that Christmas is not always a merry day. If you grew up in the slum of a big city as I did you will understand what I mean.

There were many good ones and they are loud with laughter. But they do not survive in recollection and it is impossible for the mind to incarcerate them. It is a personal history of Christmas, but what else can a Christmas story be? There was always one I wanted and I never had. I wanted to be one of the people who populated the Christmas cards. We lived down on the West Side of New York, but I yearned to be in a country place—every time Christmas came around. When I was young I wanted a Christmas with the sweating horses going up the snowy hill. I was driving them and my whole family was in the sleigh. The bells made tiny sounds of happiness and we passed carolers who stood in snowdrifts and sang of the miracle of the Child in the Manger long ago. It was white and quiet and the music and our laughter was the only sound. When I think of a Christmas Day that is the way it becomes before the reality conquers it. It does not remain very long and it is gone and there are the many days made into one by memory and all of them hurt by dejection no matter how good they once seemed to be.

Where I come from the people loved the snow. It would darken with the smoke of the chimneys even as it fell. It lay filthy in the gutters and they shoved it off the sidewalk and there it waited in revolting piles. The garbage collectors did not work when snow clogged the streets and the people of the slums would empty their garbage onto the snow and let it rot there. But the coming of the snow in Christmas week meant happiness in the slum where I was raised. It defeated poverty and at night the children prayed for it. In New York, the Department of Sanitation always hires emergency gangs of shovelers in the streets and this guaranteed money in the house. The men of my neighborhood worked on the docks or in the factories or they drove horse trucks. But there never seemed to be enough jobs to go around no matter how good the times were. There were some who refused to work, but they were ashamed of themselves when Christmas approached and they watched the skies for a sign of snow because it meant hot meat on the table. There were some who would let their children go hungry and live off the charity of the neighbors all year around, but they were assailed by guilt in the time of Christmas and this was a dinner they wanted to buy themselves. There would be soup meat if it was a small snowfall, but if it was anything at all there was usually a chicken. No one ever admitted they had soup meat Christmas and the women of these men would wait until the butcher shops were empty before they bought it. Soup meat on Christmas was a disgrace and no matter what they had they all lied, children and adults alike, and bragged about the tenderness of the imaginary turkey. The snow killed a lot of them, too. They rarely had boots and they protected their feet by wrapping them in newspapers or burlap bags and the shovelers would all have colds, and pneumonia took a lot of them. So the women prayed for snow and lit candles and so did the children and they were governed by a fear as the day came near.

Some rebelled at their poverty, but they were helpless to control it and they concealed their anguish by unreasonably punishing their children. There was a boy whose father was a shiftless and whiskey-damaged man who had been a civil engineer until booze had robbed him of his talent. He would deliberately pick a fight with his son on Christmas and insist the child had forfeited any right to enjoying the holiday. He would inform the boy that he had offended Santa Claus with his behavior and his reward would be unpleasant. The monstrous parent would send the kid to bed early on Christmas Eve and then fill his stocking with lumps of coal. It broke the child's heart and the neighbors were outraged by such cruelty and they donated gifts to the abused boy. But the old man made him take them back and then hit the kid a few licks with the razor strap for what he considered flagrant disobedience.

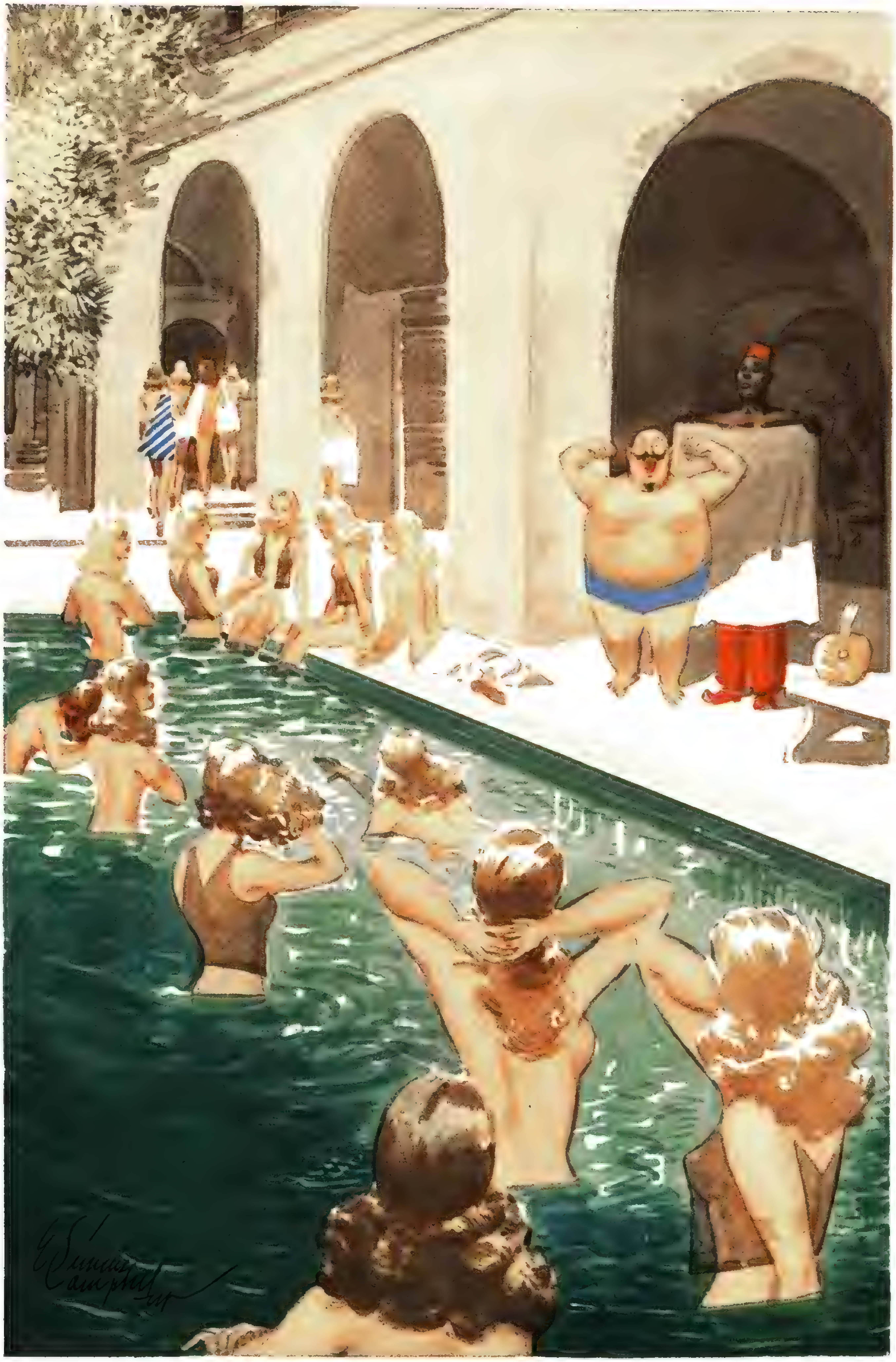
We were all right because my old man worked steadily. There was always a turkey for us and we never had to wait on the miserable lines outside of the political clubs which distributed them. It was the custom then for Tammany district leaders to give away a turkey and fixings for all those who were in need. Naturally, they had to prove they voted the straight Democratic ticket and it was considered only just that Republicans should starve. I shall always remember old Dan Finn for what he did every Christmas. It was his argument that you degraded people and advertised that they were paupers by making them line up for charity. So he sat in the office of his clubhouse during Christmas week and gave away cash to those who did not have food in the house. It was true that most of them drank it up and never got the money home. But this did not make old Dan feel he had been betrayed.

"It's the kind of Christmas they wanted," he said stubbornly.

We called my grandfather Papa Jim and he was a very old man when I was a child. He was proud and once was a big truckman with his own stables and many horses to pull his trucks. But when I first became aware of him he

(*Continued on page 203*)

"Where the hell have you been?"



"Boy! There's nothing like a cool dip in the morning to start the day right!"

How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar

A classic story of our cherished holiday that will bring memories to every man who was a boy

A Story by
BRET HARTE

It had been raining in the valley of the Sacramento. The North Fork had overflowed its banks, and Rattlesnake Creek was impassable. The mud lay deep on the mountain road; wagons encumbered the track, and the way to Simpson's Bar was indicated by broken-down teams and hard swearing. And further on, cut off and inaccessible, rained upon and bedraggled, smitten by high winds and threatened by high water, Simpson's Bar, on the eve of Christmas Day, 1862, clung like a swallow's nest to the rocky entablature and splintered capitals of Table Mountain, and shook in the blast.

As night shut down on the settlement, most of the population were gathered at Thompson's store, clustered around a red-hot stove, at which they silently spat in some accepted sense of social communion that perhaps rendered conversation unnecessary. Indeed, most methods of diversion had long since been exhausted on Simpson's Bar; high water had suspended the regular occupations on gulch and on river, and a consequent lack of money and whiskey had taken the zest from most illegitimate recreation.

Even the sudden splashing of hoofs before the door did not arouse them. Dick Bullen alone paused in the act of scraping out his pipe, and lifted his head, but no other one of the group indicated any interest in, or recognition of, the man who entered.

It was a figure familiar enough to the company, and known in Simpson's Bar as "The Old Man." A man of perhaps fifty years; grizzled and scant of hair, but still fresh and youthful of complexion. He had evidently just left some hilarious companions, and did not at first notice the gravity of the group, but clapped the shoulder of the nearest man jocularly, and threw himself into a vacant chair. Then his face slowly changed. "Dismal weather, ain't it?" he said, now fully embarked on the current of prevailing sentiment. "And tomorrow's Christmas."

There was a movement among the men at this announcement, but whether of satisfaction or disgust was not plain. "Yes," continued the Old Man—"yes, Christmas, and tonight's Christmas Eve. Ye see, boys, I kinder thought—that is, I sorter had an idee, jest passin' like, you know—that maybe ye'd all like to come over to my house tonight and have a sort of tear round. But I suppose, now, you wouldn't? Don't feel like it, maybe?" he added, peering into the faces of his companions.

"Well, I don't know," responded Tom Flynn with some cheerfulness. "P'r'aps we may. But how about your wife, Old Man? What does *she* say to it?"

The Old Man hesitated. His conjugal experience had not been a happy one, and the fact was known to Simpson's Bar His first wife, a delicate, pretty little woman, had suffered keenly and secretly from the jealous suspicions of her husband, until one day he invited the whole Bar to his house to expose her infidelity. On arriving, the party found the shy, petite creature quietly engaged in her household duties, and retired abashed and discomfited. But the sensitive woman did not easily recover from the shock of this extraordinary outrage. It was with difficulty she regained her equanimity sufficiently to release her lover from the closet in which he was concealed, and escape with him. She left a boy of three years to comfort her bereaved husband. The Old Man's present wife had been his cook. She was large, loyal, and aggressive.

"It's my own house, built every stick on it myself," said the Old Man. "Don't you be afeared o' her, boys. She *may* cut up a trifle rough—ez wimmin do—but she'll come round."

As yet, Dick Bullen, the oracle and leader of Simpson's Bar, had not spoken. He now took his pipe from his lips. "Old Man, how's that yer Johnny gettin' on? Seems to me he didn't look so peart last time I seed him. Maybe, now, we'd be in the way ef he wus sick?"

The father, evidently touched by the considerate delicacy of the speaker, hastened to assure him that Johnny was better, and that a "little fun might 'liven him up.'" Whereupon Dick arose, shook himself, and saying, "I'm ready. Lead the way, Old Man: here goes," himself led the way with a leap. As he passed through the outer room he caught up a blazing brand from the hearth. The action was repeated by the rest of the party, closely following and elbowing each other, and before the astonished proprietor of Thompson's grocery was aware of the intention of his guests, the room was deserted.

The night was pitchy dark. In the first gust of wind their temporary torches were extinguished, and only the red brands dancing and flitting in the gloom like drunken will-o'-the-wisps indicated their whereabouts. Their way led up Pine-Tree Cañon, at the head of which a broad, low, bark-thatched cabin burrowed in the mountainside. It was the home of the Old Man, and the entrance to the tunnel in which he worked when he worked at all. Here the crowd paused for a moment, out of delicate deference to their host, who came up panting in the rear.

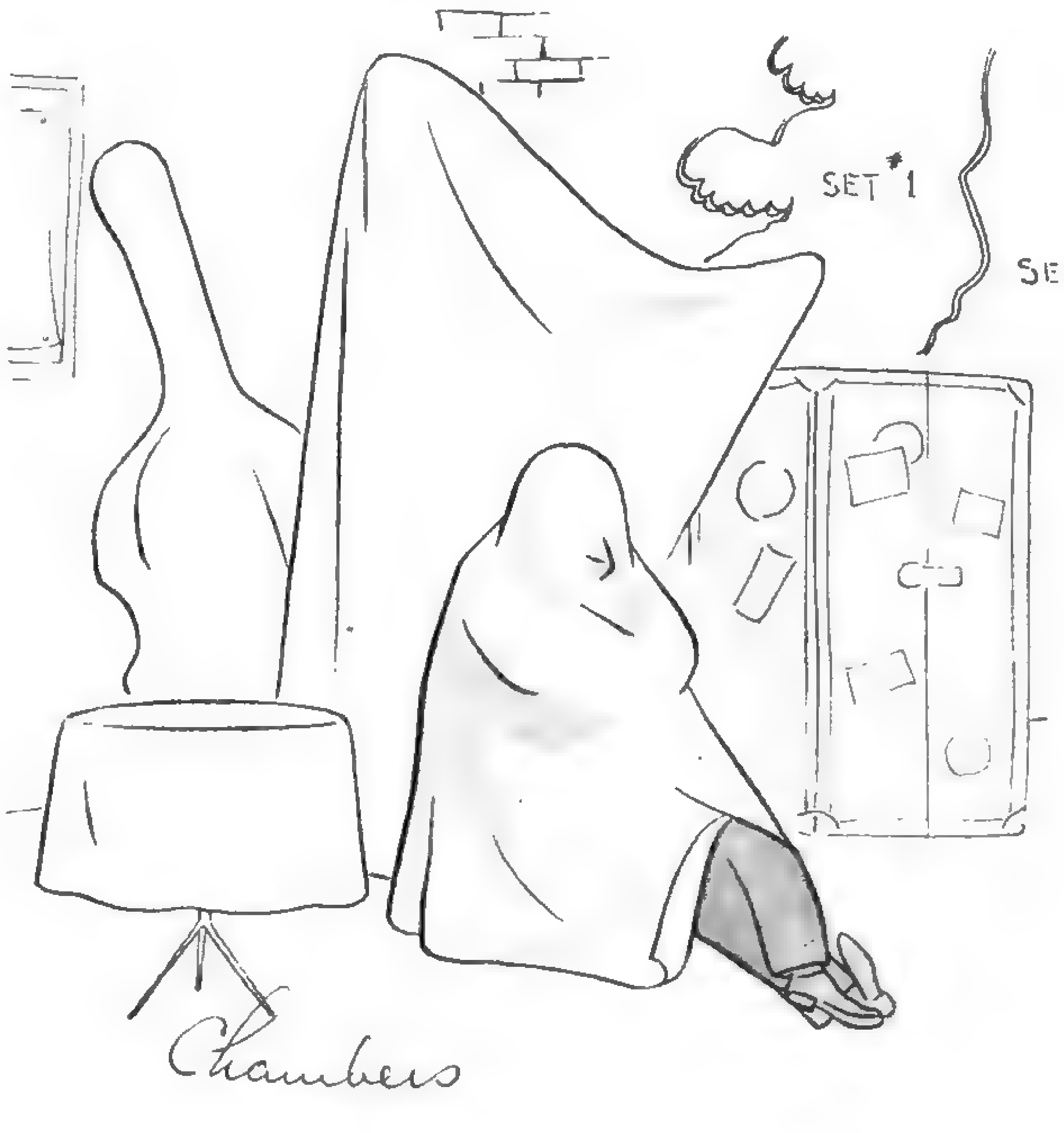
"P'r'aps ye'd better hold on a second out yer, whilst I go in and see that things is all right," said the Old Man, with an indifference he was far from feeling. The suggestion was graciously accepted, the door opened and closed on the host, and the crowd, leaning their backs against the wall and cowering under the eaves, waited and listened.

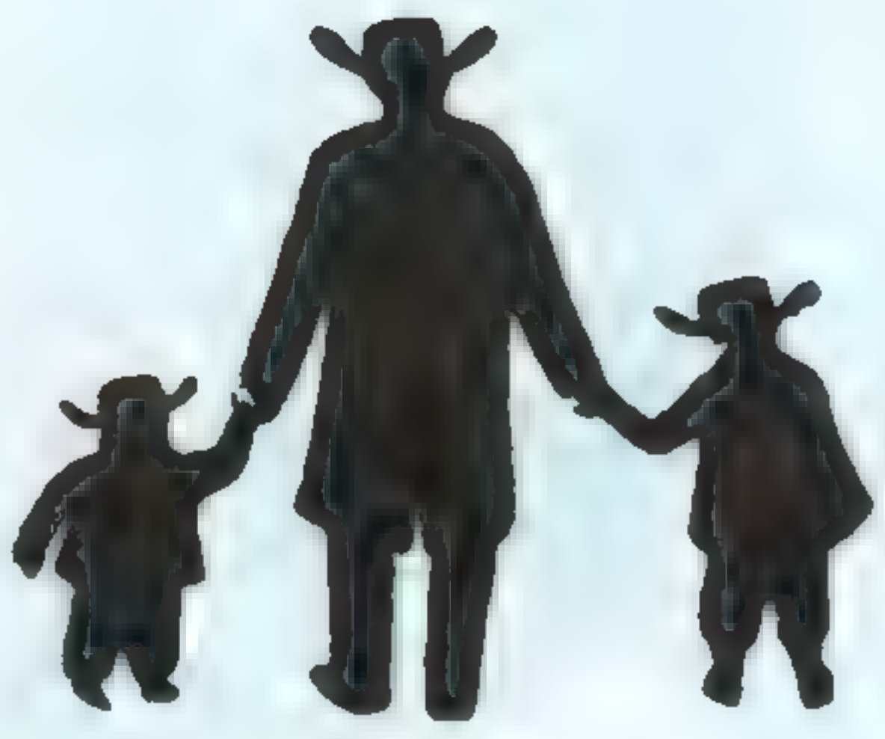
For a few moments there was no sound but the dripping of water from the eaves, and the stir and rustle of wrestling boughs above them. The men became uneasy, and whispered suggestion and suspicion passed from the one to the other. Then the latch clicked, the door slowly opened, and a voice said, "Come in out o' the wet."

The voice was neither that of the Old Man nor his wife. It was the voice of a small boy, its weak treble broken by that preternatural hoarseness which only vagabondage and the habit of premature self-assertion can give. It was the face of a small boy that looked up at theirs—a face that might have been pretty, and even refined, but that it was darkened by evil knowledge from within, and dirt and hard experience from without. He had a blanket around his shoulders, and had evidently just risen from his bed. "Come in," he repeated, "and don't make no noise. The Old Man's in there talking to mar," he continued, pointing to an adjacent room which seemed to be a kitchen, from which the Old Man's voice came in deprecating accents. "Let me be," he added querulously, to Dick Bullen, who had caught him up, blanket and all, and was affecting to toss him into the fire, "let go o' me, you d—d old fool, d'ye hear?"

Thus adjured, Dick Bullen lowered Johnny to the ground with a smothered laugh, while the men, entering quietly, ranged themselves around a long table of rough boards which occupied the center of the room. Johnny then gravely pro-

(*Continued on page 219*)





Peace on Earth

SOLEBURY MEETING HOUSE

by John Sharp

In this calm and straightforward painting of a little group of Quakers going to their quiet meeting to endeavor to invoke the spirit of the Prince of Peace, artist John Sharp has taken the strength and sincerity of their faith for his mood. With only the slightest touch of whimsy as reflected in the sectarian hats of the small fry, his painting is a gentle symbol of the true meaning of faith and peace that the world feels at Christmas time.

REPRODUCED COURTESY OF
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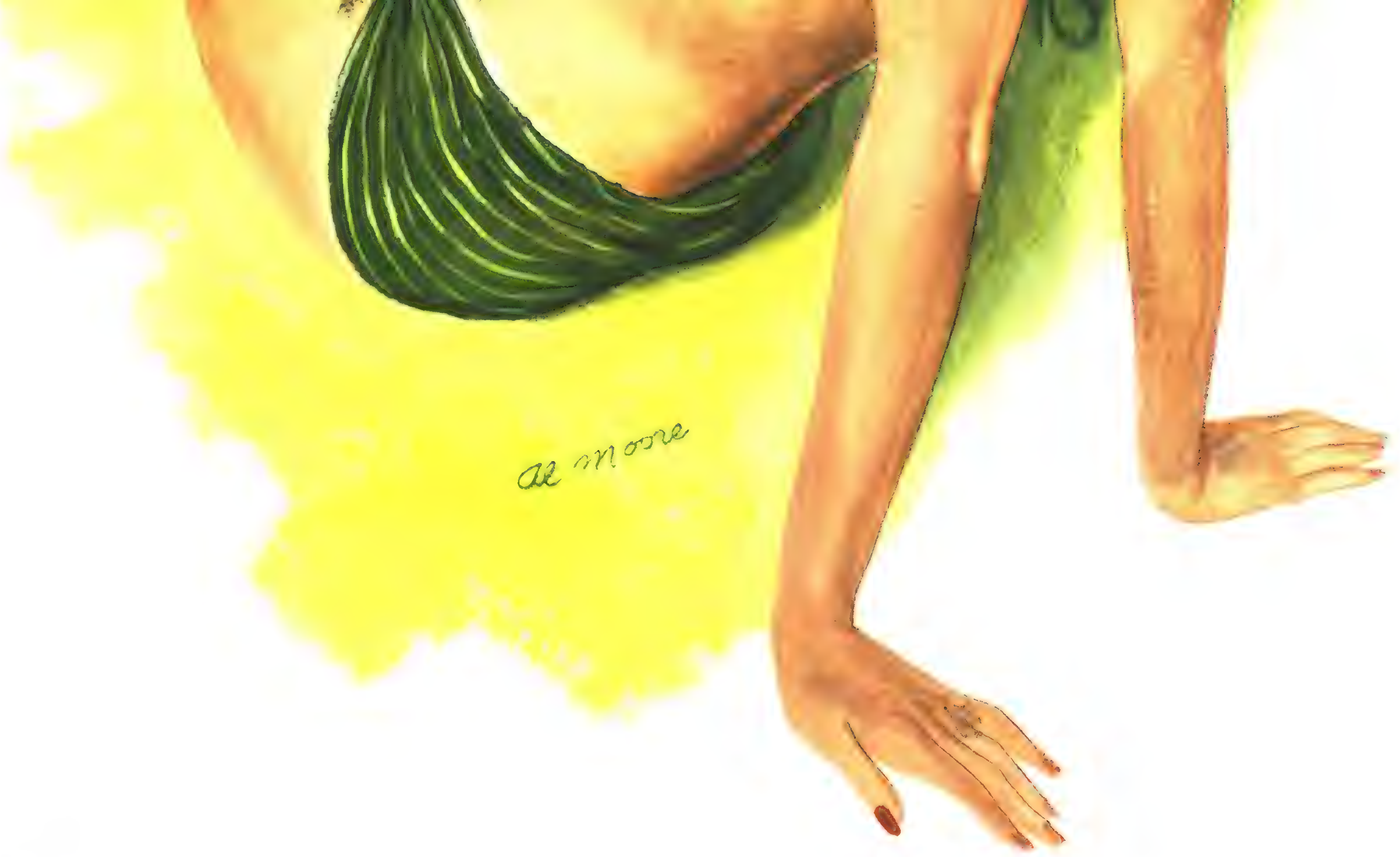


Red and Green

Painting by

AL MOORE

Otis Green had two hobbies: females and fishing. He diverted himself with the first until the lady in the case started making noises like a bride-to-be. Then he'd change her for Baptiste McCarthy, the best guide, outdoor cook, and fishing companion in the Solar System.

When Otis Green's convertible stopped outside Baptiste's cabin last season, he discovered something new had been added. That something was red-headed Antoinette, Baptiste's sister, down from Quebec for a visit. Antoinette had a way of looking over her shoulder that would give a marble statue ideas.

It drizzled the first two days. Mostly the three sat around and talked. That is, Otis talked. Antoinette listened. Baptiste watched. It did not take him long to see that his sister regarded Otis as a sort of Superman with a convertible—and that Otis Green was looking forward to a delightful vacation.

The third day Baptiste took Otis aside and talked. "Look, Otis," said Baptiste, " 'Toinette is a nice girl from Quebec. You're not such a nice man from New York. I saw the way she looks at you. You can add lil red 'Toinette to your string if you want. But, if you do, you'll never fish this stream again. You choose, boy. Fish, or 'Toinette."

There are many, many women in the world, but not many guides like Baptiste McCarthy. Otis Green took a record six and three-quarter pound trout from the stream that year. He had it stuffed. You may notice it on his office wall if you ever drop in to see him.

But you should have seen the one that got away.

Golden Bubble Dance

Champagne, which has been called all things by all sorts of men, has a history as delightfully romantic as that feeling only its bubbles can give to a man

An Article by

SCOTT HART

SOMEWHERE in the dim wine cellars of the Abbey of Hautvillers, in the groping seventeenth century, a bottle suddenly burst. The good men within hearing thought this a little unusual, though not necessarily portentous; but Dom Pérignon, a Benedictine with a seeker's thrusting chin and a scholar's towering brow, tensed up. For him the grape was an unending adventure; he had, indeed, been pursuing some quiet investigations to test his belief that a second fermentation of wine in the bottle would produce an ennobling effect. This explosion might even be Nature's way of announcing it.

So, when the others withdrew, Dom Pérignon looked into the matter. His guess was right: the pressure which had broken the bottle was caused by carbonic-acid gas generated during the later fermentation and had made the wine sparkle magically. Dom Pérignon ventured an earnest sip and yelled, "Oh, come quickly. I am drinking stars!"

He had drunk sparkling champagne as it is known today, and the cellar's deep, thick walls could not contain his yell of discovery. And not long afterward, as the story goes, he invented an appropriately fluted glass from which to quaff his star-inhabited liquid and to watch, as he put it, "the dance of the sparkling atoms."

That is the story of the birth of champagne as a lot of people have told it. It *is* a story, of course, and perhaps it isn't entirely true; but I like to believe it. I like to believe what follows, too. The amiable world of Dom Pérignon's day heard his cry of discovery and reached for his drink. But he kept his formula a secret, and men, understandably, grew worried over Dom Pérignon's monopoly of such a tasty and beneficial boon. So frustrated and tantalized, indeed, did the world become that Frederick William II of Prussia is said to have summoned the brains of the Academy of Arts and Sciences into furtive consistory to answer the question: "Why does champagne foam?" The scientists requested large quantities of the wine to execute Operation Drinko, but the stingy monarch gave them only twelve bottles—and the secret remained Dom Pérignon's. The inventor, meanwhile, was enormously helped through a world-wide word-of-mouth promotion which told how the product was not only a great drink, but a wonderful aid in dispelling pestilences and restoring health to the sick.

Today, of course, there is nothing secret about champagne beyond the proportions of white and red wines used in producing an individual blend. Everybody now knows what Dom Pérignon did to shake a handful of sparkling stars into a goblet of ordinary, still champagne wine.

Today, as down through the ages, men and women walk in the autumn dawn toward the Marne vineyards to pick and select the best grapes of the yield for the wine presses. They work hard—all day long—but there is said to be a tradition among some of them that the dawn is the best time for picking—that only grapes picked one hundred days after the flowers appear and just at sunrise have the "tang of a maiden's first kiss and some of its shyness," as they put it. Some say, less poetically, that grapes gathered while the early sun shines produce a quarter more juice. Anyhow, it's a pretty tradition.

After the juice comes from the presses, it goes into casks, where the natural sugar content of the grape causes it to ferment and turns it into wine. During the period of fermentation, the air in the cellar ought to turn purple and become intoxicating to all but men of the most accustomed kidney—but it doesn't. The wine ferments quietly; cold winter comes; the ferment settles down; at last the wine grows bright and is ready for racking. It is put into different casks, free of sediment. And, later, the blenders come like ministers of the vine to marry one juice with another into what, they trust, will be a successful union—both in taste and on the competitive market.

The rising of the sap, Nature's way of flowering the earth and revitalizing things in general, is critical in the creation of sparkling champagne. In the spring the wine is put into bottles, and sugar is added to start a second fermentation in the bottles, where it reposes from six months to five years—or longer. As a final process, some one of Dom Pérignon's followers invented "disgorging," which means that he removed the cork from each bottle and allowed the accumulated gas to push the sediments out. This ended the slower practice of changing the wine to a new bottle, which had been the way things were originally done at the Abbey of Hautvillers.

This was good, but if we accept the old legend, it should not lessen the reputation of good Dom Pérignon; after all, it was he who discovered how to put the sparkling stars in the bottle. It was he, also, who realized that the tighter the bottle the greater the effervescence; and, in pursuance of the theory, he popularized the cork. Millions of frustrated men, showered with the precious contents of the champagne bottle as the cork unexpectedly pops, have spoken harshly of him for this. But Dom Pérignon would perhaps reply that the worth-while things in this life are not easily attained.

Champagne, in truth, has evolved into one of mankind's lasting symbols: the drink that is raised to the hour of glory. It splashes the sides of ships at launchings, toasts the health of kings, serves at christenings, is quaffed at weddings, and brightens banquets. Its restorative powers to convalescing patients could bring a million testimonials, and its influence upon the lonely soul is quite incalculable. What, for instance, did Stanley say to Livingston in the lost wallows of Ujiji after shouting, "Dr. Livingston, I presume?" History hasn't made a record of the answer, but the probabilities are that at least one person in the party immediately suggested that they split a bottle of champagne.

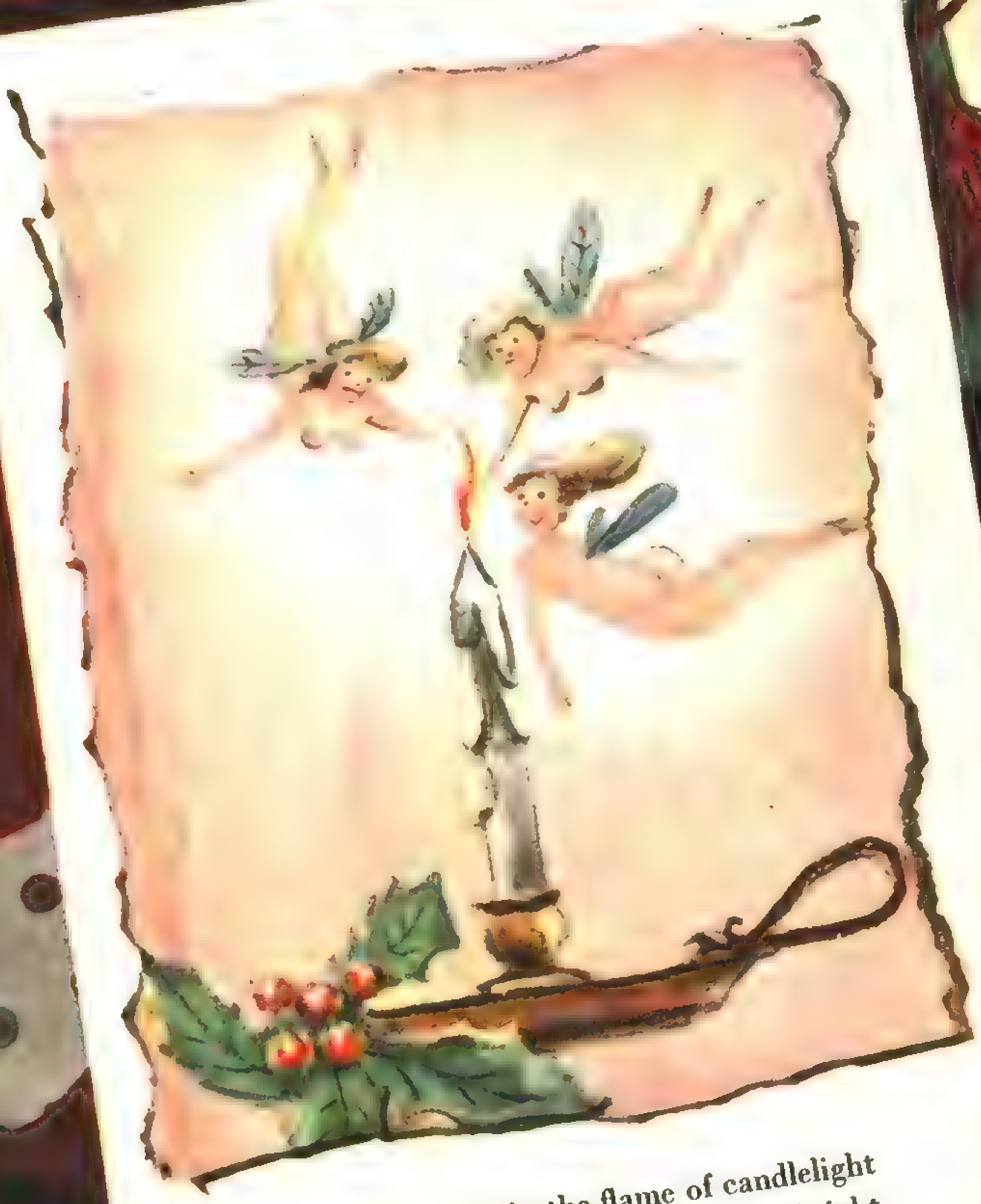
The drink's reputed ability to undermine the resistance of young ladies reasonably in love has, perhaps, no scientific basis in the chemical relationship of alcoholic spirits to feminine will power. But many men have believed in its potency, although many others insist that the prevalent notion that a sip of champagne leads to a session on the settee and an old mother's broken heart is an imaginative figment of the movies and moralizing authors. Actually, the alcoholic content of a single glass of champagne is very low.

The world-wide renown of champagne has resulted from no slick promotion drives by the eager peoples of France: it has come largely, curiously enough, from their sufferings. Every army that has passed through the champagne vineyards has carried home a taste for the vine. Thus France, the weeping woman of war, has perpetually spawned millions of trav-

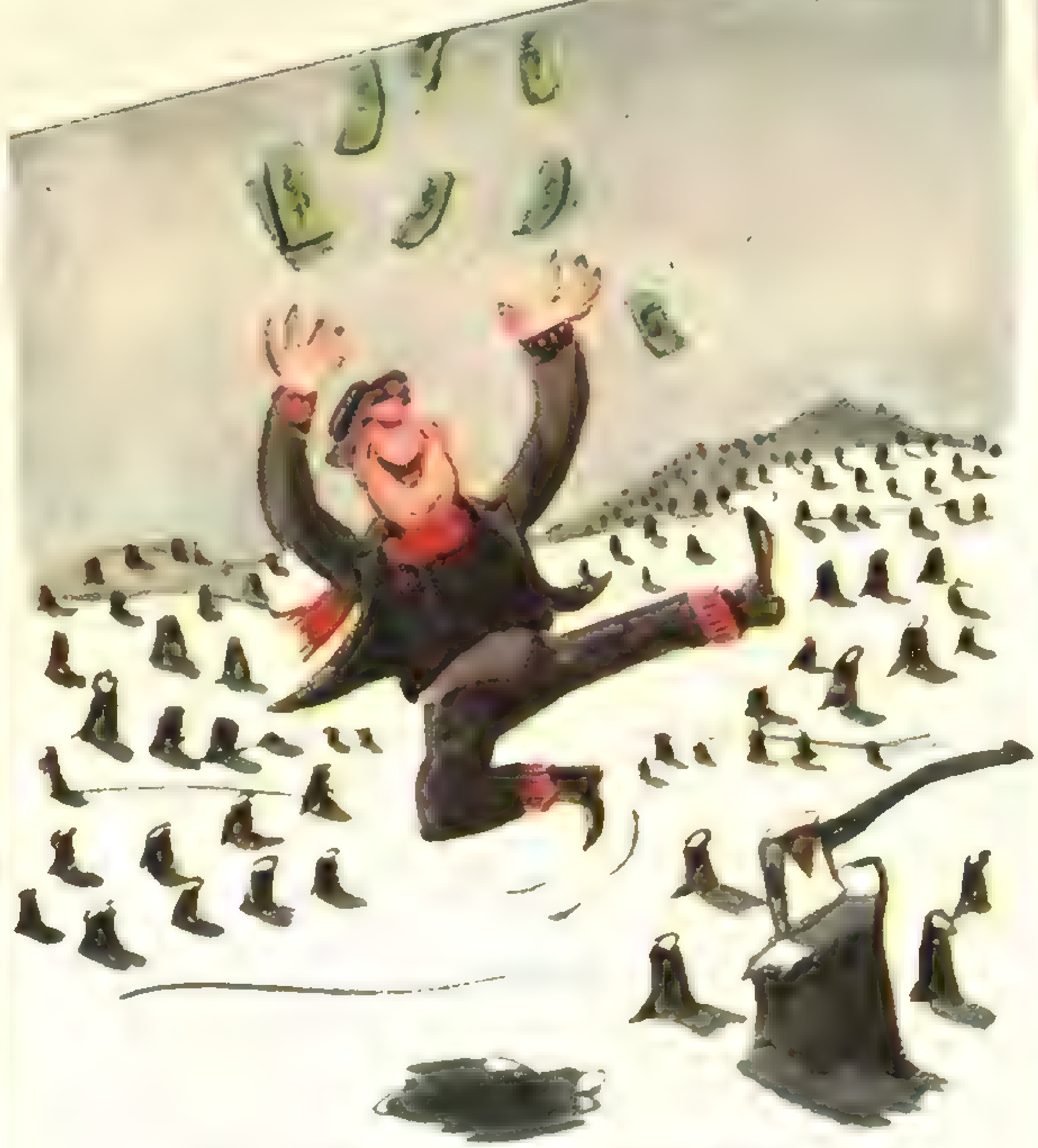
(Continued on page 232)

Christmas Cards You'll Never Receive

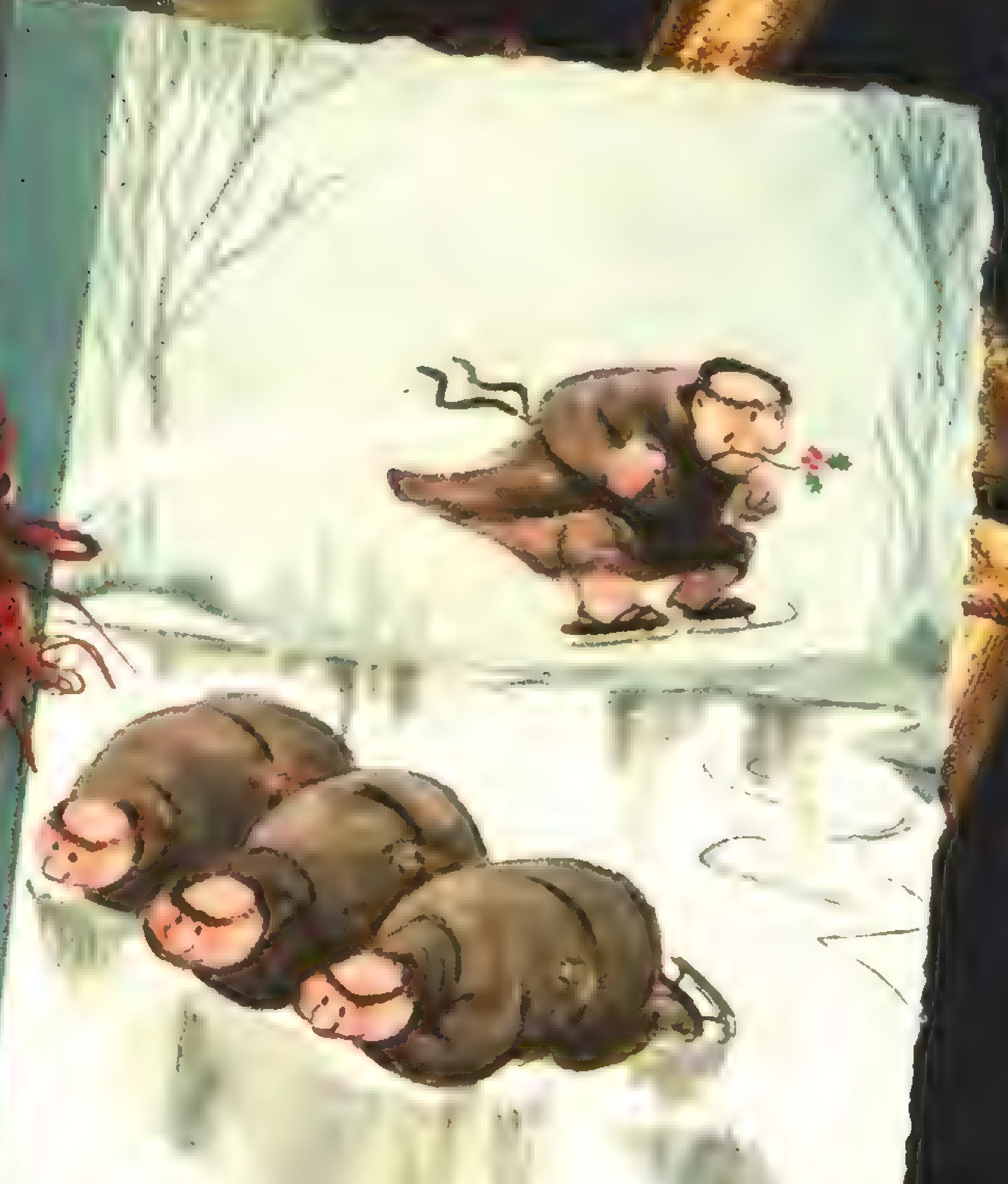
by ELDON DEDINI



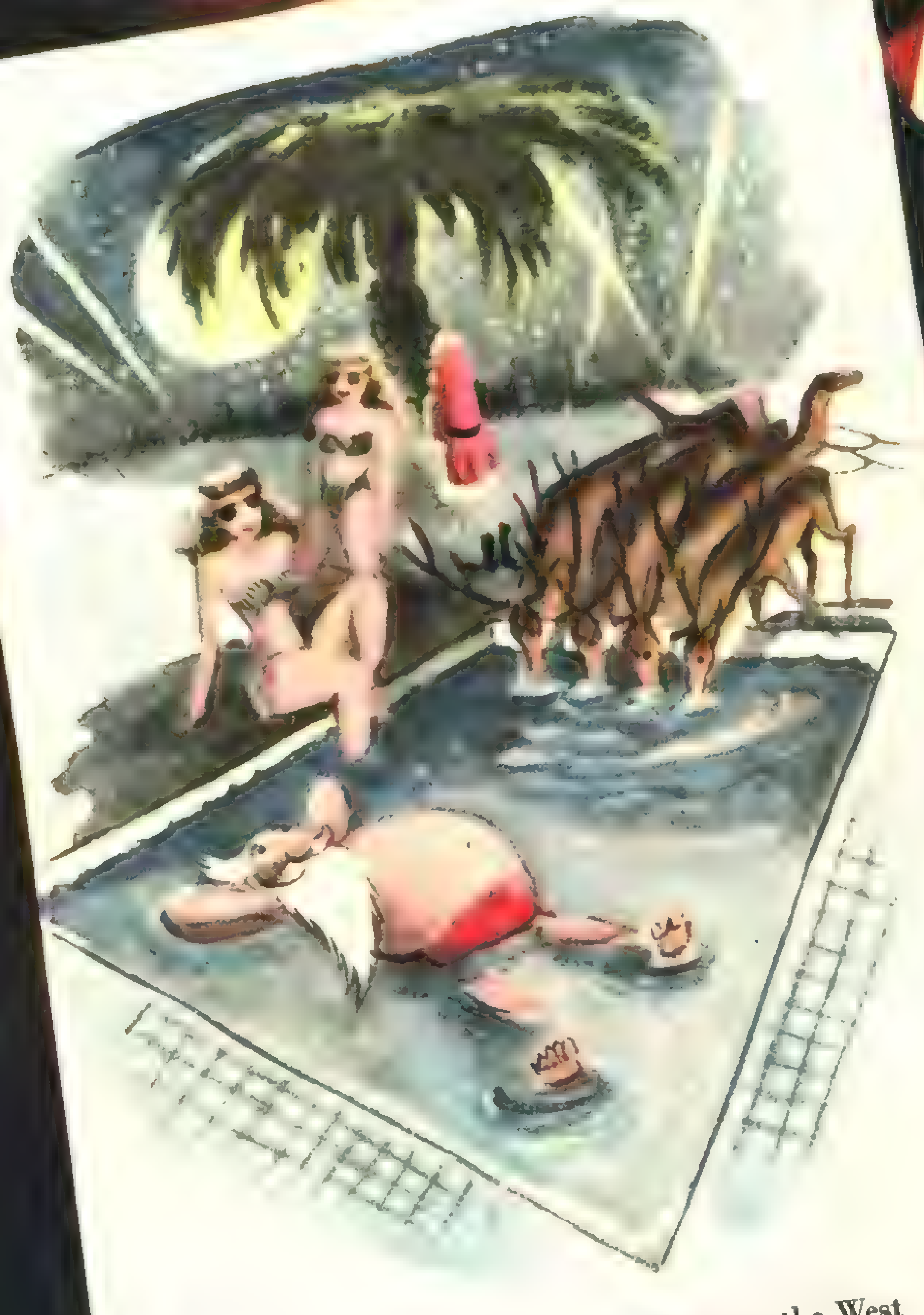
These moths in the flame of candlelight
make Christmas Eve cheery and bright



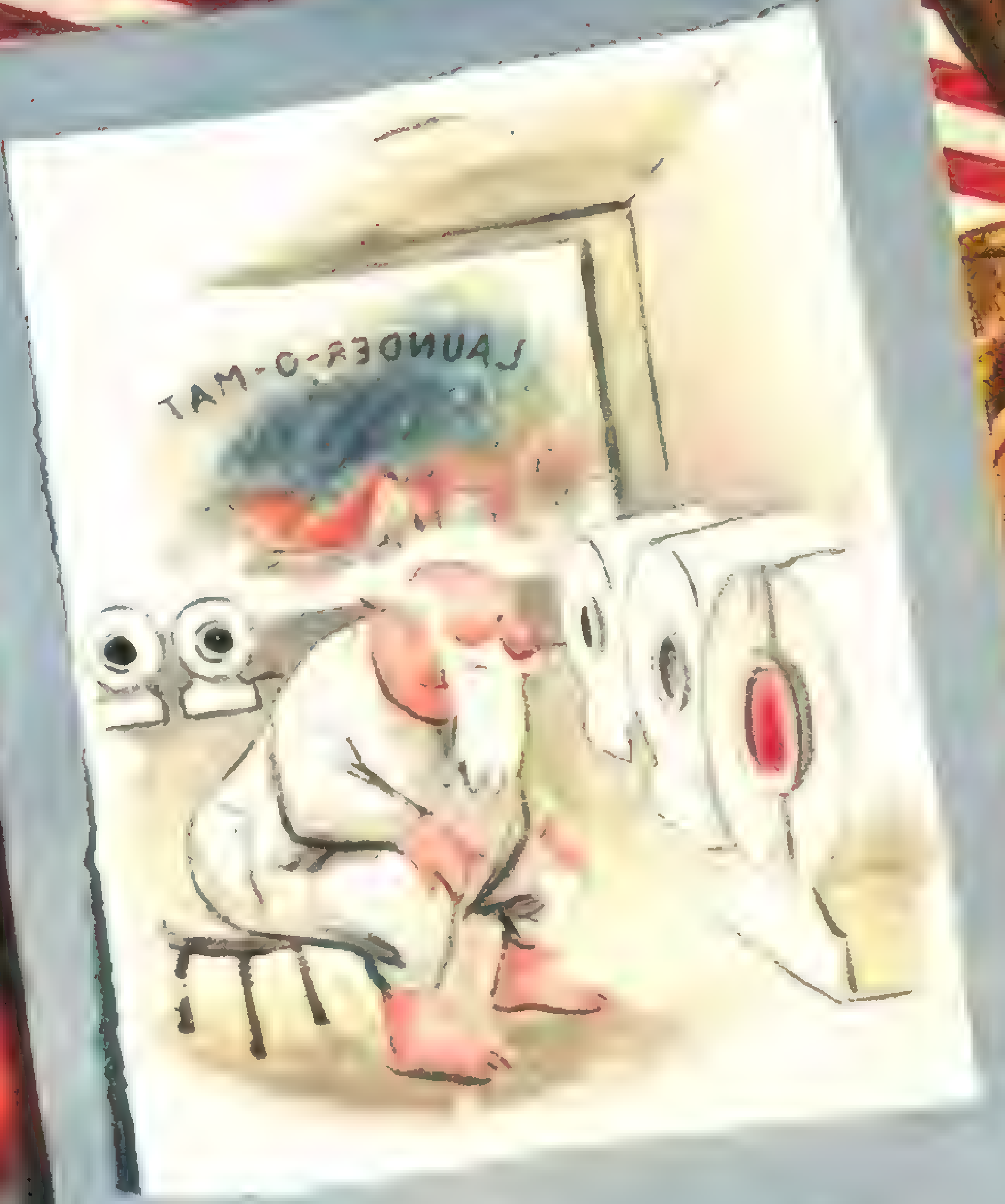
Oh, jump with glee, you lumberjack,
the greentrees bring the greenbacks back



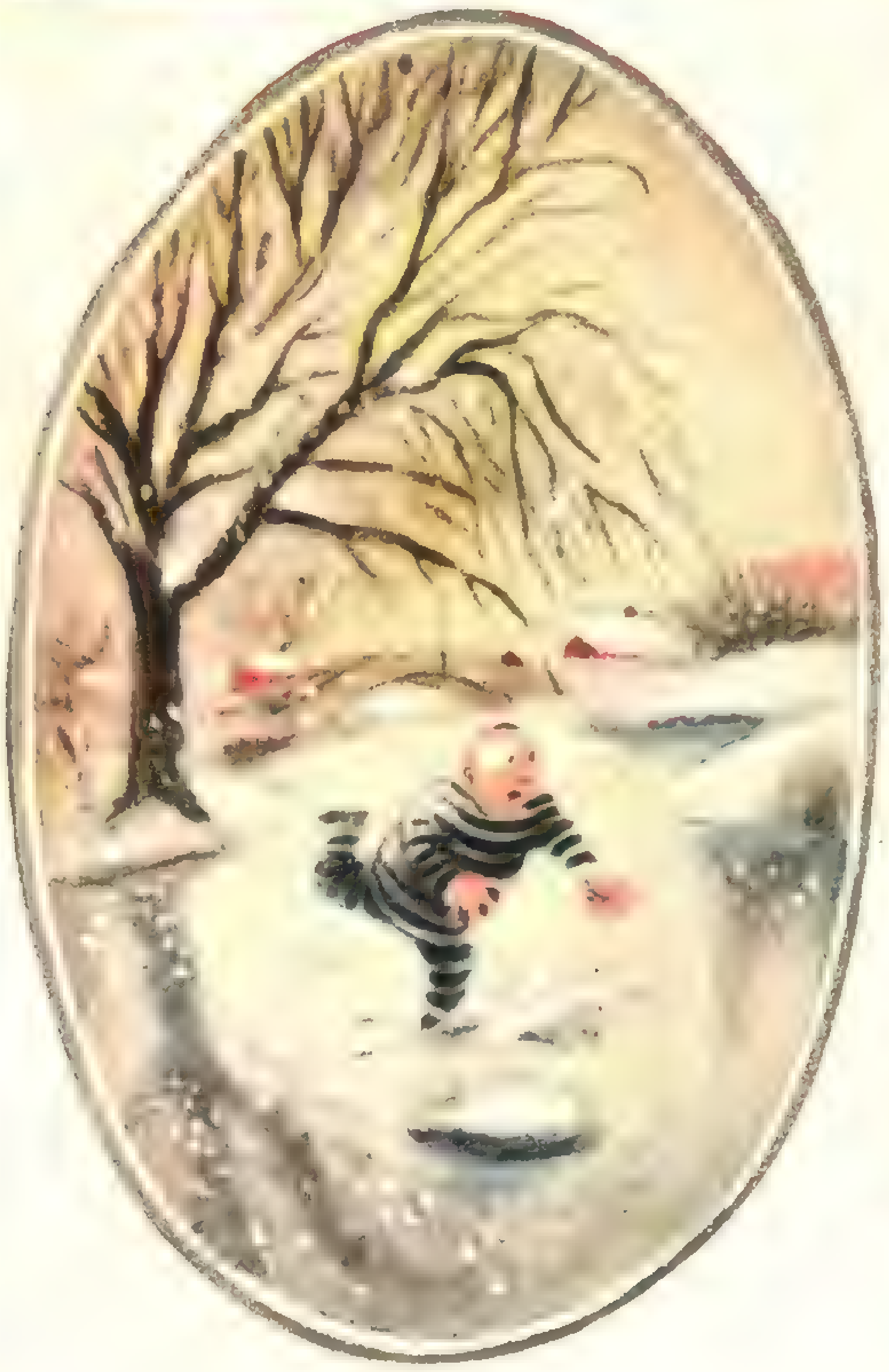
The gay spirit of the holiday season
makes everyone festive and merry,
including these jolly four brothers
all bedecked with holly berry



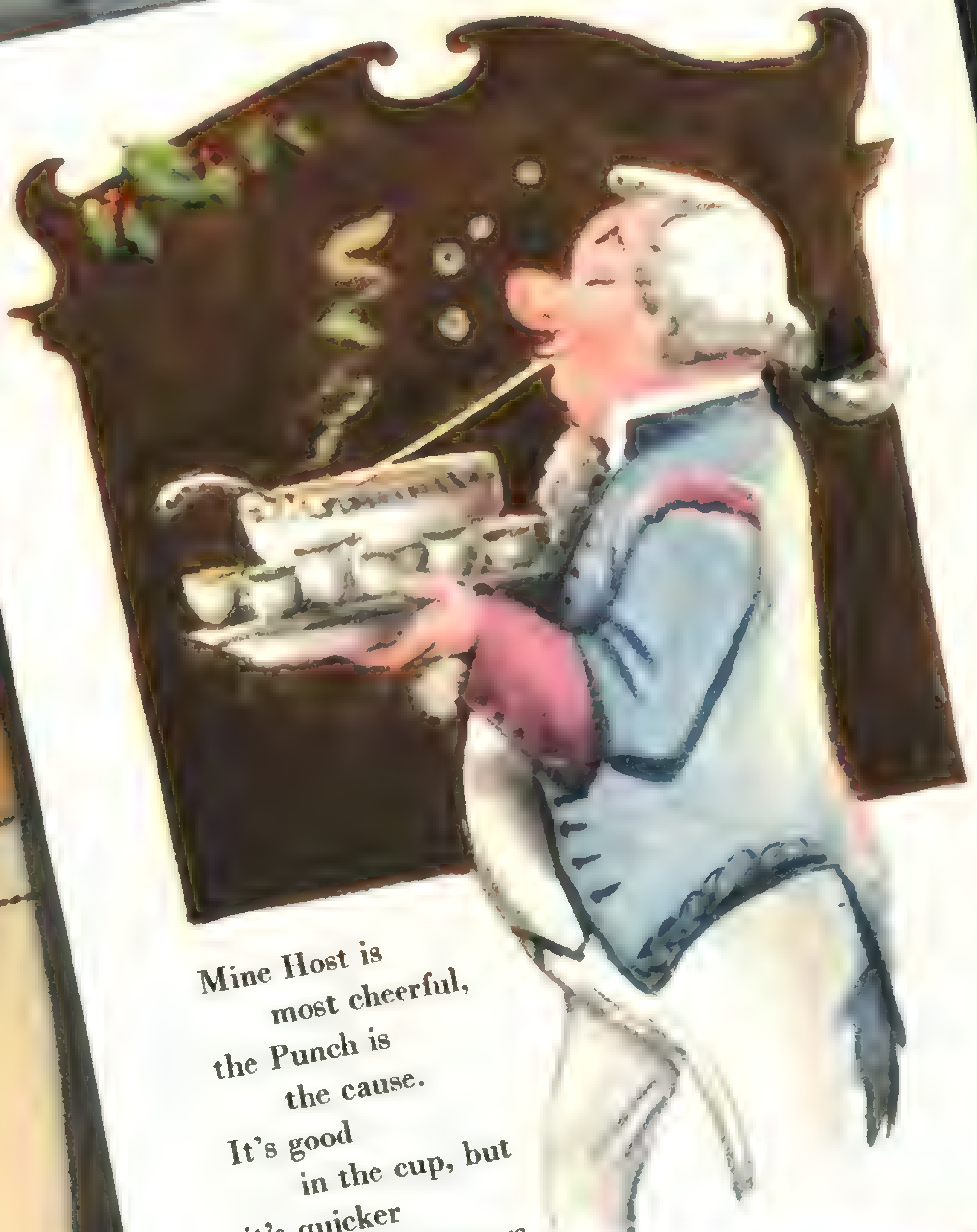
Of the North, the South, the East, the West
old Santa likes the Southland best



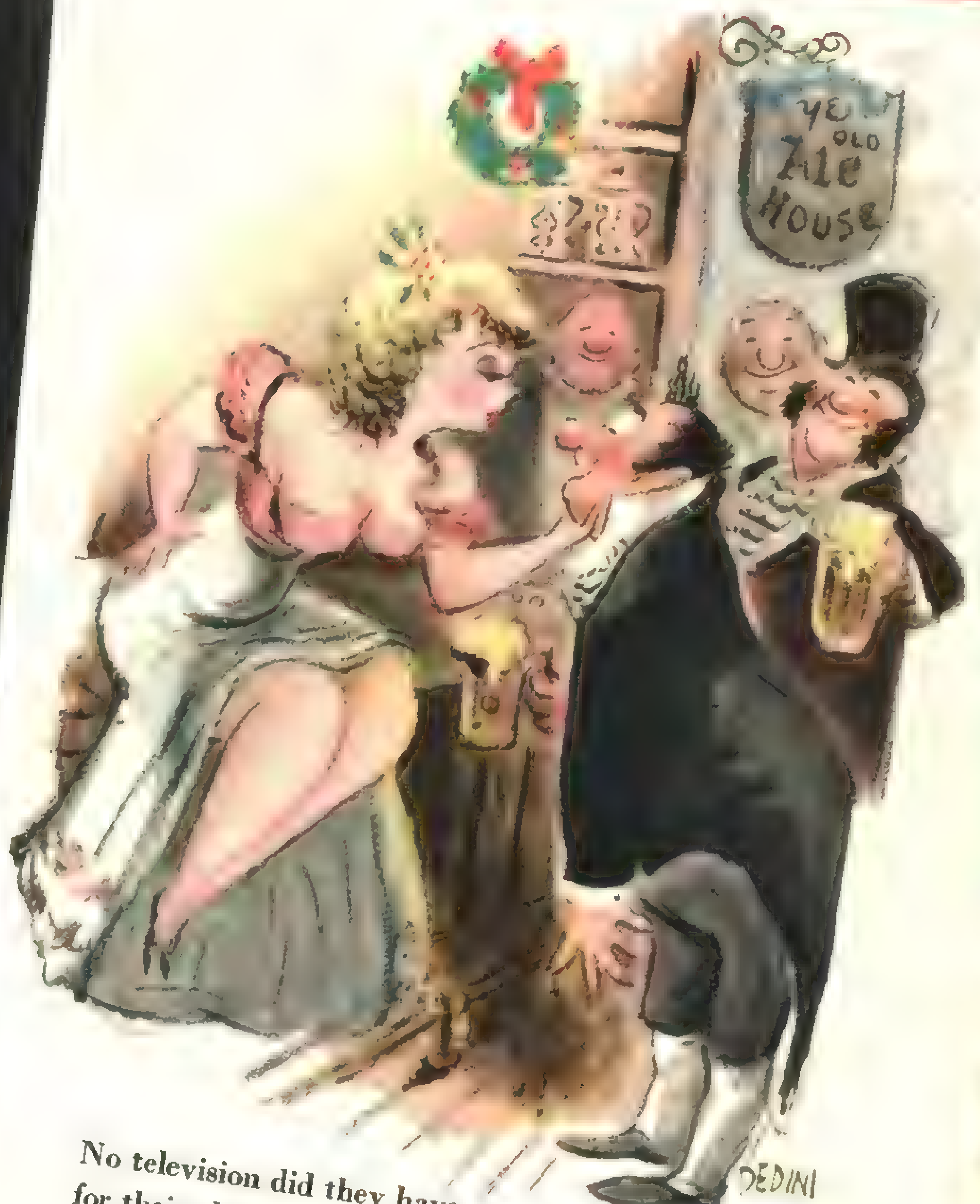
Santa's red suit, though all sooty and grey,
will be bright in a jiffy the Launder-O-Mat way



Here's a cheery Yuletide greeting,
one the whole world seems to know,
"I'll be home for Christmas
if those dogs are slow"



Mine Host is
most cheerful,
the Punch is
the cause.
It's good
in the cup, but
it's quicker
through straws



No television did they have
for their old-time Yuletide cheer,
but buxom Barmaid Guinevere
gave a kiss with every beer

"Faces of Achievement"

ALBERT EINSTEIN, ESQUIRE: Scientist

photograph by Yousuf Karsh

"Why Didn't I Say That?"

The trouble with most wits, as anyone who reads this will soon discover, is they haven't anyone to shout the wit to—or is that their only real difficulty?

An Article by
LEE ROGOW

I COULD have been one of the great wits of our generation. I could have gone down in the imperishable pages of literature—or at least of Leonard Lyons' column—along with Oscar Levant, Noel Coward, and the rest of the quick-on-the-comeback boys.

My only trouble is that I've never had the right straight man.

Let me give you a for-instance. A friend of George S. Kaufman's once remarked that a young acquaintance of his had quit college to get married. "Ah hah," Kaufman zipped back. "Obviously a case of putting the heart before the course."

That's a fine joke. But without the fellow to feed him the girl-leaving-school line, Kaufman might have spent the entire evening without getting off anything more memorable than, "Pass the salt, please."

It happens I've been saving up dozens of such epigrams.

The only trouble is—I have no straight man.

Suppose, just for the sake of argument, I were at one of those parties with the great wisecrackers of our generation. Suppose someone were to mention the case of a shipwrecked theatrical troupe. Suppose that after days of floating upon a raft without food, the producer of the company rolled his actors in crumbs, broiled them, and ate them. "Ah hah," I would say. "Obviously a fellow who believes in breading his cast upon the waters."

Why, they'd pick me up on their shoulders and carry me around the room!

Well, I keep going to parties, but I have yet to hear anybody mention the story of such a theatrical producer. As far as I can see, that's the only difference between me and George S. Kaufman.

I will now give you some sample dialogue from the kind of party I've been dreaming about. I leave it to you whether I wouldn't make people forget Oscar Wilde . . .

The Host: Here's an interesting item in the papers. A gardener attached to Buckingham Palace stole a chair belonging to the King and hid it in the greenhouse. Someone saw the chair through the greenhouse window and the gardener was arrested.

Me: Ah hah! Obviously a proof of the old maxim that people who live in glass houses shouldn't stow thrones.

(Laughter. Scattered cheering.)

A Theatrical Producer: By the way, I've been trying to get Beatrice Lillie—you know, Lady Peel—for a new musical show. But in order to pay her what she's asking I'd have to take royalties away from the composer, Cole Porter.

George S. Kaufman: Ah hah! Wouldn't you say she believed in gilding the Lillie?

Me: Say rather she believed in borrowing from Porter to pay Peel.

(Loud laughter. Kaufman slinks off in disgrace, gnawing an old income-tax return.)

The Hostess: I had the most extraordinary dream last night. I dreamed I found an old bottle on the seashore. When I took the cork out, a great figure made out of smoke came out of the bottle. Under his arm he was holding a rabbit—a tan rabbit.

Me: Ah hah! Obviously our old friend, genii with the light brown hare.

(Noel Coward swallows the contents of a small vial and sinks slowly to the carpet. A butler sweeps him up.)

The theatrical producer (helpless with laughter): Say, Rogow, if you have any old playscripts about, I'll give you ten thousand cash for the privilege of reading them first. I have a wealthy backer, the mayor of a near-by town, who made a lot of money in ways he'd rather not talk about.

Me: Ah hah! Obviously His Honor is not without profit in his own country.

(The producer is removed in paroxysms. Oscar Levant picks up his piano and walks slowly down the road into the setting sun.)

The Host: I saw a big funeral on Fifth Avenue today. A policeman said the dead fellow was named Kohler. I wonder if that's the Kohler who makes the plumbing fixtures.

Me: It was probably a hearse of another Kohler.

(Dorothy Parker comes in with a wreath of flowers. She lays them at my feet, kisses my hand, and walks quietly out.)

Moss Hart (desperate): Did you ever hear the story of how Ely Culbertson, the bridge champion, and Nick the Greek, the gambler, were captured by cannibals? At dinner that night the cannibal's son said he liked the taste of the gambler fine, but not of the bridge expert, so the cannibal king said . . .

Me: You've got to learn to take the bidder with the bettor.

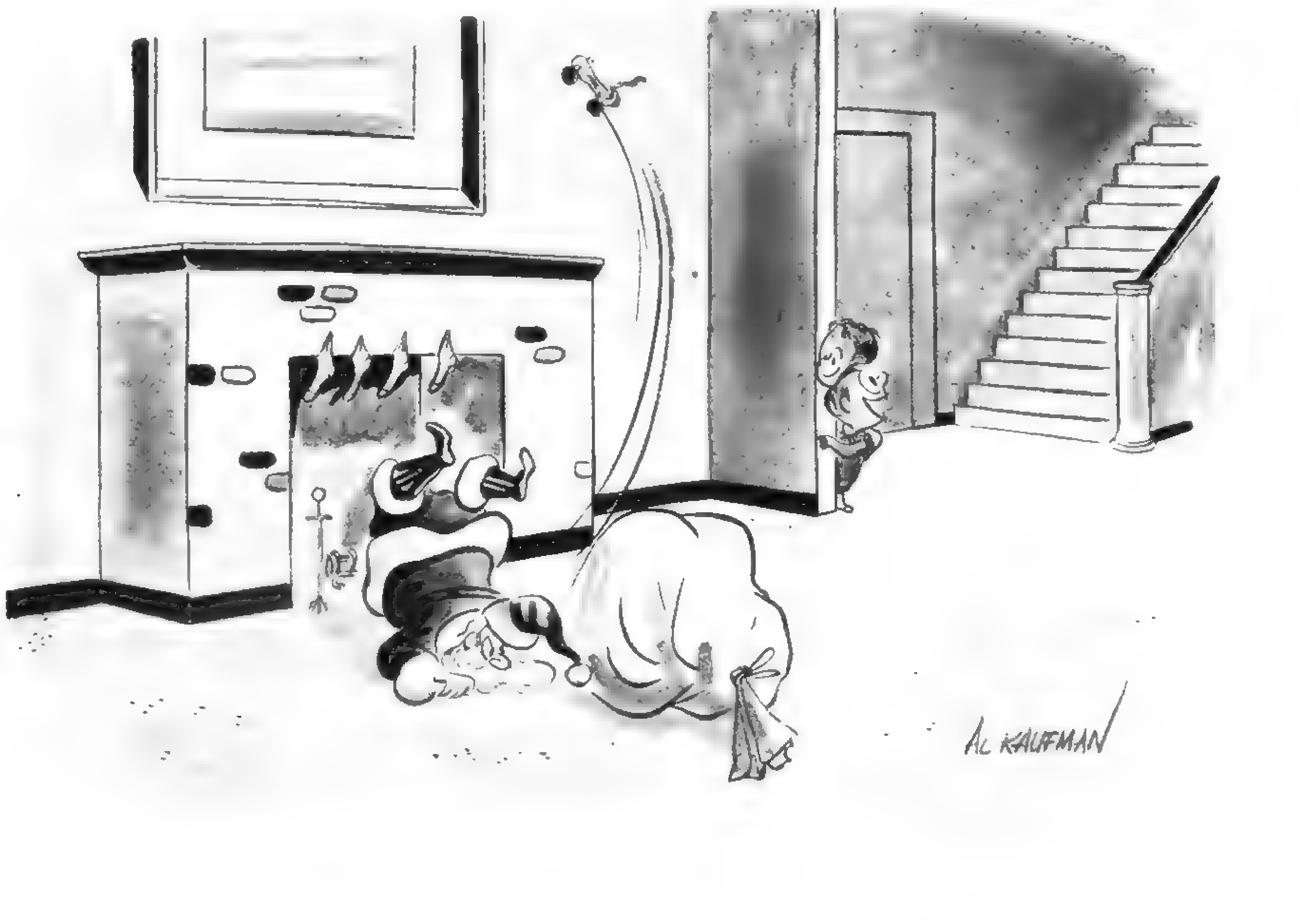
(Moss Hart commits suicide by falling on a paper knife. With my left hand I am signing autographs; with my right, I am signing a contract to write, produce, and direct a picture based on my own life. Out of the right side of my mouth I am dictating a trilogy; out of the left, a witty review of basic trends in Contemporary American literature. Stokowski is conducting a chorus of one thousand voices over behind the potted palms in *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow . . .*)

Pass me that opium pipe again, Ah Sing. These are the dreams that stuff is made on.

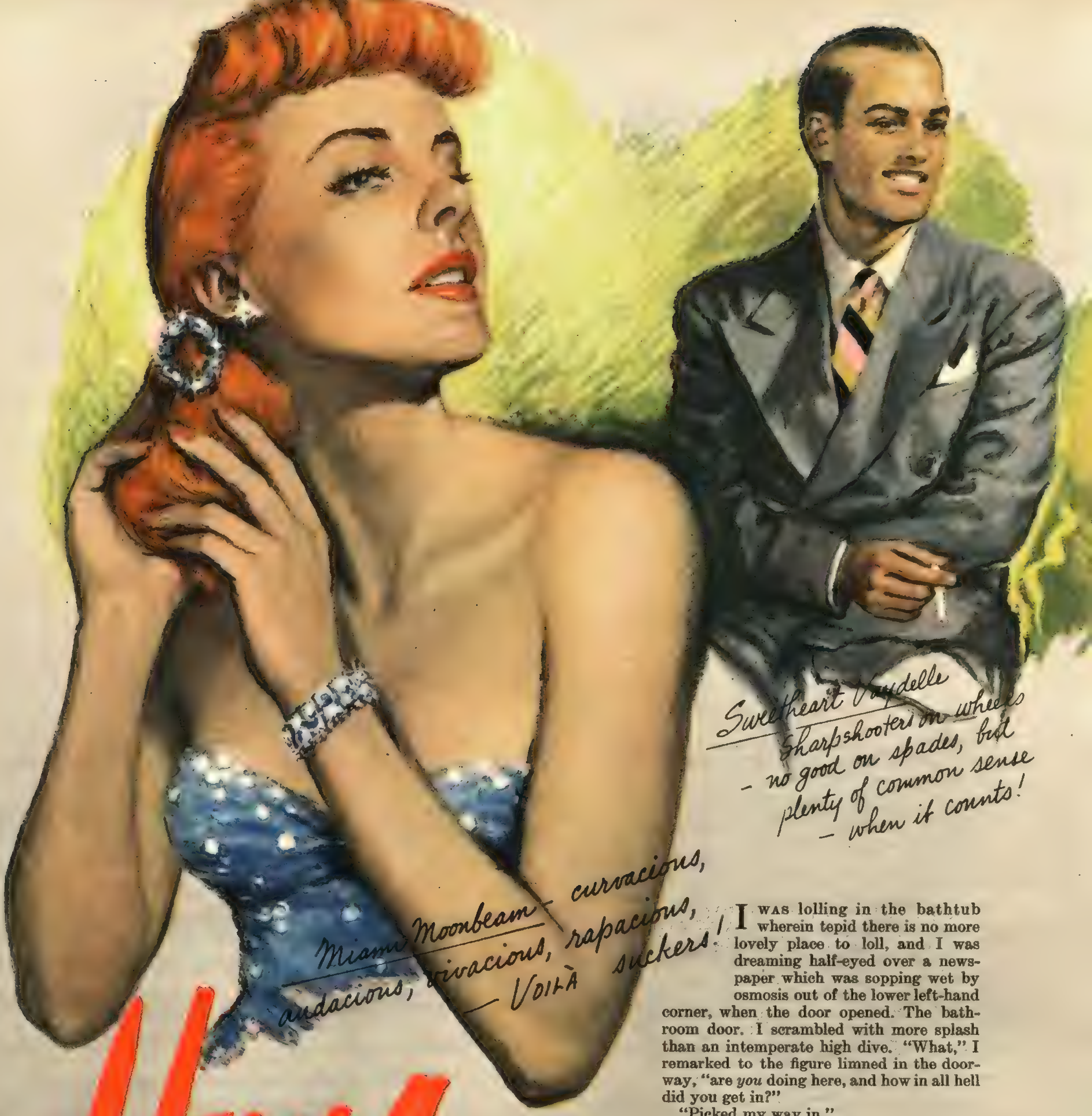
← A Einstein

A Simple Man of Genius

AT the request of the editors of Esquire, Yousuf Karsh, the distinguished photographer, has made a series of studies of some of America's most eminent men, and it is our privilege to present, as the first in the series, Mr. Karsh's luminous portrait of Albert Einstein. This Christmas season is a fitting one, we believe, for rendering tribute to Professor Einstein, for he is not merely a scientist, philosopher and teacher; he is, above all, a man of good will. Though his brain has delved into the complexities of nuclear physics and dug out answers that have changed the face of the universe, Professor Einstein has never lost his humanity, has never seemed out of touch with human problems and human needs. "Let me refer to this man as the most simple man on earth," says Yousuf Karsh. "I felt, as I photographed him, that his simplicity is the very secret of his greatness."



"Hey, ma—pa found my other skate!"



Sweetheart Vaydelle
Sharpshooters on wheels
- no good on spades, but
plenty of common sense
- when it counts!

Miami Moonbeam — curvacious,
audacious, vivacious, rapacious,
— VOILÀ suckers!

Hang by your neck

A *Bedside Mystery* by HENRY KANE

Another Esquire exclusive: A new Pete Chambers' story—30,000 words of wine, woman and murder

I WAS lolling in the bathtub wherein tepid there is no more lovely place to loll, and I was dreaming half-eyed over a newspaper which was sopping wet by osmosis out of the lower left-hand corner, when the door opened. The bathroom door. I scrambled with more splash than an intemperate high dive. "What," I remarked to the figure limned in the doorway, "are *you* doing here, and how in all hell did you get in?"

"Picked my way in."

"Picked your way in?"

"Picked my way in."

"For shame," I said, remembering. "Forsooth."

"Well, forsooth, you have sort to got to keep your hand in, and how's it better, forsooth, keeping your hand in, than with a friend? If you get what I mean? Forsooth."

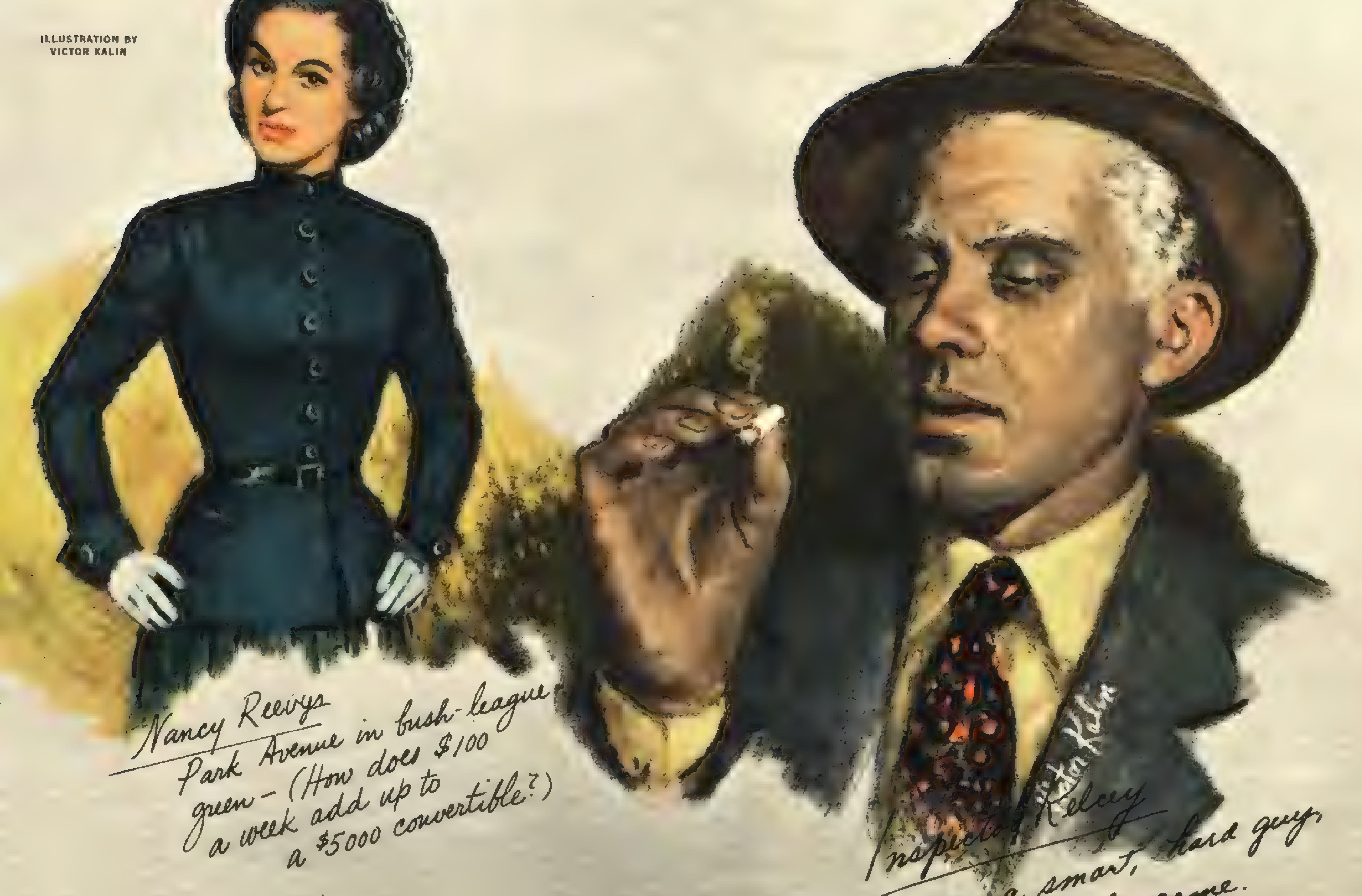
"I get," I said, "and you get. Out."

The smile dissolved to a twitch of lip, serious.

"It's business, Pete. And it's important business."

Ah, business, and ah, forsooth, and here it was after twelve o'clock midnight and me in my bathtub lolling after a bitter day at the office reading newspapers and hoping for a phone to ring, with time out for coffee and a cruller and an afternoon movie, which only pointed up the sad lack of need for a private richard in all of our fair city, and now I get Johnny the Mick, who wasn't an Irishman, but a Ukrainian, crowding the

ILLUSTRATION BY
VICTOR KALIN



Nancy Reevys
Park Avenue in bush-league green—(How does $100 a week add up to a $5000 convertible?)

Inspector Kelcey
He was a smart, hard guy, tough as they come.

doorway, and me behind a newspaper which is sopping wet by osmosis, or is it saturation?

"You sober?" I said.

"No, sir. I'm not sober."

"Then take your fashionable figure out of here and into the living room. I'll be right out." I threw the newspaper away. "Osmosis," I grumbled.

"What'd you call me?"

"Ooseray, for crying out murder. Will you kindly invade the living room?"

"Invade," he said. "Oh, this Petie with all the words. All right, I'll invade, but do it quick, will you?"

I got out of the tub and I closed the door and I locked it (for all the good that would do if he wanted to come back for small talk) and I rubbed down.

Johnny the Mick.

Johnny was a big shot now, and he wasn't rousing Peter Chambers from a tepid bath at the dawn of a New York evening to discuss the newest in G strings along the Boulevard Fifty-two. Not Johnny.

Johnny the Mick, who wasn't an Irishman, but a Ukrainian, was a fabulous figure in our big town—make that a large fabulous with a frenetic F. Johnny began in a hamlet in the Ukraine, the breadbasket of Russia, and first jump out of the breadbasket was the home of the free and the land of the brave; more particularly, two rooms on Rivington Street, one flight above Alta's Old Roumanian Rathskeller, where he marked time pending the march toward citizenship. His name was Johnny Mikvah, and he was a skinny young gent with talent, diversified talent.

He obtained a job as waiter in Alta's Old Roumanian and there he displayed enormous talent dispensing the musaka with sauerkraut on a side and seltzer in a blue bottle. Everybody liked him and his tables were sought after and he made enough money to obtain the services of a private tutor to teach him English, but this private tutor was a son of the Ould Sod and pretty soon Johnny ripened into English with an accent out of County Cork, and quickly enough, what with Mikvah for a tag and the accent, he was Johnny the Mick, and that lasted.

But Johnny had another talent, which was a talent that verged on genius. In between serving the musaka by day and learning, begorra, English at night, Johnny found time to augment his income by fribbling in a field known to the trade as breaking and entering. Only Johnny entered, but he did not break, because the lad was a genius with locks. He ran into a few tiny episodes with the law (which was when I met him), but an untoward event prevented him from developing into the number-one burglar of our age and ending up, citizenship papers and all, contemplating the locks and hoping for a hairpin on a tiny atoll known as Alcatraz where locks, I have heard, are as profuse as caraway seeds on a sour rye bread.

The untoward event occurred when a bank president, in zealous activity, locked himself within a vault, and employees ran hither and yon, in a yapping chorus of ineptitude, until a young guard, himself a denizen of New York's lower East Side, bethought himself of Johnny busy amongst the musaka and the blue seltzer bottles. On his own he put through a call to Johnny, and Johnny came apace and, walled within a thronged semicircle of popeyed bursary employees, he labored upon the intricate mechanisms of the vault and brought forth a perspiring bank president.

Events occurred. The bank president rewarded him, and the newspapers gave him a human-interest story in a spacious box on page one and, before you can say Jablonowski is not a Scot, Johnny was ensconced in a business of his own, entitled: J. MIKVAH, LOCKS OF ALL KINDS, WE REPAIR KEYS OF ALL TYPES AND DESCRIPTION, and he became a busy businessman on the good side of the law, opening catch locks with the baby squawling inside because Momma forgot the key when she slipped out for a spot of pinochle.

Johnny prospered, with lots of time off as happens when you're your own boss, and the day came when Johnny rolled eleven points in Meadster's Sporting Tavern in New Jersey, doubling all the way, and he journeyed home with eighty-five-thousand cash bucks and two bodyguards. Thereafter Johnny was open to proposition, which arrived in the form of Sweetheart Vaydelle, who at that time was squarely breaking even in a lush cavern of hot music in Harlem; and that, my friends and fellow tipplers, is the where and the how (*Continued on page 143*)

Candlelight

Photographer Philippe Halsman looks twice at a woman's moods. It is such things as this that make a man sometimes wish the electric light had never been invented.

Twilight

In that dangerous time of day when even the motor car becomes a menace, it is no doubt well to remember that the twilight hour is made not for man, but woman.

Arabia in Ohio: Mare and foal

Head and tail high, a monarch he stands

Aristocrat of Arabia

Young and well-bred, he has a future

A horse by any other name to an Arabian horse breeder, they say, is simply no horse at all

An old Bedouin proverb says: "The night and my mare shall know me." In Arab terms this is more than a romantic notion based on the rise and fall of the Middle-Eastern moon. The love affair between the Arab horseman and his mount started so far back in the obscure and distant past it has become part of their natures. It has also been responsible for developing one of the finest and most intelligent breed of horses in existence. Physically, as the accompanying photographs show, the Arabian horse is distinctly different from all other types. Its head is completely unique: short from poll to mouth, with eyes that are low set and broad. On the forehead there is a bulge called a jibbah, which, with the hollow spot where forehead and nasal bone structure join, gives the head a distinctly concave profile. The jibbah is a sign of elegance in the horse, and is held in high esteem by Arabians. With an extraordinarily large windpipe, the horse is famous for speed and endurance. In the U.S. today there are approximately 3800 Arabian horses, divided up among about 1000 owners. At present the largest farms include the Lazy VV in Colorado, the Dickinson in Tennessee, and the Selby in Ohio, on which the accompanying photographs were made. As horse prices go, Arabians don't come cheap. The price of a fine Arabian may go as high as $12,000. You may begin to understand why as you study the animals shown on these pages.

Streaming across the fields of Ohio with a wild grace, these running Arabians make it easy to understand why horseflesh can mean more than money in open country

One Horsepower Plus →

The magnificent, prancing stallion on the opposite page is no doubt one of the most famous Arabian horses in the world today. Raffles, who is grey and stands 13:3 hands, is the prize of the Selby Farm in Ohio. Foaled in 1926 and bred at Crabbet Stud, England, he was sired by World Champion Skowronek out of Champion Rifala. The beauty and power typified here is the reward of generations of selective breeding.

KODACHROMES BY YLLA

Want to Get Rich Quick?

Kings, rich men, and little boys like to collect stamps, which suggests that maybe there is more to this hobby than pasting little pieces of gummed paper in an album

An Article by

ROBERT M. BLEIBERG

WANT to make a fortune with practically no toil or trouble? You don't have to win the Irish Sweepstakes or guess the idenity of the Walking Man. Just rummage around in your attic until you find a stamp collection you'd forgotten was there. Somehow, according to the most reliable folklore on the subject, you'll discover that the stamps Granddad put on his love letters to Grandma have acquired a fabulous value, quickly convertible into a thick sheaf of banknotes at any neighborhood stamp dealer's.

For years this pretty story, which comes true every once in a blue moon, has added a tang to the enjoyment that stamp collectors find in their hobby. Smashing the illusion seems as unkind as puncturing a baby's toy balloon. Yet, under its influence, thousands of people pour millions of dollars into stamps every year—not for the pleasure of collecting, not for postage, but in pursuit of a profit that rarely materializes.

Expert philatelists in New York City's leading stamp centers will tell you that making money in stamps is at least as difficult as making money in any other business. It calls for keen judgment, a sense of timing, and patience. If it were the sure thing the dabbler in stamps believes it to be, every dealer who spends a lifetime among the fascinating bits of paper would be as rich as Croesus. Only a few stamp traders, actually, have ever become wealthy through their philatelic operations.

Yet, in spite of such common-sense considerations, speculation in stamps today is so widespread that the stamp market has been called the average man's stock exchange.

There's a great deal of justice in the description. For a long time stamps were a favorite speculation of the prosperous. The location of New York City's stamp district on Nassau Street, right next to Wall Street, is by no means accidental. In recent years, however, the small collector has largely replaced the big buyer as the backbone of the business. And, given just the least bit of encouragement, the small *collector* has shown a dismaying eagerness to become a small *speculator*.

Points of similarity between the two markets turn up at every hand. Like the stock market, the stamp mart can boast printed price quotations, at least for some of the more recent issues, issued and circulated weekly by a firm in Sidney, Ohio. If you can prove you bought stamps as an investment, losses on them, like losses on stocks and bonds, may be deducted from one's taxable income, according to a recent court decision. And, like its big brother on Wall Street, the stamp market has had more than a nodding acquaintance with booms and busts.

How do you take a flyer in stamps? Until a year or so ago, when prices on some of the more recent U.S. issues began to skid badly, the favorite way was to buy sheets of stamps that had been issued some years before. These could no longer be bought at post offices, nor at the Philatelic Agency in Washington, D.C. (which turns a handsome profit every year by selling, to collectors and others, stamps that will never bear a postmark). As a result, they were selling far above face value.

Some of the premiums paid were eye-openers. One of the most notable sets of stamps ever issued by the Post Office Department is the Famous Americans Series of 1940. Sheets of these thirty-five stamps, which honored the country's leading authors, poets, educators, scientists, composers, artists, and inventors, originally could have been purchased at a total outlay of $102 and some change for the series. Six years later, the same set was selling for well over $500.

A three-cent stamp, also brought out in 1940 to mark the eightieth anniversary of the Pony Express, had a similar history. A sheet of fifty, worth $1.50 in 1940, was grabbed up a few years later at $20. A group of three unused Graf Zeppelin Air Mail Stamps, minted in 1930 in 65¢, $1.30, and $2.60 denominations, was valued early last year at $110.

"How long has this been going on?" queried thousands of speculators, large and small, as they flocked into the stamp market. Many knew so little about philately that they cheerfully paid premium prices for stamps they could have had in unlimited quantities at any postal substation. Like most lambs since the time of the South Sea Bubble, they were swiftly led to the slaughter. For, not very long after the end of the war, stamp prices began to stagger. Hardest hit of all U.S. issues were, of course, the sheets that *everyone* had bought in anticipation of a further price rise.

Plungers who had gone in for sheets of Famous Americans for $550 a set watched their price dwindle to $350. Holders of Pony Express stamps at $20 a sheet scurried to dispose of them to reluctant buyers for $12. Sheets of fifty China Commemoratives, once hard to get at $13, went begging at $10.

From choice seats on the fifty-yard line, those who had been looking for a quick killing watched prices sag nearly twenty per cent as a whole before leveling off. (The only U.S. stamps to escape the slump were quality items, dating back to the nineteenth or early twentieth century. Some of these stamps, the blue chips of philately, are worth thousands of dollars apiece, and speculation in them has been extremely limited.) Instead of the profits that they had confidently counted on, some unwary speculators wound up with a sizable sum nicked out of their bank accounts.

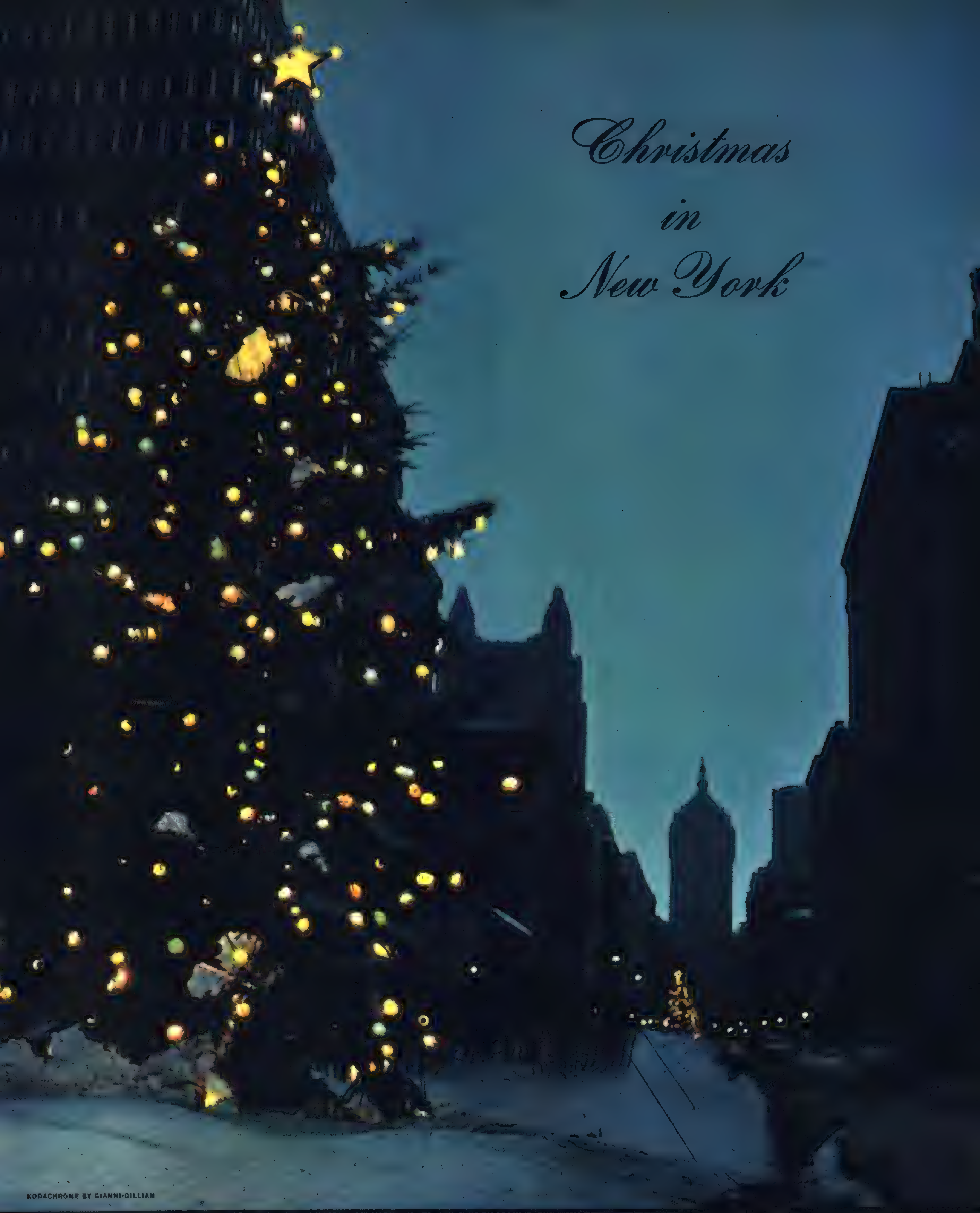
Like the racing fan who has a good day if he breaks even, however, speculators in U.S. stamps can consider themselves lucky when they stack their losses against those of their colleagues rash enough to dabble in foreign issues. Owners of foreign stamps have recently run into a series of setbacks that in some instances (of uninformed collectors) have erased nine-tenths of the value of their holdings. (However, the seasoned collector was well able to anticipate most of these developments.)

After V-E Day, for example, returning soldiers flooded the market with stamps put out by Germany and the occupied countries, and prices were driven away down. Adding to the woe, a wave

(*Continued on page 241*)

"Darling, guess what?"

Christmas in New York



KODACHROME BY GIANNI-GILLIAM

You might think that Santa Claus would have a hard time getting past the stone and cold steel and into the heart of New York City. But he makes it through those steep canyons just as surely as he reaches the general store in Earmuff, Montana. New York has the gift of the Magi upon it at Christmas time, a human joyousness that gets through all the tinsel and the junk and expresses itself in many ways—one of them, the outward holiday dress that makes it the gayest target for winter visitors this side of the southern resorts. Even Manhattan's Park Avenue turns on the lights for Christmas (above). From river to river, there is a glow on the great city.

Diamonds for Your Christmas

Have a bauble for your Christmas. Pick it from the shimmering show window called New York; take it from any of the windows above. New York at Christmas is so mink, so

KODACHROME BY ROBERT NAGEF

Martini, so satin that it is a city nestling under a huge Christmas tree. Even the moon has a special Manhattan sheen, as though it were a little bit loaded on Tom and Jerry ladled immoderately out of an immoderately large and immoderately silver wassail bowl. You see New York City from Central Park, from a cab, or an ancient horse-drawn hansom. Tell the cabby what you want—Broadway, 52nd Street, Greenwich Village, Central Park South, or just another turn through the park with your girl. Coming up, sir, right away.

Christmas is presents, too, in addition to its other qualities. And New York is practically the pack on the back of old Kriss Kringle himself. Anything you want. Anything you need. Anything. Everything.

From Maine to California. From John O'Groats to Lands End. From Samarkand to Paris. From Paris to New York's slick and velvety Bonwit Teller—perfume. A Christmas window is a dramatic production in N. Y.

Fifth Avenue out-Fifth Avenues itself at Christmas. The window-dressers—practitioners, if you wish, of a peculiarly lovely American art—go totally berserk. They build mountains of pure color; they make dreams out of paper and paste; they make lyrics singing with a ribbon and a bow. Look at the window in Lord & Taylor's. Look into it and look beyond it, too. Look at New York, which is everyone's Christmas.

We Have This Day

When a man meets a girl for a day he sometimes finds that he's a fool to attempt to stretch his luck into anything more than a sometime-to-be-forgotten memory

A Story by

LESTER COOPER

THE sun streaked into the long living room and cut bands of light through dying day. The brass fixtures in front of the fireplace caught the light and bounced it back across the room, making it shimmer off the high polish of the furniture. It was hypnotic and dazzling; and Dan, one hand on the telephone, sat and stared. He wasn't really conscious of the light until suddenly he snapped his head back and shook it violently. He sighed heavily then, and took his hand off the phone. He'd be a fool to call, he thought—a real fool. He stood up, walked across the room, and looked out of the window at the cars running up and down on Park Avenue. He felt restless and miserable; there must be something he could do about it, he thought.

Slowly, he walked back to the telephone. One call, he thought. One call. The number sat stark and heavy on the pad in front of him. It's easy, he thought. You pick up the receiver and wait for the dial tone. Then you dial and there's a buzzing sound and someone at the other end picks up the phone. Then, if you're smart, you're nonchalant, friendly, amusing, and not too intense. But what if she refused to talk? Could your voice blush? Would she know what a complete ass you felt yourself?

He leaned back in the chair. The sun had shifted off the brass, and the light was soft in the room. He closed his eyes out of absolute exhaustion.

Yesterday at one o'clock he had been expecting Noel, and they were to have lunch together. Then the doorbell rang and, a moment later, Matson had ushered Noel into the room. But Dan didn't even see him; there was only the girl. *Only* the girl. What an understatement! That was like saying it was only the first day of the world or the end of it. He heard Noel's voice as Matson stood behind the girl, waiting to take the glistening mink from her shoulders. "Mary Ellen Livingston—Dan Drexel," Noel said.

She smiled and walked toward Dan gracefully, like a deer. "Hello," she said, and Dan came to, suddenly.

He smiled back. "Come in, please," he said.

"You're scintillating, old man," said Noel, "but somehow I felt a woman is just what a luncheon table needs." He looked across at Mary Ellen. "Naturally, at such short notice I had to choose the one woman least likely to be busy."

Mary Ellen laughed, and the sound spread over the room like honey. "Noel is always so charming," she said.

"Thank you, darling. Of course you know I'm mad about you."

"Of course," she said. "And I'm mad about *you*."

Dan laughed with both of them. "If no one minds, I'd like to get into the act myself." He turned to Mary Ellen. "Would you mind if just for today I was mad about you, too?"

"Why, I'd love it," she said, and looked at him and smiled without coyness.

Matson had mixed Martinis, and now he passed the glasses around. Mary Ellen, looking as cool as the drink, took hers and set it on the small table next to her chair. She eyed it meditatively for a moment. "A lovely thing," she said, finally. "An extremely lovely-looking thing, a Martini. No home should be without one."

Dan lifted his glass. He looked at Mary Ellen. "Cheers," he said. "May you always be just as unbusy."

They drank then and talked some more. The talk was chatter and it was fun, and they laughed uproariously over silly things. Finally they went to lunch at a small place just west of Third Avenue, where it was dark and the smell of the French food hung down from the ceiling like a tapestry. Dan felt a rosy haze from the red wine and the darkness, and he knew that this was the girl he wanted. There was something about her easy manner, something about the way she smiled and threw her head sideways when she laughed, as though she were looking around a corner to see the joke. Her eyes, which sat deep in her head, shone when she listened and sparkled when she talked, and he loved the sight of them. He loved . . . Noel's voice cut in on him.

"You've been simply charming, old boy," Noel said. "You've been sitting here for the past eight minutes about as animated as a still life." He paused for a moment, laughing at Dan's obvious embarrassment. "By the way, I'd like you to meet a friend of mine: Miss Livingston—Mr. Drexel."

Mary Ellen laughed. "Charmed, I'm sure." She looked at him curiously as he took her outstretched hand. "Haven't we met somewhere before, Mr. Drexel?"

Dan looked serious. "Um," he muttered, pretending to think. "Atlantic City? No." He shook his head. "Couldn't have been Atlantic City. I've never been there. Let me see . . . Ah," he said with enthusiasm, "I've got it: a mutual friend brought you around for a drink one day and I believe we all went to lunch . . . First name of Noel. Maybe you remember him—a short, fat, rather ungracious character."

Noel broke in. "Hold on, there. I've been described a lot of ways, but that's the end."

Reluctantly, Dan let go of Mary Ellen's hand as they all laughed, though it really wasn't quite that funny.

Noel had had a business appointment after lunch, and so Mary Ellen and Dan had gone for a drive with the top down. It was as if they'd known each other forever, and there wasn't much need of conversation. They drove up the parkways into Connecticut, and Dan felt a strange, empty feeling in his stomach that he knew wouldn't go away for a long time. Once their hands brushed together as he reached across the seat to pay a toll, and he let his hand rest on hers and she sat relaxed and didn't try to draw it away.

Just past Stamford, she sighed contentedly. "This is nice," she said. "I love the country."

Dan waited a long time before he answered her. "I'm glad you're here," he said finally, and his voice was soft. "It makes the country better."

She looked at him and nodded her head. "Thanks," she murmured.

Several miles farther on, he spoke again. "This may sound ridiculous," he said, hesitating a little, *(Continued on page 227)*

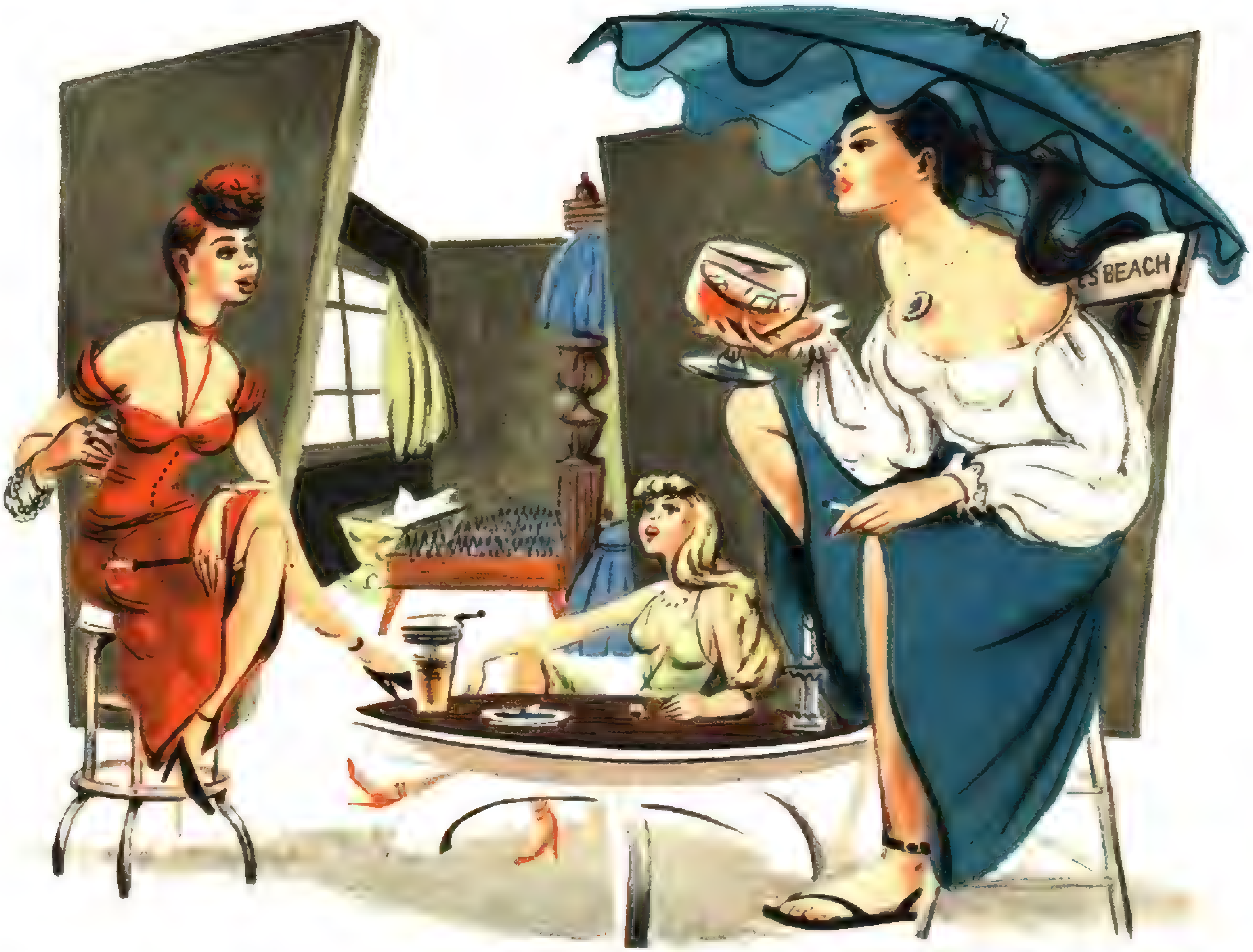


ILLUSTRATION BY BERNARD SIMPSON

The Three Babes

Once on a time there was a bear named Mr. Bruin and he had a fine time until the three babes came along

A Story by EARL J. WILSON

To write successful fiction, all you need is a ruler and a box of crayons. So says a popular book on the subject. It's simple. Take a story you like and underline in red, for example, all description. Use blue for dialogue, green for action. Each character has his own color—indigo for one, for example, red-orange for another. When you have finished you take the ruler and measure the colors to get the pattern. All that remains is to fill in substitute words. Here's how *The Three Bears* comes out.

* * *

Once upon a time there were three babes, who lived together in an apartment of their own in Flatbush. One of them was a midget; one of them was average (with nice legs); and one of them had gland trouble and was big as a horse. Each of them had a highball glass of her own—a jigger for the midget; a jelly glass for Miss Average; and a goldfish bowl for the horsy girl. And each of them had a bar stool to sit on—a footstool for Midge; an ordinary one for the average babe; and a great, big, high lifeguard's stool for the monster. And they each had a bed to sleep on—a teensy doll's bed for the midget; an India fakir's spiked bed for the average babe; and an enormous Hollywood bed the size of an elk-wallow for the big babe.

One day, after they had mixed highballs, they went to a double feature. They wanted the drinks ready the *instant* they came home. While they were at the movies, a bear wearing a glenplaid suit and hand-painted necktie came to their door selling encyclopedias. He knocked and the door opened. Mr. Bruin, for that was his name, put his foot inside tentatively and nothing happened. Then he went in, and well-pleased he was to see highballs on the table.

He put down his cigar and sipped from the jigger, but it was too small and not worth bothering about. Then he sipped from the jelly glass, and that was too weak and he said a bad word about it. But when he got to the goldfish bowl he found that it was just right, and he gulped it down and got tight as hell.

Then Mr. Bruin climbed up on the lifeguard's stool and sat down and got dizzy because he suffered a fear of high altitudes, and besides he was knocking his noggin against the ceiling. And then he sat down on the average girl's stool, but that was too average. And then he sate (that's right, sate) himself down on the midget's little stool. It was neither too high (like himself) nor too average. It was just right, or so he thought. When he sat on it, though, the stool fell apart and threw him to the floor and he said a bad word about *that*, too.

Then he went into the bedroom because he felt sleepy. First he tried the enormous bed and gave it up for fear he'd get lost. He tried the average bed and didn't like that either. And then he lay down on the midget's bed (God knows how, but it says so in the story), and it was just right and he went to sleep and dreamed of winning the daily double.

By this time the three babes had sat through the double feature twice and were beginning to thirst for their highballs. When they got home the midget rushed to her jigger and saw that it was half-empty. "Some jerk has been snitching my likker!" she said in her small voice that almost punctured the other girls' eardrums.

Miss Average looked in her glass. "Hey!" she cried. "Some jerk has been snitching my likker, too!"

Then the big horsy girl picked up her goldfish bowl and saw it was empty. "Hey!" she thundered. "Some snerk—I mean jerk—has been snitching *my* likker, too, and he's drunk it all up!"

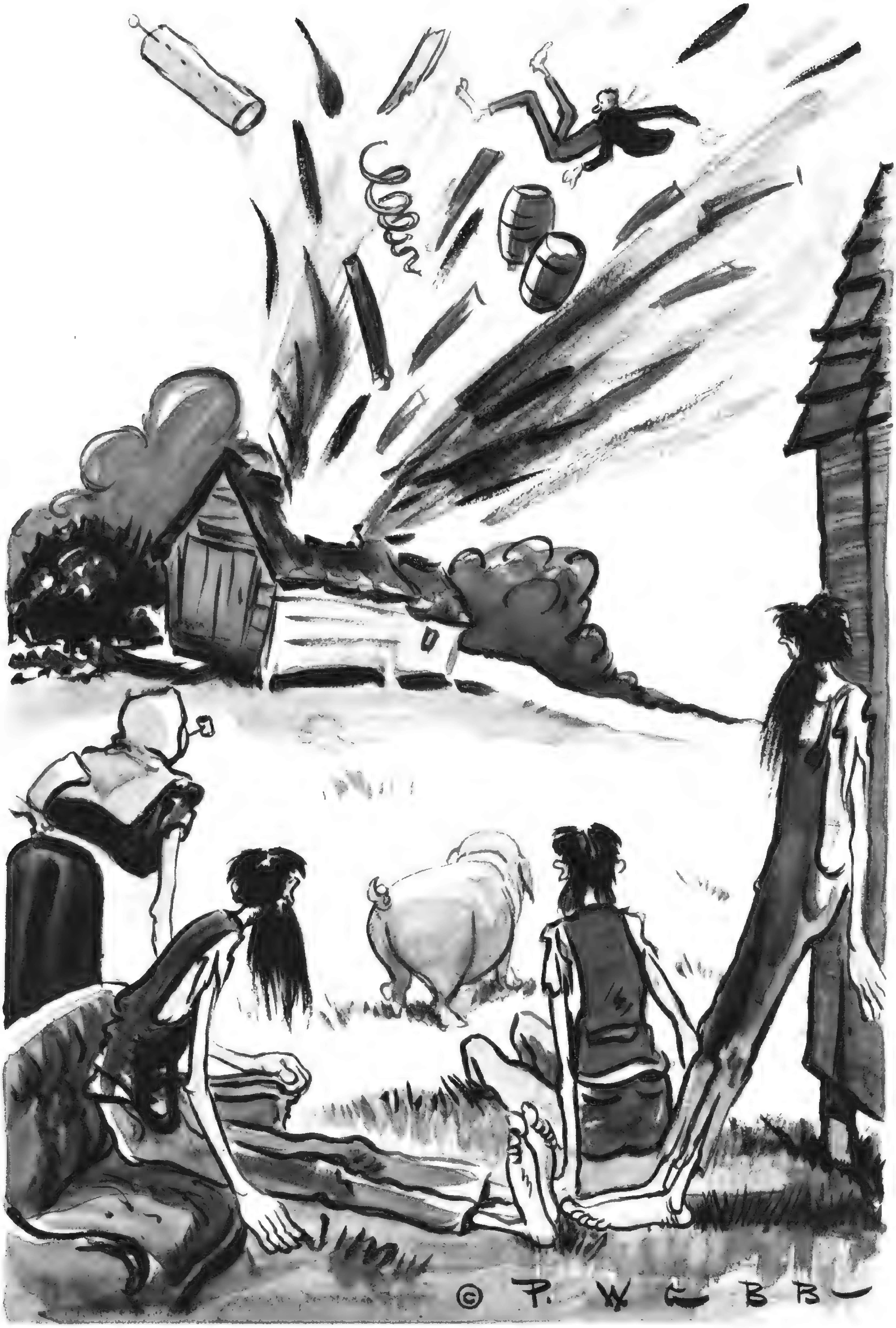
The babes went through the same routine with the bar stools. The apartment was a wreck, cigar ashes were a foot deep, and somebody had been making a house out of a set of an encyclopedia in one corner of the living room. Besides that, the joint smelled like a zoo.

"A man!" the babes chorused.

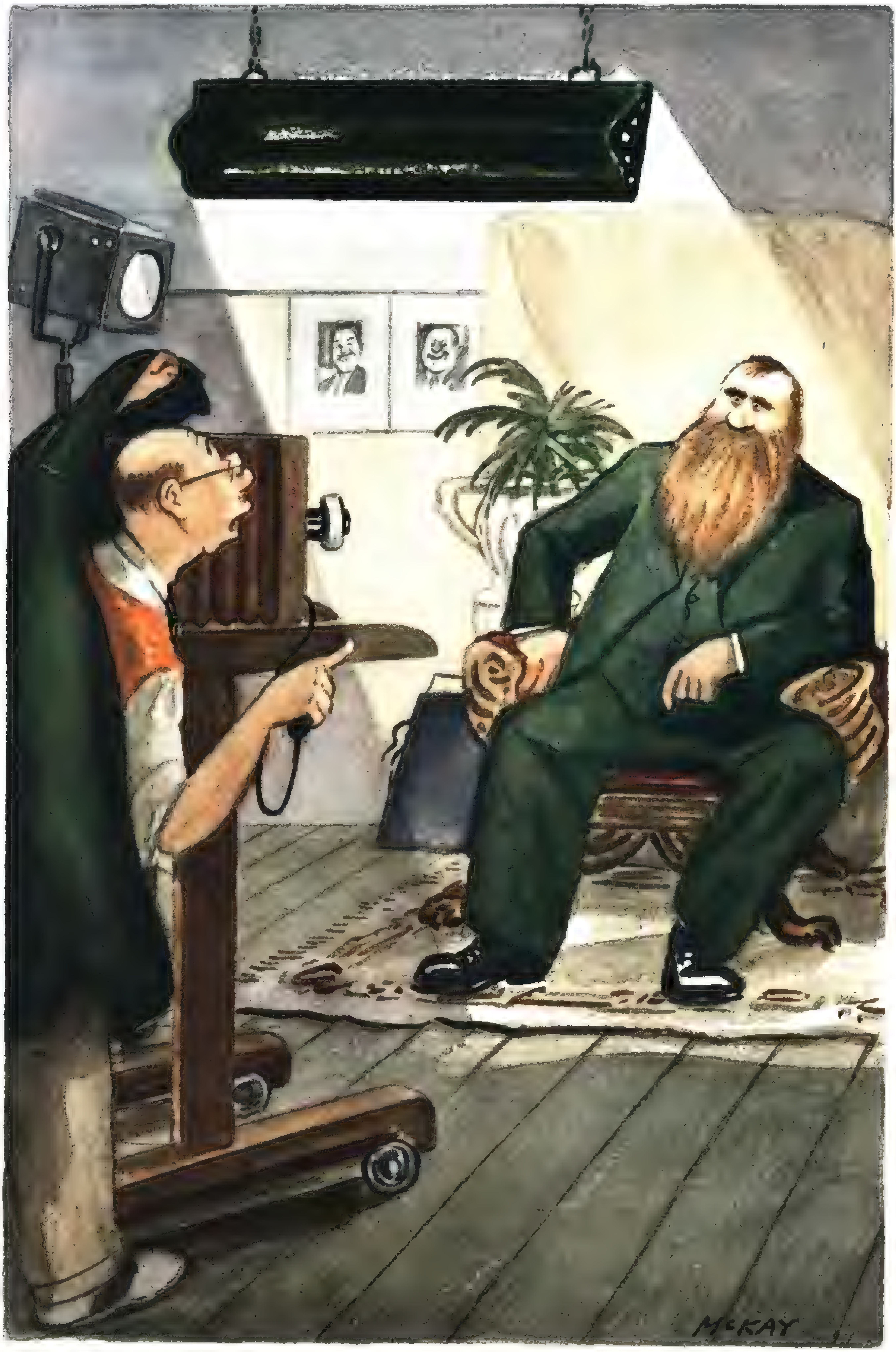
They crept into the bedroom and the big babe said, "Somebody's been snoozing in my sack." They spent forty-five minutes searching the big girl's bed. Then they looked under and over the average babe's bed. "Somebody's been snoozing in my sack, too," she said in her middle-sized voice. Just then the midget went over to her bed. At first she thought there was a rug on it; then she saw what it *really* was and squealed, "Somebody's been snoozing on my sack—and, girls, here he is!"

Mr. Bruin in his sleep had heard the gruff voice of the big horsy babe and paid it no mind, thinking a train was going by. He had heard the voice of the average babe, but only as in a dream. But when the midget squealed in his ear he knew it was no dream and opened his eyes. Then he sat straight up in bed and had the hell scared out of him to see three females of weird and assorted sizes gazing down at him as if he were an olive.

He let out a whoop, jumped from the bed, ran back to his home office and never took another drink or accepted another outside selling job as long as he lived. ###



"Wahl . . . now we know what to git Paw fer Christmas . . . a bran' new still"



"Oh, all right—let's have a kindly twinkle in those eyes, then"

With a Lion by the Tail

At least once in a lifetime a man is cornered by some storyteller who has just crossed the Amazon on Pogo sticks, which, it says here, might just be the truth

An Article by

G. CAMERON RUSSELL

At one time or another I have been called an Explorer. I don't care for the title; it reminds me of the dodo, the Plesiosaurus, and similar extinct species. For the great days of exploration are over, and the old-style Explorer, as such, is rapidly becoming only a fond memory.

It is true that there are many men today who think of themselves as Explorers (they like to be called "intrepid"), but these lads are only a worn-out carbon of the Parks, Stanleys, and Scotts of past generations. When the old-timers went out to explore, by God, they found new lands and looked for more—out of curiosity, scientific bent, or just for the hell of it; and they went by dogsled, muleback, or on foot. Their modern counterparts, however, are often far more interested in the newsprint devoted to their Daring Exploits than in the exploits themselves. In fact, there is evidence that some of the boys are given to describing the exploits of other people as their own—or even weaving their fascinating tales of adventure out of whole cloth.

Although these modern Explorers, with few exceptions, are cast in the same mental mold, they vary widely in their physical appearance, and they differ in their approaches to the fundamental problem—which usually is not to explore, but to escape from death and sell the inevitable photographs for advertising purposes. The physical types are two: the Boomer and the Runt. The Boomer is a cruiserweight or better, addicted to long, bushy beards, straight whiskey, native women, and the Big Brown October Life. The Runt is just what the name implies, and he invariably tries to emulate the fabulous Englishman who, no matter where he was, always dressed for dinner. He doesn't care much for the great outdoors, however; he is likely to write a thrilling book on the Egyptian desert from a vantage point in the Long Bar in Shepheard's Hotel.

Explorers usually write books and articles, and sometimes you can classify them by their literary efforts. The big fellows will write about anything under the sun, but when you see a title like *Indomitable Man Against the Jungle,* you can be reasonably certain the author is a Runt.

Explorers of both types ran into a certain amount of technological unemployment during the war years. Since then exploration has become a highly competitive business, and so Explorers began, a few years ago, to poke about for other things than uncharted wildernesses. Inspired by James Hilton's *Lost Horizon,* other Shangri-Las were written up and mailed to the publishers in great quantities.

Then, as frequently happens, the increasingly cynical public got fed up with hidden valleys; so the glamour-seeking boys began to reconvert frantically. Big-game hunting (always a stand-by) had its ups and downs. Crossing the Pacific in a Chinese junk sometimes ended in disaster. They tried writing about their six months in an igloo, but there is only one thing, reasoned the public, to do in an igloo, and most of the time it's too cold—and who in hell could keep *that* up for six months anyway?

After a chaotic interval of working every angle in the book, the Explorers decided to wed themselves to science. And Science, hard at work at her microscopes and centrifuges, was probably too busy to protest.

Although they didn't realize it at the time, the upstart Explorers had married not a wife but a harem, and every one of the gals took in washing! The boys were soon linked up with Geology, Paleontology, Meteorology, and even Mental Telepathy. It's a known fact that the Explorer has to leave his urban hangouts occasionally and stay away long enough to give himself time for several Adventures. At any rate, he has to go somewhere—preferably somewhere with an unpronounceable name. Occasionally a scientist wants to go somewhere too. He may want to dig in Yucatán or observe wind velocities in Greenland, but he usually can't afford it, and, as a rule, he doesn't have the salesmanship or the temperament necessary for chiseling donations from people, no matter how worthy the cause. In such cases, the Explorer and the scientist usually make a team. The latter lends dignity and prestige to the project; and the former calls upon his fertile imagination, unnumbered adjectives, and unmitigated gall to collect the necessary cabbage.

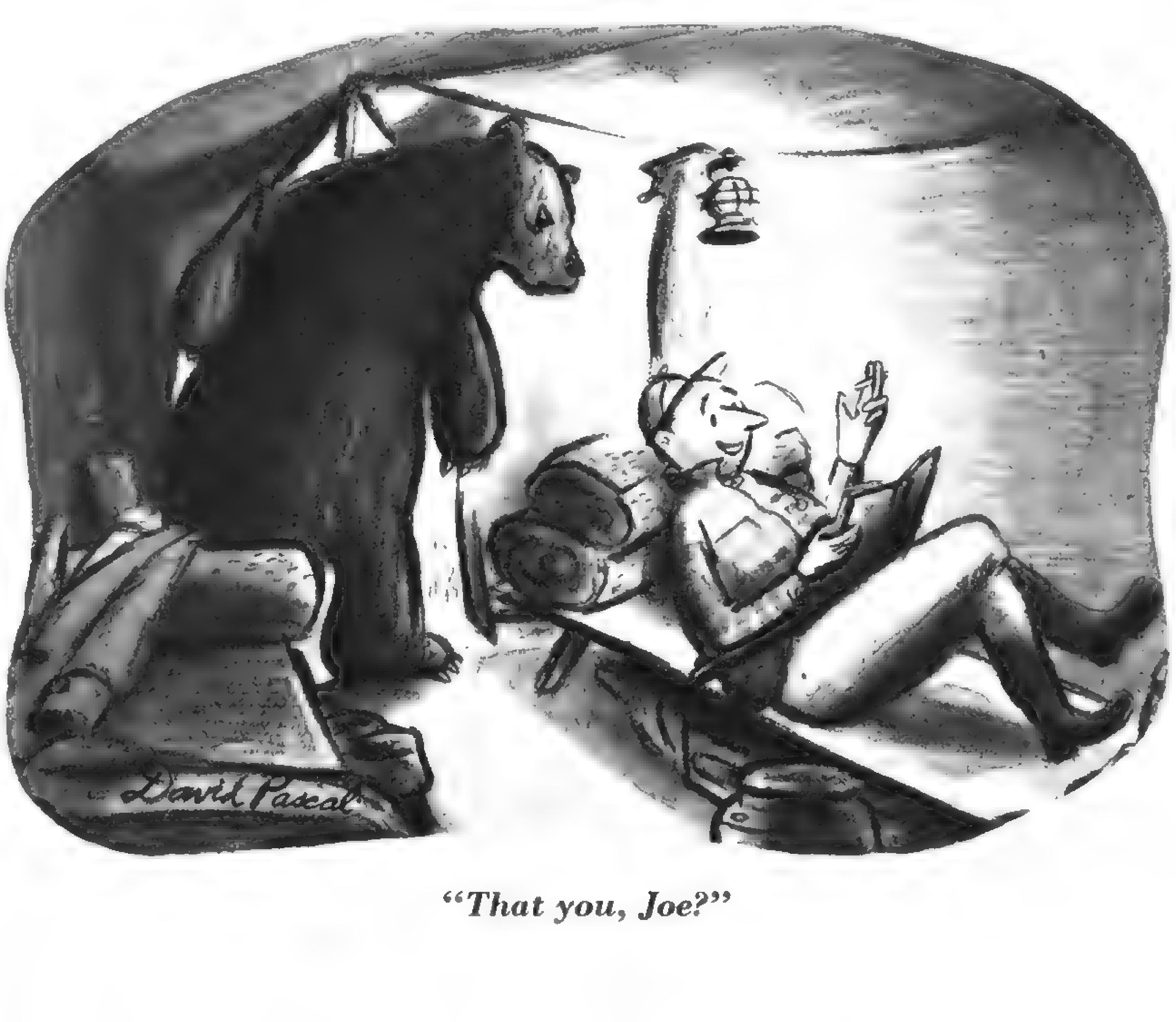
The true Explorer will put the glamorous bite on every man, woman, child, and scientific foundation that can be cajoled into dropping a nickel into his intrepid pith helmet. The scientist, usually wearing an ordinary pork pie, follows up—and, what is more, covers up! He assures everyone that although Congo Jim or Klondike Bob may seem a bit overenthusiastic, the project is really a worthy one. When the trip is over, the scientist publishes an article entitled *Oligocene Fauna in the Fayum Depression,* and frequently pays for the cost of publication. The Explorer will write a whole book, complete with Escapes from Savage Tribesman, an Unarmed Battle with a Lion, and so forth. He will probably call his book *Scientist-Explorers in the Land of the Pharaohs,* and he will gross half a million, including motion-picture rights.

In the manner of a Hollywood starlet, the Explorer never has a good word to say for any other member of his business fraternity. If you want to determine who among a group of men are Explorers, just mention the name of another Explorer who is not present and see which ones join in the cry, "That phony!"

Perhaps the worst fault of all is the Explorer's tendency to talk about his expeditions. He will corner an innocent bystander and begin, "Now when I was hunting the Giant Kapok with the Giant Watussi . . ." and go on for two hours while his companion squirms uncomfortably.

Another grievous fault of the Explorer is that he never will listen to anyone else. A short time ago I was telling a fellow Explorer about an interesting experience I once had while driving a herd of mules through Matto Grosso when he suddenly excused himself; and he never came back. When next I heard of him, he was sending articles to the papers about his Terrifying Adventures when lost on the Mombasa-Nairobi Road. The last time *I* was on that road, I clocked forty vehicles an hour. That phony!

See what I mean? #



"That you, Joe?"

Tycoons in Toyland

Six Super Playthings for the Growing Grownup

This yacht-racing game poses actual sailing problems of wind, tide and rules of the road.

Master model-maker's pride is this $\frac{3}{32}$″ scale replica of U. S. Frigate "Constitution." Kit contains rigging, cannon, fittings, and complete instructions.

RINGLING BROS AND BARNUM & BAILEY
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

Consisting of exact scale replicas of the real McCoy, even to tracks and trestles, this model railroad has everything from smoke to sound effects. It's a lucky bank president who gets this road for Christmas.

Holder of many records, this kit-assembled 22″ streamliner racing car has done over 139 mph. Kit for the contrasting 1911 Maxwell is complete with wood, wire and die-cast parts. Finished job is 7½″ long.

Build this in your basement, Buster! A 9-foot wing span, twin gas engines, and a nose compartment for special radio-control unit. Smaller job is already assembled flying model of P-51, and has control line.

Developing an equivalent average speed of 140 mph, these individually-controlled "hot rods" provide all the thrills of the real thing, even skid on the turns.

KODACHROMES BY ESQUIRE STUDIOS

Smörgåsbord, Scenery & Schnapps

You can't miss on Sweden, the incredibly clean country that offers everything for a vacation, including long-legged, halo-headed lovelies who like your company

A Travel Article by

RICHARD JOSEPH

Sweden is just about due for discovery by the Great American Tourist. Here is a country where every landscape is a masterpiece of scrubbed and manicured loveliness, where a goodly proportion of the women between sixteen and thirty-five are long-legged and halo-headed reasonable facsimiles of Ingrid Bergman, where the skiing is superb, the sight-seeing splendid, and the salmon will strike at the back of your hand.

Just let the word be properly bruited about that travel and living costs are far below their American counterparts, and the rush of tourists to Sweden should rival the westbound traffic toward Sutter's Sawmill in California a hundred years ago.

Already Sweden is saying *skål* again to the tourists of the world. Once more the tinkle of glasses of schnapps is heard as visitors sit down to abbreviated versions of the renowned smörgåsbord. Despite the fact that rationing has cut down the variety and the number of dishes, Swedish hors d'oeuvres are still something worth crossing an ocean to taste.

Thanks to its neutrality, Sweden shows none of the wartime scars borne by so many European countries. Together with Switzerland, she is leading Europe's return to normality. One indication is that Sweden is ready to welcome American tourists without hindrance to her hospitality except for hotel rooms. Due to a postwar restriction on hotel building—together with the almost universal housing shortage—Sweden's hotels aren't adequate for the number of foreign visitors, especially in resort areas catering to a great many Swedish vacationists. Which means that American visitors should make reservations far in advance of their arrival. However, construction is now beginning on a hotel in Stockholm and another in Gothenburg, but they won't be ready this season.

Except for that one detail, Sweden is ideal for a carefree vacation. Stockholm, Gothenburg, and Malmö are bright, busy, and clean; a visit to Visby is a journey back to the Middle Ages; and a sail down the Göta Canal will make you understand what caused the Vikings to love this country and always return to it after their piratical expeditions.

This doesn't mean that it takes a man of a serious turn of mind to appreciate a Swedish vacation. It's a paradise for tourists in many ways. Sweden, for example, is one place where you can walk up to an unescorted girl and ask her to dance or join you for a drink without danger of being shrieked at by her chaperon or billed by her bawd. In contrast to more southerly peoples, the Swedes do not wrinkle their noses at girls of respectable families who allow themselves to get picked up.

As a matter of fact, the whole deal isn't considered a pickup at all—not in the way we look at it, at any rate—but rather is thought to be as good a way as any to make friends. So your visiting American gentleman shouldn't languish for lack of company—not if he's reasonably personable, at least.

Moreover, the Swedish girls are like most of the rest of the world in that they do not share the American youth fetish. A gent, in other words, who in America would be considered fit only for the ash can or as a potential purchaser of fur coats might be rated by Swedish girls as a man of the world whose maturity served to leaven his experience.

Skiing—to switch to more active sports—is fine in the mountains of the central parts of Sweden from Christmas to April (to early June in Lapland). Spring skiing in Lapland north of the Arctic Circle is almost literally out of this world. The midnight sun comes into being in mid-May, whereupon skiers sleep all day and ski all night in bathing suits or shorts, while the sun at shoulder level throws the world into a whole new set of color values.

There's plenty of excellent downhill running in the Swedish mountains, but cross-country ski-touring is the local specialty. Leaders take out on tours groups graded according to their ski ability. Tours generally last all day, with a lunch break at a convenient cabin or hostel. More experienced skiers go out on trips lasting several days, stopping overnight at cabins where firewood and sometimes food have been left by previous occupants. All skiers chop firewood before they leave a cabin, and it's good Swedish sportsmanship to leave behind some provisions.

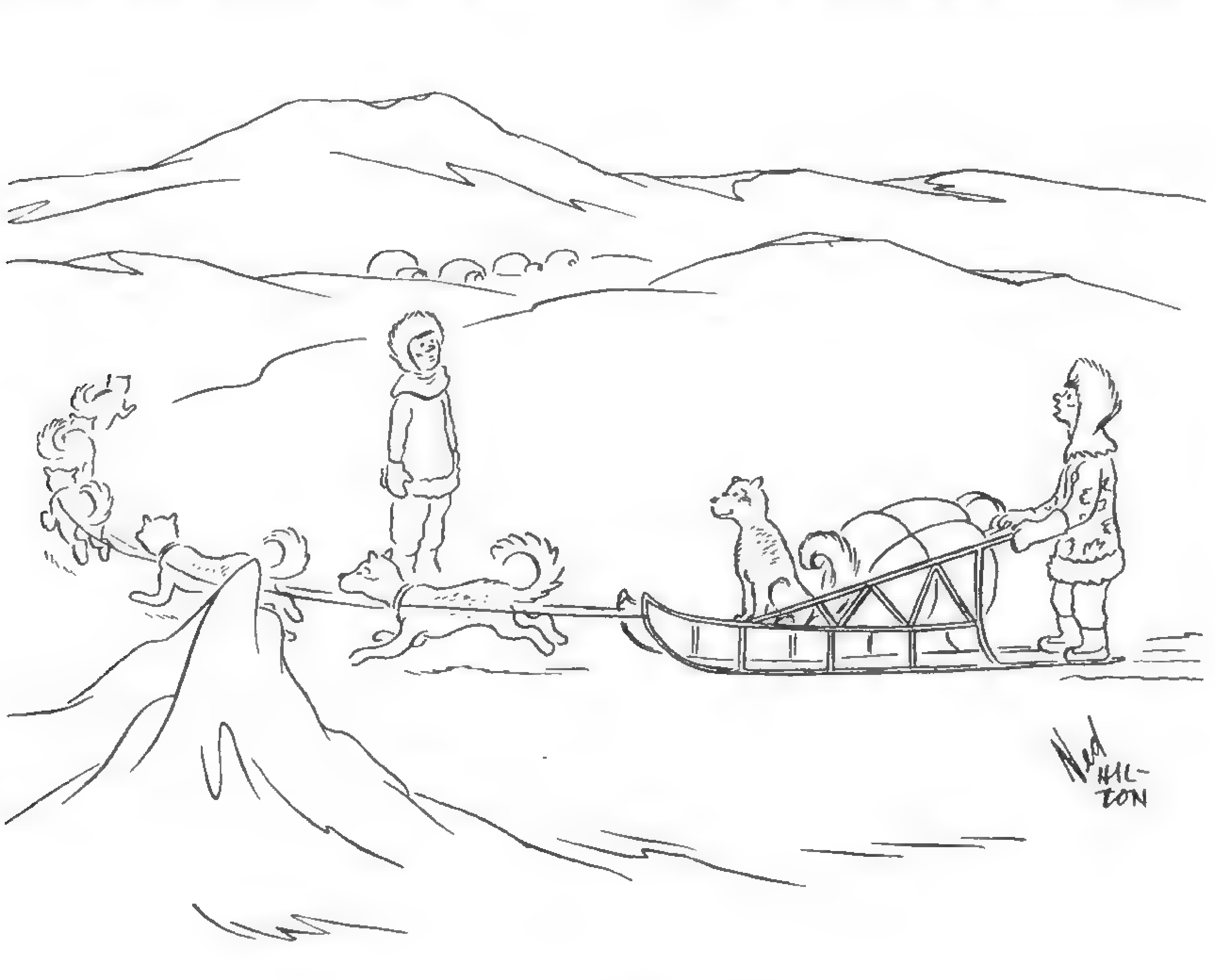
When to go on a Swedish vacation depends not so much on climatic conditions as on individual preference. The only time not to go to Sweden is from late October to mid-December. The weather gets cold and misty after a wonderful Indian Summer lasting through mid-October, and it stays bad until the first snows (about December 15th) clear the atmosphere and set the stage for the spectacular Swedish winter. Spring comes when the snow melts, and fine weather begins in April. Height of the tourist season is from June through August.

Most Americans have a vaguely unfavorable impression of Swedish weather, identifying it with fuzzy mental images of Siberia and the South Pole. Actually, Swedish climate is comparable pretty much to that of New England. The warmest month is July, with a mean temperature of 62°—and no humidity.

With Sweden only nineteen hours away from New York by air (fare $427 one way; $768.60 round trip), and only $180 away by steamer (third class), a Swedish vacation is no longer the exclusive province of the very rich or the very idle. And, once there, you'll be pleasantly surprised at the price-level, since price-control—like so many other social measures—works in Sweden.

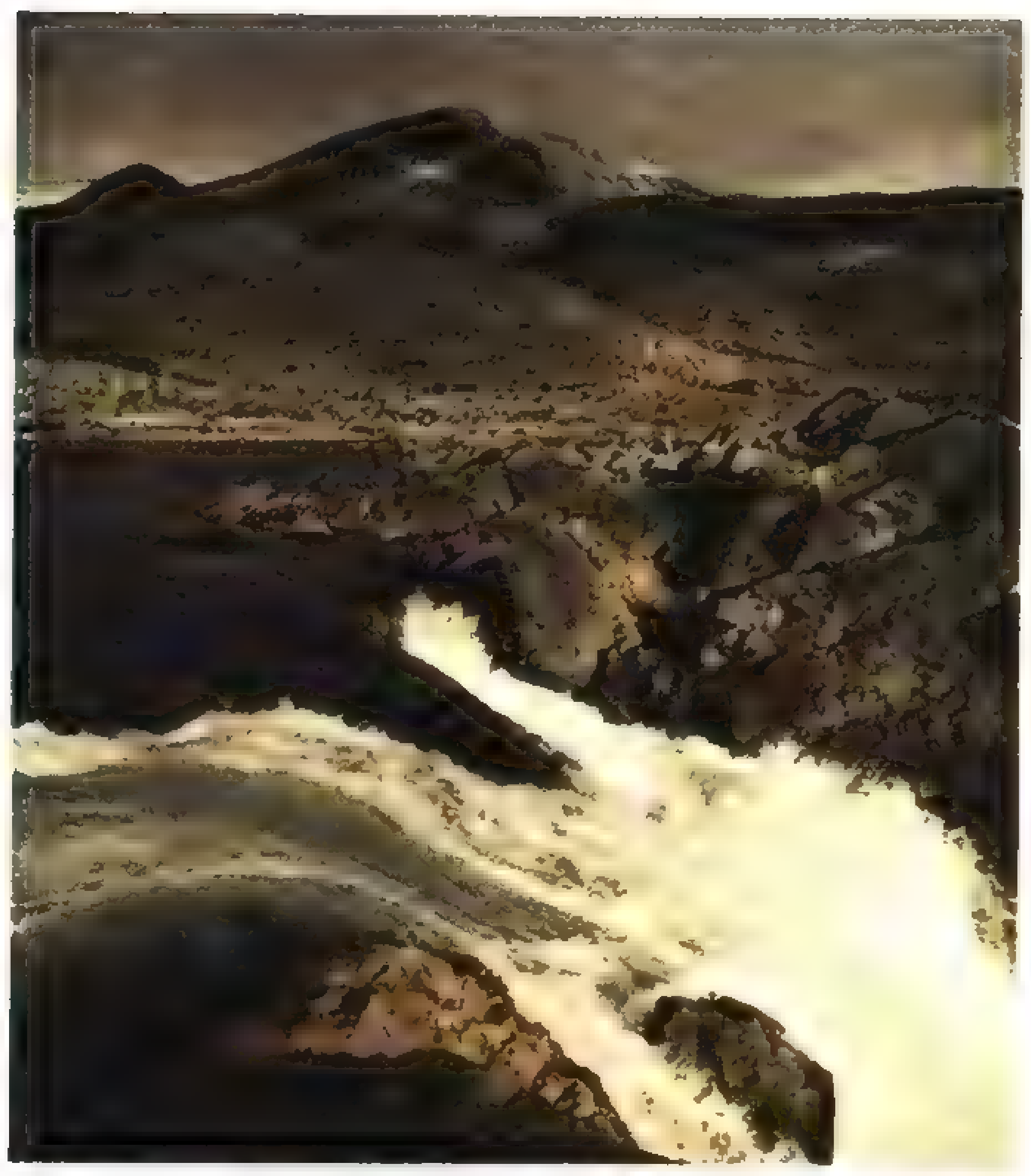
First-class hotel accommodations in Stockholm, for example, range from about $2 to $3.40 per day, single. Rates in smaller towns are somewhat lower. Price of a good table d'hote meal is about the same throughout the country, running from sixty-five cents to $1.30 for luncheon and from eighty-four cents to about $1.68 for dinner, not including wine and tips. American-plan rates at many of the resort hotels are even more favorable.

Hotel tips are generally worked out on a service fee system, with service charges ranging from 12 to 30 per cent—according to the size of the bill—added to the tab. Restaurant tips range between 10 and 25 per cent and are not added to the bill, except in railroad restaurant cars. For restaurant



"This is his day off"

Skiing in the midnight-sunshine country



Fast water and swift rapids near Riksgransen

6500 feet up the Lapland mountains for snow

Calm lake waters and deep-hued Swedish sky

Fast travel for all points, north or south

On a rockbound coast of wide, placid water

Resort village, Swedish style. Fish, too

Timeless background to a popular sport

Southern Sweden's Riviera for the fashionable

service, waiters are legally entitled to the 10 per cent minimum tip.

Railroads in Sweden, by the way, are excellent, and are the principal means of getting around the country. All main lines are electric. Railway accommodations are divided into three classes, in the customary European manner. There are first-class accommodations only on night sleeper trains. Both second and third-class are clean, comfortable, and completely adequate. First-class fares are double the second-class rates —but for this the traveler gets the advantage of complete privacy.

An interesting but unsubstantiated theory is that Greta Garbo's desire to be alone stems from youth, when she gazed wistfully at millionaires riding in solitary grandeur of a first-class railway carriage.

One note of caution to the American visitor: Sweden's tourist facilities are designed and planned mainly to suit the tastes of the Swedish people, which is not at all to say that the American traveler should come prepared to rough it. Sweden enjoys one of the world's highest standards of living, which is reflected in comfort and cleanliness wherever you go. It does mean, however, that Sweden doesn't offer the luxuries of fashionable international resorts.

For the really sophisticated traveler, though, that is just another attraction of the country. Here is no high-powered tourist industry geared to the business of shunting Americans about and depending on the well-known Yankee dollar for its existence. Here, instead, is a genuinely friendly and hospitable people, proud enough of their country and of their way of life to want you to see it as it is—unembellished by any of the techniques of the circus barker or the operator of a Bowery and Coney Island sight-seeing bus.

That's why we say, even though the smörgåsbord hasn't yet reached its prewar abundance, that now is the time to think about a Swedish vacation. The going is really very good. ⫵

A Very Noble Guy

It takes a very noble guy to marry three women for the sake of the girl he loves, and no sacrifice is too great for this fabulously funny guy named Joe

A Story by

MEL MATISON

IT's a crime what happens to my dear and trusting pal, Marrying Joe Werby. He does not deserve the suffering which he innocently lets himself in for. A nobler soul and a finer artist in his line never lives.

Marrying Joe Werby is what you might call a ladies' man, and he makes a career out of it. Being tall and handsome with hungry eyes which are usually half-closed, and having a manner of considerable class, and also being a soft-spoken individual, Joe can sell dames practically anything. But being soft-hearted, it is not in Joe to mislead a dame. He operates in a most honorable way. His system is to romance a gal, telling her many beautiful things; and then, like the gentleman he is, he marries her.

Of course, it so happens that the dame always has considerable dough before he speaks of romance. Also, he does not stop at one dame.

In Chicago he marries Nellie Whitskip, a widow without children, but with a fat insurance policy left by her late husband. Nellie is by no means a type who can win a beauty contest, and furthermore she is ten years older than Joe, but Joe makes her happy, and what else can you ask of the guy?

Being considerate, Joe does not wish to eat up all of Nellie's capital. Therefore, he finds for himself in Detroit a lonely person named Gertrude Hoopster, who has no beauty but does have a hat shop on Woodward Avenue. By marrying Gertrude, Joe makes her happy. By making him a partner in the hat shop, Gertrude makes Joe happy. It is by no means an unfair situation, even if it is not considered especially legal. So Joe Werby is bringing happiness to lonely females at not much expense to them, and he has every right to feel noble.

This nobility spreads to Buffalo, where Joe finds another willing partner by the name of Emilia Longish, who is a widow without children or beauty, but with a good-paying cigar store right on Main Street.

With wives in Chicago, Detroit, and Buffalo, Joe has reached the maximum of success that anyone in his career can safely reach. Naturally, to each wife Joe is known by a different name. Also, to each one he is a traveling salesman; and Joe is indeed a very busy man traveling from one wife to another. For three years, he leads the life of three substantial citizens, being pleased that whereas most men have all they can do to keep one wife happy, he spreads joy to three. Personally, I feel that he deserves every dime he gets from his wives, and it is no surprise to me that every now and then he gets tired of being a husband and wishes to get away from it all. When this mood strikes him, Joe seeks rest and solitude by heading for such places as Saratoga, Hialeah, or wherever the horses are running, or to the auto races at Indianapolis.

It is at the Indianapolis Speedway that Marrying Joe Werby overextends himself. Before the race, with his mind free and clear of his profession, he is sitting in the grandstand, enjoying a choice cigar which comes from Emilia's store in Buffalo, when somebody sits down next to him. Joe turns to see who is to be his neighbor for the afternoon. It is a small blonde, not at all like the females Joe specializes in. This one is young like himself and she also has eye-appeal like himself. Although Joe is not a student of history, he is of the opinion that Cleopatra cannot hold a candle to a cookie like this. In short, Joe is a goner. He looks at her not with a professional interest, but with a personal one.

The blonde is not unconscious of Joe's look. And if Joe's professional look can razzle-dazzle dames, you can imagine what his personal look does. The blonde melts. Also, she makes it easy for him by taking a cigarette out of her handbag and fumbling around for a match. Joe comes up with his diamond-studded lighter, a gift from Gertrude in Detroit on his last birthday, and she says, "Why, thank you," with pleasant surprise. In his soft, silky voice, Joe merely says, "Don't mention it," but his eyes say much more.

At that minute the race begins and everybody cheers and screams, but Joe and the blonde are not aware of any excitement except that which they are feeding each other. Twenty minutes later they leave the grandstand together. They drive out to the country in Joe's long yellow convertible, a gift from Nellie in Chicago on their third anniversary, and it is a most enjoyable afternoon. The blonde's name is Midge, and she is a specialty dancer with a burlesque troupe, but she agrees with Joe when he says that marriage can sometimes be better than a career. Joe parks the car on a side road and gives her some Grade-A romance, right from his heart. Midge co-operates. By the time they have returned to the city their only worry is the location of the marriage license bureau.

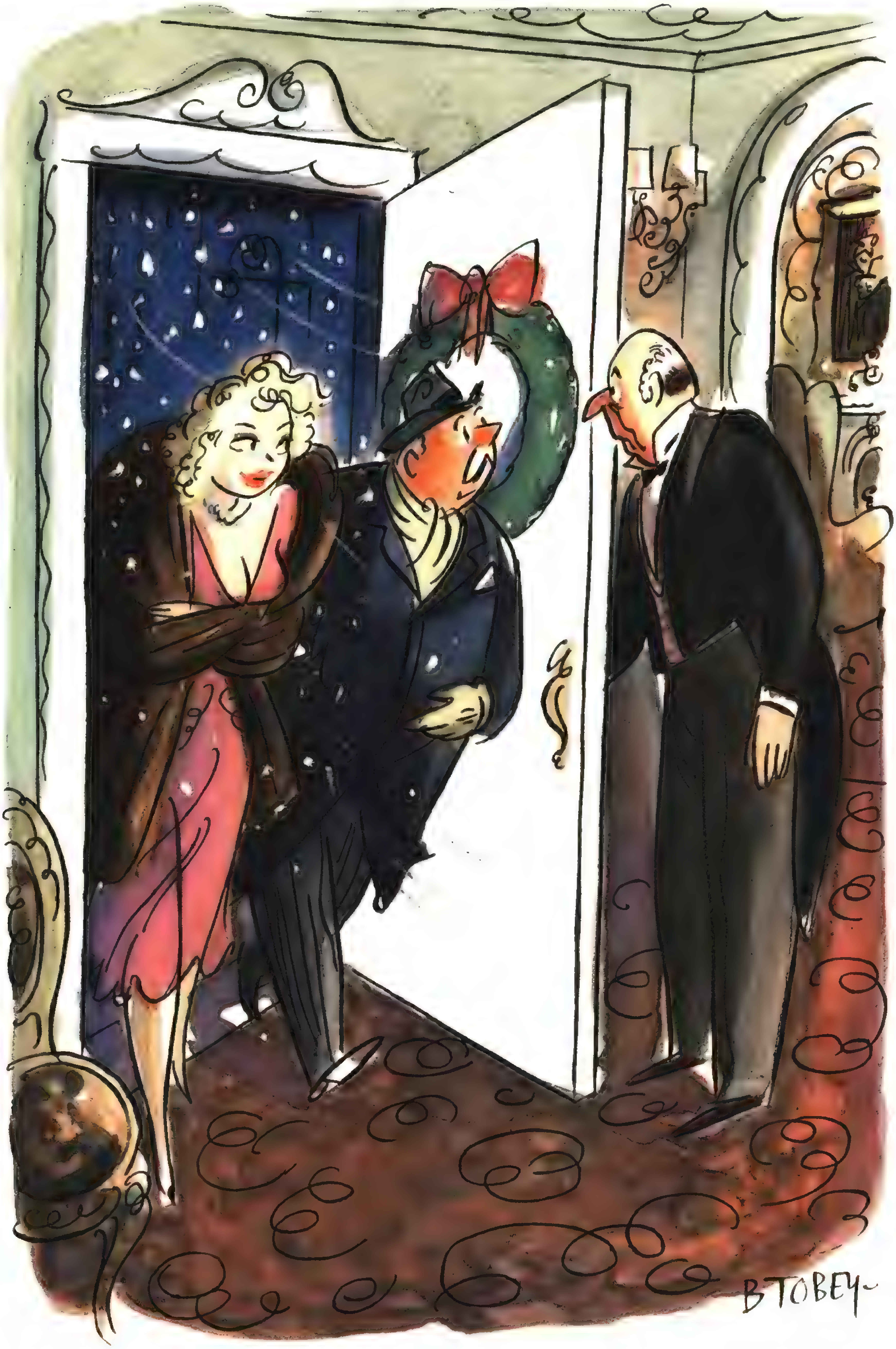
And this time Joe Werby marries under his right name. Marrying for nonprofessional reasons is a new experience for him. He is a changed man. He wishes now to settle down in one city without ever leaving Midge, an outlook which can be understood after several years with Nellie, Gertrude and Emilia. Although it rubs against his noble instincts to have to dispose of the three ladies who have brought him security, right after the wedding Joe decides to make the sacrifice and divorce them one by one.

After a two-week honeymoon at a classy hotel in Indianapolis, Joe kisses Midge goodby one morning, saying he must be off to fulfill his career as a traveling salesman, and heads for Reno. Before he goes very far, he decides it is only right that he visit his first three wives and prepare them for the shock of the divorces. He detours to Chicago, Detroit and Buffalo and tells Nellie (and Gertrude and Emilia) that he has a new job which will keep him on the road all of the time, with no stopovers in Chicago (or Detroit or Buffalo) and that it wouldn't be fair to them to continue with their marriage. Then he establishes residence in Reno as Mr. Joe Wilson; and, being a methodical sort of a guy, he first seeks to part with his first wife, the former Nellie Whitskip of Chicago. In due time he is down to three wives.

He shoots back to Indianapolis, spends a loving two weeks with Midge, and then takes off for Miami where he establishes residence. In due time he is down to two wives, having rid

(Continued on page 240)

"Mr. Jesperson! You haven't eaten a thing!"



"*Quick, Gaxton, fix up a warm drink—I found this poor girl out in the snow*"

Herman's "Ding Ho" Christmas

The U. S. Navy is hard to beat, especially when the guys on board a rocket boat off North China decided to bring Santa to the most bedraggled little citizen in Tangku

An Article by

JOHN P. MALONEY

WORD that an American ship had moored there during the night must have circulated fast in Tangku, because the dock was crowded with people when we got up that morning—December 25, 1945.

At eight o'clock Lucky and I went on the signal bridge to hoist the colors. The North China sky was an unhappy blue-grey. The air stung our faces, and our flag snapped belligerently at the wind that whirled around the water front. Without emotion a few Chinese watched the Stars and Stripes go up to the gaff. The signalman and I walked to the rail and looked about the dock.

"Christmas," Lucky said.

"Christmas," I replied. "Yes, Lucky, I guess it is."

Sailors, venturing across the gangway, were surrounded by peddlers with colorful silk pajamas, watches, firecrackers, cigarette lighters, and a million odds and ends.

"*Ding ho! Ding ho!*" the peddlers, holding up their wares, were saying. In Chinese, *ding ho* means "very good, the best"; and the frantic way in which the salesmen ballyhooed their merchandise left no doubt that their particular firecrackers or picture post cards were the very best.

At the edge of the dock, beside the ship's galley door, a group of Chinese, some very old, some very young, hung over the rail and begged for something to eat. There was a stir among them. Scotty, the cook, had come out with a large sack under his arm. They screamed and pushed, holding out hands and hats, while Scotty distributed potatoes to them.

"Look at those kids," Lucky said. Half a dozen of them scrambled after a lone potato someone had dropped.

We could smell the huge Christmas dinner that was being prepared in the galley; but the spirit and happiness that are a part of the holiday were missing—missing by thousands of miles.

"We're going to be here until late, aren't we?" Lucky asked.

"Until ten tonight, according to the skipper," I said.

"Know what we could do?" Lucky was looking at the crowd of beggars.

"I was thinking the same thing," I said. We climbed over the rail and stepped on the dock. Several peddlers met us happily. "*Ding ho!*" We shoved past them.

"Chocolate?" a small girl asked, pulling my sleeve. Now we were encircled by a different crowd. They did not say *ding ho.* They just looked. They wanted something to eat, anything; or something they might be able to trade for food.

"Here is a likely-looking prospect," Lucky said, nodding toward a tiny, dirty child who had put his hand into Lucky's huge mitt. The signalman glanced around, and added, "No, this one has shoes."

Before we finally chose a third member for our holiday plan, Lucky and I must have considered most of the ragged children on the dock. We knew we had found our man when we came upon what was surely the dirtiest, most ill-clothed, least happy-looking being in all God's creation. We immediately christened this shivering five-year-old, who refused to utter a sound, Herman. He smiled faintly when we handed him a bar of candy. Instead of eating it, he tucked it inside his damp, muddy, quilted jacket.

Herman seemed puzzled, but he offered no resistance when we called three rickshas and lifted him into the one with the most shiny armrests. "To town!" we told the ricksha boys, and away we went, three abreast, down the rutted, frozen, clay street. Herman, in the middle, looked first at Lucky, then at me, and smiled uncertainly.

It was but a short ride to what appeared to be Tangku's shopping center. There we disembarked from our rickshas and gave each of our runners several hundred dollars fare. That was Chinese National currency. Its ever-changing exchange value at that time was three thousand dollars to one American dollar.

Shopping for clothes for Herman was an adventure. As we moved from one rickety, frontless store to another until we had completely outfitted the grimy, shivering boy, Herman smiled more and more. By pointing, he advised us of his choice of coat, sweater, shoes, socks, gloves, trousers, cap and handkerchiefs. He was particularly happy with the purchase of a fur-lined aviator-type cap with celluloid goggles.

Lucky and I found that by banging our fists on flimsy wooden counters and walking toward the next shop, we could induce a willingness in almost every merchant to grant us the favor of a considerable discount, and reduce his price for an item by a thousand Chinese dollars or more.

Our shopping done, we hailed our rickshas and returned to the ship, singing *Jingle Bells* as we swerved along the narrow, winding streets.

The entire crew, sixty-five men, must have crowded into the small ship's head to watch Herman diligently scrub himself to a high gloss in the shower. All the rules calculated to conserve water were thrown into the wind. Herman used more precious fresh water than ten men would ordinarily be allowed. This was probably his first shower since the last big rain, and it may have been his first experience with soap.

Minus several layers of mud and looking like a different person, Herman giggled while four men, armed with large towels, put him through a brisk drying process.

"Herman," said Lucky, "comes time to don your formal attire . . ." the signalman stopped short. He stood erect, and in a solemn voice announced: "We have run afoul."

"Huh?" There was silence.

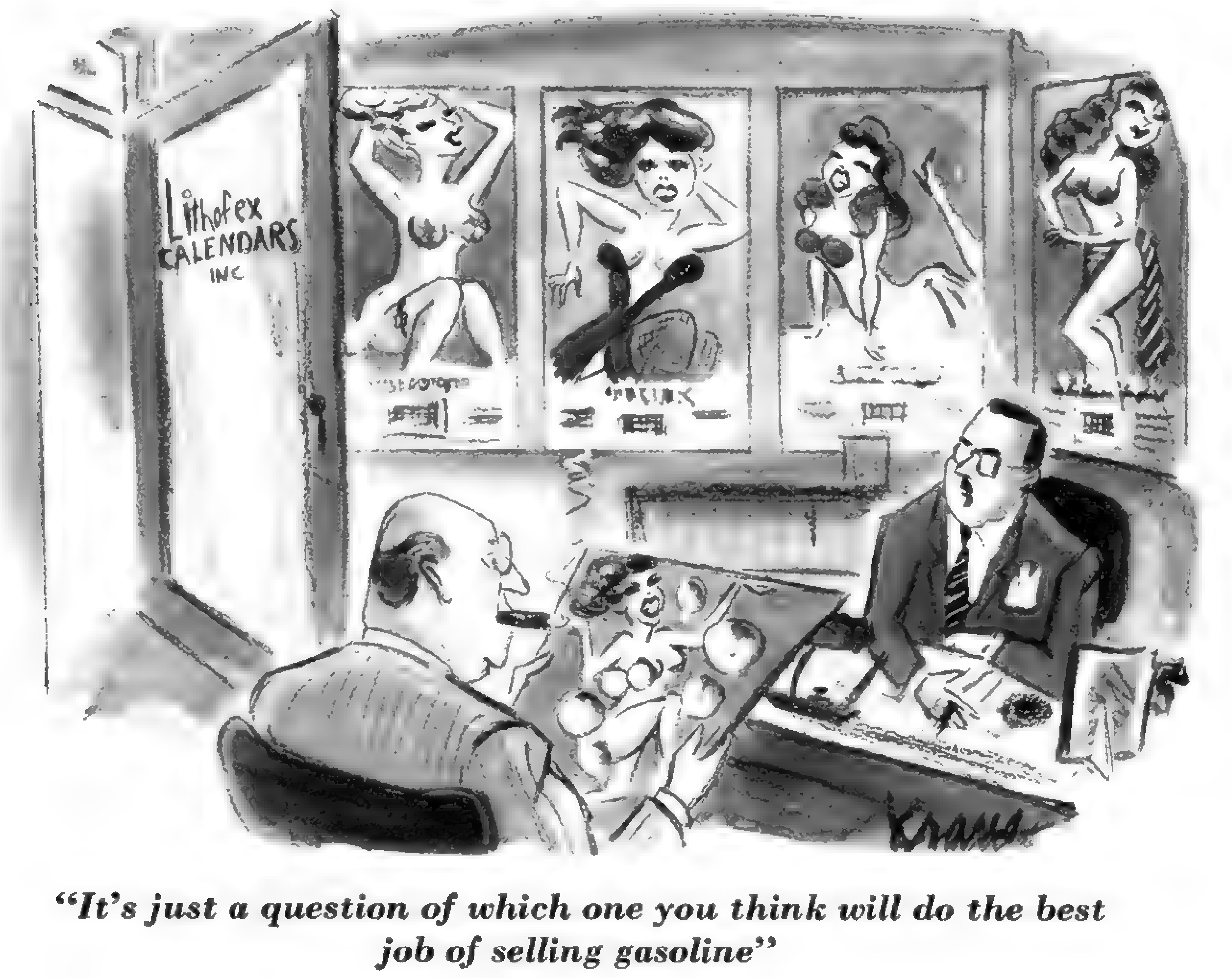
"Underwear!" Lucky waved his arms frantically. "We forgot to get Herman underwear!"

At this crucial moment "Nails" Burns, gunner's mate first class, toughest man on the ship, stepped forward. Like a crusader with a grave message to deliver, he lifted a great, calloused paw and said, "Hold everything." Nails disappeared.

Herman, naked and cheerful, shook a dozen hands and issued a million dollars in smiles before the gunner's mate returned. Nails held up a pair of long underwear, the arms and legs of which he had cut short.

"A perfect size five," he said, grinning.

No doubt Her- (*Continued on page 225*)



"It's just a question of which one you think will do the best job of selling gasoline"

Hickory Heaven

The American people have discovered there's a lot of snow right in our own back yard, and runs and beauty enough to match waxes any day with Europe and South America

Skiing around these parts has finally become a fashion instead of a mania. Time was when it was considered absolute madness to think of a winter weekend more than six feet away from a living room fire. But now unless you can bandy words like Christy, geländesprung, and schuss with the ease of a skimeister, you might as well give up going to winter cocktail parties or giving them. The little blonde babe at your elbow may listen with open-mouthed wonder as you regale her with your fabulous exploits of the trail—but watch yourself. She'll break your back on the Nosedive Trail if you ever take her out to show her how it's done.

These days you can find all the challenge you want at Sun Valley, Mt. Shuksan, Mt. Rainier, Mt. Hood, Tuckerman's Ravine, and hundreds of other downhill miles covered with snow and the tracks of expert and neophyte skiers. Above is Jackson Hole, Wyoming, traditionally the home of the fast draw and the prospector, and now one of the top skiing spots, as you can observe from the summit of Snow King Mountain, with the terrifying heights of the Teton Range whittling down any climber or skier who thinks too well of his own technique. The U.S. is dotted with such magnificent spots for the enthusiast, but pictures of these high trails and experts on the wing should not keep any man from taking up the sport at any age. One of the world's most famous downhill champions recently deplored the lack of publicity given to cross-country skiing. Leave the ski tows and the lifts and the slalom to the daredevils, if you will. Lovely cool trails await, winding gently through the firs, full of the hushed surprise of the suddenly opened vista over white hills. The world, and not just one or two hills alone, is yours if you elect this gentle, still strenuous kind of skiing.

Skiing is more than making a deal with gravity and a few ice crystals. Don't forget the evenings after, the drinks around the fire, the comfortable and colorful clothes, the therapeutic magic of exercise and common experience that makes friends from one ski pole to the other. Those are the finer arts of skiing. If you like the thrills of jumping, yours is the way of the gods, but a dangerous way. A jumper will tell you that it isn't as tough to take off into flight as it looks in the movies, but if he's an honest jumper, he'll also admit that he's scared for just one second or so, on every jump. But take courage from the story of Mickey the dog jumper. He followed his master home along a lonely hill one dusk, and they came upon a jump built right into the hill with no tower to climb. The man went down and out into space, with his faithful dog right after him! Mickey found himself, after his take-off, in a curious sphere where the paddle of paws neither slowed him down nor moved him faster. So he relaxed and enjoyed the view. If you must jump, then, remember that Mickey lived to jump again, and frequently did, a champion at his elected sport. But probably the best advice, even for dogs, is to take skiing where you enjoy it most—on woodland paths, downhill, or off the jump. But taken any way, it lifts the heart and the spirit as high as the peaks around you.

There's strength and the feeling of wide open spaces out where the snows fall high and deep and a man can feel free and clean and almost poetic. But we don't want to sound too sentimental or we might be accused of being soft, and skiing these fields is no armchair-sitter's pastime.

If anyone thinks that's a snowplow blowing up all that white spray against the blue sky they'd better take another look. It's Olof Rodegard catapulting in geländesprung from a snow cornice on the crest of the Blue Mountains out Oregon way where the big snows pile high.

If you're going to be a teacher—especially one who has to do his teaching in the higher altitudes—it's a pretty good thing to know a few things. Hans Sarbach, famed ski maestro, does a good turn for his pupils at Timberline Lodge, Mt. Hood. Easier seen than done.

It's enough to make you stand still for a moment, this kind of beauty, and if there's a tear in your eye we don't blame you. Out here under the Alpine glow of this winter sunset, the frigid cloud-capped crest of Mt. Hood looks good enough to eat. Cast in the rosy tint of afternoon, the rugged trails and gentle slopes make the skier dream of feats he never believed himself able to attempt, much less accomplish. Yet there's something that happens to a man when the hickory, waxed to a glossy finish, slides effortlessly down trail.

KODACHROMES BY RAY ATKESON

Ivan and the Platinum Baby

Gloria Smiley had the kind of face and figure that even a camera bug like Ivan Johnson freely admitted had no need of a long-focus Dogmoor Anastigmat lens

A Story by

GILBERT SONBERGH

LIFE is a lot like betting on the horses. You never know what's going to happen next. Personally, I am quite willing to let life take its course, although I am working out a sure-fire system to take the element of luck out of betting on the sport of kings. I happen to be out better than a thousand skins because my system is not yet perfect, but a guy named Benny the Crimp followed it to the letter and brought home a neat eighteen hundred fish. I put the bee on him for one thousand, and he naturally had to lend it to me. This touch has an ironic angle because Benny, who is an editor on our Sunday Magazine section, is known as Benny the Crimp because he is always putting a crimp in somebody else's bank roll.

I did not borrow that grand to gamble with, but to give to my bosom pal, Ivan Johnson, to put in the bank for us with a couple thousand of his own. We were photographers together on an aircraft carrier and we want to open up a studio here in Hollywood exclusively for mugging babies and kids, as Ivan is absolutely nuts about them.

While Ivan and I are in this interim period I am doing the night watch in the darkroom at the Los Angeles *Times Express*, and Ivan is picking up odd jobs in the photographic line. One reason we have not started our studio yet is because we have not been able to latch onto a long-focus Dogmoor Anastigmat. Ivan is a man of principles and would rather starve to death than use any other lens.

Well, one day Ivan gets a pix assignment from a bank president by the name of James G. Smiley. It is arranged for Ivan to tiptoe into Mr. Smiley's house in Beverly Hills where a party is going to be held for his daughter and her fiance. He wants to surprise the happy pair by having Ivan make a dozen shots and get one into the paper, and Ivan agrees to do the job for a hundred bucks.

Anyway, Ivan goes to Mr. Smiley's address, which is a palace of white stucco rambling all over the side of a mountain so steep our 1929 Cadillac just makes it. He parks outside, leaving the kids in the car. When our landlady goes to the movies she leaves her kids with Ivan because he's crazy about them anyway and she knocks a buck or two off the rent, in addition.

A butler conducts Ivan up a spiral staircase to a sort of indoor balcony, where he is supposed to set up his equipment.

He gets the stuff set up and sits down in a wrought-iron chair to wait for James G. Smiley to issue further orders. From where he is sitting he can look down into the two-story living room, which reminds him of the lobby of the Hotel Astor. A lot of fancy people are milling around, making the air thick with smoke and small chatter.

Ivan can also look in the other direction past the stairway and see doors here and there which turn out to be bedroom doors, although a pair of 8X binoculars would make them seem a lot closer. However, he is not unduly surprised by all this architecture because after living in Hollywood nothing surprises anybody.

Not even the platinum blonde in a white satin evening gown who just then opens one of the near-by bedroom doors and gives Ivan the 00, with raised eyebrows.

Ivan notes that while she is probably twenty-five, she has that innocent look they generally lose somewhere in high school. And she has a lot of figure. She approaches Ivan with one arm behind her.

"What's the trouble," she says. "Aren't you having a good time?"

Ivan gets up, looking dumb.

"I don't believe I know you," she says.

"I—I'm a stranger here myself," Ivan says.

"Well, I'm not," she says. "I'm Gloria. I don't know how I missed you." She puts out her hand and Ivan has nothing to do but shake it a few times.

"That's a nice name," he says. "I'm Ivan."

She throws him a pretty laugh. "Do you have a last name, or are you trying to start a fad?" Then she turns her pretty back to him; she is having trouble with a zipper. "Can *you* fix it?" she says.

"Sure," Ivan says. "My name is Johnson, Ivan Johnson, from Brooklyn."

"That's a nice name," she says. "Like a bicycle. Thanks for fixing my zipper. Are you a friend of Montague's?" she asks.

"Never heard of the gent," Ivan says. "To tell you the truth, I came to see someone else, and the butler told me to wait here. So don't let me keep you away from the—"

Ivan sees her big blue eyes are focused on his photographic equipment in a corner.

"Saaay—" she exclaims, "what's going on here?"

"Well," Ivan says, "I'm here on business. At the proper time, which I hope will be soon, I will be instructed to make pictures of the happy couple for publication in the society news. By the way," and Ivan glances down into the living room, "which couple is it?"

The platinum blonde stalls. "You seem negative about something," she says. "Which is it, photography or marriages?"

"Well," he says, "I am not crazy about any photography except taking pictures of kids. They are the only people who know how to act natural."

"I used to know a photographer just like you," she says, staring at him. "Now, what are your views on marriage?"

"Well," Ivan says reluctantly, "I am skeptical about marriage. Mostly I think girls get married for a meal ticket and guys get married for love, the foolish kind. Now, if you show me a case of real love, where two people are not only nuts about each other, but want to help each other through life—"

Gloria laughs like she'll never stop, and this bothers Ivan. She says, "You're a fine one to talk. Everybody can't find that perfect match you're talking about. So they compromise. Why are you here tonight, instead of taking pictures exclusively of kids?"

"Miss," Ivan says patiently, "I have looked all over the United States and elsewhere for a certain type of lens, but I have not found this item as yet. So in the meantime I shoot cheesecake, and anything else I can get. It keeps my capital crisp and green."

"I am completely (*Continued on page 250*)

"Think of me as being a Yale boy, and just forget which class"

REFRESHER COURSE FOR SANTAS

5 HOT TIPS FOR HOLIDAY TIPPLERS

tom & jerry

Beat yolk and white of 1 egg separately, adding 1 tsp. granulated sugar to yolk. When well beaten, mix them together in an 8 oz. goblet or mug. Add 2 oz. Jamaica rum and 2 oz. rye or brandy, and fill with hot water or milk. Top with nutmeg.

mulled claret

Into a large goblet or metal mug, place 1 lump of sugar, the juice of ½ lemon, 1 dash bitters, 5 oz. claret, 2 oz. of boiling water, 1 tsp. of ground nutmeg and cinnamon, and stir. Heat a poker to a red hot temperature, and plunge it into mixture. Remove the poker and serve.

hot eggnog

For each portion, put 1 jigger brandy, 3 oz. milk, a whole egg and a little ice into a shaker. Shake thoroughly and pour mixture into eggnog cup or heavy glass. Fill cup with hot water and sprinkle with nutmeg.

hot buttered rum

Put in a mixing glass 1 tsp. butter, 2 oz. Jamaica rum and enough hot water to fill glass. If desired, 2 dashes of bitters may be added. Stir mixture well and serve in mug or delmonico glass, using a small stick of cinnamon or whole cloves on top.

glögg Using a large pot, heat together 1 bottle port wine, 1 bottle of Burgundy wine, and 1 bottle Aquavit with ¼ lb. small seedless raisins. Boil several minutes. Into this dip cheesecloth bag containing stick of cinnamon and handful of cloves; leave bag in liquid about ½ minute. Serve drink in glass or coffee cup with almond in each glass.

KODACHROMES BY ESQUIRE STUDIOS

Marry Mary, Quite Contrary

When "yes" means "no," and "no" means "yes," it may seem like a crazy world, but love obviously grows on contradictions, and love is a wonderful thing

An Article by

HERB GRAFFIS

If John loves both Mary and Betty, he is likely to marry the wrong girl. He knows Mary is quite contrary—in fable and reality. Her witchery is mingled with bitchery when she doesn't say amen to all his wishes. Betty is easy to get along with. He dominates her and she does a good job of pretending she likes it. So John marries Betty. He says the deciding factor is that Betty likes the same things he does. Only time and the courts can tell how wrong John has been.

Mary will be happy with some other male, for the history of durable romance is on her side.

One of the sweetest love stories ever told is that of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sprat. They were perfectly mated in the dining room. When that happens, there rarely are domestic controversies in parlor, bedroom, or bath. Mr. Sprat, according to the testimony of Madam Goose, could eat no fat, and his spouse could eat no lean. So, between them, they avoided alimony, garbage, and excess time washing dishes.

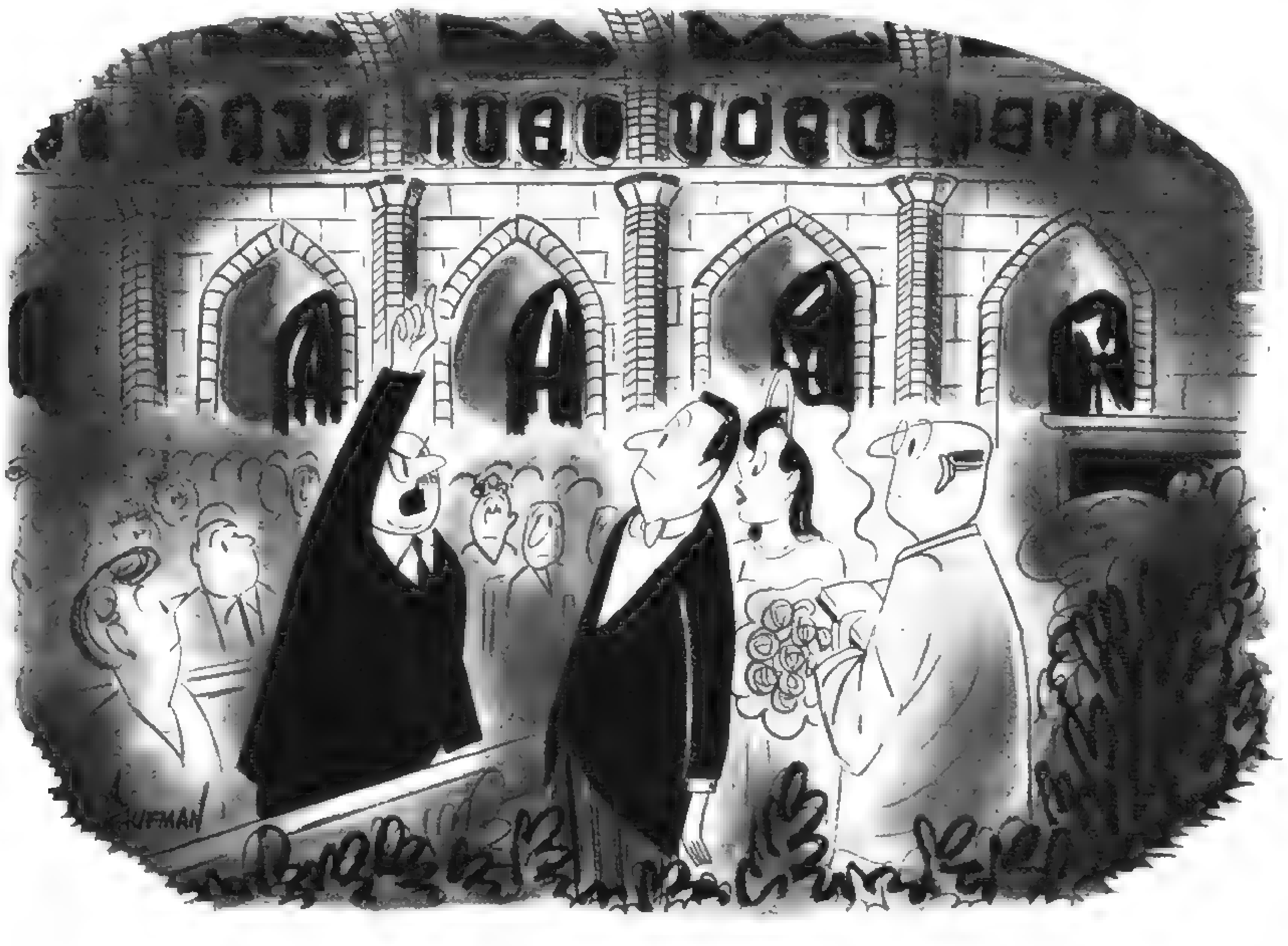
Undoubtedly, during the courtship that ripened into happy wedlock, Mr. Sprat took his intended out to eat at better places than he could afford. Every young man does. At better places you can order what you want. At home you take what you get. The young lady who was to become famous as the wife of Jack Sprat ordered fat and fed the lean to her beloved, who thus was convinced that she was a wonderful, unselfish girl. Then, after the two became one in the eyes of heaven and the world, this same contenting agreement of opposites prevailed. On winter nights, when Mrs. Sprat's metabolism was burning up her grease and heating the connubial sack to a snug 85° Fahrenheit, there was no uncomfortable shivering for scrawny Jack. He was cozy by the side of his ever-loving legal girl friend—and you don't get to hear of that state of things too often.

The Sprats' good fortune was in being opposites. They didn't start, or try to continue together, under the delusion that because they liked the same things they were going to continue to like each other. That error is what puts divorce lawyers high in the income-tax brackets. The Sprats were happy because each couldn't stand what the other liked the most. After the novelty of courtship blindness and make-believe wore off, they never found themselves brawling to see who could hog the most of what they both liked.

Luckily, nature seems to provide enough humans with attractive opposing interests to prevent extinction of the race. Look about you and take note of the blondes who have brunette husbands. Or the brunettes who are married to fair-haired boys. It's a happy instinct—or, perhaps, judgment—that makes a person pounce accurately upon a mate of contrasting beauty.

The same thing holds true all over the place. Often to the amazement of observers, marriages endure between a woman who gallops around day and night showing off and a man whose only concession to late hours is to stay up until the ten o'clock news broadcast. Actually, such people are perfectly mated and complementary. Either one would wind up as pay dirt for a psychiatrist if he shared the other's routine.

The uninformed might conclude the night-blooming lady on her prowls would willingly fall into the hot clutch of a dishonorable gentleman. There are two reasons why this is not customary. One is that the lady who likes to go around has her time so occupied she can't spare moments for illicit romance. The other is that each male nighthawk she meets also likes to keep in circulation among the bright lights. It is the nighthawk's pleasure and his advertising to do so. The fact that other people happen to be doing the same thing is, he believes, something a kindly providence has arranged solely for his convenience.



"I object, until the balance of $132.75 is paid on the engagement ring!"

Eventually, that same kindly providence also arranges for him to spend his evenings at home in the suburbs with a wife who makes elderberry wine. The night-blooming married lady of yesteryear gives up her wanderings under the neons and limits her excursions to going to Garden Club meetings, where she listens to thrilling lectures on flower arrangements. She and her spouse continue to be happy—because they've never bothered each other.

Consider the socially ambitious couples and their frequent appearance in divorce courts. They're driven constantly and monotonously by a common aspiration. By the time their names are appearing often in the society columns, they are fed up with being half-people. The nerves of each of them have to take a double beating.

How much more enviable is the lot of the couple that consists of a wife who craves to be In Society and a husband who hates going places where he has to hold a buffet snack in his lap! When such a pair have intelligence and strong character, the wife makes her rounds alone until she finishes as a worn—but happy—old lady dressed in expensive garments and sitting in an opera box accompanied by a young customer's man.

Happily for such understanding team mates, the husband likes making the money that the wife must have to pave her social path. He gets rich by restricting his society life to financial eating and drinking with other rugged individuals who look at the market news and not the society pages. In that way, he becomes an excellent husband and father and a credit to his nation.

Or take the case of the boy who likes the country and the girl who likes the city. They supplement each other so agreeably that they live happily ever after between their town house and their country estate.

As you look over the cheerful pairs who have lived together successfully, notwithstanding a decided slump in general matrimonial stability, you will find an impressive number who were not misguided by the fallacy that mutual liking of the same things means that their partnership has been arranged on high. They passed the tough test first. They found they could enjoy each other despite an 180° difference in opinion to which both were perfectly reconciled. Difference of opinion is, after all, simply part of the routine competition between the sexes.

So when your wife says "no," it means you are getting along normally together—unless she says, "No, you can't have what I want too." ###

Arms and the Man

PHOTOGRAPH BY REVES-BIRO

Adventure on the high sands as the multicolored sails glide in the rising sun

Hit the Beach

With wind in the sails and sand on the beach, a new sport skims the landlubbing sailor along at speeds up to 75 m. p. h.

KODACHROMES BY ARDEAN MILLER III

With sails set and crews ready, the sand sailboats cut the ice in a splash of briny salt spray

On the windswept, water-leveled, hard-packed sands of Florida's Daytona Beach, where once the roar of Sir Malcolm Campbell's Bluebird made history and Major H.O.S. Seagrave pushed the accelerator of his speedwagon to the floor, the horizon is now filled with the colors of the plastic sails of the land yachts invented by the Ely brothers—ex-coastguardsmen and sailing enthusiasts. This 20th-century contribution to the world of sport and romance is not to be confused with the sports of sailboating or iceboating. It is, as one can discover from the accompanying photographs, a sail on wheels. The boat is handled much in the same way as the water-sailboat. The wind is its main propulsion; but the tiller is attached to the rear wheel of the tricycle and there isn't quite the opportunity for the sailor to get his feet wet. In fact, almost anyone familiar with basic sailing technique can learn to handle the sand sailboat in about the time it takes to say, "I'll rent one of those land sailboats for an hour at $4.00" (which happens to be the cost of the rental). The novice can find himself whipping along the beach at speeds ranging from fifteen to twenty miles per hour. This may seem like a good seventy-five miles an hour to the novice, since he's sitting only a foot above the ground. He hasn't really tried anything, though, until the wind gets at his plastic sails and he moves along at a neat seventy-five miles per hour (which really feels like only a little over six hundred miles per hour)—a speed that has actually been clocked on the beach. So far even Superman hasn't managed to go that fast in the old-fashioned sport of sailing on water.

Actually, the history of sand-sailing is an interesting commentary on the American virtue of building "better mousetraps." The Ely brothers liked to sail. They also enjoyed the sand and speed. After dreaming for a time, they came up with a combination that could keep feet dry and get the kind of speed the old family convertible couldn't quite make. They started building sand sailboats for an average price of $500—which is just about what a good one costs today. However, they expect to lower the cost by a neat hundred dollars when they can get into a real production-line type of manufacture. The average sand sailboat weighs about 350 pounds fully rigged; it can carry 130 square feet of sail, and it is ten feet long with a beam of seven feet. Practically all-metal construction, the boats have frames and masts of steel and run on motor-scooter tires designed to seal them against sand and water.

Perhaps because of the nerve it takes at the tiller, very few of them are, as yet, in the hands of owners for private experimentation. But along the sands of Daytona, where the stretches of roadway run for twenty miles and the width of dry sand at low tide is a mile and a quarter, the bright sails can be seen scooting along before the wind almost any day in the season and the bright young faces of pretty girl sailors can make a man's eyes water—or could that be the salt breeze coming in from the sea spray? For the cautious few who might have a weather eye on the boom instead of the girls, it should be mentioned that Daytona always provides an amphibious jeep with a lifeguard crew when the breeze is stiff. Safety first—and ahoy there, sailors.

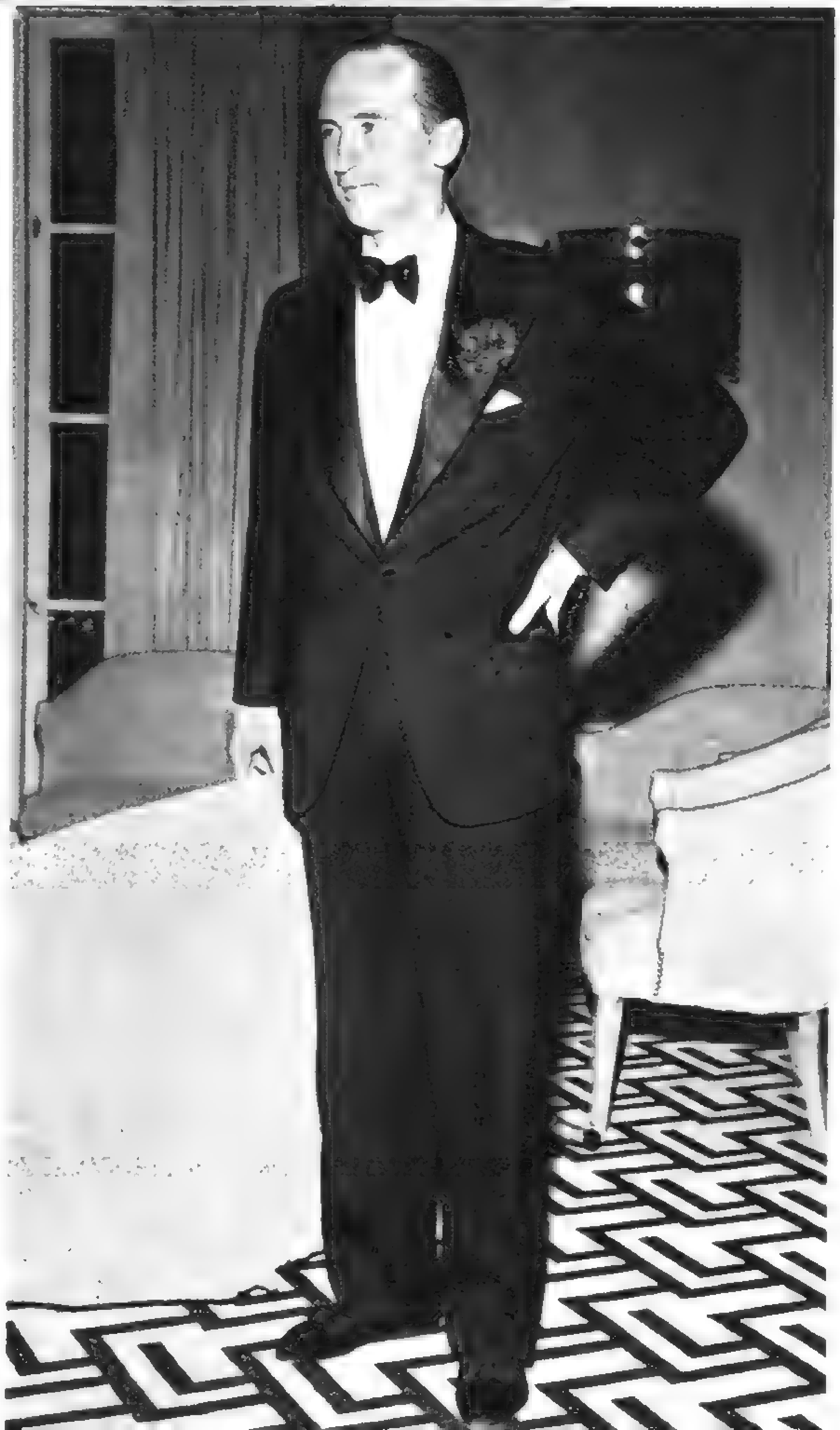
At Daytona Beach, with a lazily moving sea and miles of smooth sailing ahead, the sand sailboats' bright sails take up the wind

The night life of the BOLD LOOK

...on the town in style

Evenings out are more likely to meet with success if you don the fresh, masculine essence of the BOLD LOOK, expressed in the rugged flare of the Bold Knight Bow, the clean lines of the Bold Dress shirt and the gleam of the new satin-faced lapels—all first observed on such prominent Americans as John (Shipwreck) Kelly, above; Ronald Balcom and Christopher Dunphy, opposite page, and Harvey S. Ladew, on the left.

Angier Biddle Duke on the right, photographed at The Greenbrier, wears the new-shape tie, satin-lapel dinner jacket and a pair of black suede pumps.



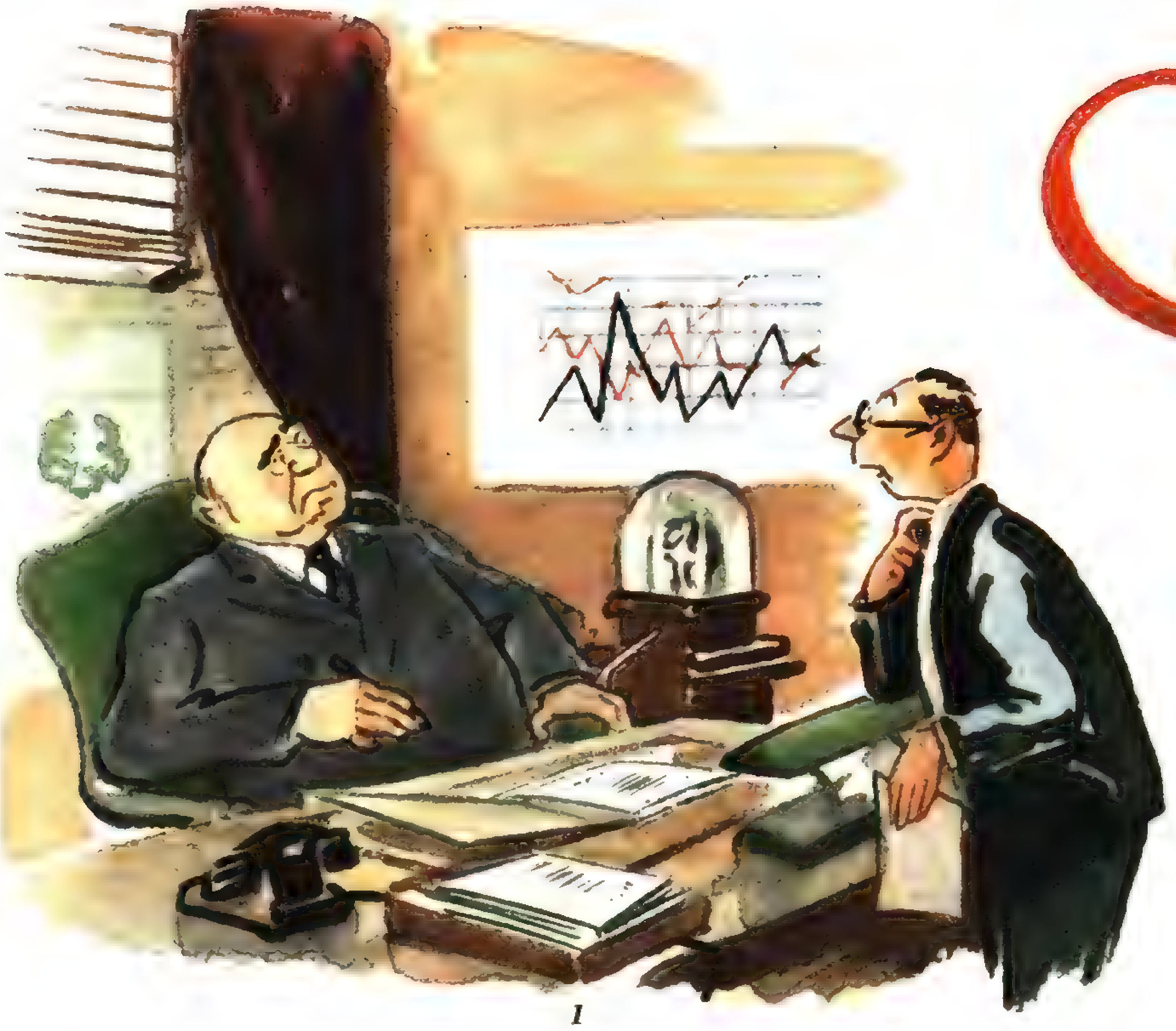
Riding high in the Command Collar of the BOLD LOOK dress shirt on the right, gentlemen, is the newest member of the BL family—the Bold Knight Bow. A virile edition of the butterfly, its lower ends have a longer, more rakish flare than the top ones. It's in satin, matching those lapels. The shirt has all the manly characteristics which we call BOLD—stitching three-eighths of an inch in on the collar, wide center pleat, massive studs and links. →

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ESQUIRE STUDIOS

(For answers to all your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.)

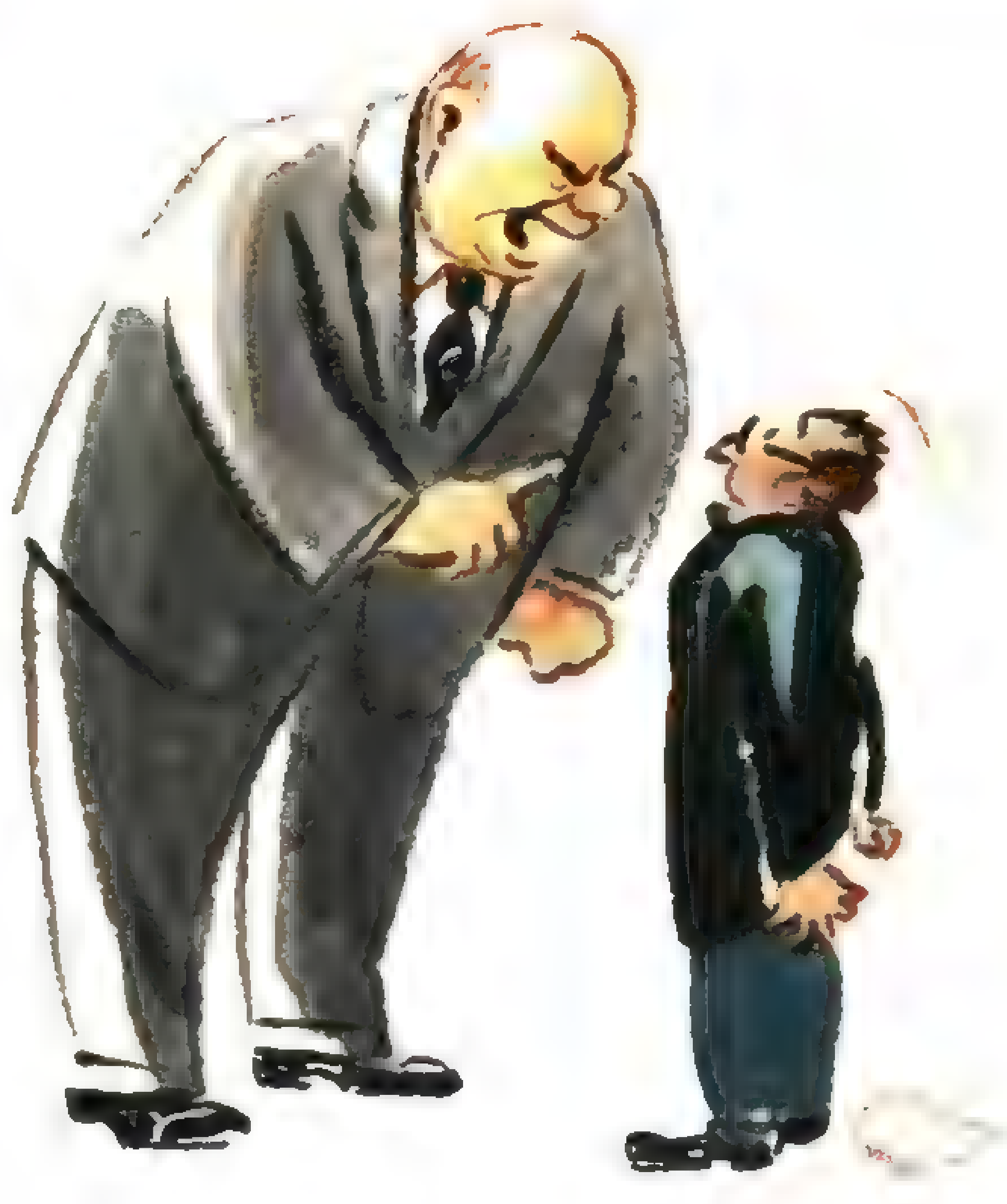
A Christmas Carol

DRAWINGS BY D. McKAY



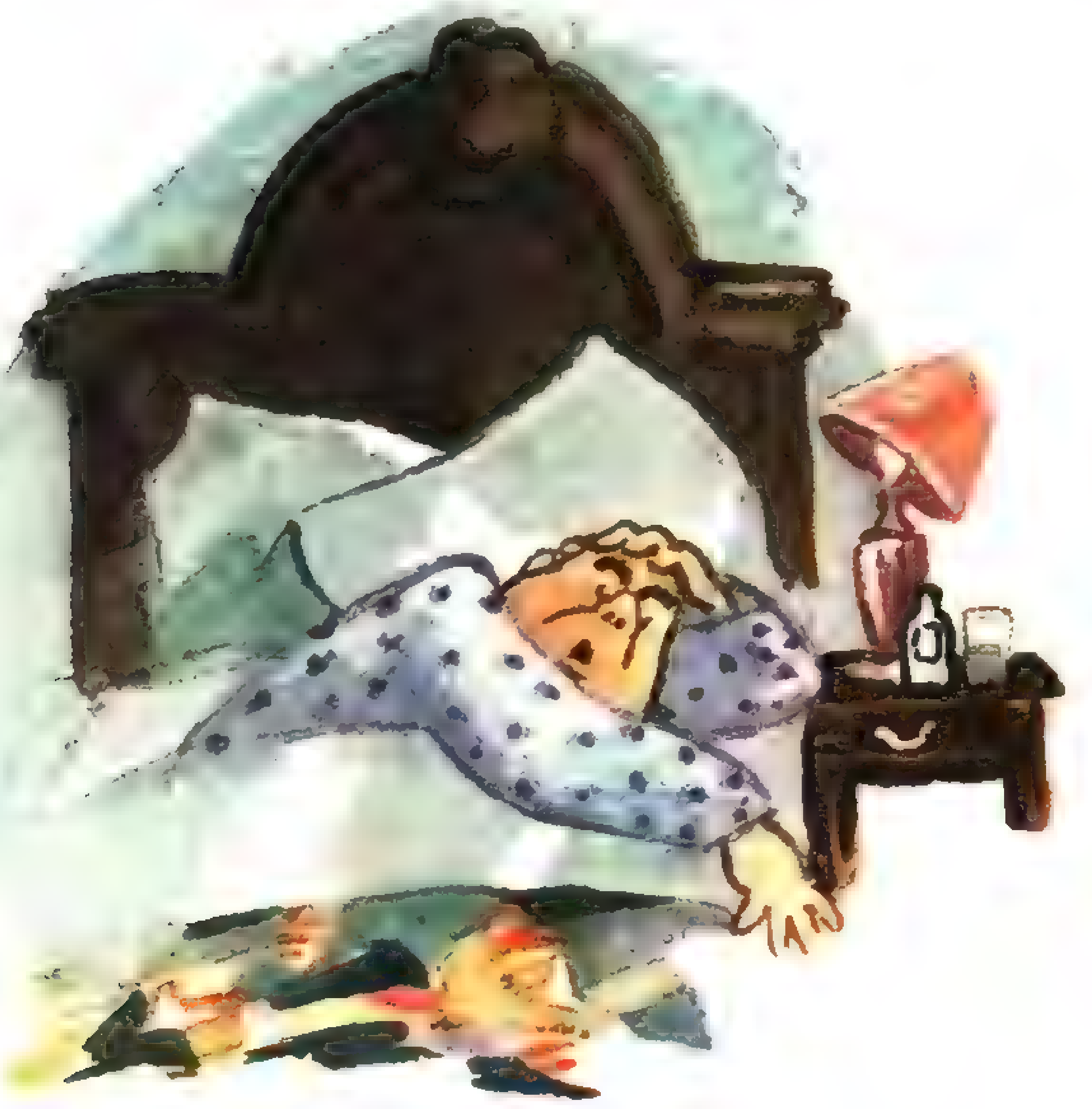
1

(Scene: The office of J. Kinsey Scrooge, Inc. Bradley Cratchit enters and speaks) Sir, I'd like to ask if I, er, uh, that is—since Christmas falls on Saturday this year—could I, uh, leave early Friday, and, er, have Monday off? You see, my wife, that is, her sister and husband—my brother-in-law—and a couple other people are planning to go to the mountains skiing over the week end . . . a friend has a cabin . . . it's 350 miles and I was just wondering if it would be all right with you . . . if . . . uh . . . .



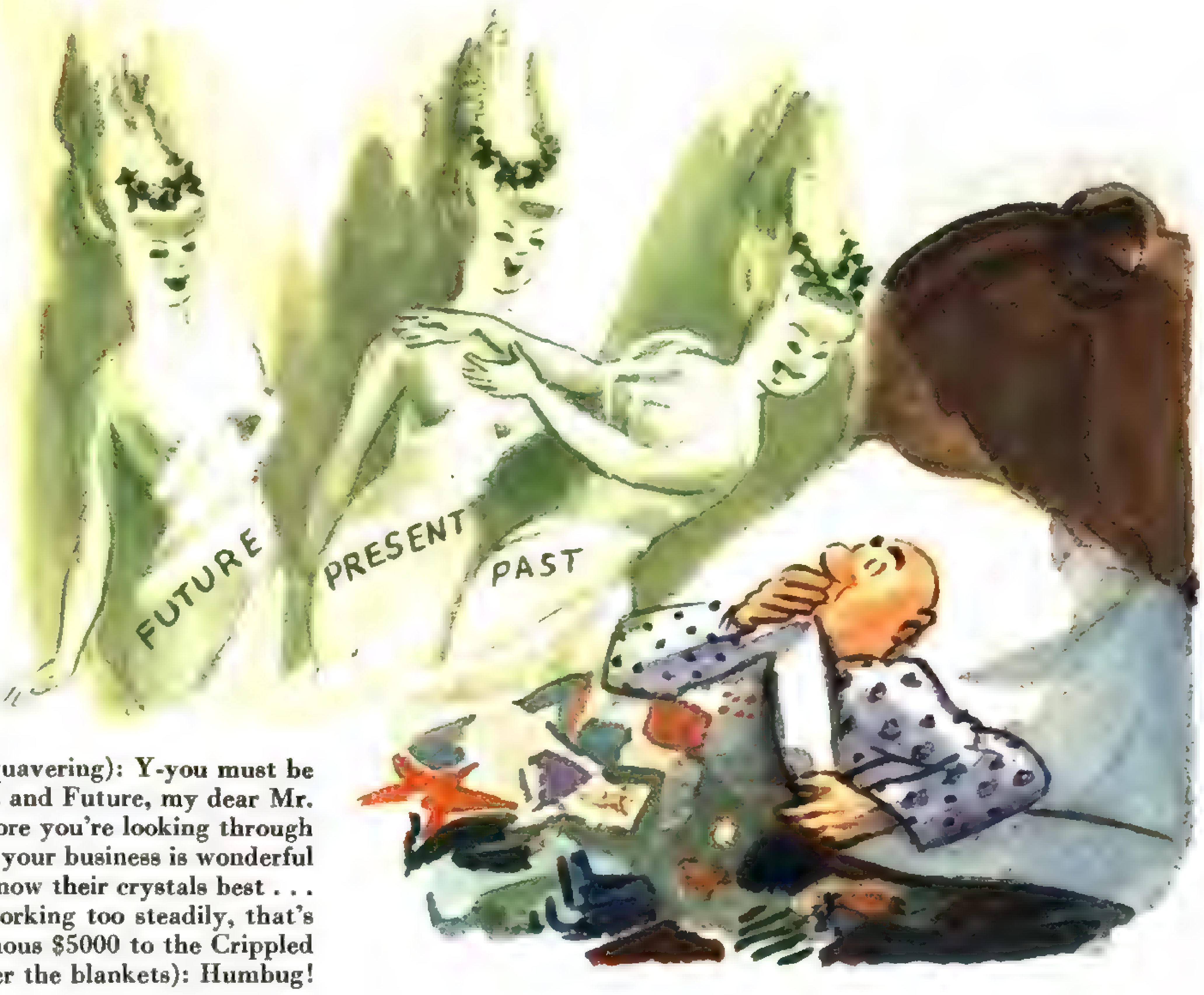
2

Scrooge: Now, Cratchit, I don't want to be a "Scrooge" about this, but isn't that asking a lot? What's come over you, young man? Always thinking of pleasure first, aren't you! You *know* this is the busiest time of the year for J. Kinsey Scrooge, Inc.! Come, come, Cratchit! You're getting Saturday and Sunday off to celebrate . . . Isn't that enough? And Lord knows nobody *kills* himself with *work* around here on Friday with all those Christmas parties at every desk! Bradley Cratchit, I have a good notion to report this to your union!



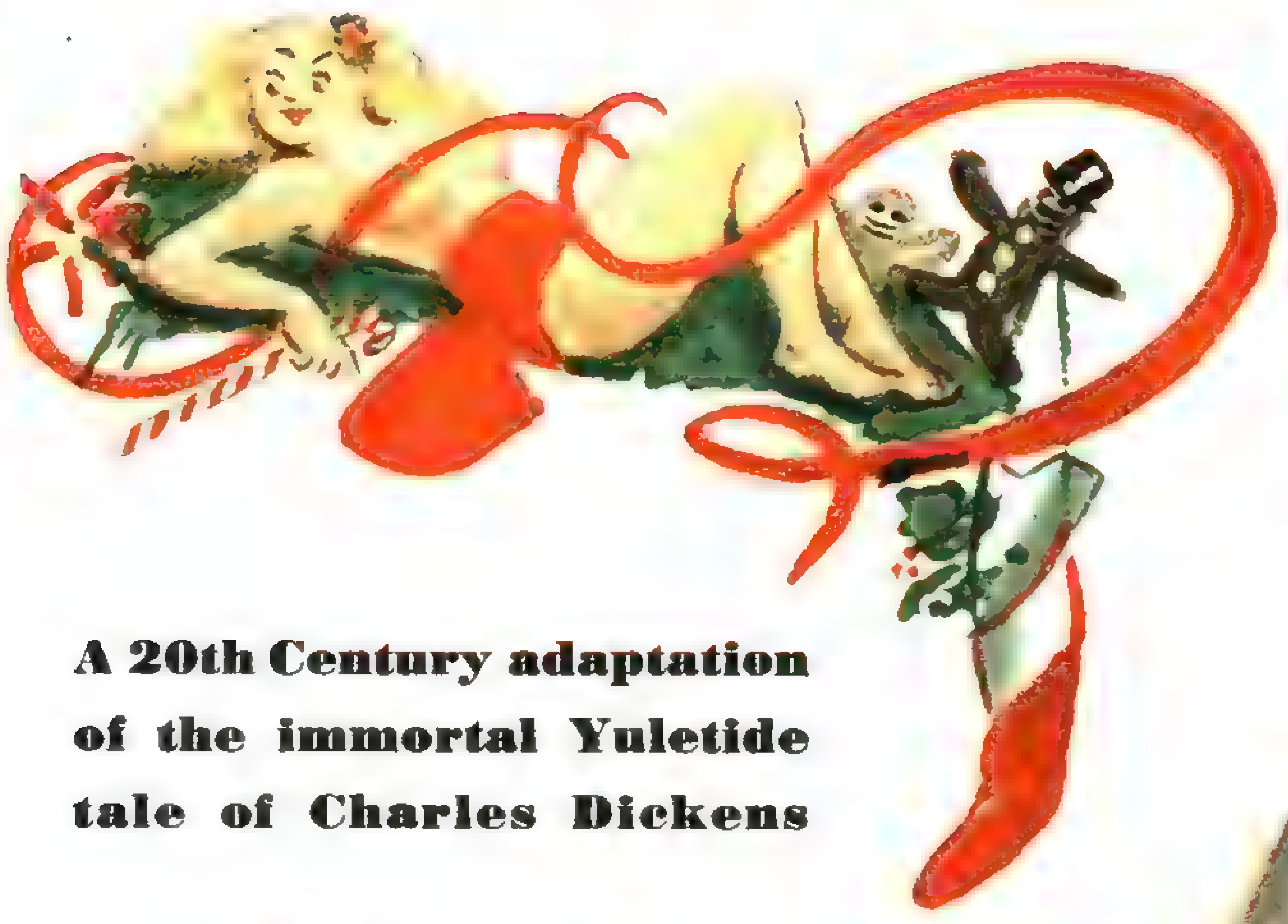
3

(12 o'clock that night. J. Kinsey Scrooge has retired) *Scrooge*: Holiday preparations, *humbug*!!! And Cratchit . . . A good man, but unsteady sometimes . . . Oh-h what a *hectic* week . . . still have to get my Christmas cards out . . . and what will I get for Aunt Heliotrope? . . . those *crowds*! . . . wear a man out . . . Good God, why can't I sleep? . . . Must be that Jumboburger I had on the way home this evening . . . And Hawkins, where is he? . . . just when I need him, it's his evening off . . . (burp) better take more bicarbonate...



4

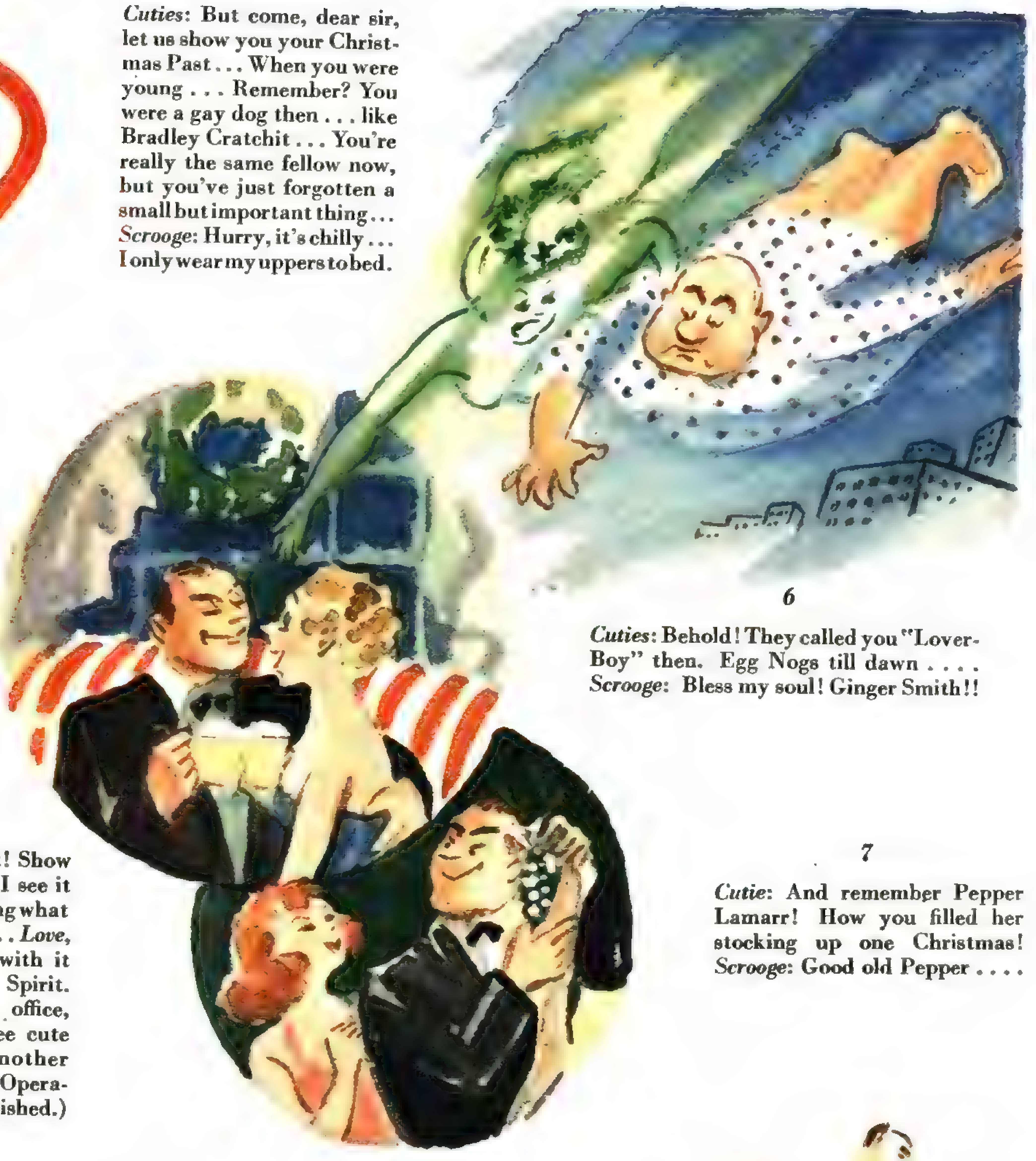
(With an atomic puff three Cosmic Cuties enter the scene) *Scrooge* (quavering): Y-you must be my Jumboburger. *Cuties*: We're the Spirits of Christmas Past, Present and Future, my dear Mr. Scrooge. We think you've been acting like a tired, bitter man and before you're looking through the classifieds for a psychiatrist we think we can help you. Relax, Sir, your business is wonderful . . . Kinsey Bubble Bath Crystals have sold 3 to 1 with women who know their crystals best . . . "Love those Crystals" is on everyone's lips! . . . You've just been working too steadily, that's your trouble . . . we know you're kind and generous . . . that anonymous $5000 to the Crippled Children Fund . . . $2000 to the Red Cross . . . *Scrooge* (slipping under the blankets): Humbug!



A 20th Century adaptation of the immortal Yuletide tale of Charles Dickens

5

Cuties: But come, dear sir, let us show you your Christmas Past . . . When you were young . . . Remember? You were a gay dog then . . . like Bradley Cratchit . . . You're really the same fellow now, but you've just forgotten a small but important thing . . . *Scrooge*: Hurry, it's chilly . . . I only wear my uppers to bed.

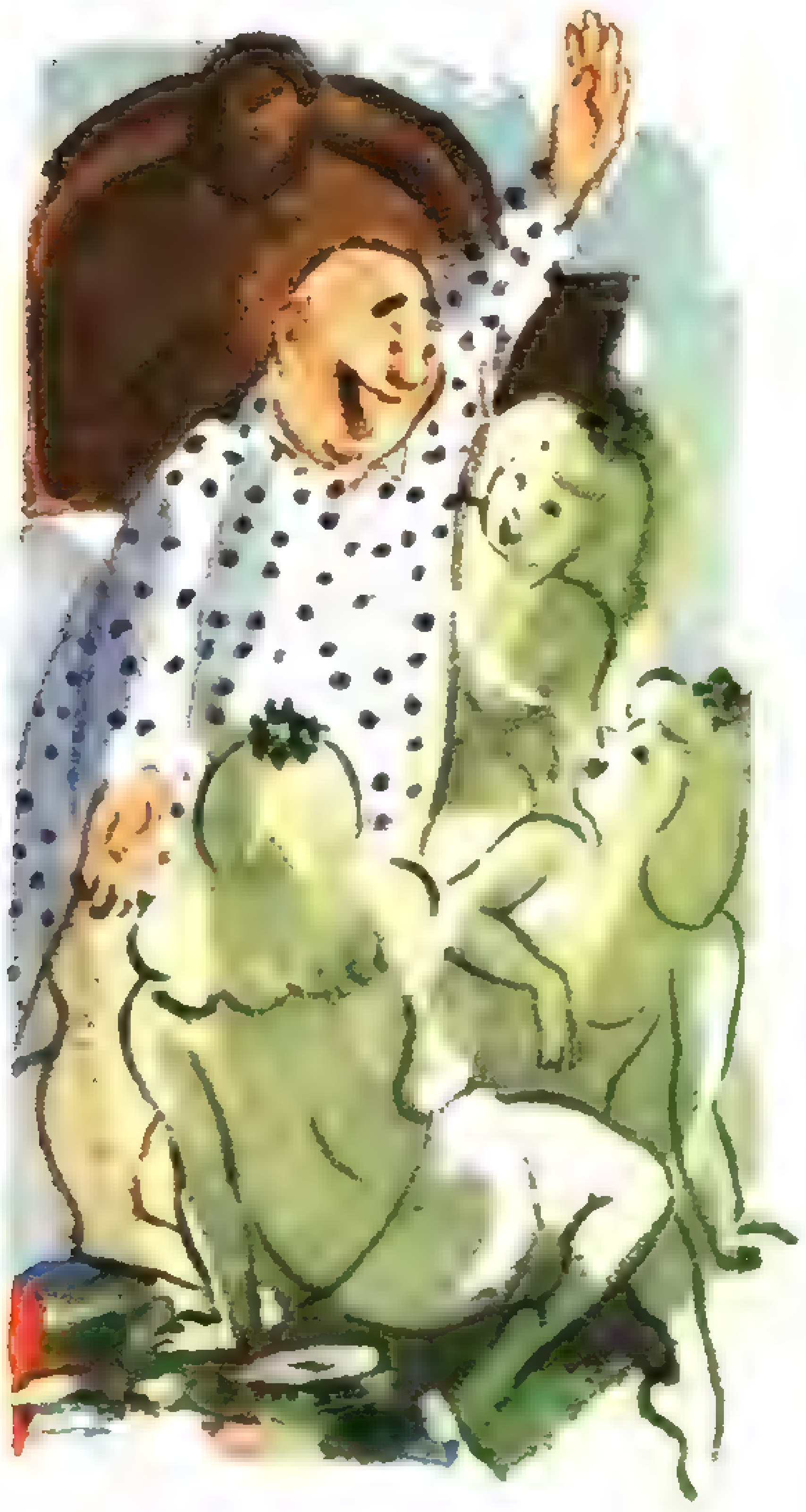


6

Cuties: Behold! They called you "Lover-Boy" then. Egg Nogs till dawn . . . . *Scrooge*: Bless my soul! Ginger Smith!!

7

Cutie: And remember Pepper Lamarr! How you filled her stocking up one Christmas! *Scrooge*: Good old Pepper . . . .

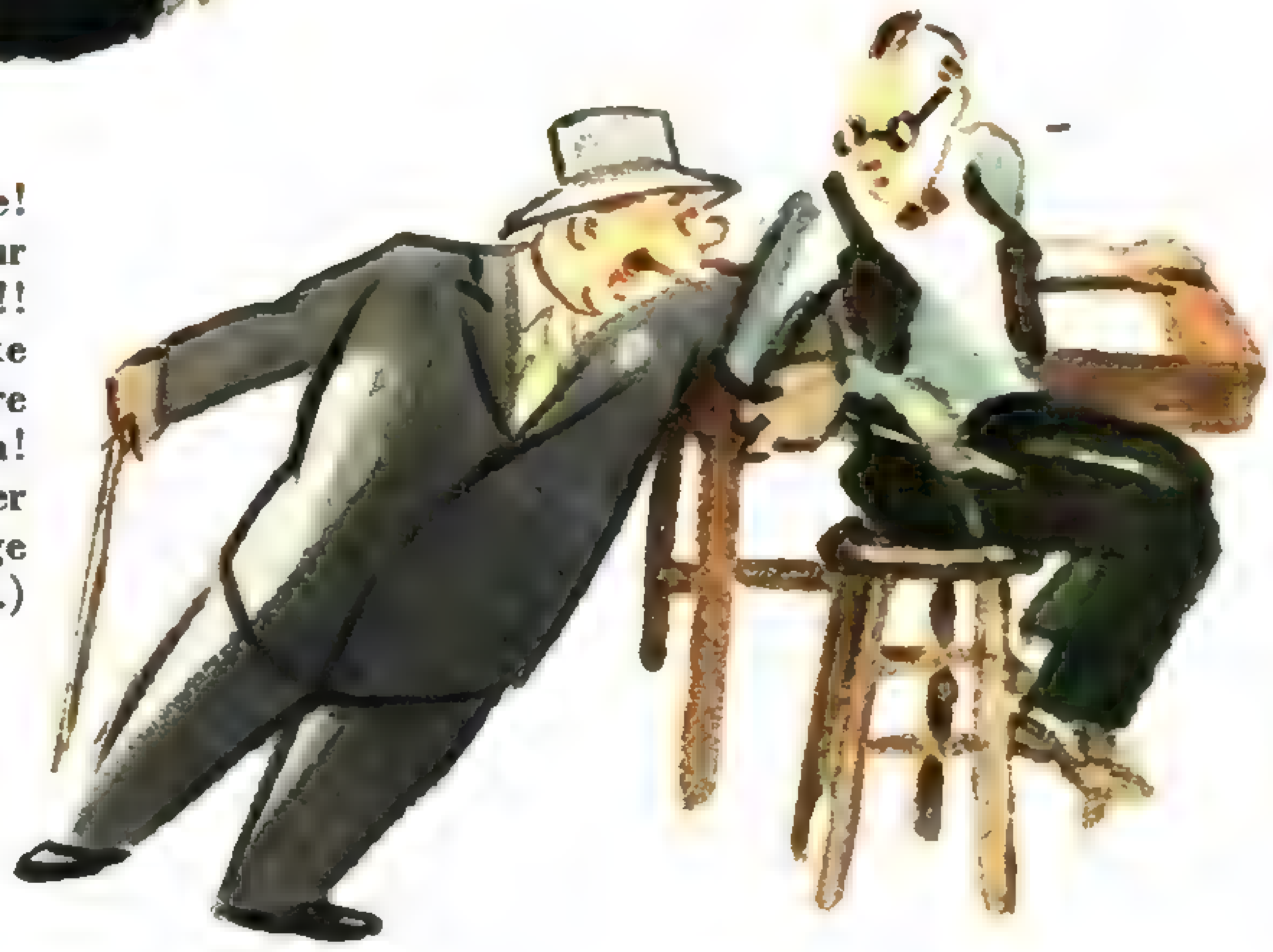


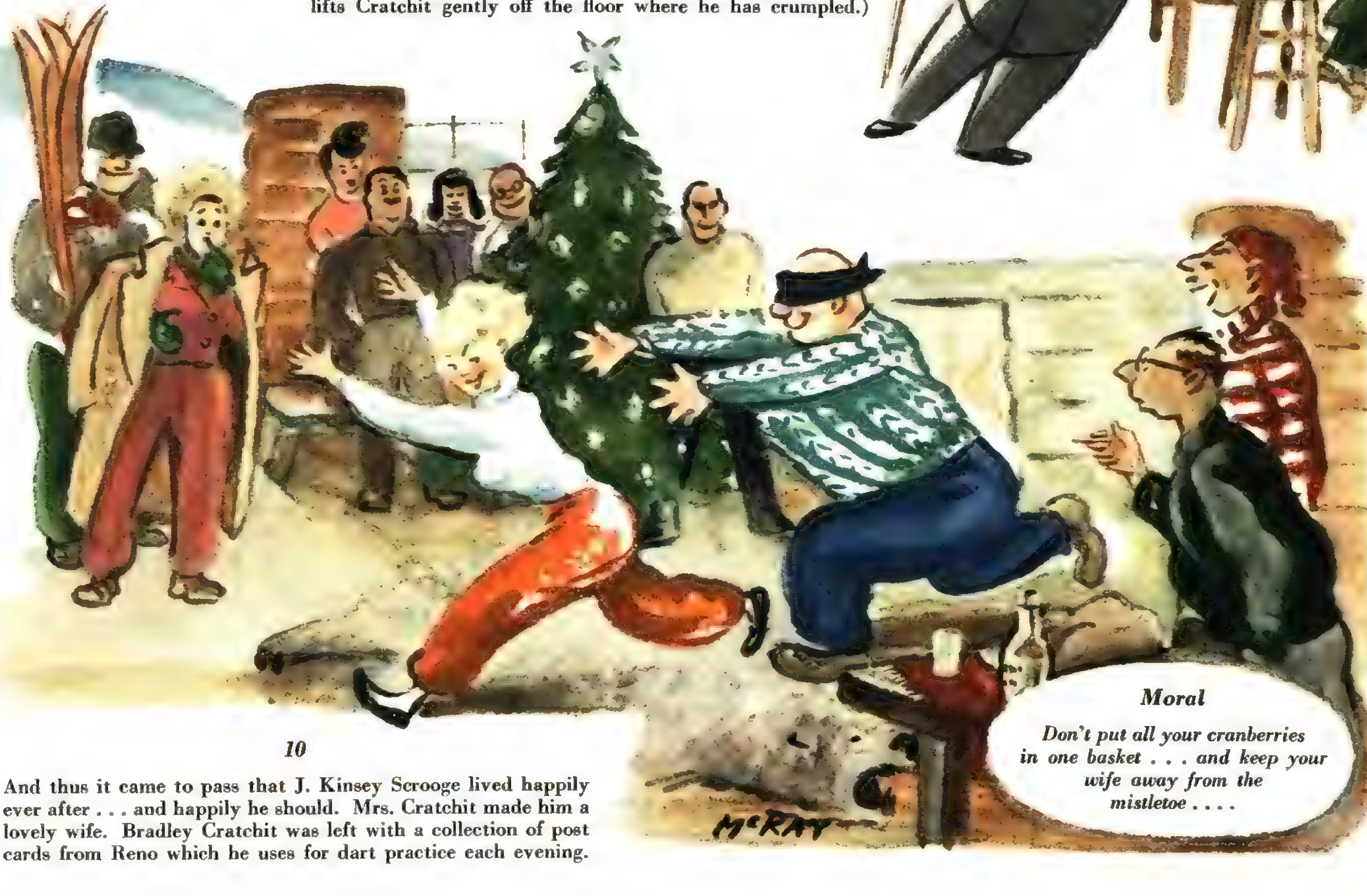
8

Scrooge: Stop! Hold it! Show me no more! Ah-h-h, I see it now . . . I've been needing what I've not been having . . . *Love, Love, Love* . . . and with it comes the Christmas Spirit. Drop around to the office, girls . . . I need three cute secretaries. (With another puff they disappear. Operation Scrooge accomplished.)

9

(Next morning) *Scrooge*: Cratchit, old man! Merry Yuletide! I've a splendid plan! Came to me in a dream! About your week end . . . take it off! Take a week off!!! Till New Year's!!! And why not spend it as my guest at my little place at Lake Placid!! Bring all your friends, too . . . I haven't spent more than 2 weeks there since I bought it . . . Needs breaking in! What do you say, old boy? Bar is stocked! Deep freezer packed! Come, boy! We leave in the morning!!! (Scrooge lifts Cratchit gently off the floor where he has crumpled.)





10

And thus it came to pass that J. Kinsey Scrooge lived happily ever after . . . and happily he should. Mrs. Cratchit made him a lovely wife. Bradley Cratchit was left with a collection of post cards from Reno which he uses for dart practice each evening.

Moral

Don't put all your cranberries in one basket . . . and keep your wife away from the mistletoe . . . .

Larder Ex Libris

The housing shortage seems to have raised more domestic problems than one had been led to believe; so herewith a few hints to the harried husband and ever-loving wife

An Article by

PETER DE VRIES

The problem of an expanding economy in a shrinking flat is one that has bedevilled me ever since I exchanged vows with a woman in the Fall of 1943, or when the housing pinch got started. The dinette into which we installed ourselves directly on completion of the nuptials was insupportably snug from the start, and since that time we've been supplemented by the arrival of two children, so God knows we've had our share of compression. In common with countless other apartment dwellers, we've had to put our minds to making a little go a long way, or as far as possible, by means of whatever space-saving tricks we've been cunning enough to devise. Among the more singular inventions Necessity has, in our case, mothered, is an idea my wife thought up for utilizing the shelf room behind books by putting canned goods there. We'd already gone in for various forms of telescoping—stationery in the magazine rack, the magazine rack in the fireplace, and even mops and brooms stored with their handles thrust up the throat of the chimney—but this seemed a new departure, as well as a fairly ambitious one, if we were to go in for it on the scale she had in mind.

The larder-library, as she propounded it, sounded ingenious. You simply tuck the tinned and bottled provisions behind the volumes in the alphabetical order of the latter: thus, peaches would go behind Proust, figs behind Faulkner, tomatoes behind Tolstoy, and so on. I told her I thought it had possibilities and that we should think about it. The next day I arrived home from work to find she had cleared all canned goods off the kitchen shelves—which were sorely needed for equipment such as cooking utensils, cocktail shakers, and even hammer and nails, hitherto scattered about in closets—and transferred them to the backs of the bookshelves, which, happily, she found roomy.

Several evenings later I was reading the paper in the living room when my three-year-old daughter came in from the kitchen where my wife was preparing dinner and said, "My mother wants a can of string beans." (This peculiar locution results from the child's assumption that the possessive pronoun always precedes the words "Mother" and "Father," as in, "Tell your father that dinner is ready," or, "Ask your mother whether she's ever going to get dressed.") I dropped my paper, stepped over to the bookcases, and thrust a hand confidently behind a set of Balzac. There was nothing there but a bottle of beer. A search of the areas behind Van Wyck Brooks, Elizabeth Bowen, and Baudelaire yielded nothing either. "No beans, tell your mother," I said to the girl, who immediately went off and did so.

"Yes, there are," I heard my wife call back in a moment. "Look in back of Graham Greene or Galsworthy." I didn't get it—not, at least, until I understood that she wanted *green* beans, as distinguished from wax beans, which were lined up behind Thomas Wolfe.

It was then that I began to realize I had been lured into a bog. It was a minor confusion, to be sure; but chaos really set in with the arrival of my mother for a visit. Never one to take hospitality for nothing, she pitched into the management of household affairs with a familiar gusto. She is a good woman, but her filing is esoteric.

One Saturday, when I was home alone with the children and the children had been put to bed for their naps, I decided to fry myself a hamburger for lunch. Having brewed and poured myself a cup of coffee, got the sandwich together, and set everything down on the table, I commenced a search for ketchup. I knew there was a fresh bottle somewhere, as yet unopened (hence, not in the refrigerator). I went over to the bookshelves, reached up and felt around behind a set of Kipling. No ketchup. I tried Kierkegaard, Koestler, and Kafka, which exhausts the K's in our library, and still no ketchup. Just in case, I thrust a hand behind Knut Hamsun, with no luck either. My hamburger was getting cold and so was the coffee, so I went back and ate the sandwich regretfully, without ketchup. The explanation, when I at last learned it, turned out to be quite simple. My mother—at least for purposes of larder classification—is given to thinking of the condiment in question as catsup, the way it is on the labels, rather than ketchup. I came across the missing bottle some evenings later when seized with the desire to reread Chekhov.

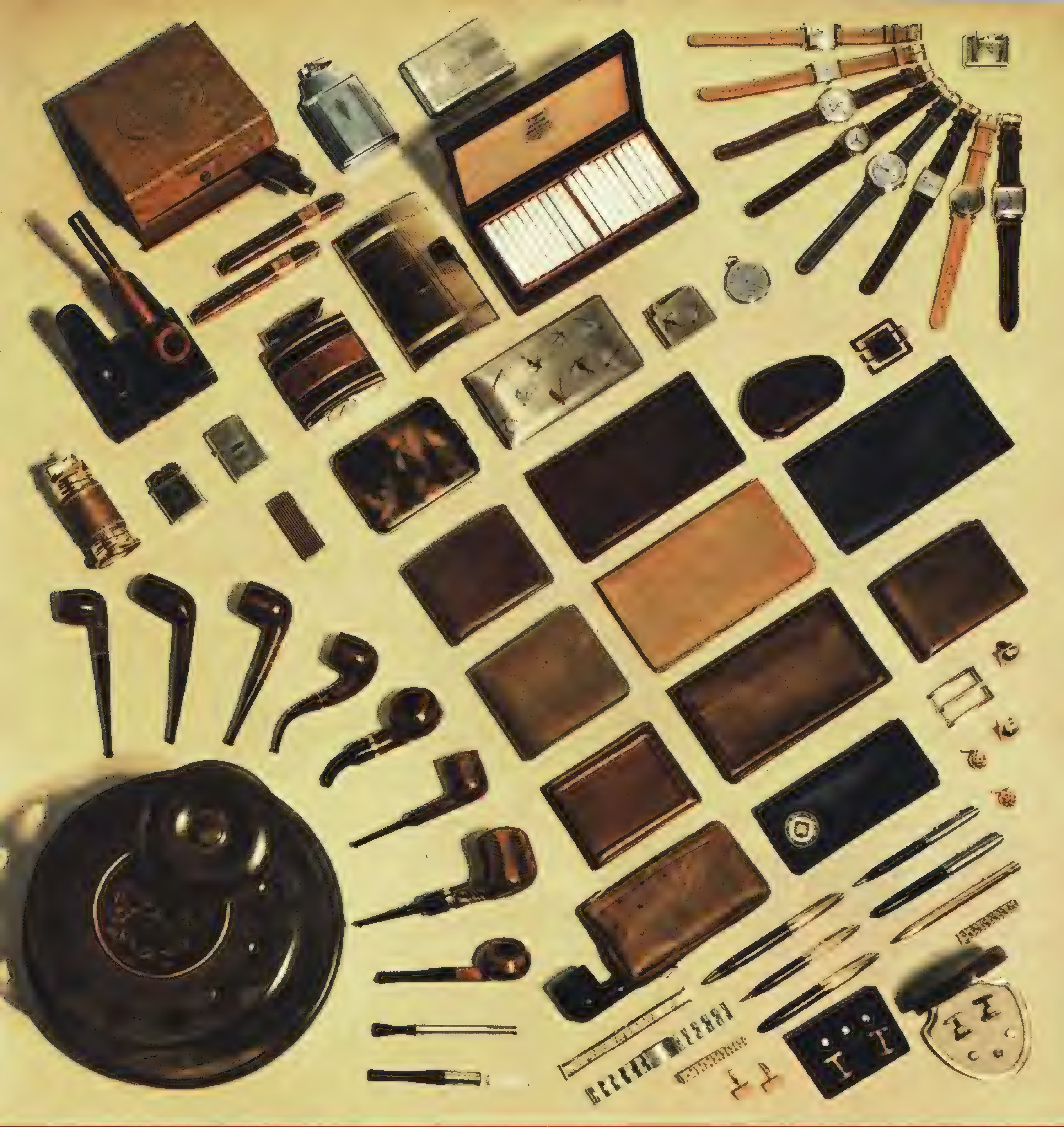
The experiment has, from my point of view, fared no better in the case of spirits.

We arranged these under the new system too, a cellarette being one of the luxuries which, spatially, we can least afford. I had some after-dinner guests one evening who, when asked to name their drinks, all called for different kinds of highballs, and that got me into a good quarter-hour of burrowing. My mother had already gone off to bed, and I was determined not to wake her, but eventually I had to. Beefing sleepily at my inefficiency, she told me where to find the liquor. It appears that she makes no distinctions among bourbon, Scotch, and rye, but lumps them all together in her mind as whiskey. As a result, I found the bulk of my liquor—at last—ensconced behind the works of Evelyn Waugh. When my mother's visit ended, she took the secret of her method with her, and we have had to tear out half the library to recover lost foodstuffs.

This is not to discourage other couples, comparably congested, who think they might find the setup of some value. Anybody who feels he'd like to try it should, for it does save space. But when you find yourself standing in the middle of the room staring at a jar of mixed fruits in your hand, reflecting that certain items might conceivably go behind anthologies, don't say you weren't warned.

At one point, baffled by a seemingly hopeless effort to find a can of baked beans—it was under *pork* and beans, of course—I suggested to my wife that it might be simpler if we reversed everything and lined up the books behind the cans, since we eat more than we read anyhow. But she vetoed the proposal on the ground that it might repel guests. Still, we may do that. Or we may eat up what we have around behind there, and start off fresh with some new arrangement. Or we may (and it's probably the moral of all this) just let bad enough alone. ⌗

1.
DOG SHOW
2.
DOG SHOW
3.
DOG SHOW
4.
JUDGE
Saxon

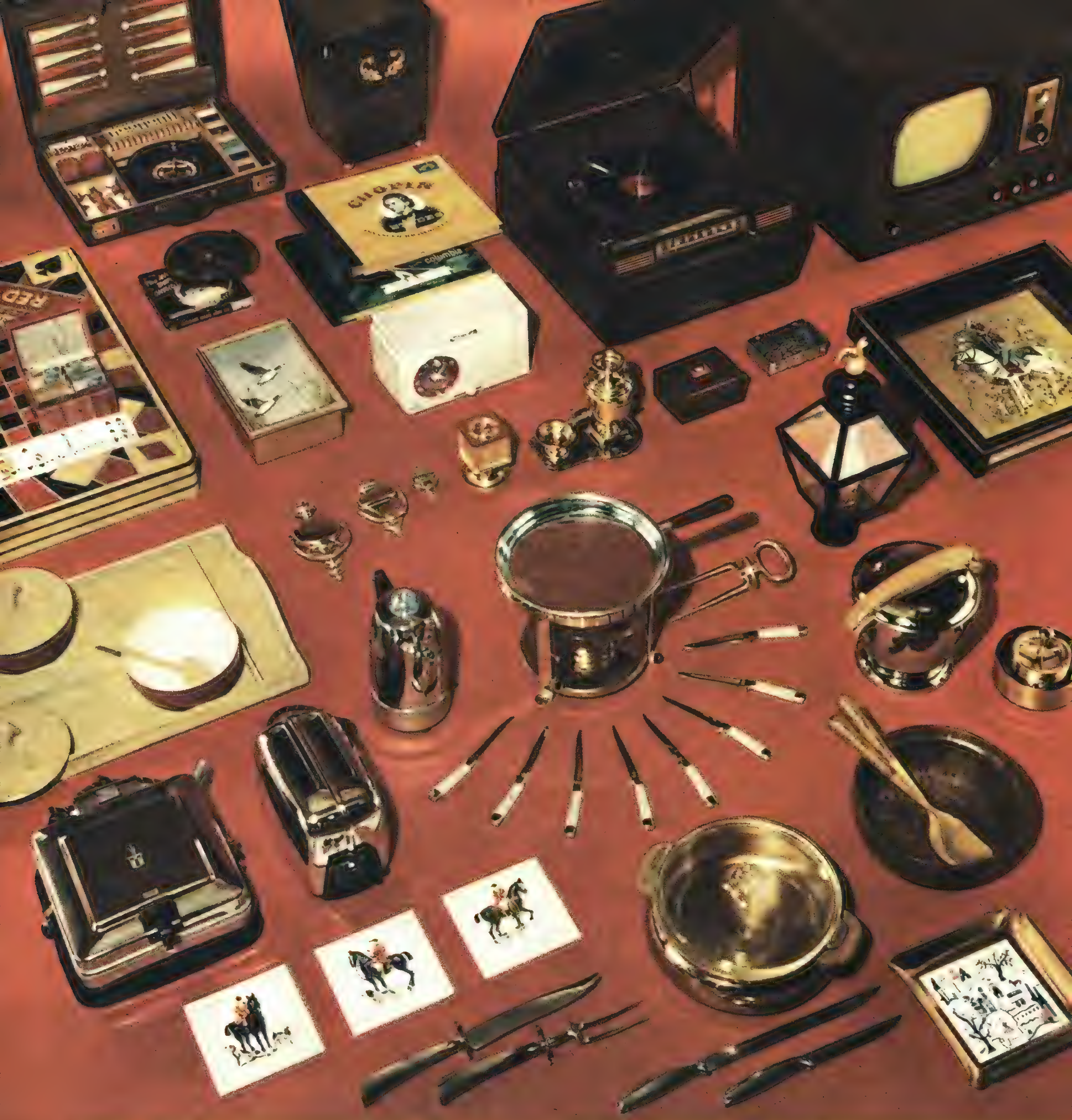


Right down some right guy's chimney

The dapper Dickensian on our left is old Splurge, Esquire's Yuletide Guide to the good things in life. And a werry merry gentleman he is, too, for old Splurge is on the verge of an urge to splurge. Here we see him emerging from the first of eight full pages of Esquirecommended gift selections, after a brief spree among the men's personal appurtenances. So get out your list of right guys and gals, and follow along with our festive friend.

Most of the contributions to the giver's art shown here need no explaining. Starting at north-northwest and moving southward down the page we find a veritable smoker's smörgåsbord—fine cigars for fine fellows; lighters, cases and combinations of same; rare briars to fit any face; humidor, pipe rack and good rough cut.

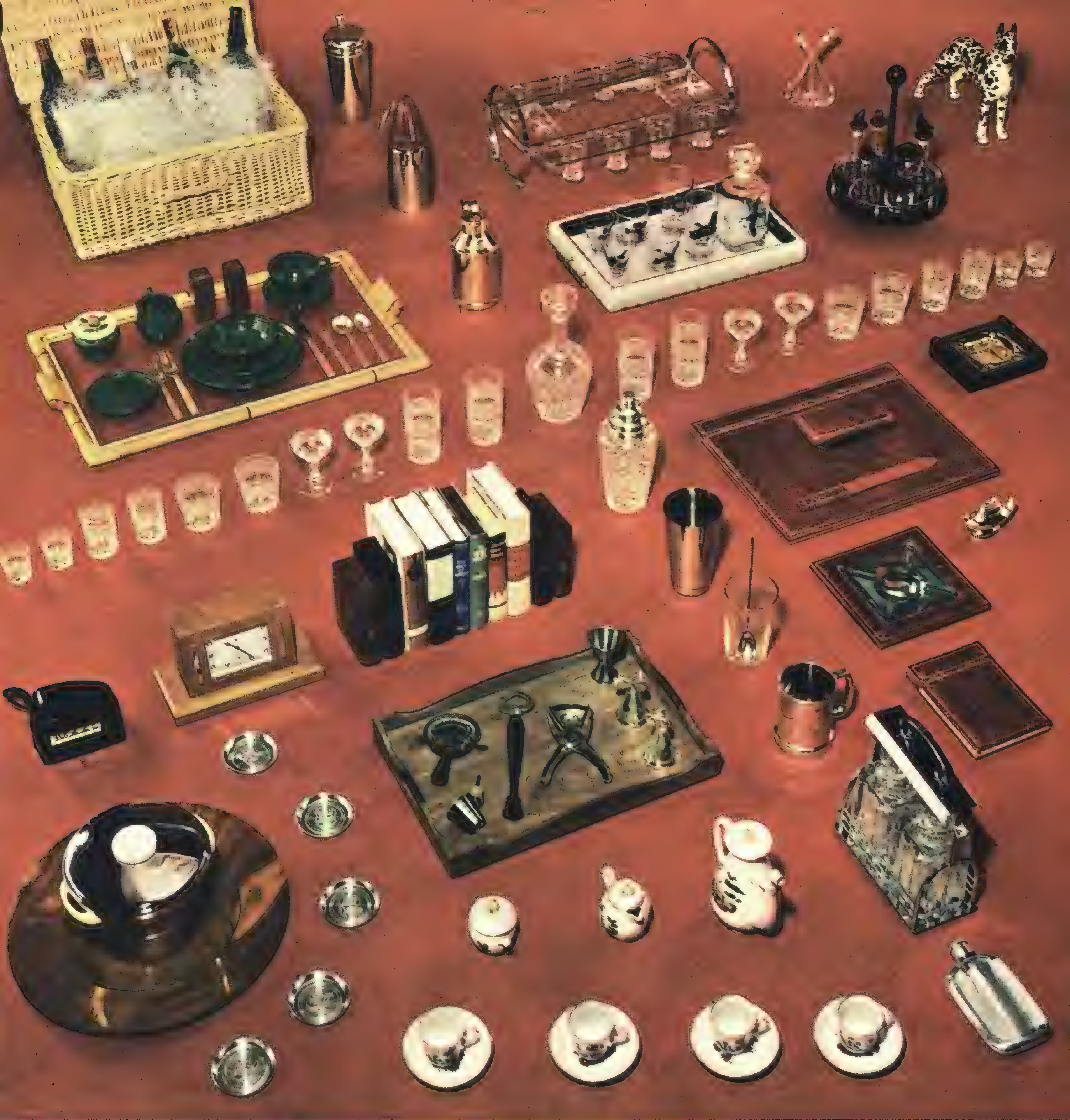
Swinging northeastward we pass through the world of wallets, noting eight varieties in luxurious leathers including a matching billfold and key case, and a money clip. In watches we find "the works," from gentleman's formal timepiece and waistcoat watch to sportsman's waterproof and pilot's chronograph which splits and stops the seconds. Dropping south again, we bask in the brightness of Bold Look jewelry—buckle, cuff links, clips, studs, watchbands—and pens and pencils. So that takes care of Bill, and Ned and Uncle Charles but what do we have . . .



For the keeper of the family tree

In the upper lefthand corner is a Monte Carlo game table and leather traveling game set. The wastebasket, for Christmas wrappings, is handsome enough for library, living room or office.

Home movie film with sound, on scores of educational and amusing subjects, can be either bought or rented. Try *The Night Before Christmas* on the kids, and don't forget record albums for the family. The game-bird shadow box is sure-fire for anyone who has a wall, and *you'll* probably want the radio-clock which wakes you up with music. The table model radio-phonograph and television set are from Santa to Mrs. Santa, with love. On the south side of the street that runs from game table to television are a raft of things for host, hostess and house. Moving uptown from the old English supper tray past the door knockers and desk clock, we come to a three-piece cordial set for the buffet, two cigarette boxes, and a framed picture, fluorescent lit. Also to be lit is the post lamp and the chafing dish. Swinging down around the circle made of steak knives, we pass the welcome ice bucket and ash tray on our way to salad bowl, casserole and carving set. The tiles are for hot plates or wall decoration. The electric grill fries ham and eggs and there's a coffee maker and toaster too.

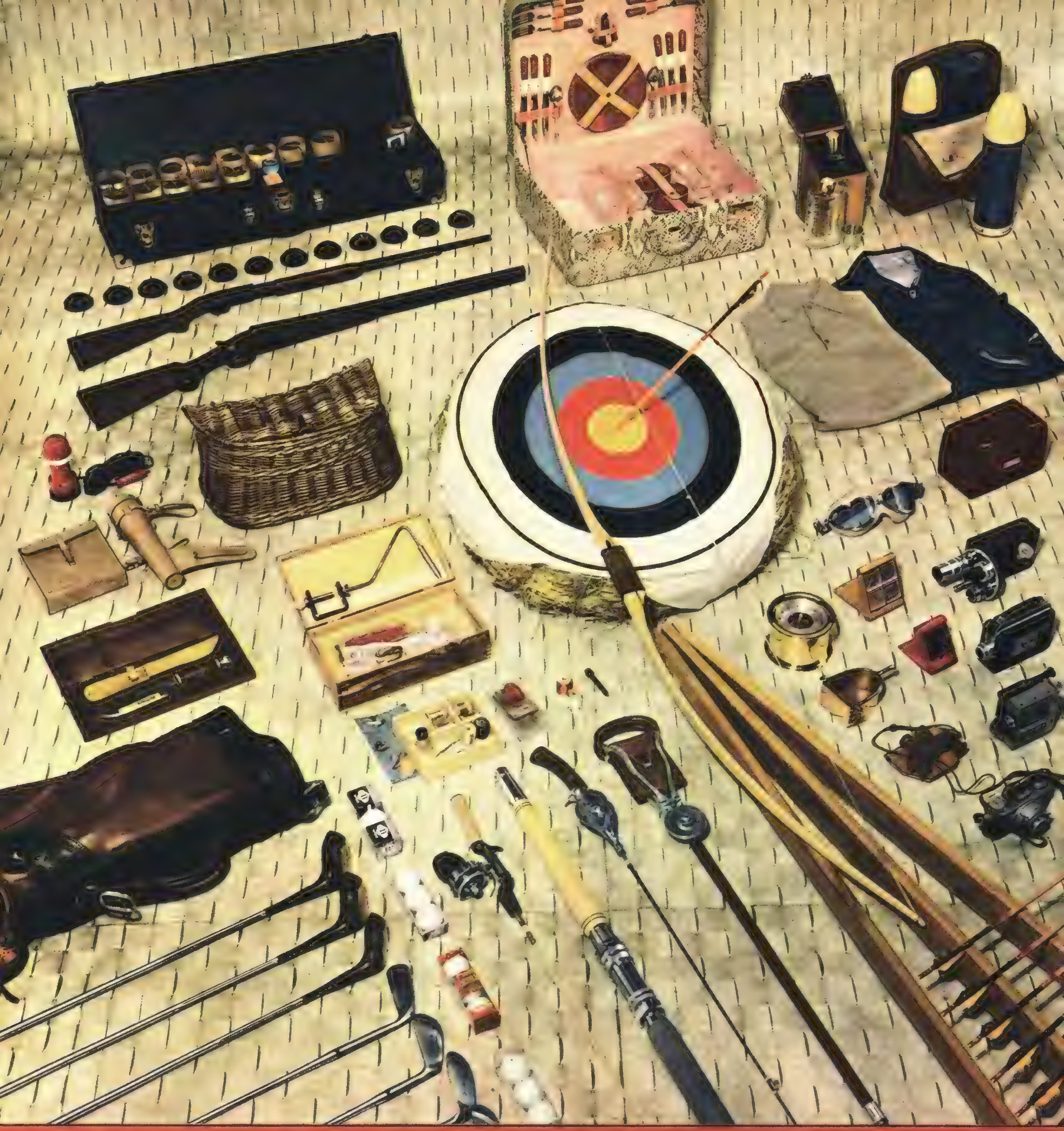


Enter into the full fun of giving with a whole barful of accessories and equipment for the elegant consumption of the Christmas spirits.

Forming a cross on the page is a galaxy of glassware—whiskey, highball, old-fashioned, cocktail and collins variety—bisected by a line of shakers, a soda dispenser, decanter, Martini mixers, mug, chrome Tantalus set and—for the road—a sterling silver "fifth" flask with collapsible jigger.

In the upper left-hand quadrant is a whole basketful of the wherewithal—and you can fill the hamper with his particular preferences. The bamboo breakfast tray is all set for the morning meal. At the upper right are cocktail and canapé trays, a double oil and vinegar decanter, and a mahogany castor set. The porcelain dog is for putting on the dog.

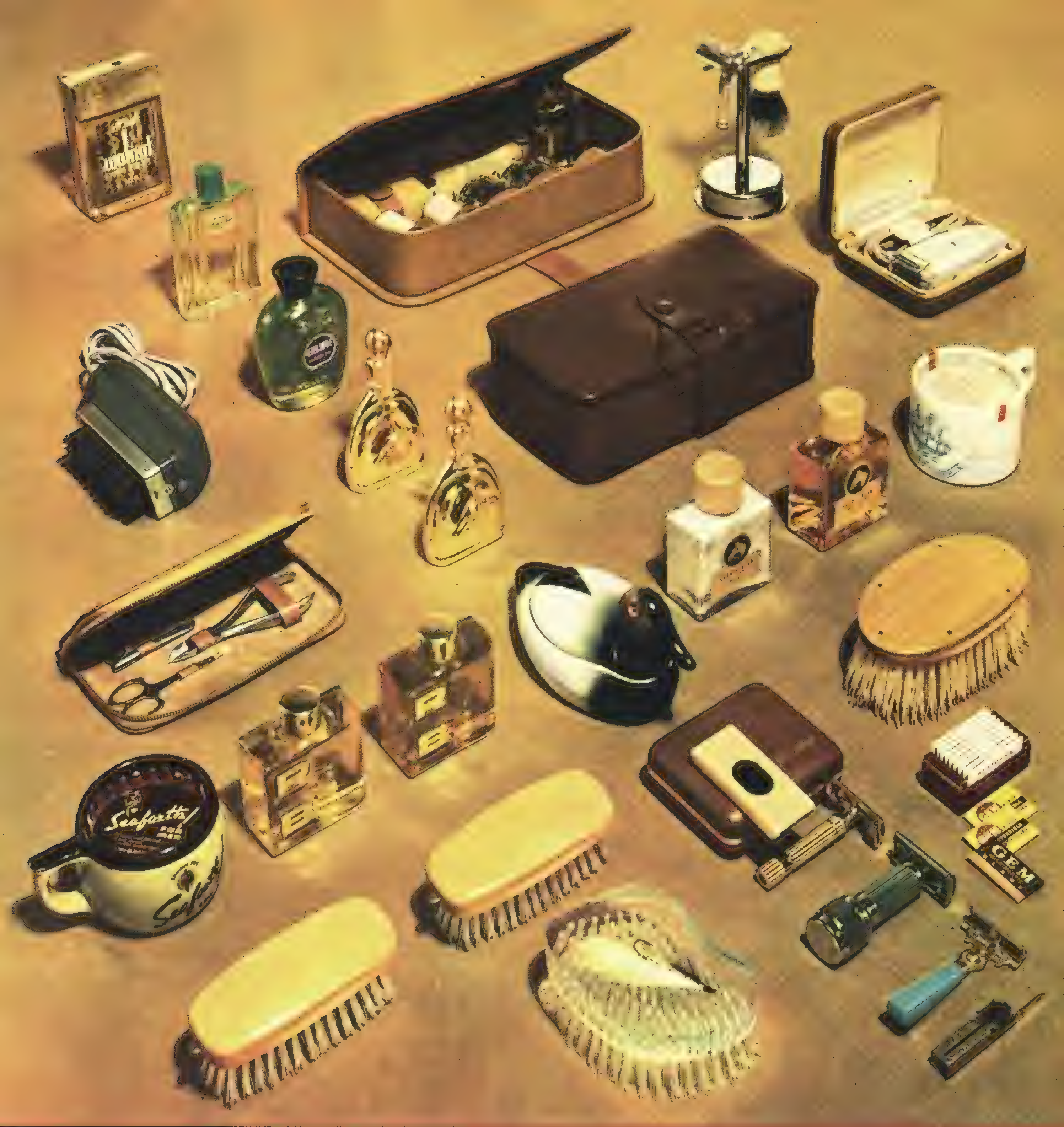
On the lower east side is an alligator desk set, ash tray and silver table lighter. And crossing Decanter Lane into the west side we find the priceless gift of time, and fine books to read for them as have it. The tray of bar accessories includes strainer, muddler, bottle opener, squeezer and jiggers. The handsome wooden service tray, thermos ice bucket, aluminum coasters and the demi-tasse set finish off the finery for the family tree.



To wreathe a winner in smiles

Swinging clockwise around the target we start at five o'clock with the bow and arrows of the "compleat archer" and tick on to that leather seat cane—a natural for the gaffer who takes his sports sitting down. Time won't be awasting when we move on to that fisherman's trove of angling addenda. Everything an addict needs is there from deep-sea gear to fly-tying kit and fisherman's creel. For him who's afflicted with "fairway fever," take a glimmer at the golfing gear down there around seven o'clock. Moving on to eight, a knife set that's handy whatever his hobby. At nine o'clock, a "look-out" light for late-at-night cyclists and some leather-cased flasks for you-know-what, whenever you want it. Approaching noon is a field grade gun for a sharpshooting marksman and a gun box containing decoys, clay pigeons, release, and a Winchester repeating scatter gun.

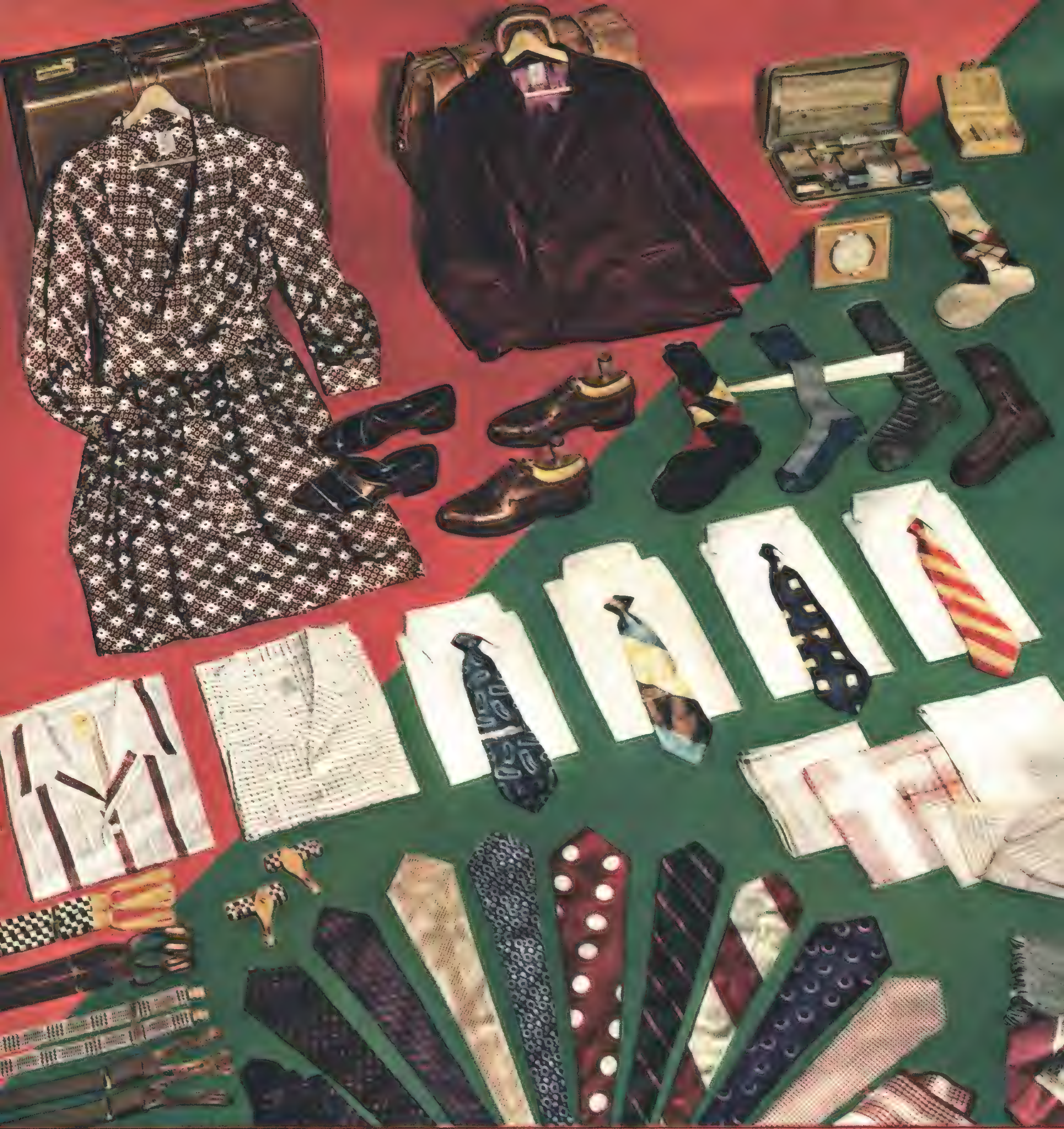
Lunchtime finds us dining in the open from a picnic case which makes it possible, serving beverages from a bar set, or grabbing a quick bite on the way from the lunchbox kit. The sweater and jacket at two o'clock cover a multitude of sports and the rest of the afternoon is taken up with glare-proof skiing goggles, a portable radio, a barometer, timepieces, a cigarette box, sportsman's binoculars, and cameras—still and moving.



Good sense and good scents for gents

Entering now a whole roomful of good grooming gifts, we make a bee-line down the page. Starting at upper left with that bottle of hairdress for men, is an assortment of after-shave lotion, cologne and talcum, a duck-shaped container with shaving soap, and a variety of safety razors: traditional, streamlined with magazine refill, and the large handled one with a vibrating blade.

On this side of the line, at the top, there's a new electric hairbrush with bristles that vibrate, for the balding bucko whose scalp needs a nudging. Right underneath it is a fitted leather case with tweezers, scissors, nail file, et al, for the fellow who fancies his digit-ends, both hand and foot. Then comes some more shaving soap, lotion and cologne (in monogrammed bottles for him who takes himself seriously) and a pair of military brushes with removable bristles. On the far side of the line are all that a man could ask in toiletry kits, containing all that he needs for the early morning brush-up and shave when traveling, a shaving brush and razor stand holding same (a help to the man who hurries for the eight-forty-three). Below it there is an electric razor, more lotion and shaving soap, a whalebone brush with long, stiff bristles for hair that's harried, and an assortment of razor blades—sharp and all different.

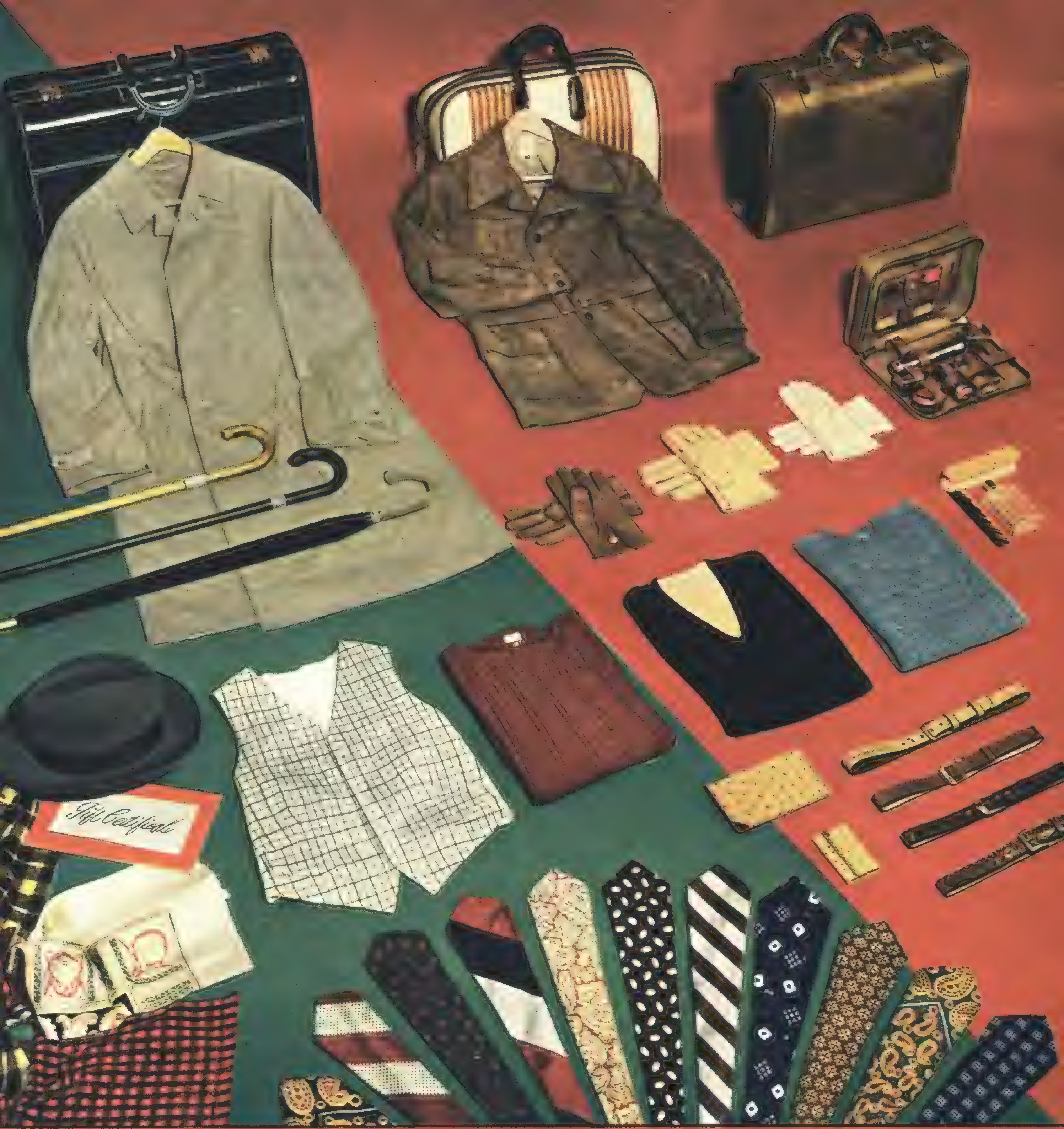


To add the Old Gleam to his Bold Look

As our joyous Noel Splurge swings into two pages of the magnificent "musts" that men are made of, the problem is not what to purchase—for everything here is elegantly essential for everyone—but how many packages a gent can juggle.

Commencing with the lift-easy luggage at the top, you will find everything for the man on the move, from a globe-trotter's grip to a fitted case, stud box and traveling clock. Traveling clocks also are those on the socks which step smartly across the page with the slippers and handsome, hefty brogues toward the boldly-printed silk lounging robe and the rich velvet smoking jacket.

The pajamas, too, carry out the theme of the dapper but dominant male, and the shirts have the distinctive collars and the accented stitching that distinguish them as fashionable but forceful. And when is a necktie an original gift? When it's picked with care from original designs—and here they are aplenty, spread fan-like across the bottom of the page, decorated with big-spaced figures, bold stripes, polka dots or squares and worn with hefty-looking tie clips. Even the braces and the checkered garters on the left and the handkerchiefs, muffler, and scarf on the right have that new mark of masculinity that will make this a Big Christmas and a Bold one.

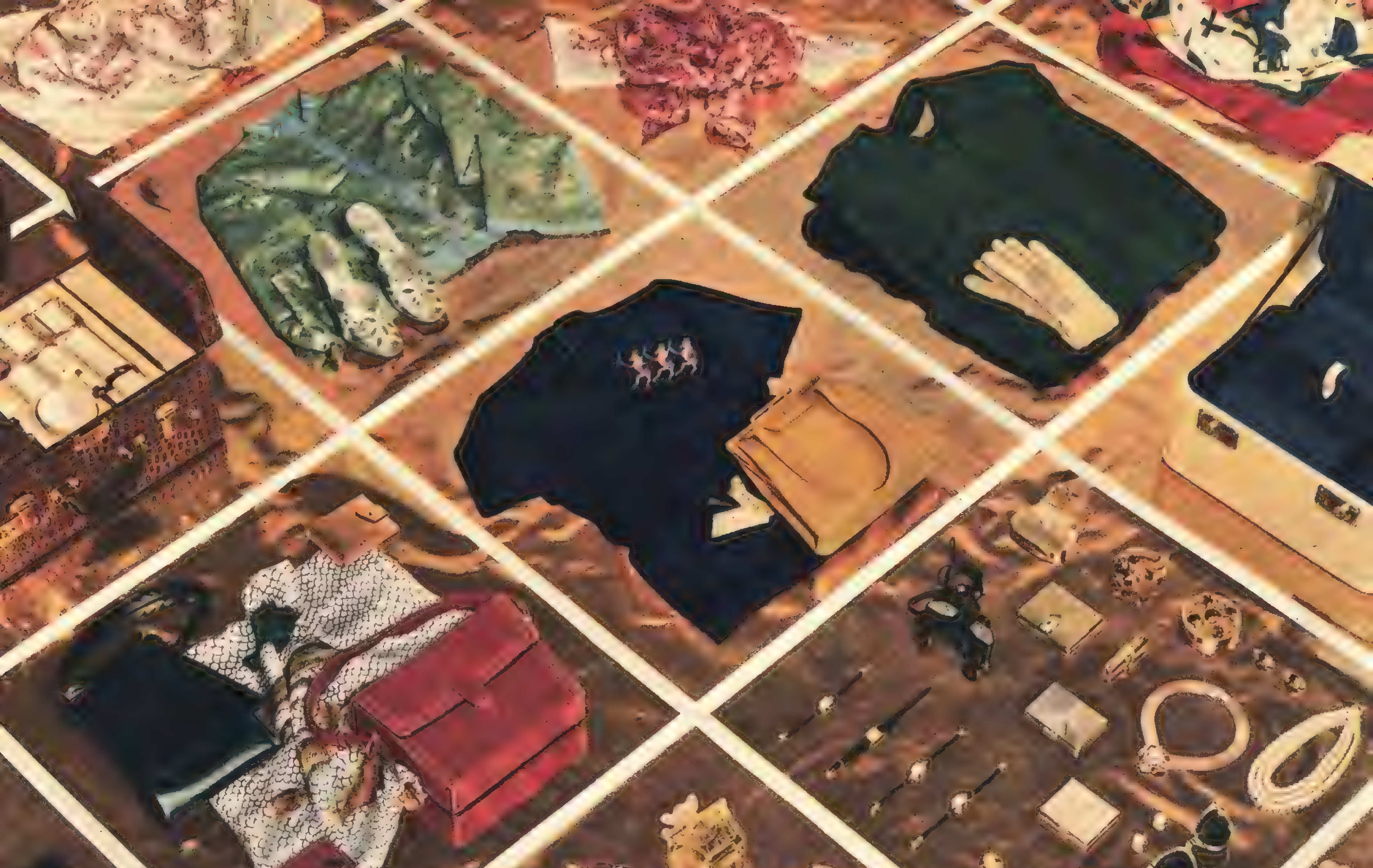


At tree-top level, more fine luggage offers a treat for the traveling man. There's a black two-suiter for the business trip, a lightweight bag for last minute packing and a small knockabout with a zipped-in section for handy packing—ideal for an overnight jaunt. If he is fond of going afoot, a walking stick and a pair of gloves for the man of presence; on horseback, the brown suede jacket and sweaters are presents for the man.

For wet weather, raincoats and umbrellas have yet to be improved upon. Mufflers and scarves are traditional gifts of the season when the wind blows cold and the mercury shivers in the tube—while there's no finer feeling than a fine felt feels to the head of the house.

When a gentleman's fancy turns to smartness, this gentleman's fancy waistcoat offers a smart surprise. And there's even a smart surprise in ties if you're wise. Whether paisley or patterned, dotted or bold, pick it to go with the suits that he wears.

Leather speaks a man's language in belts, in a matching wallet and key case or in the luxurious pigskin toilet case at the upper right. And for that perennial problem in Christmas gift-giving—the difficult one to buy for, or the man who "has everything"—there's the ever-generous and easy "out," the annual Gift Certificate.



KODACHROMES BY ARNOLD GLANTZ-ACKERMAN, ESQUIRE STUDIOS

Merry Christmas and happy New Look!

And so, at long last, to the ladies, with threescore or more of those baubles and brilliants for beauties that will brighten a gleam.

In the top left diamond is a white silk scarf figured in scenes from an original etching of the first balloon ascension—to give a lady a lift. Reading upward in the second row is an overnight case fitted with everything from secret scents to secret compartments. The bed jacket and silver slippers will pay dividends as your stock goes up. Beside it are handkerchiefs and scarf.

In the center lane, a complete manicure case is followed by hand and over-the-shoulder bags, gold and leather billfolds, and evening scarf. The racy lightweight sweater reads "Win, place and show," and the gold handbag is for the pay-off. Suede jacket and driving gloves are flanked by a gay French scarf.

Belts, bottles (perfume) and a lady's electric razor point the way to the perfume "clock" with a scent for every hour. Any kind gentleman wise in the wiles of womankind knows watches, opera glasses, compacts and jewelry ought to keep her here, while the ladies' train case will bring her back if she goes. And so to the beauty bar for a final fling before our joyous Splurge winds up in a heap of happiness for all, and for all a good night!

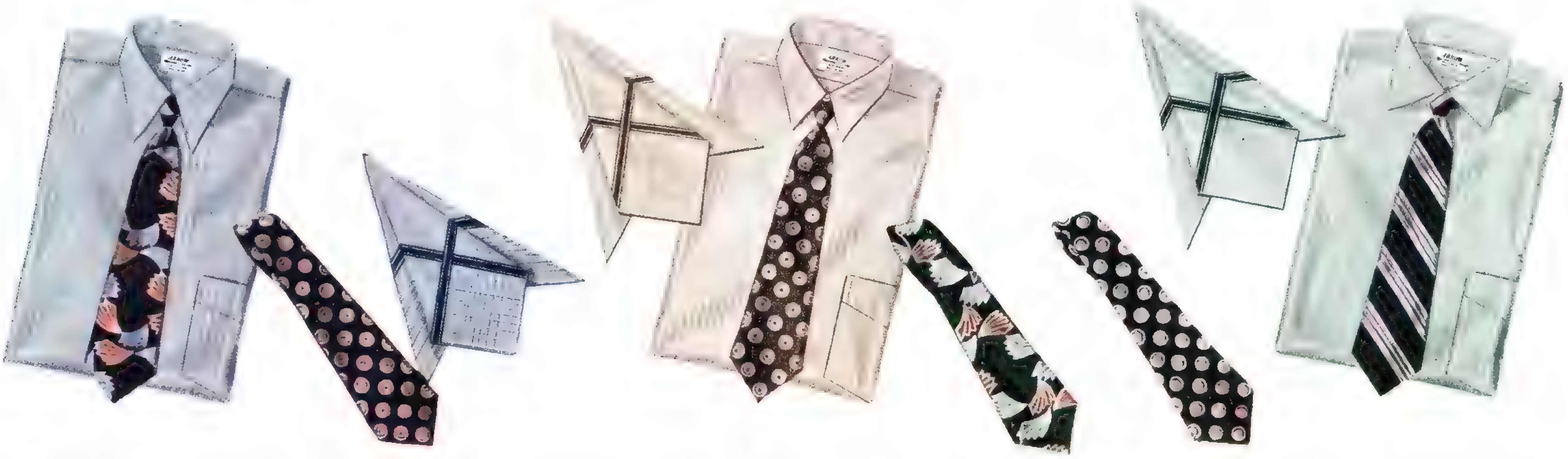
For answers to all gift queries send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

JOHN FALTER

Arrow's Style of the Month
"Tantivy"

To BE PERFECTLY (and unostentatiously) turned out this season, we suggest the new Arrow "Tantivy" ensemble of shirt . . . tie . . . and handkerchief!

They're *planned as a team.* Shirts feature a double, white *satin* stripe on quality broadcloth in soft tones of blue, gray, tan, wine, and green. $3.65.



SHIRTS—each has that one-and-one-only Arrow Collar . . . MITOGA (tailored to your torso) . . . and bears the *Sanforized* trade-mark. Fabric shrinkage less than 1%!

TIES—your choice of luxurious rayons in brilliant stripes, handsome modern patterns and the more conservative designs. $1.00 & $1.50.

HANDKERCHIEFS—for that final fillip of good taste, an Arrow "Tantivy" handkerchief in your breast pocket! Woven cotton with shirt-matching colored border. 65¢.

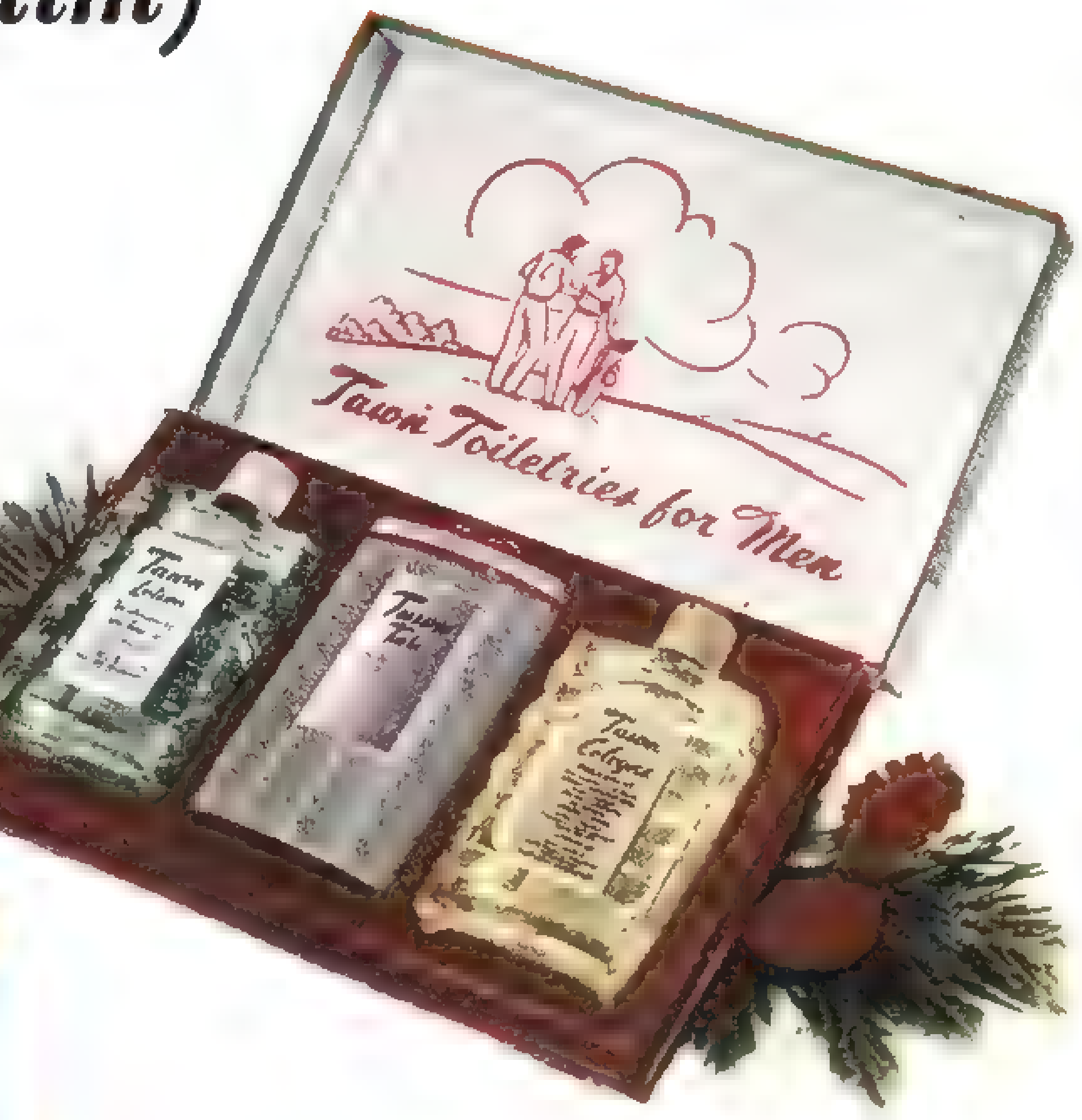
Look for the Arrow Trade-mark ARROW *"Tantivy"* ***SHIRTS***
TIES · HANDKERCHIEFS

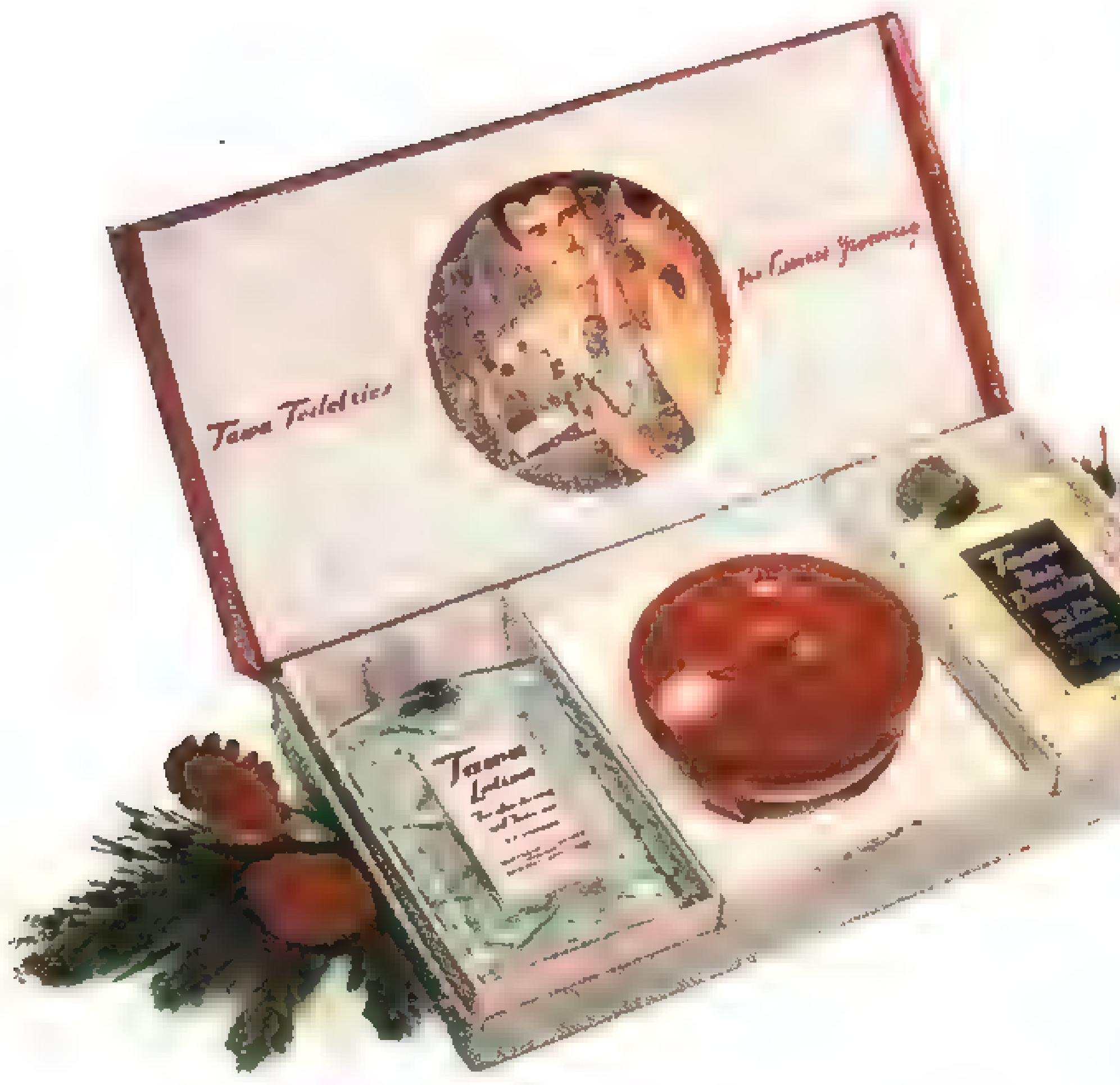
Arrow-Mitoga-Sanforized: Reg. Trade-marks
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Designed for the Man Who's Hard to Please

(...and for the women who love to please him)

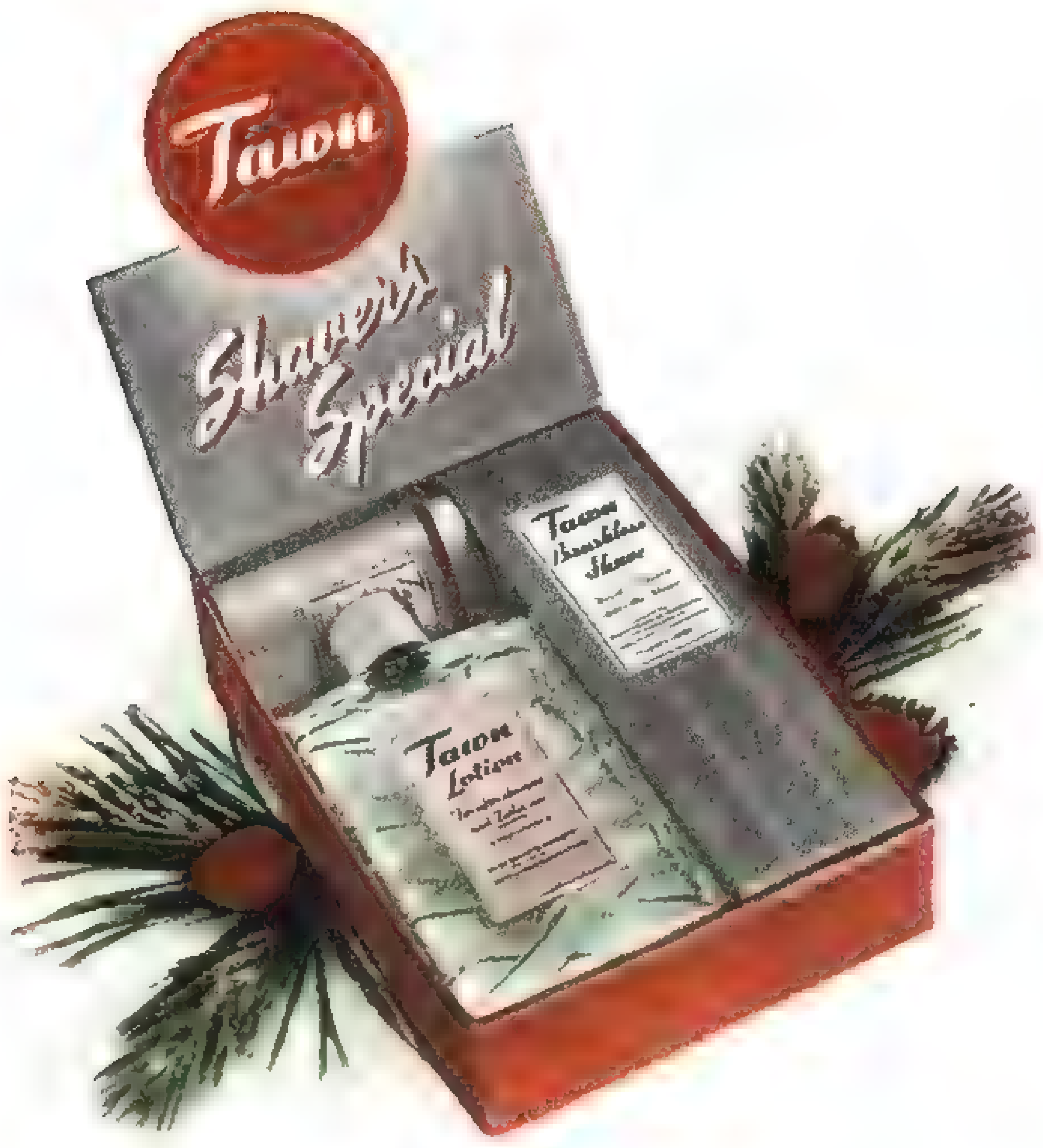
Tawn Luxury Gifts





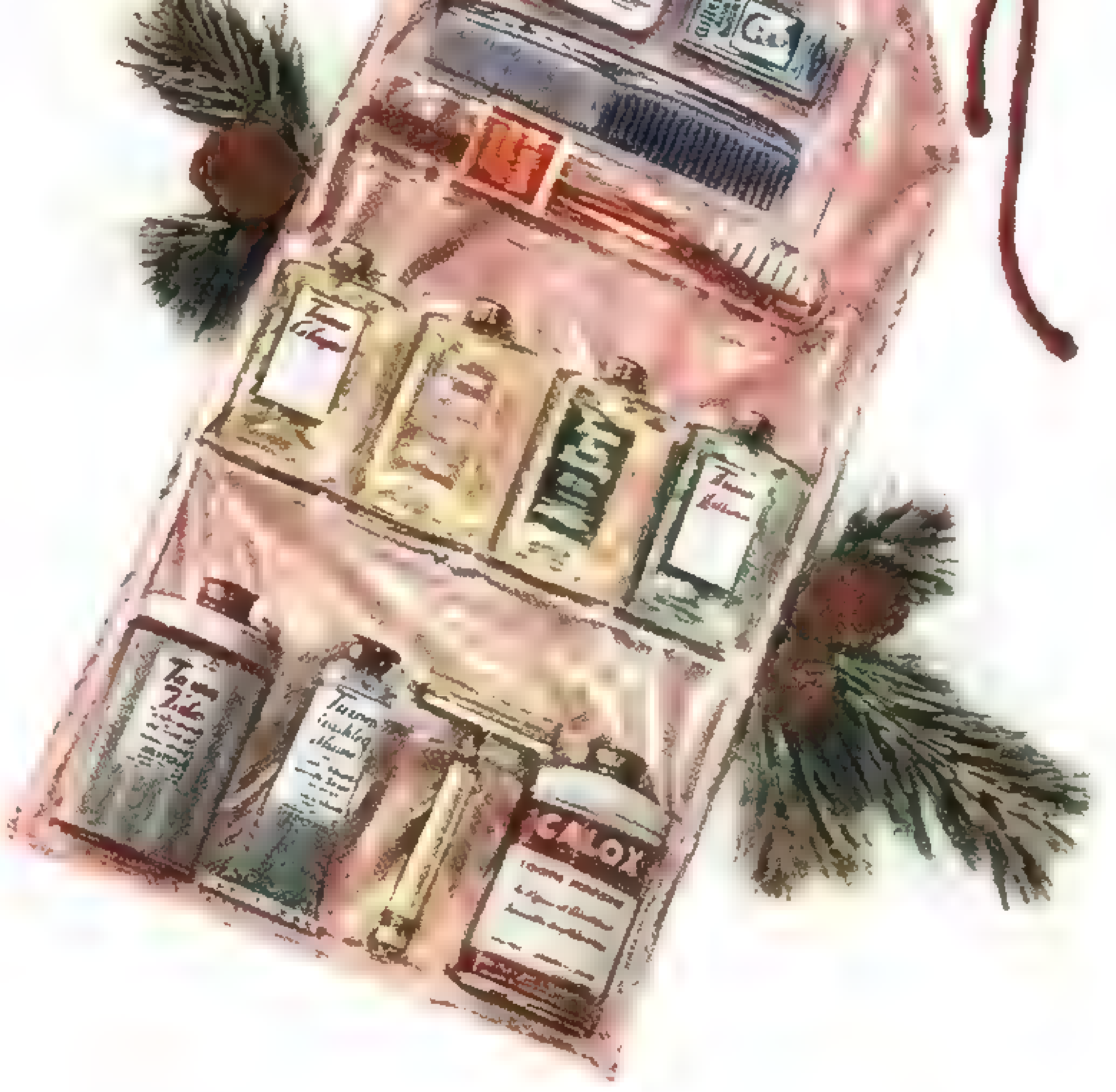
Here's a gift to flatter *him*—that's kind to *your* budget. The finest quality ingredients make this handsomely packaged set of **TAWN COLOGNE** (Deodorant), **TAWN AFTER-SHAVE LOTION** and **TAWN TALC** a wonderful buy at........ **$2.00***

A luxurious set that's bound to please him... **TAWN SHAVING BOWL** molded of lustrous plastic, and filled with hundreds of creamy, smooth shaves; **TAWN AFTER-SHAVE LOTION** for that bracing tingle that puts a zip into shaving and **TAWN HAIR DRESSING**—the finishing touch to his good grooming. Attractively gift-boxed.............. **$2.50***



TAWN SHAVER'S SPECIAL—Contains **TAWN BRUSHLESS SHAVE** that softens the toughest beard for slick, quick shaving; **TAWN AFTER-SHAVE LOTION** and a *small-size* can of **TAWN TALC** for that clean-shaven, smooth finish. A gift any man will appreciate...beautifully boxed and specially priced at only..**$1.00***

TAWN TRAVEL KIT contains kit sizes of **TAWN AFTER-SHAVE LOTION, TAWN COLOGNE** (Deodorant), **TAWN BRUSHLESS SHAVE, TAWN HAIR DRESSING, TAWN SHAMPOO** and **TAWN TALC**—*plus* a gold-plated Gillette Tech razor, Gillette Blue Blades, Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush, Calox Tooth Powder, Axar headache remedy and pocket comb. Complete with waterproof plastic folding case, it's a lifesaver at................ **$2.49***



Tawn toiletries

AT DRUG AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut

*Plus federal tax

IT'S A
KUPPENHEIMER

When a man chooses a Kuppenheimer he buys much more than the styling, fine tailoring and quality fabrics found in any good overcoat. He wears it with assurance, with dignity and good taste . . . for he and his Kuppenheimer impart to each other qualities of character inherent in them both.

AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE

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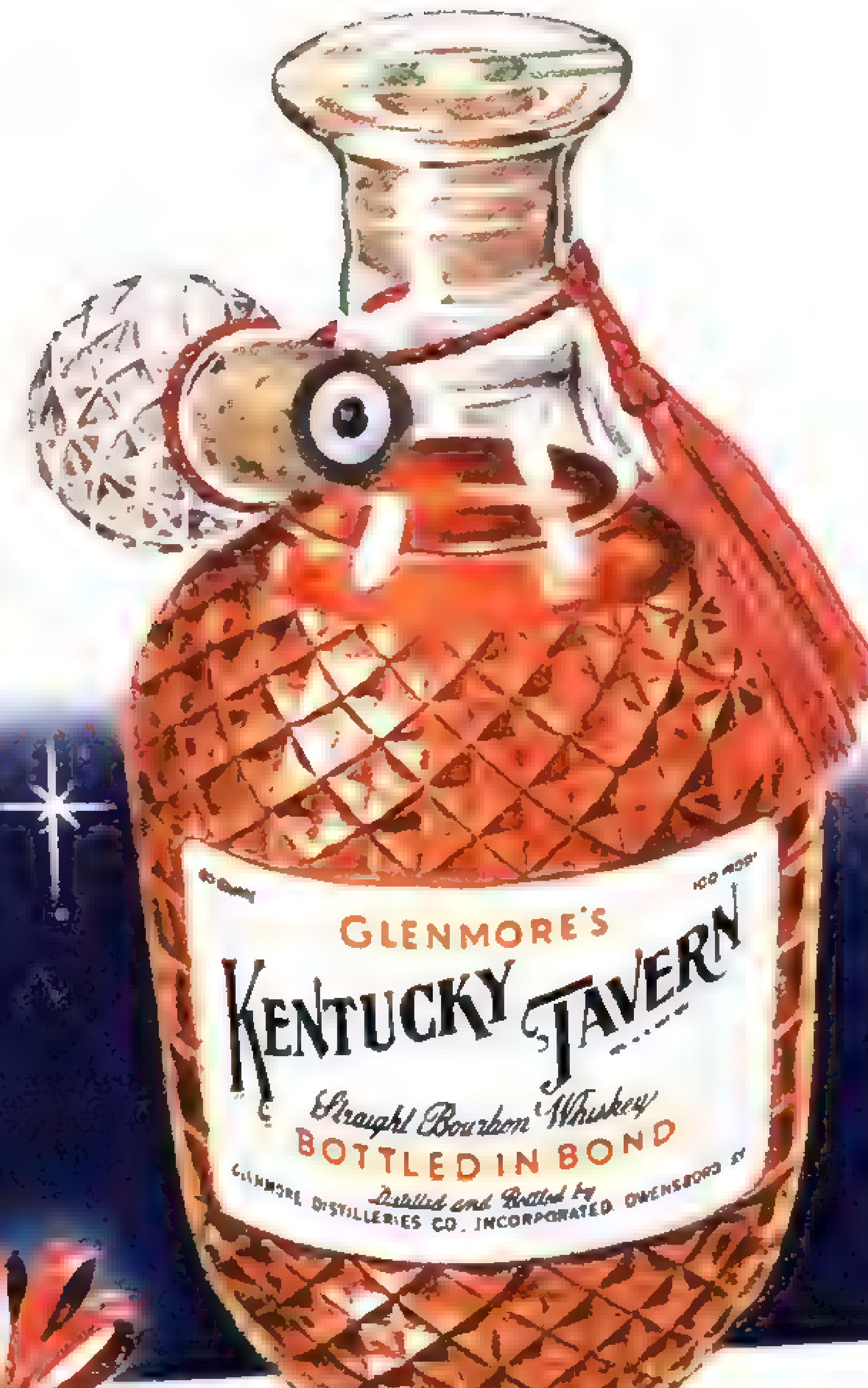
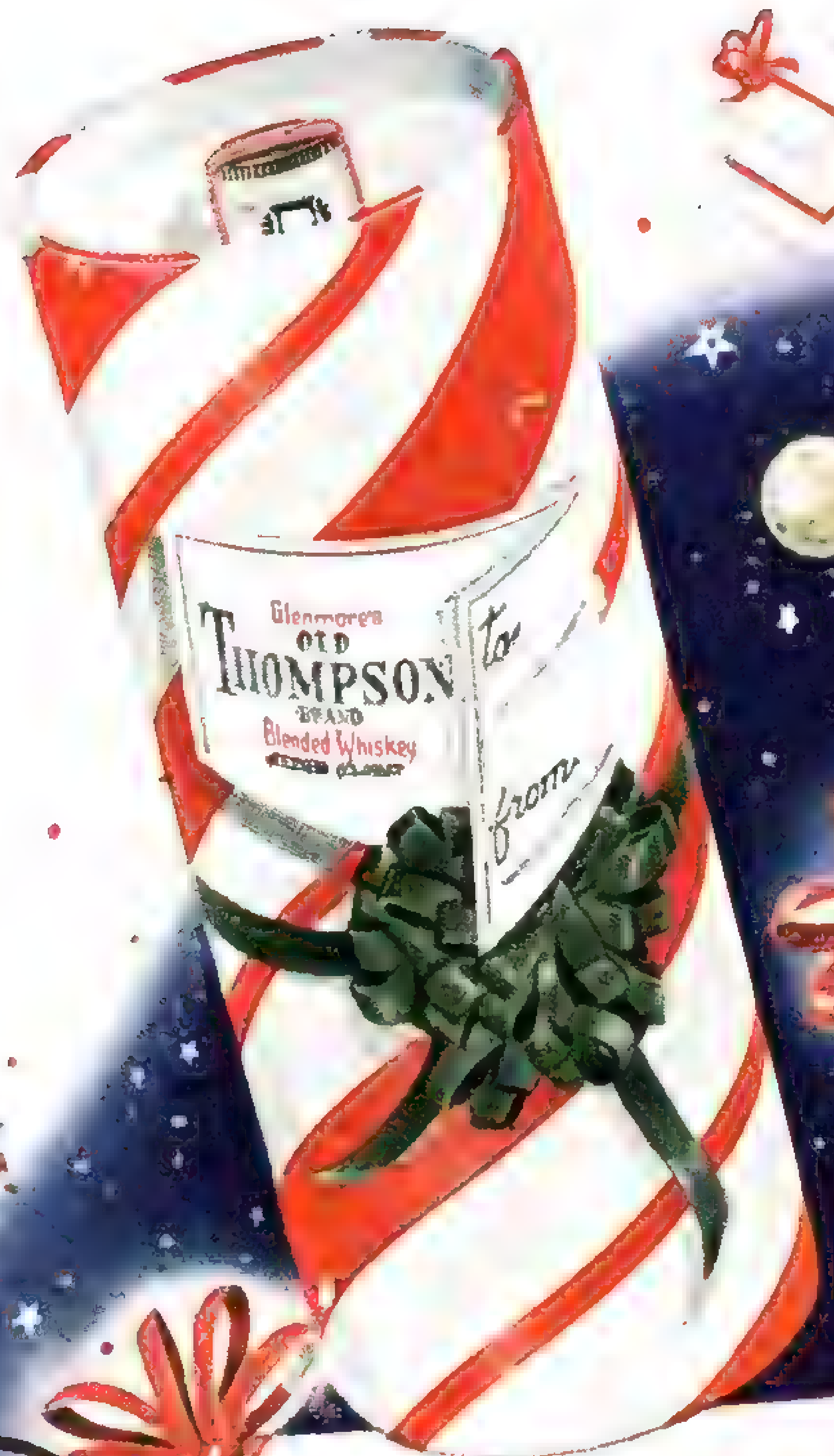
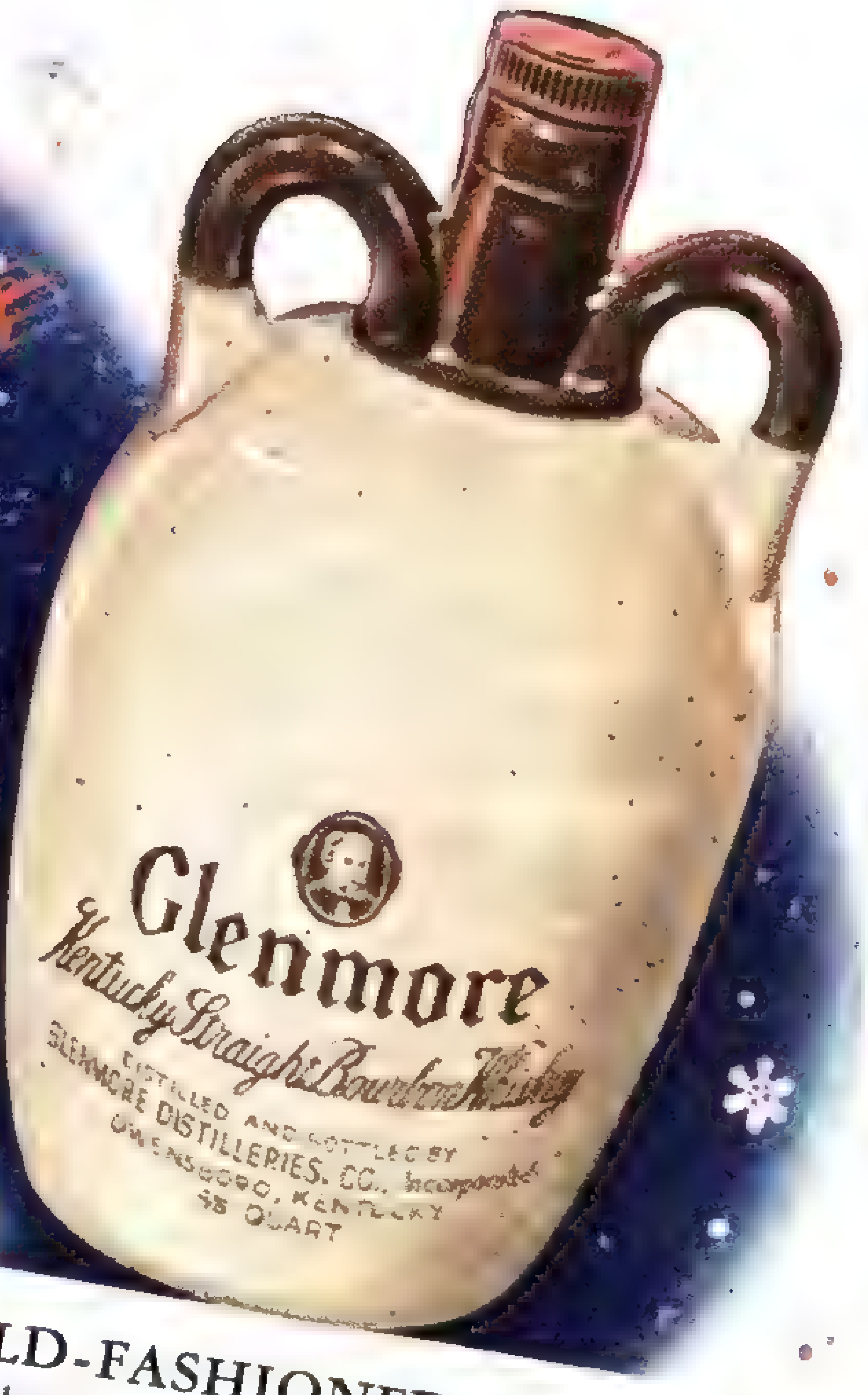

GLENMORE'S
KENTUCKY TAVERN
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND

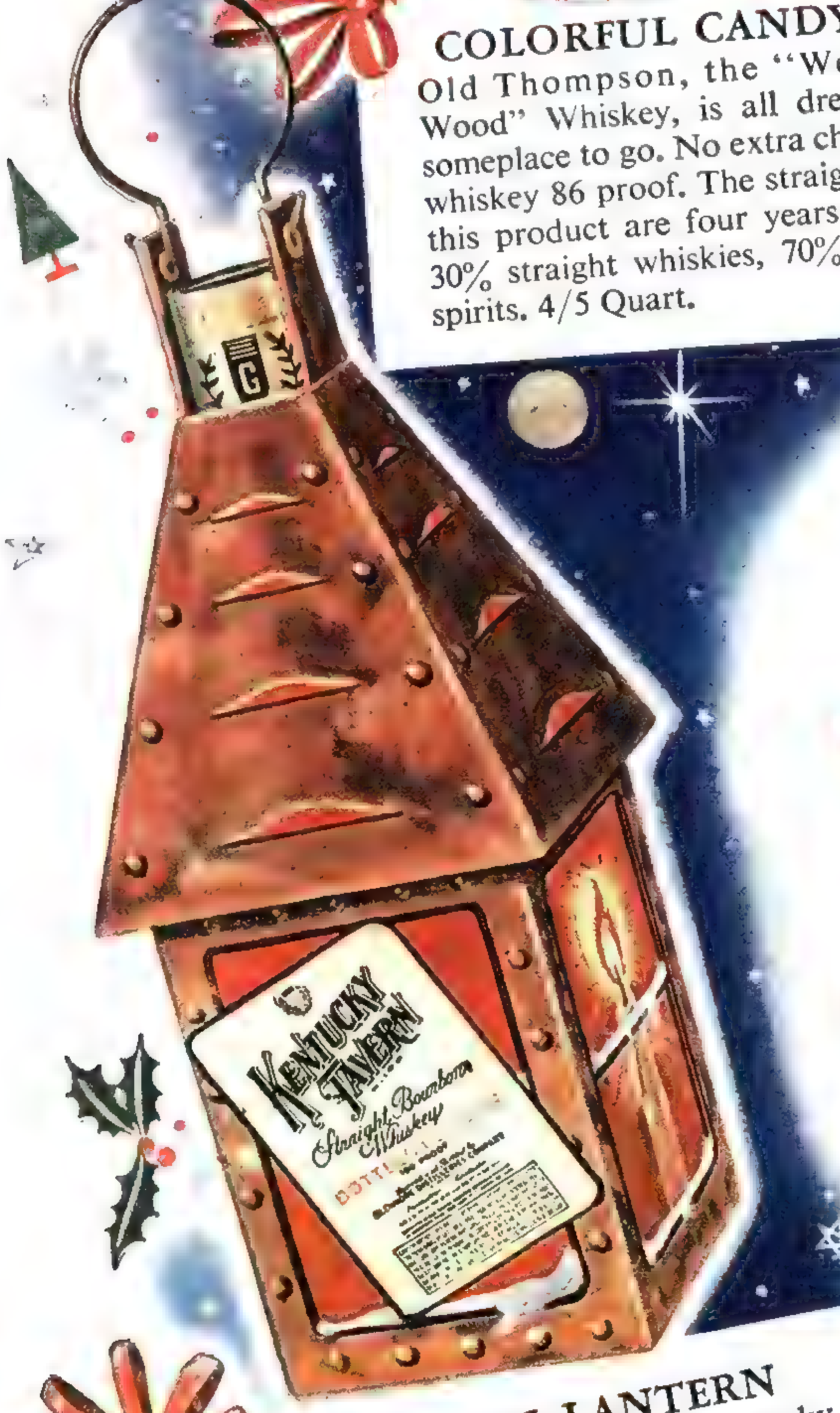
SPARKLING GLASS DECANTER
Brimming with "The Aristocrat of Bonds", this Kentucky Tavern Decanter is a gift that lives on and on. Perfect for a personal bar! No extra charge. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled-in-Bond, 100 proof, 4/5 Quart.


Glenmore's
OLD THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
to
from

COLORFUL CANDY STICK
Old Thompson, the "Wed•In•The•Wood" Whiskey, is all dressed up with someplace to go. No extra charge. Blended whiskey 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 30% straight whiskies, 70% grain neutral spirits. 4/5 Quart.


Glenmore
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky

OLD-FASHIONED JUG
The popular Glenmore jug invariably brings a welcome smile. Perfect for a party . . . always a hit with friends who like something different . . . a jugful of rare 7-year-old Kentucky Bourbon. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. This whiskey is 7 years old, 90 proof. 4/5 Quart.


KENTUCKY TAVERN
Straight Bourbon Whiskey

OLD ENGLISH LANTERN
The lantern carton holds a fifth of Kentucky Tavern. After removing the bottle, the carton can be used to decorate a tree, a centerpiece or a door knocker. No extra charge. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled-in-Bond, 100 proof, 4/5 Quart.

WISH YOUR FRIENDS THE
Season's Best

Give these unique and colorful Glenmore Gift Packages

Make holidays merry days by remembering friends with these gay Glenmore gift packages! They're unique, they're colorful, they're smart . . . a good bet for those who "have everything." Glowing with good cheer, all four are available wherever fine liquors are sold.

Designed by
THE HOUSE OF GOOD CHEER

©1948 G. D. CO

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY • LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY of Johnny the Mick, the well-advertised boniface, the present man-about-Broadway-and-Hollywood, half-owner with Sweetheart of the most unique club in New York, the incredible El Courvocco.

I came out of the bathroom, wrapped in terry cloth with a wide hunk of belt, and I watched him striding the carpet, dapper in blue—dark blue. His shoes were shiny with shoeshine and his blue pants were valet-creased where they showed beneath the draped topcoat—blue too—and his homburg was of matching color, arched, on each side, like a haughty eyebrow. He was small and slit-eyed and slender, devouring a cigarette, puff on puff and inhale on top of inhale, suction hollows in his cheeks and his nostrils trailing smoke like a constant banner. He was jumpy as a steeplechase at Aqueduct, and I worked on that, complaining: "In his own house, a guy can't even loll . . ."

"Can't what?"

"Loll."

"Loll?"

"Loll."

"So all right. Loll. So between lolls, like they say in the night clubs, how would you like to pick up a fast five hundred?"

I adjusted my bathrobe. "Make it a thousand."

"Thousand?"

"You invaded my privacy. I was lolling . . ."

"Just a minute. Don't start with the lolling. You talked me into it. You got a thousand. Let's begin again. How would you like to pick up a fast thousand?"

Dignified I said, "I have never refused a fast thousand, not since I've been knuckle-high to a brass rail. What strums?"

He glared at me, shaking his head, cigarette smoke making circles around his nose. "Strums. Strums like this. I want you to go to my place and pick up a bag."

"Bag? Bag? I just finished a case that gave me suitcases in the brain. You ever read *Armchair in Hell?*"

"Armchair," he said, "in hell. All I want you to do is pick up a bag for me."

"What else?"

"Nothing else."

"You kiddin'?"

"It's all packed. Pick it up, and bring it here. It's a house with ninety apartments. Nobody'll know where you're going or where you came from."

"For that I get a thousand bucks?"

"On the line."

"What's the catch?"

"No catch."

"Look," I said. "Take off your hat and coat anyway. Make yourself comfortable."

He put his hat over my favorite lamp and he removed his coat and folded it over a wing chair. He undid his shoes and he kicked out of them. He lay on the couch, small and intense, with his head on the armrest. He lit a new cigarette. "I'll wait here. It shouldn't take you long."

"No, sir. I want more."

"More *dough?*"

"More information."

"What for?"

"You're not paying a thousand bucks for a feller to run an errand, that's what for."

"No," he said, "I'm not."

"That's what I mean."

"It's business. I got a deal with a guy. No. No deal. Yet. I made a guy a proposition. He's thinking it over. I hope."

"What's that got to do with me?"

He puffed and puffed again and his cheeks sagged and the fire leaped along the cigarette and it was half-finished. "Last night I made a guy a proposition. That's last night. After we talk, I go home. Home, I begin thinking about it. Guys are funny. It's a big-money deal. The guy might get hot, while he's thinking it over. Hot ain't good for me. I pack a bag with what I need most, and important. Then I light for a hotel, without the bag, because I got things to do, and the inside of that bag is way too valuable to go carting around with. Today I make arrangements for a powder. I go to the bank and draw some. I spend most of the day nibbling in Third Avenue bars, and now I'm here. But the bag is still at my apartment."

"What kind of deal?"

"Where's your Scotch?"

"What?"

"Scotch."

"Oh."

The bottle had a few licks for the cat. I went to the kitchen and brought him a new one. I brought out a pitcher of water with ice cubes and two glasses. He had a lot of Scotch with a little water and an ice cube. I had Scotch without frills in a small glass.

"Well," I said, "what kind of deal?"

"Don't step out of line, kid."

"I mean . . ."

"Look. The guy could be laying for me. If I show up for the bag, maybe it gets unpleasant. So this way, I don't show up. You show up. It's a big house. They wouldn't know where you're going, or where you're coming from, or whose bag."

The cigarette was finished. He flattened it in an ash tray. He flattened the Scotch in the glass and poured more. "You see, at the beginning of a deal a guy can get hot. But you give him time, he thinks it over. Pretty soon, he's cooled out, and it begins to look good to him. Might take a week, might take a month. Maybe more. I got contacts here. They'll work on him, and I'll know how he feels. If worst comes to worst, then *I* get hot. Then maybe *he* starts making with the powder. Then either it gets settled or somebody gets killed. Does it clear?"

"It clears."

"That's why it's worth a G. You can do me a favor, and you know how to keep your nose clean. Nose clean, especially. That's worth a G. Anytime. Right now."

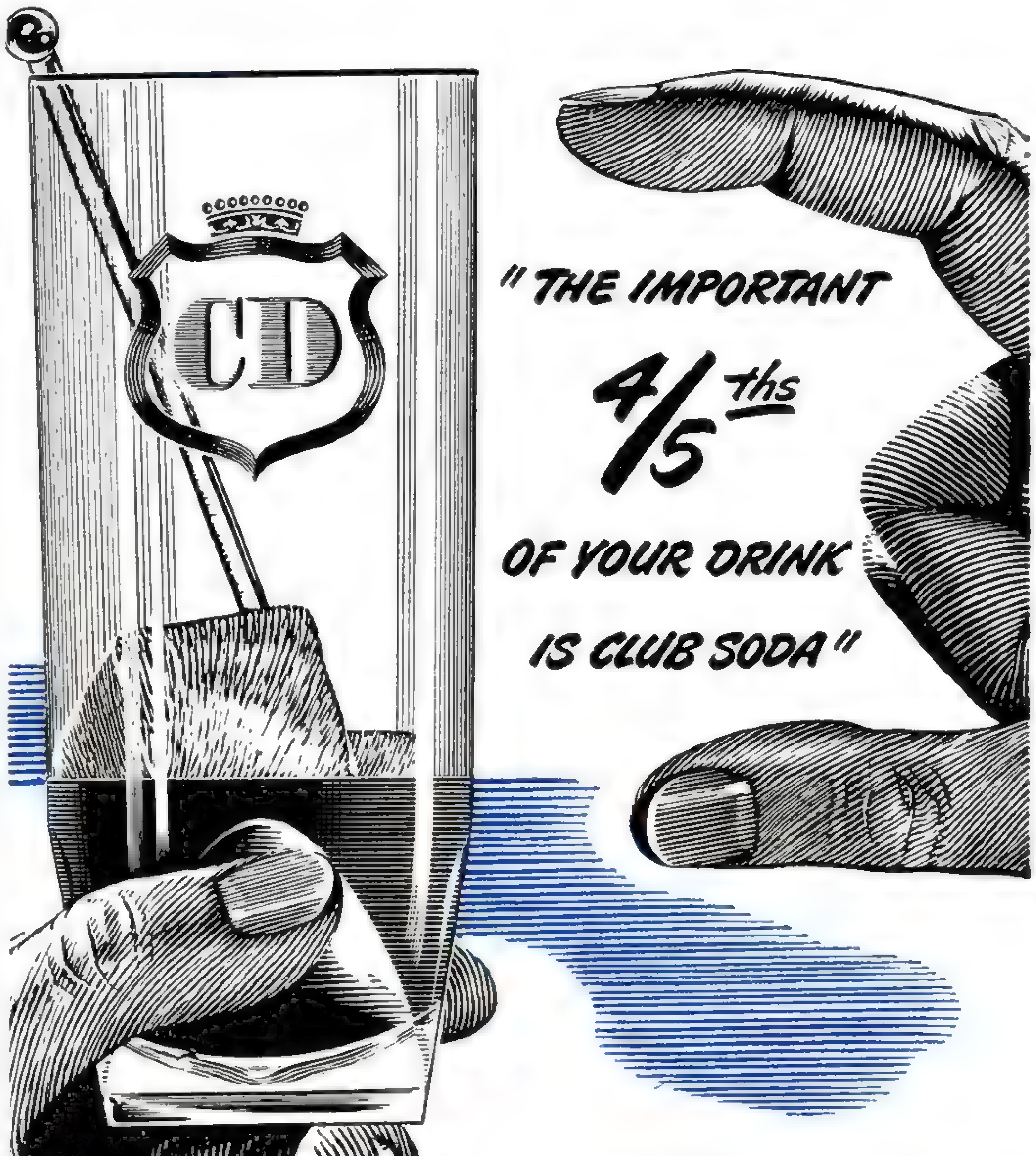
He reached in and brought out a sheaf of green that was thicker than the bottom of a bar glass in a Sixth Avenue saloon. He blew on it and picked one off. It was a new bill with an old President and three circles. "Fold it up," he said, "like a nice boy. Go get my bag. The Scotch *you're* throwing in for a backwards bonus."

I took his money. I folded it, like a nice boy.

He unhooked a key from a ring and he threw it at me.

"You know the address. It's apartment 16-H. The key opens downstairs and upstairs. I'll be waiting for you. Then I'll be lam-

Continued on page 144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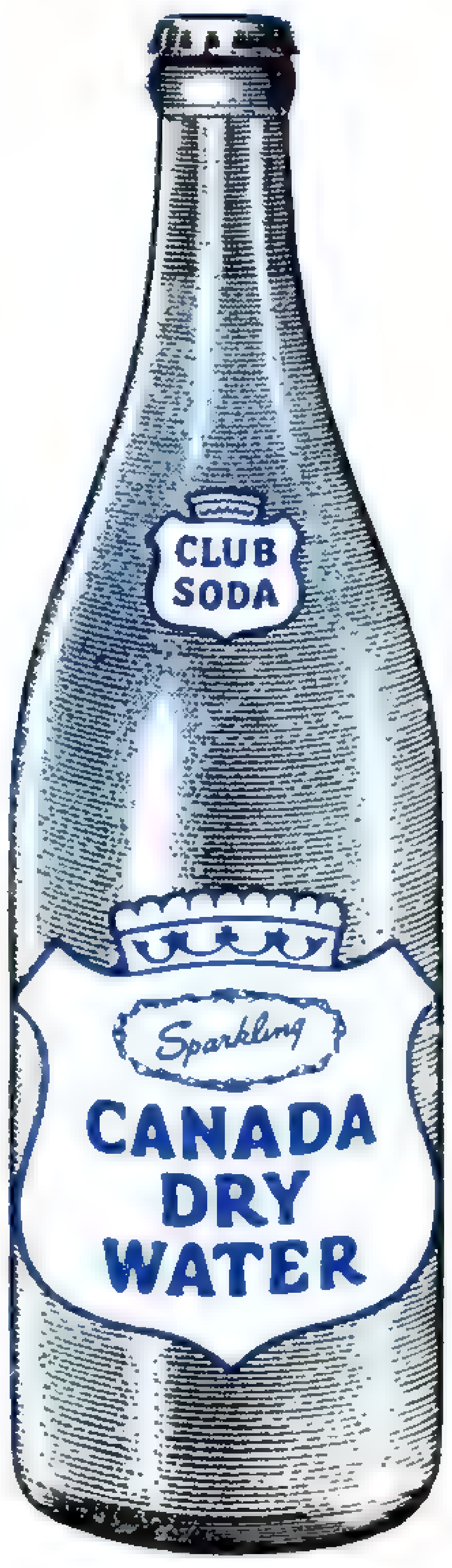

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ming around till I pick up my plane in the morning, early. Now, go on, get dressed."

Dressed, I stood in front of an apartment house that reared up for eighteen chromium-striped stories on East End Avenue and I said "How do" to a doorman with epaulets like a Turkish general, and the doorman said, "How do." He opened the door for me, but then there was another door which needed the key and then I was in a lobby that looked like a section of a museum of art, what with frescoes and statues and a fountain gushing water around goldfish. Three identical shiny brass elevator doors gave me back my reflection, and I played eeny miney mo and pushed one button. Three doors opened, automatic. Svelte.

Upstairs, I unlocked 16-H, and what with the immense rooms and my travels in finding the bedroom and looking for lights and clicking them, and the torpor after a tepid bath, and the relief at finding the bag, and then the puzzlement at seeing it flung-back open; what with all of that I almost missed the blonde.

I mean I saw her, off to a side of the room, casually, out of the corner of my eye, like when you're concentrating upon the dazzling striperoo, center stage, and the comic is hovering in the wings—and I was concentrating on an open suitcase that should have been closed.

But then—with a swivel-headed double-take that would have done credit to a ventriloquist's dummy—I saw her.

This was no ordinary blonde. This was a blonde with class. This was not the sort of blonde I expected to find seated in a chair by the window of Johnny the Mick's bedroom, not that I expected to find any blonde.

This was a blonde with class, and it wasn't the two-thousand-dollar platina jacket nor the fancy alligator shoes nor the saffron sun tan. It wasn't the four-carat job that jabbed at you from off her finger nor the intricate pale-gold hair, soft-yellow like the top flame of candle. More, it was the cool delicate hands and the way the ears sat beneath the upsweep and the shape of the bones of her face and the minute flare of the slender nostrils, and the rigid poise.

It could have been a happy surprise. It wasn't, mostly because of the hole in the bridge of her nose, and the diagram of the still automatic black by her foot.

I made a hammock of handkerchief for the gun, and I carted it to the valise. I closed it and pushed in the metal snappers and strapped it, and I shook my head for shame and waste and sorrow at the poised blonde, but rigid, and I got out of there. There was nobody in the corridor and there was nobody in the elevator and the doorman said, "Cab, sir?" and I said, "No."

I walked all the way home, cooling out, with prickles in my arm from the bag, but I didn't cool. I opened the door of where I live and I dropped the bag, and I reached for him on the couch and I picked him up and he hung like an agitated locket around my neck. I said, "Make a sucker of me, you dirty little bastard," and I slapped him once against his teeth and I threw him back.

Most of the Scotch was gone. The guy was tighter than a clenched fist.

I said, "Who the hell do you think you are?" and I went for him again.

He kicked, and he caught me in the stomach, but he had his shoes off, and all it did was blow a lot of breath out of me, but not enough. I put a knee in his middle for a spike and I opened his jacket and I took out his money. I earned four more thousand-dollar bills like that, and I put the rest back. I pushed off him. "Get out of here now, and get out of here quick."

He didn't move: angry red was smudged on his face like uneducated make-up. "You crazy?"

"*You're* crazy."

"Petie, boy . . ."

"Oh, no. Nobody makes a patsy out of me."

"You're smoking the wrong stuff, kid."

"What'd the blonde smoke?"

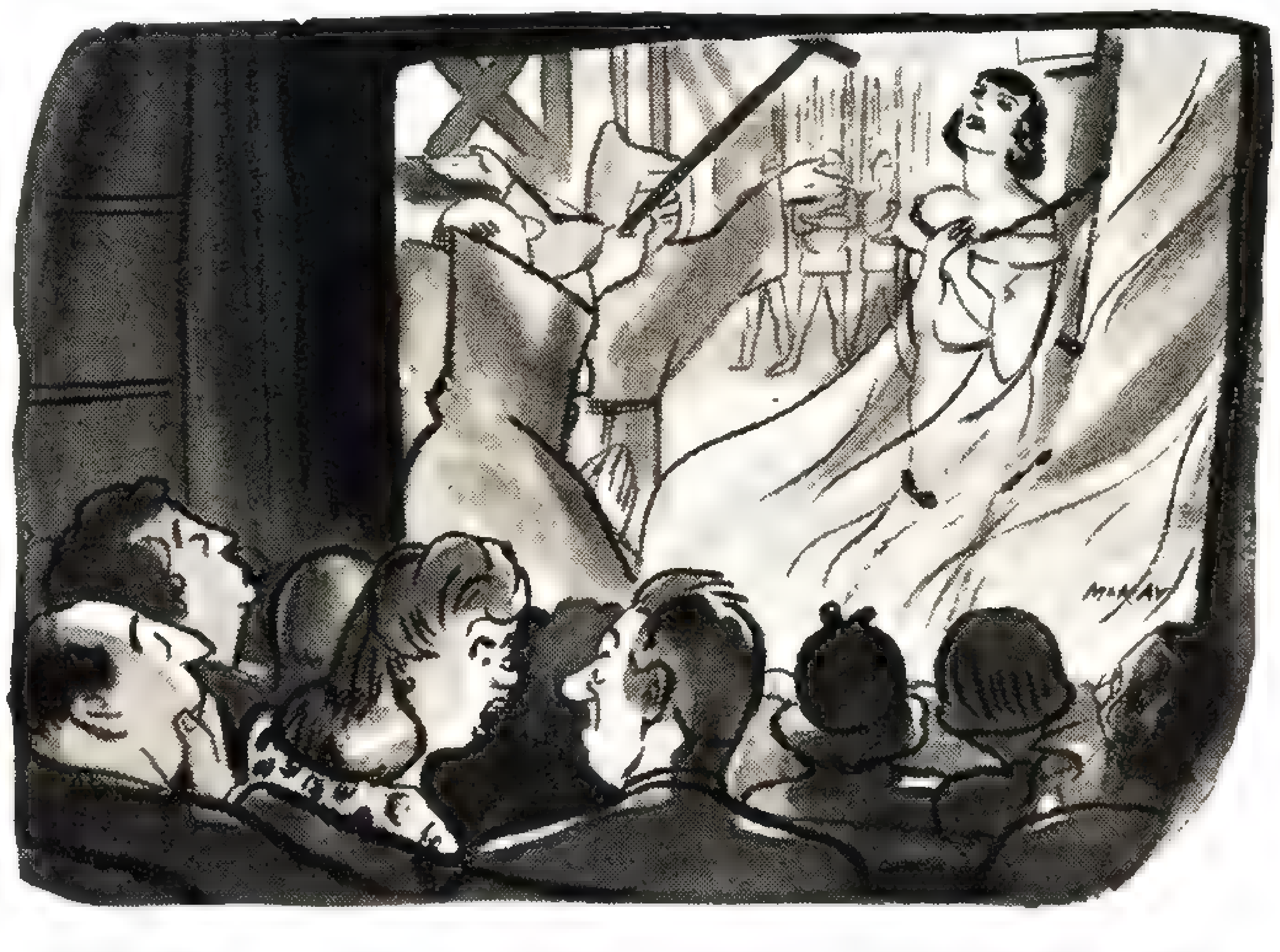
"What blonde?"

I squatted close by him, breath on breath. "The blonde with the hole in her face."

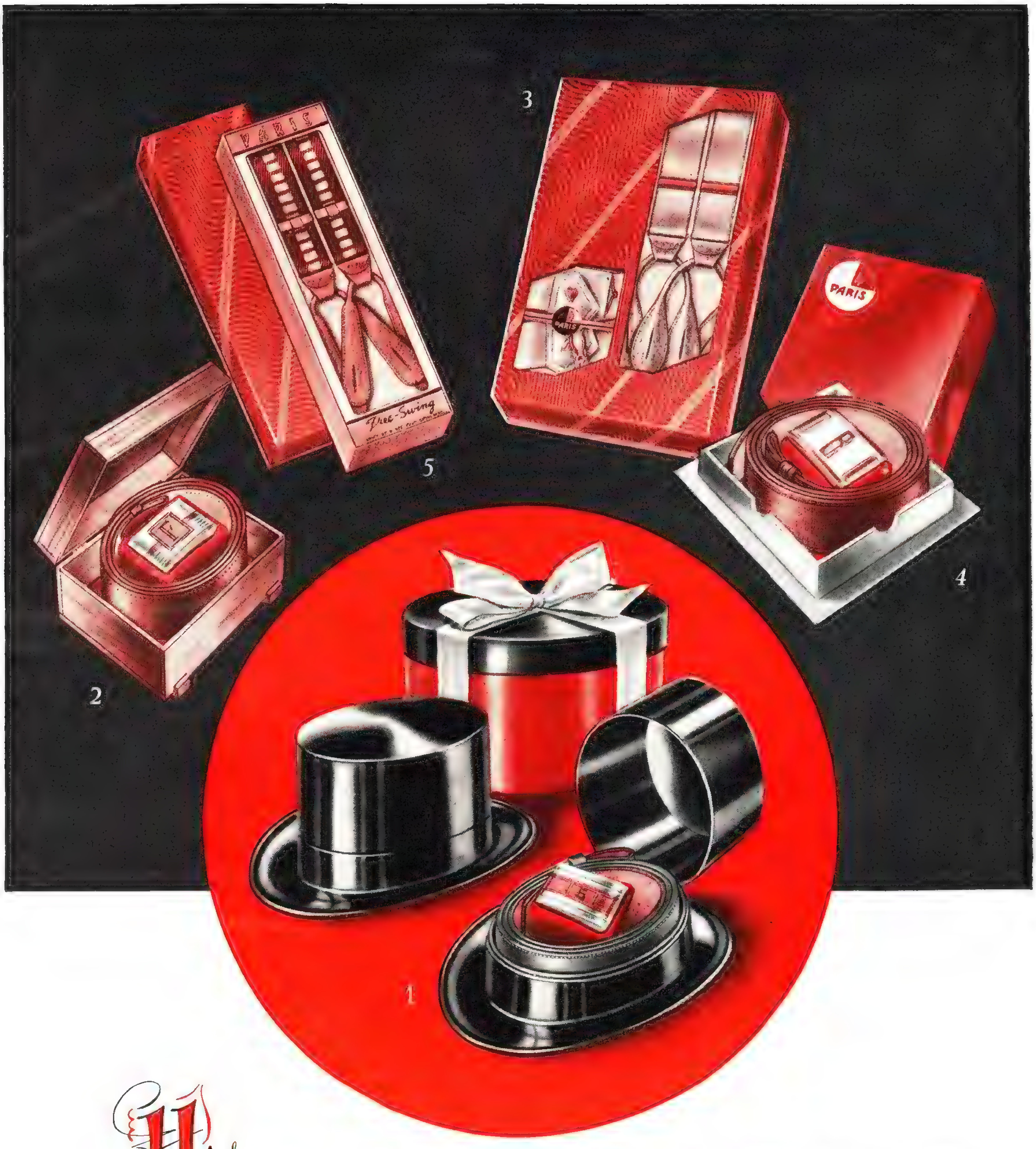
He sat up and he drew his shoes over and he put them on. He lit a cigarette and he started walking, up and down, in front of me. He reached for the Scotch and he hit it straight, right out of the bottle. "What are you talking about, kid?"

"Don't give me that, pal. Drunk or sober, you know damn well

Continued on page 146



"Oh dear! I forgot to turn the electric blanket off!"



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what I'm talking about."

"Listen . . ."

"You listen. I'm talking about a dead blonde sitting in a chair by your bedroom window. I'm talking about your sending me there to pick up your bag, like I'm a boy scout, for a thousand bucks. I'm talking about maybe you had it fixed up for me to take over a rap for somebody. I don't know just *what* I'm talking about, but *now* you've paid for the errand, so get out of here. And next time, don't omit the pertinent details."

"Blonde, huh?"

The slap on the door wasn't knuckles. The slap on the door was metal on wood and it stopped him in the middle of "Blonde, huh."

"You expecting company?" he said.

"No. You?"

"No."

Metal hit wood again, and I opened the door in the midst of the upraised arm of young Adam Polk, the patrolman on the beat, glistening with cop's buttons and sweat on the forehead and the reverse end of a service revolver like a tomahawk brandished for a haircut.

"Excuse me," he said. "The Inspector . . ."

The inspector came past him. Polk closed the door.

Chief Inspector Sam Kelcey, spread-shouldered and very tall, maybe six-five, frost-white wavy hair over a lithe figure and a tight, brown bony face, strong-jawed and smiling. Chief Inspector Sam Kelcey, the man in charge of the many milling people, bossman over Broadway, the guy responsible for law and order along Big Street and its environs—the old White Way, the Gay White Way, the Gray White Way—the street of the pineapple joints and the coconut juice, the cheesecake and the roll collar, the swelled head and the snap brim, the ledger and the scratch sheet, the million-dollar deal over a herring and the fast proposition over draw-one-black; and all the characters: the touts, the books, the crooks, the madames, the madmen, the showgirls, the boygirls, the bad girls, the birdies, the vultures, the gypsies, the dypsies, the doodles, the hard boys, the con boys—the whole commotion.

"Trouble," the inspector said, taking off his hat and gloves. "Johnny, I'll do what I can for you."

"You bet," Johnny said. "What kind of trouble, Sam?"

I said, "Just a minute. This guy's drunk."

"Pamela Reevys," the Inspector said.

Johnny's lips made for a whistle, but it spluttered. "Yup. That's trouble. So what about her, Inspector?"

"Dead."

"How?"

"Dead."

"Dead?"

"But dead."

"What the hell's going on here? Everybody get bit by the same bug? Or have I got the pink elephants? Maybe *she's* in my apartment too."

"Uh huh."

"*What?*"

"Wait a minute, Johnny. The guy here says you're looped. Look, Johnny, you and I have had our little altercations; we'll probably have a lot more. This thing'll work itself out, I suppose. But take a cop's advice, right now, in your condition—clam up. If you talk now, you're talking in front of law, with smart pants over here, God's-visitation Chambers, as additional witness. So you keep buttoned up till we get downtown, and you'll call your lawyer—and after that, you do as you please."

Johnny the Mick came close to me, patted my arm. "I get it, palzo. I wish to beg your pardon. A thousand times. Five thousand times, if you know what I mean."

"Sure, Johnny."

"That extra four you heisted, that's yours."

"Thanks, Johnny."

"What the hell goes?" the inspector inquired.

Johnny said, "Nothing. Business deal. Me, I always got business deals. Remember me, Sammy?"

Sam Kelcey said, "And most of the time you're on the right side of the ball. Maybe this will make you feel better. I saw your partner tonight; your last business deal panned out perfectly. So—in case you were preparing to lam out of town while a guy was making up his mind—don't lam. The guy made his mind up—like you wanted him to."

Johnny beamed. "Good. Smart. Inspector, I would like to shake your hand."

"Sure."

I looked at the young patrolman with the pistol in his hand like it was stickum that he couldn't get rid of. "Mr. Polk, this is the modern way of making a pinch. That is, when the pinchee is a big shot. Put the gun away, it's incongruous. Any minute now we break into *Auld Lang Syne.*"

The young cop grinned embarrassedly.

The inspector said, "You wouldn't like a mouthful of fingers, would you, peeper?"

Johnny said, "Lay off him. Don't worry, Pete."

"Me? I'm not worrying. You worry."

"Not me. First off, the dame is a nut. Second, she's got a key to my place. So . . . have a drink, Inspector. It's on the house."

"No, thanks."

"Wait a minute," I said.

Johnny had a small one.

"What?"

"Can I talk to the guy alone, Inspector? For a minute."

"No."

"Johnny," I said. "The bag . . . it was open, when I came in. You had a—I think . . ."

"If you're talking about I had a gun, I don't worry. The bag wasn't locked. Look, if this wild woman goes into my place, opens my bag, uses my gun and kills herself—I still don't worry. I just wasn't there all day."

"*You* were," the inspector said.

"Who?"

"You. Chambers. You just came from there."

"Now, just a minute, if you please . . ."

The inspector pointed at the suitcase. "That the bag?"

"What bag?" I said.

"Oh, what bag? That's the way it is?"

"That's it," Johnny said.

"Okay, Polk. Take the bag. And don't get your fingers all over it. All right, lads, let's go."

Continued on page 148

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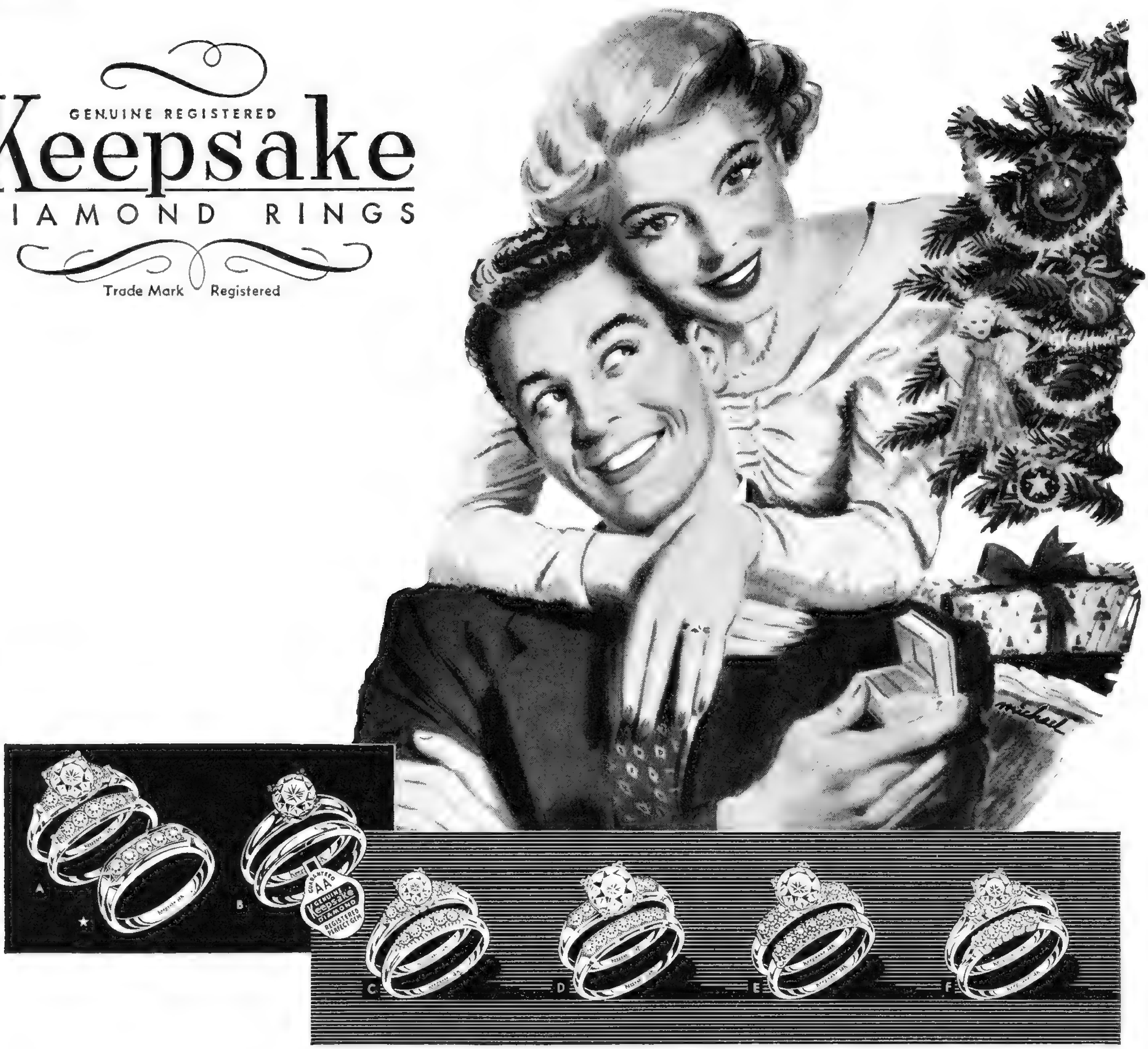
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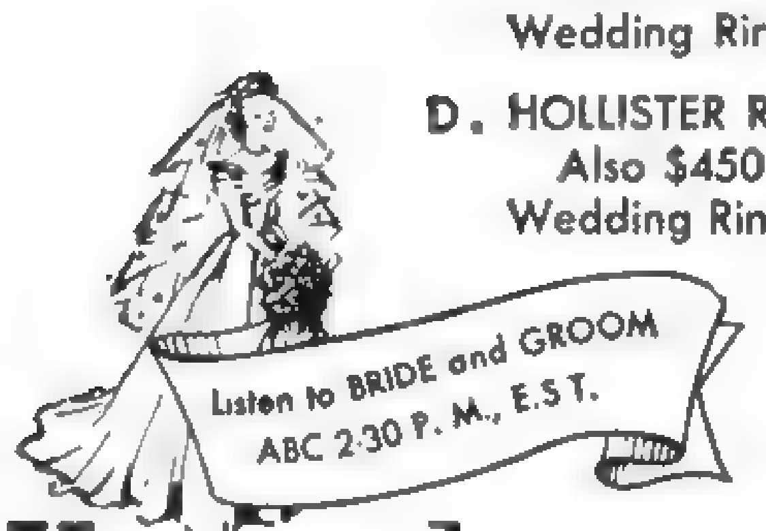
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BELL'S BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

"Me too?" I said.

"You bet your sweet life."

"Me?"

We went.

Downtown to the pokey.

The night was warm and clear and soft and the stars looked very good in the heavens, especially in retrospect. A clerk took most of our essential statistics and a custodian took most of our personal belongings and then the night was barren, and there were no stars; there was only an ample cell and a cot and a washstand, and a disgruntled private detective in his shirt sleeves, open-collared and pacing.

I didn't pace long. I had hardly established the rhythm when the attendant showed up. "I beg your pardon," he said.

I almost didn't stop pacing.

A soft-voiced attendant polite along the corridors of a cell-block is about as improbable as the Angel Gabriel doing bebop on an oboe in the corridors of hell. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said.

The guy was slimmer than a starved soubrette, but tall, bent-over tall, with narrow shoulders and a protruding head and vague blue eyes and a sprout of corn loose hair waving against his baldness.

"What's the matter?" I asked him.

"If you please, sir. Both you and the other gentleman. Haven't seen him yet. But it is necessary that I divest both of you of your shoelaces and . . ."

"Nottiby!" The boom was Kelcey down the corridor. "Nottiby!"

"Excuse me," he said and he went away.

Now I started walking again, and nobody disturbed me. Except me. I didn't like it, one little bit. I didn't like getting mixed up in this kind of shindig with everything smooth and no strong-arm and a polite inspector and a polite attendant and pleasantries between the arresting officer, an inspector no less, and the suspect, as big a shot as ever was a firecracker in New York. No, sir. Like that you could get hit in the head, and like that you could get caught up in a lot of switches, and like that there could be two ends playing against the middle, and you could be the middle. Like that, it could very well be.

I walked up to the bars and I started making with the jangle-music in the age-old manner of everybody who has ever been on the wrong side of a cell door.

"Let me out of here," I yelled.

That was silly.

I went back and I lived alone on the edge of my cot with my elbows on my knees and my head in my hands—till company came. Company was Kelcey with a stenographer.

"Let's get the facts down," he said. "Let's get them down."

I dictated the facts, and then Kelcey said, "That lawyer you mentioned, that Lew Dicksman, I called him for you. He'll be down here first thing in the morning. That okay?"

"It's not okay. I want him now."

"Be nice, kid. Why don't you appreciate it when people are nice to you?"

"I don't want anybody being nice to me. I want my lawyer."

"You're getting your lawyer."

"I want him now."

"Shut up."

"No, sir. I'm being illegally detained."

"Illegally detained. You don't need a lawyer, bo; you know all the words yourself."

"I know those words."

"How about suspicion of murder? You know them?"

"I know they don't apply to me, Inspector."

"That's what we got racked up against your name in the book, peeper. So who's detaining you, and how illegally?"

"Inspector," I said. "Is this a rig?"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"You guys fixing to push that dead blonde over on me? I'm a big boy, now . . ."

I got a rapid hand large against my mouth. My lips pushed numb against my teeth.

"Be nice to a guy," the inspector complained. "Look, nothing. I don't think you're stupid enough to go out shooting people for people; not yet. Also, we know from the doorman when you got there and we know she was shot maybe eight hours before that. But I've got a flock of the boys out on this, and I don't want a lout like you loose and around to mess it up. I know you guys."

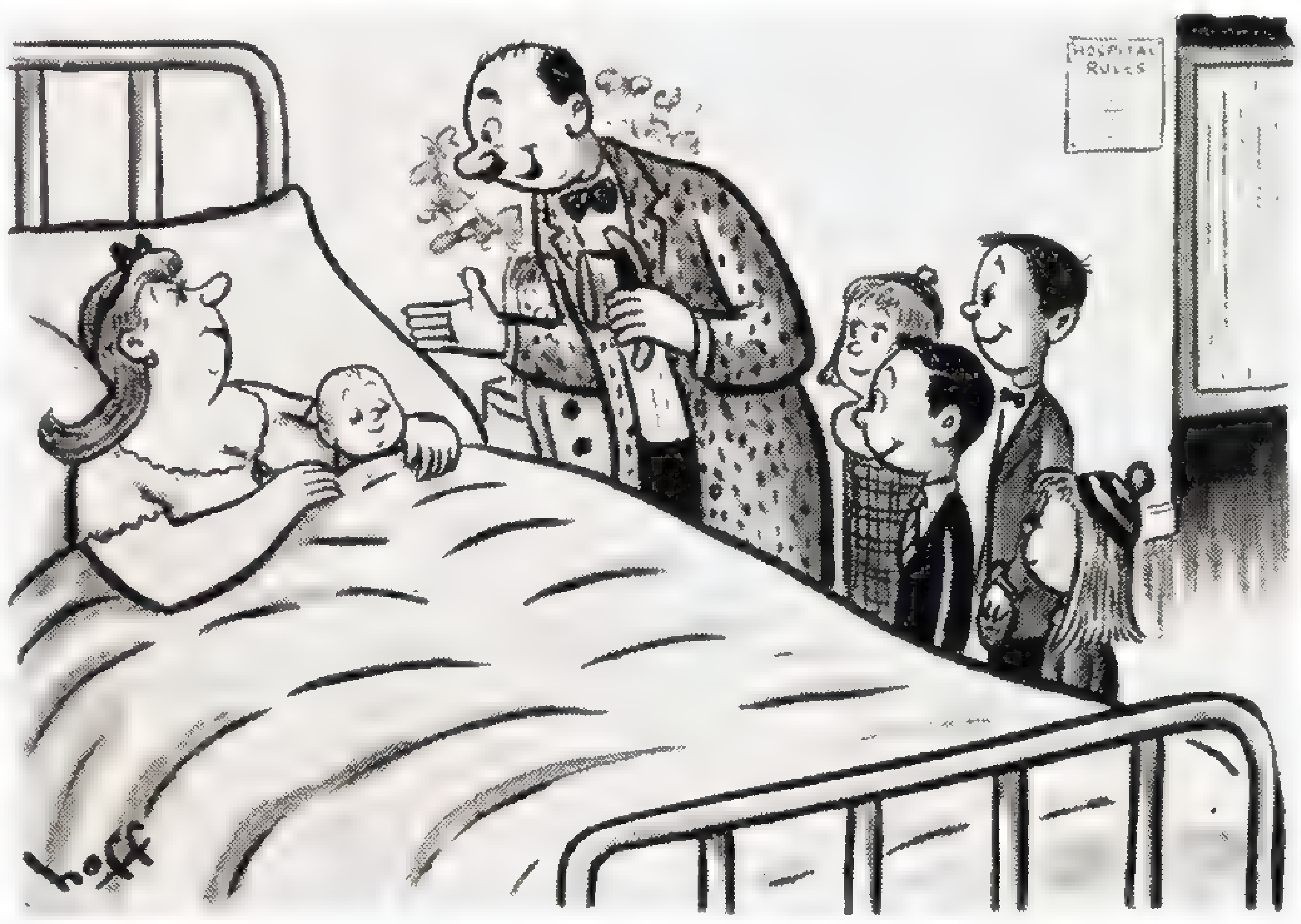
"Well . . ." I said.

"That make you feel better?"

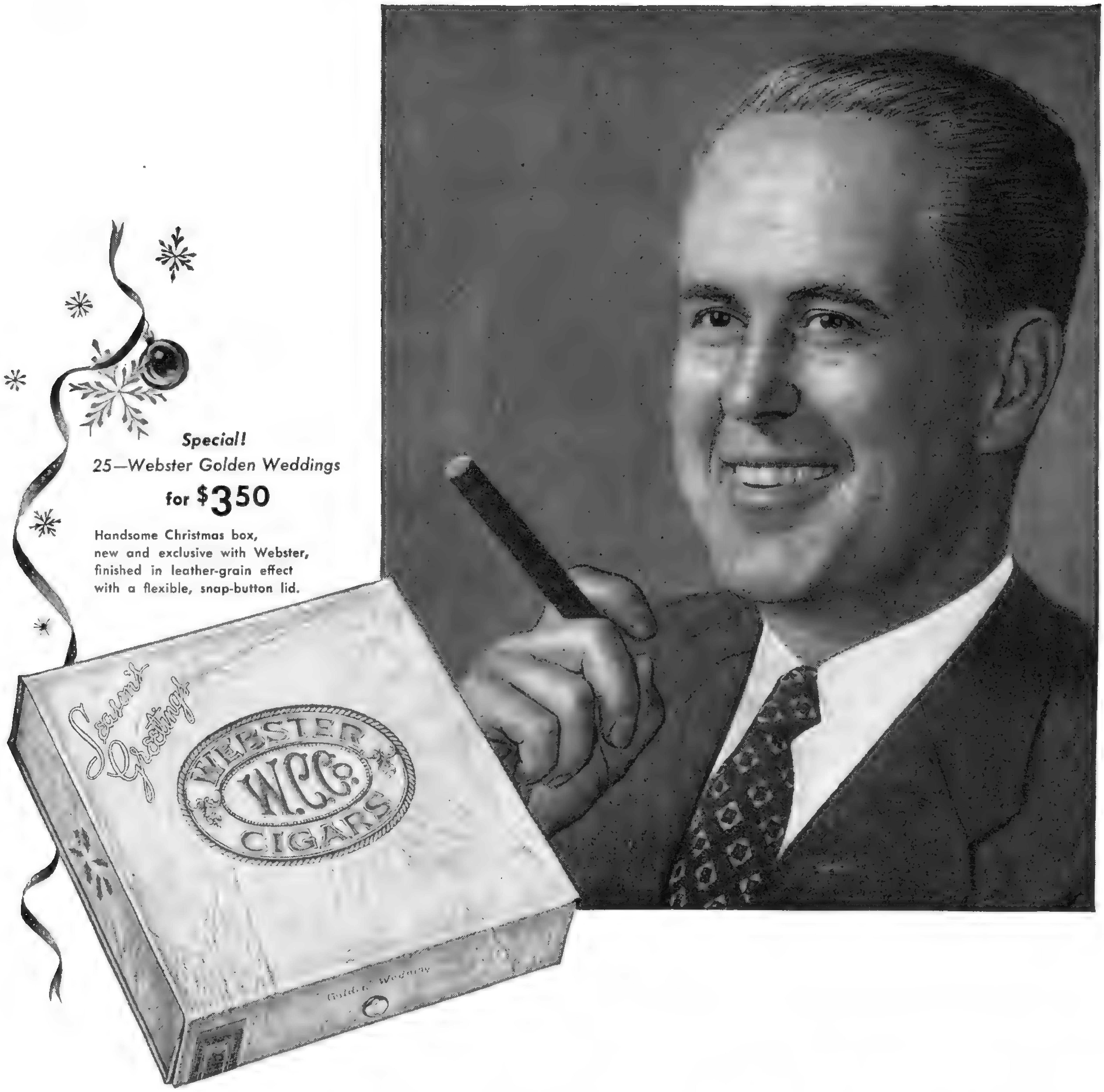
Stiff-lipped I said, "Much better," and I meant it.

"Okay." They clanked out of there, both of them. "Okay. Now

Continued on page 150



"Well, it worked again—the boss gave me another raise!"



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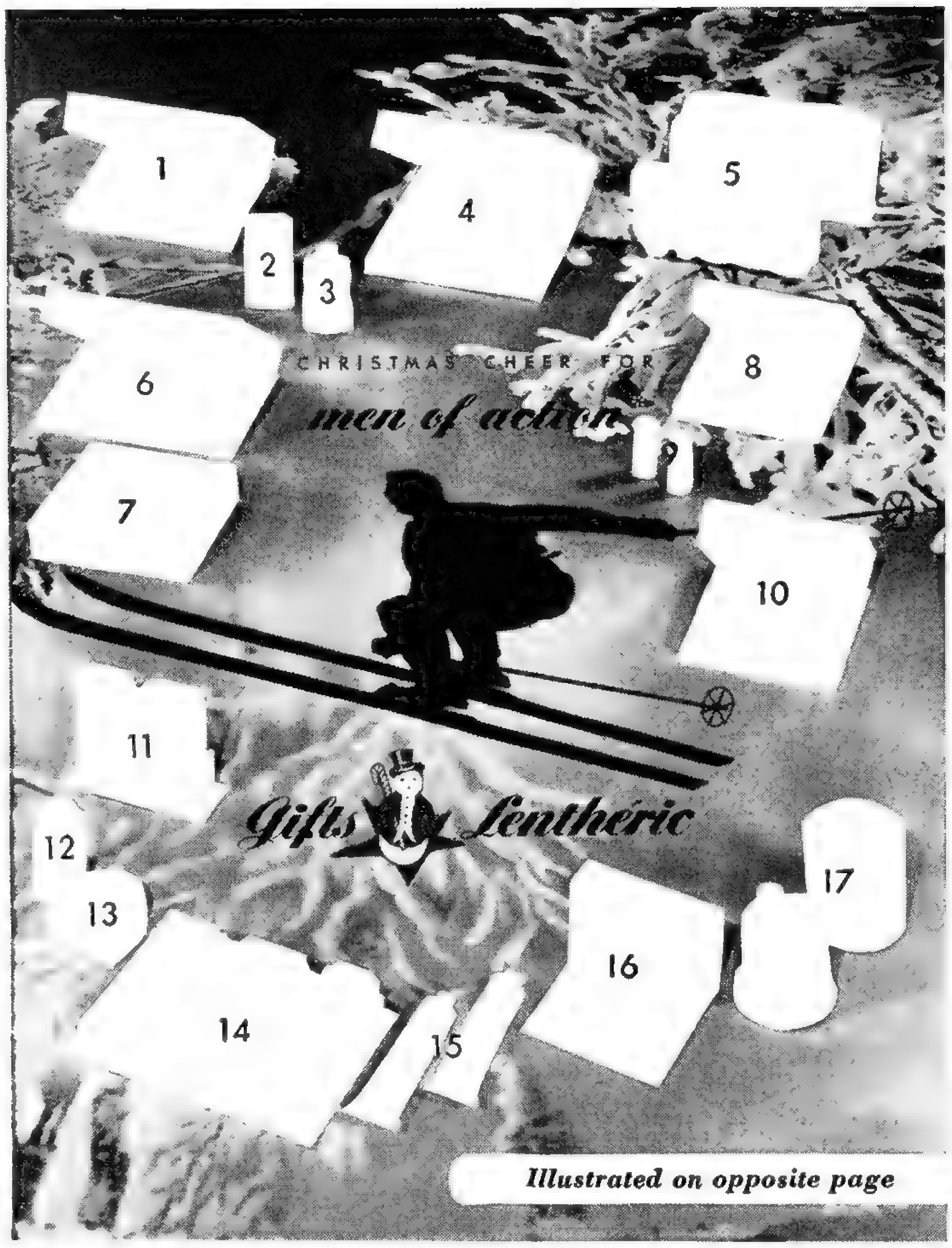

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be a good boy, and I'll see you in the morning."

"Parker," I said. "I want Parker."

"Who's that? Another lawyer?"

"Louis Parker."

"Who the hell is Louis Parker?"

"Detective-lieutenant Louis Parker."

"Who? Louis? Louis Parker?" He reached a hand in and grabbed my shirt and he had me smack up and smarting against the cell bars. "You holding anything out, you little . . ."

If that was the way to get Parker . . . well, that was the way to get Parker. "Parker," I said.

"Talk, bum."

"I've got nothing more to say. To you. There's only one guy in this whole Department I know I can trust . . ."

"You don't know anything about this mess. Who the hell do you think you're kidding?" He let go my shirt collar. "Okay, maybe there's some little nonsense you're holding out. We may as well have your side of the picture complete. Okay, you get Parker. Stick around."

I stuck around.

I dozed on the hard cot for maybe an hour and I opened my eyes to the grey dawn peering down through the bars of the small window—and to Parker, good Parker, wide-grinned against the cell door.

Beamishly he said, "Well, look what we got here."

"Louis. Louis, boy. Am I glad to see you."

"Son," he said, "how do you manage it?"

I stretched, arranging my aching bones. "Louis."

"Boy, you got the gift. Wait a minute, I'll get you out of this can. We'll talk in a conference room. I'll send out for coffee. Boy, you look like a used-up pair of pajamas."

He went away and I was lonesome watching him go, bulk-shouldered and keg-necked, black hair short and perpendicular. I marched my cell and I rubbed my calves and I pulled at the bones of vertebrae like I was rowing a stand-up boat; and then he was coming back, with a small grey-faced shuffle-footed guard, and I heard him ask, "Where's Nottiby?"

"Sick. We sent him home. Cramps in the belly. Guy drinks over an ulcer, what do you think? I'm fillin' in, cat-nappin'. That's a guy we ought to get rid of." He yawned, yellow-toothed, opening the door. "He's yours, Lieutenant." He shuffled out of vision.

Parker was a cigar-festooned unmalicious imp, delivering a blink-eyed detective out of bondage. "Boy, you certainly have the gift."

"Thanks, Louis."

"Let's go say hello to Johnny. He's four cells up, they tell me."

"Drunk as a coot."

He stopped me, hand on arm. "And don't ask me to spring him out of his clink, not even for recess in the conference room, because Johnny ain't doing so good; not especially good. I'm afraid that Johnny-boy is all caught up with. You can kiss another client goodby."

I scoffed. "Not Johnny the Mick, Lieutenant. That guy's got more wires in this town . . ."

"No more wires, Petie." He was downpitch in voice, earnest; no imp now, all cop. "He's fixed for the big wire upstate, Petie; all fixed. You simply cannot get away with murder, not too often. I don't care how many politicians you know, and this time Johnny went to work on society; it's not a guy full of bullets on a lonely road in a stopped car with a prison record and a lot of bad-boy friends."

"Louis, lad, the guy's too smart."

The cigar perked. "We got Johnny squared away for the chair, detective. So keep your face smiling and keep your mouth shut. We're just going by for greeting."

But there was no greeting.

And there was no reply.

There was the grunt of shock.

And a gasp—

Johnny the Mick was hanging by his belt from the top of the cell door, the pulled-over cot beside the dangle of his shiny useless shoes; Johnny the Mick, turning aimlessly, his blue face tilted toward the ceiling and his tongue black between the fierce last bite of his teeth. The grey light seeping from the small window dripped a pool of shadow from his body in a thick splotch like blood.

Sam Kelcey wasn't there.

"Kelcey," Parker yelled. "Get him on that two-way phone. Hurry up."

They contacted Kelcey, and then they all began pouring in, like relatives for a will reading. We got Kelcey, and reporters, and thin-faced ascetic cops, and red-faced cops with big hands, and the boys with the glasses from the D.A.'s office, and the medical examiner, and two psychiatrists. Two of them.

One guy's name was Bruce Winston, and he added it up short. "He knew you had him. When he came out of his daze, he realized it."

"And how we had him," Kelcey said. "He'd had a terrific bust-up with the girl a couple of months ago. She was giving him the two-time for a long time. It was his gun, and the bullet in her was from that gun. She was in the apartment and the apartment was locked, and I mean locked, from the outside. Drunk, he was yelling suicide, that she had killed herself. But the gun had no prints on it but his, and you don't rub off fingerprints after you shoot yourself and you're dead. It didn't even have his." He pointed at me.

"Why not?" said one of the red-faced cops.

"I picked it up with a handkerchief."

"Plus," Kelcey said, "he tried to give us the schmoos about she had a key to get in—but she had no key on her person, none that fitted that door. I told him that when I came in for his statement. He was too drunk to listen, or care."

Bruce Winston said, "That about sums it up."

"He insisted he wasn't there," I said, "all day."

"Sure he insisted," Kelcey said. "The doorman works an eleven-hour shift with two hours off. Between three-thirty and five-thirty. He knew it, and that's when he brought her there. About five o'clock. We know from her sister."

Continued on page 155

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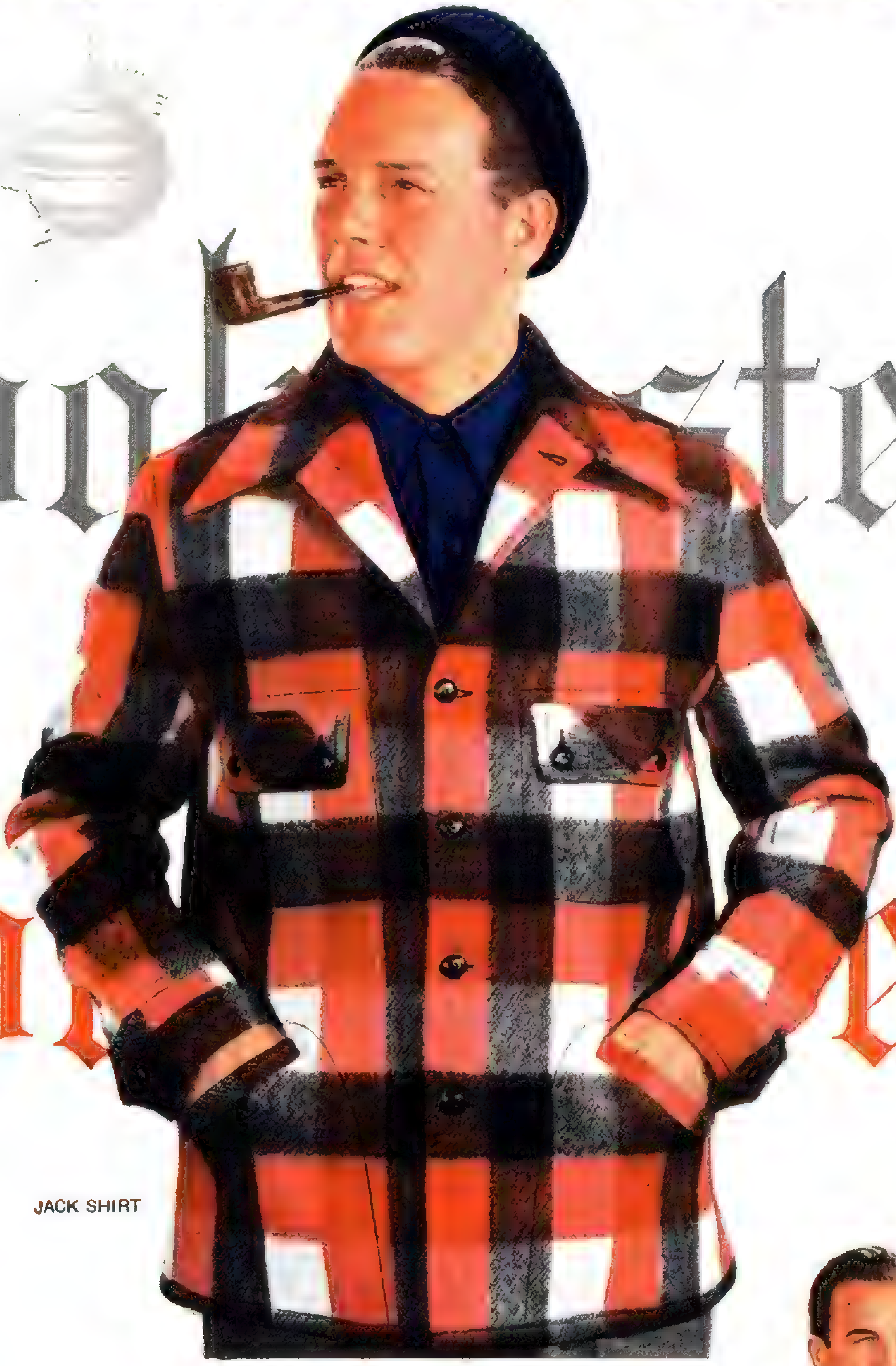

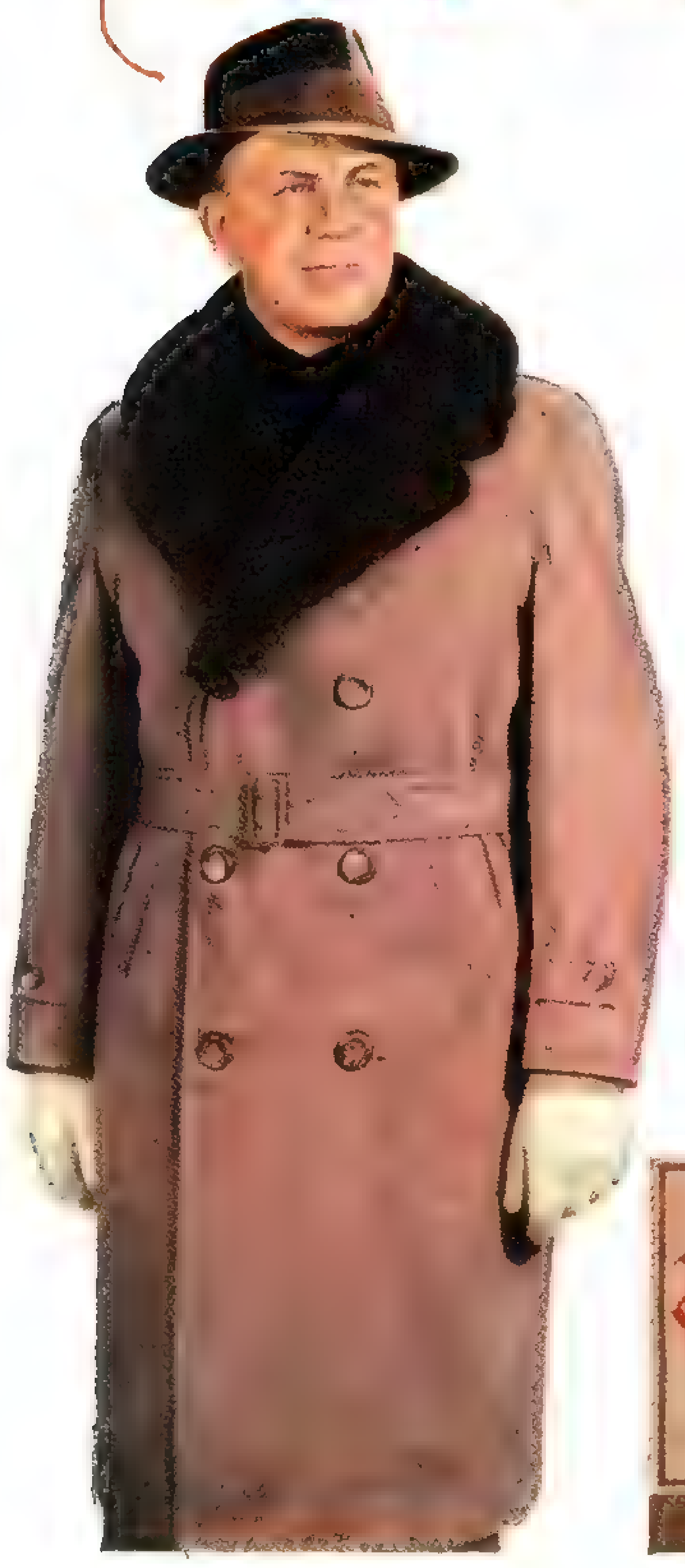

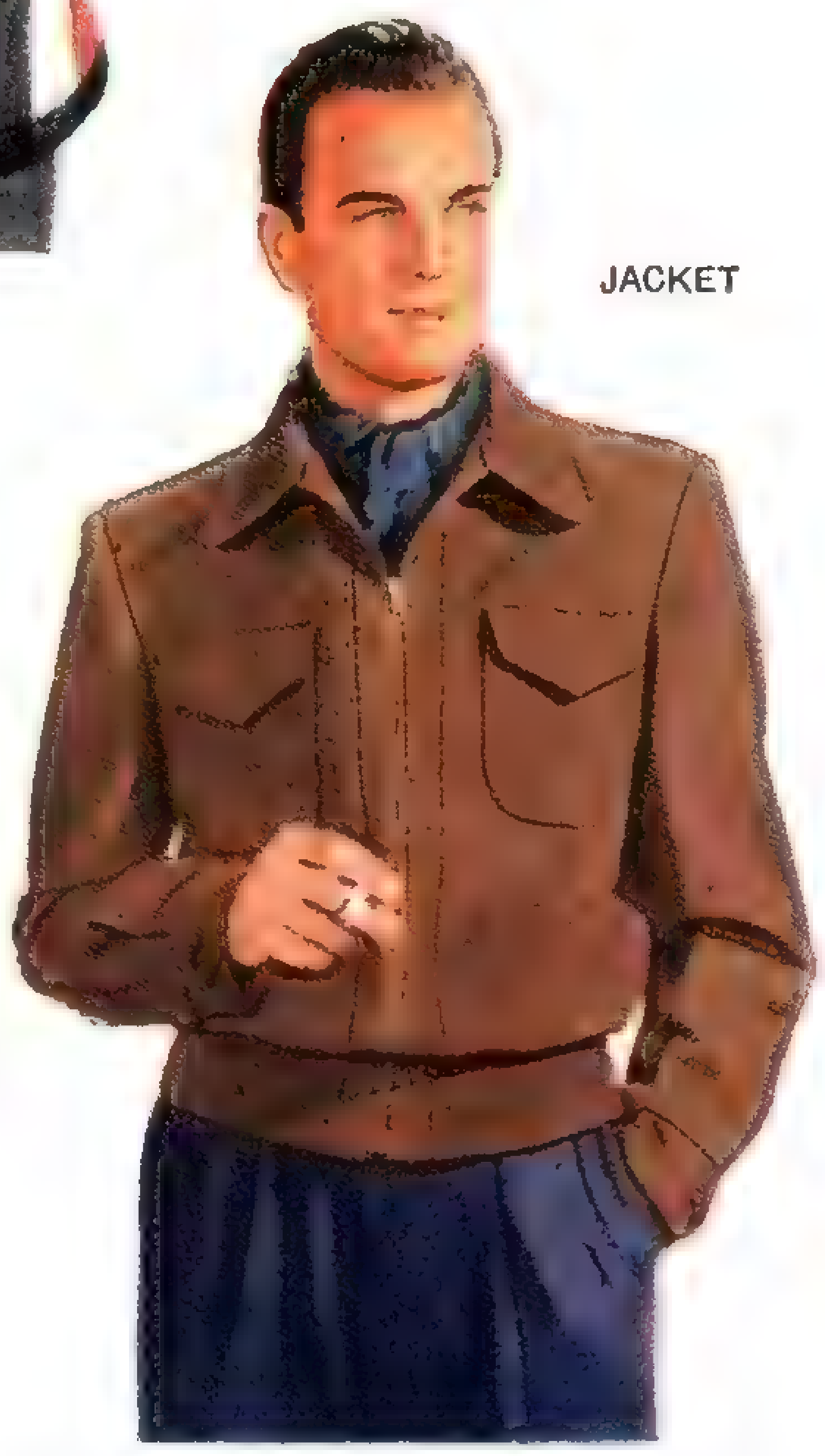

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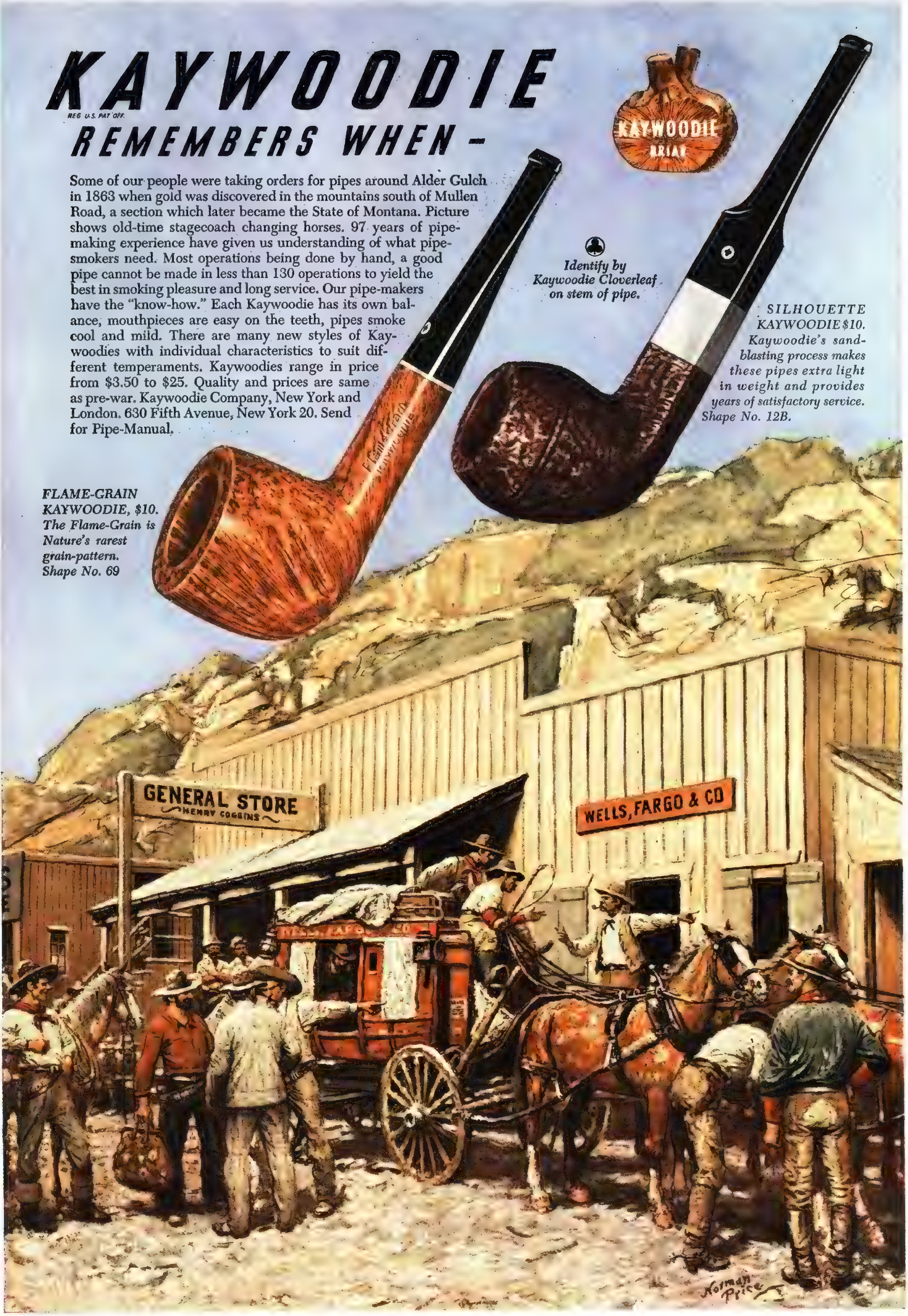

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"Who checked the sister?" I asked.

"Parker."

"I don't get it."

"What?"

"Why send me for the bag?"

"He knew you could keep your nose clean."

Nose clean. Reminiscent words. "I don't mean that. I mean why risk it?"

"There was upwards of seventy G's in the bag, mad money he kept around the apartment, I suppose. That's all was in the bag, except a couple of suits, underwear, a few shirts and ties."

"But the dead dame . . ."

"Look, even for Johnny the Mick, seventy G's isn't tissue paper."

Bruce Winston said, "I think we can re-enact it like this. There had been a long-standing spat between him and the woman. From what I learn, she was most attractive, but an unsavory type. They went to his place—and there's a murder. Possibly, the whole business was premeditated, since they came there during the period when the doorman was off. We don't know, that might have been coincidence. But our Mr. Mikvah is not a boy with no experience. There was only one shot. It might have been heard, but a single shot is frequently mistaken by a hearer for backfire, something like that. Regardless, there is no disturbance, and now he has her there, a dead woman in his apartment."

"On the sixteenth floor," Kelcey said.

"He's been brought up short, by a love affair. It has happened before, with people quite as experienced as Mr. Mikvah. He cannot lug her out of there, of course. He waits around, probably pokes his head out the door a few times. No excitement. Unheard. Good."

Parker said, "Of course. Happens all the time. Gunshot in an apartment is plenty screened off."

"Then what? He packs his bag, puts in the money that has been kept around probably for an emergency, and then, before he even picks the gun up from the floor, he realizes that there are many things to do, many preparations to make. He leaves the apartment, locking the door. He knows that nobody can come back there; according to him, only she and he had a key. We have about a seven-hour span. All we know about that period is that he made certain preparations, and that he was drinking heavily, which is usual enough in the circumstances. Then he goes to Mr. Chambers."

"Just a minute," I said. "Why? Why me? What could I do for him that he couldn't do for himself?"

Winston said, "The man was drinking. He wasn't worried about discovery. He had arranged for plane tickets, we know that. Mexico. He was going to disappear. He might get in touch with associates. He might transfer all of his affairs to another country, under another name, with Mexico as a first jumping-off place. It's all been done before. It's all within the realm of possibility."

"Sure. But why me?"

"There were seventy thousand dollars in the bag."

"So why doesn't he get it himself?"

"It's comprehendible. We're endeavoring to look into a man's mind. He was intoxicated. No one knew there was a dead woman in his apartment, but it has been established there is a type who cannot face the result of his crime. Once away from it, he cannot return to it. Yet—seventy thousand dollars. That way it is perfectly explicable. Could he arrange a substitute? Was there somebody whom he could trust, a person of sufficient intelligence who would act properly in the circumstances? I am told that you're such a person, Mr. Chambers."

"Mister, there are things that are none of my business . . ."

Kelcey said, "Peepers. Phonies. Guys like that . . ."

"He's been a help," Parker said. "You told me yourself, Inspector . . ."

"That is aside from the point," the psychiatrist said. "He knew he could trust him. Psychologically, he simply feared to be compelled to go back there and look upon her. He didn't tell him what to expect; he was afraid of a refusal. He simply commissioned him to go for the bag, although, from the fee that was offered for a manual errand, I assume Mr. Chambers should have been put upon notice that it wasn't quite running an errand."

"I was."

"How . . ."

"According to him, there might be guys looking for him. The Inspector knows. I told him, I dictated for a stenographer . . ."

"But," Winston said, "matters congealed. Things happened that he couldn't have foreseen. In his excitement, he had left the water running in the bath and he hadn't turned it off, and hours later, it leaked down to the apartment below. A call from the downstairs apartment was put through to the superintendent. He came up, knocked on Mikvah's door, and, when there was no answer, used his passkey. He was going through to the bathroom when he discovered the body. He called down to Headquarters and, luckily, Inspector Kelcey was there, and when he heard in whose apartment this homicide was committed, he took over. I say, luckily, because the Inspector used excellent method and excellent judgment. When he saw that bag and the money, he came to a good quick conclusion. The man expected to return. So instead of turning the homicide boys loose, he left everything as it was, and staked his men around the premises, and they waited. Then you, Chambers, showed up."

Grumpy I said, "He didn't know what I was coming for, did he?"

Kelcey said, "No, I didn't. But in a way, I had a hunch."

"But when you came out with the bag," Winston said, "then he *did* know. So the Inspector himself followed you, he knew to whom you'd lead him. Meanwhile, the boys took over upstairs, proceeding with the usual methods of investigation. The Inspector picked up young Adam Polk outside your place and came up with him and made the arrest. Intoxicated, John Mikvah tried to brazen it. But in his cell, as he sobered, as reaction set in, he realized that he was caught, that his brazenness had been drunken-

Continued on page 156

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645 N. La Peer Drive
Hollywood 46, California

ness, that instead of being on his way somewhere, fleeing from all of this, he was incarcerated, in a police cell, and that at the very moment the boys were out tightening it, adducing the evidence, putting proof on proof. He killed himself. It has happened before. Despair, frustration, knowledge of guilt, impossibility of escape, and the deep initial depression upon emerging from a state of alcoholic inebriation. That's about it."

The party broke up.

I went home.

It was all dull clouds and a quarter to six of a sulky morning when I got back to the apartment. I finished the Scotch that Johnny had left. I put coffee through the drip and I mulled over the coffee and ate a few cigarettes.

I wasn't happy.

I knew Johnny the Mick since his salad and sauerkraut days: it didn't figure. A guy doesn't murder a girl, and then pick your lock, for laughs, just to keep his hand in. A guy doesn't murder a girl and then send you up there, for no reason, just for a bag, without giving you an inkling. Seventy G's. Not that guy. Not Johnny the Mick. Seventy G's might sound like important money to a psychiatrist on civil service—but I knew Johnny the Mick. Johnny the Mick wouldn't pose his chin, like the law was a barber and he needed a shave—not Johnny the Mick. Not for seventy G's. Not for a hundred and seventy G's. Maybe the psychiatrist was absolutely correct, for a lot of guys, but not for Johnny the Mick. Or maybe it wasn't the psychiatrist. Maybe *I* was all wet. Wetter than a nursery full of infants in the middle of a diaper shortage. Me.

I hated the coffee. I hated the cigarettes.

I loved the Scotch. Then there was no more Scotch.

Six o'clock in the morning is no hour to run out of Scotch, not when there is less sleep in you than there is in the college girl dragging a dead-legged daddy through the booby traps.

I sighed. The phone rang.

The voice said, "Miami."

"Arlington Cemetery," I said. I hung up.

The phone rang. "Miami," the voice said . . .

"Look, I don't care if it's Moscow . . ."

"What's the matter with you, lover?"

"*Miami*," I said. "Miami Moonbeam. I must be falling apart, that's what's the matter with me. Furthermore, no Scotch. That kills me. *Oh!* I'll be right over . . ."

"That's what I mean, lover. We just heard about it down here. Come on over and have a drink. And tell us. Sweetheart's all broken up."

"I'll be right there. Don't close the joint."

"You kiddin'?"

I changed and I went. But fast.

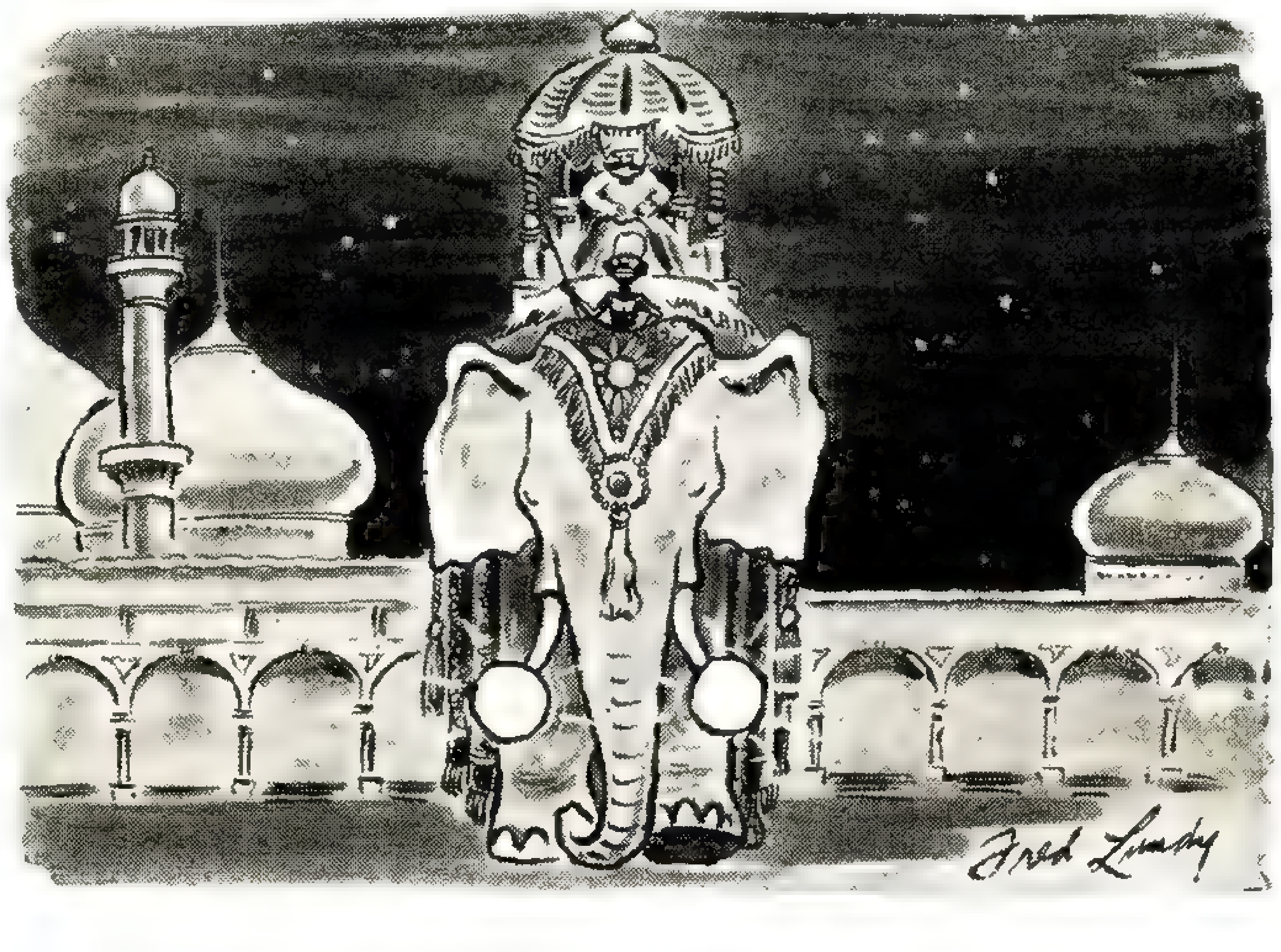
The most unfashionable section of the City of New York is Eleventh Avenue, up and down, and all the way. The most fashionable club in all of the City of New York is located on Eleventh Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, but you park your car, if you're coming, at least one block away. That's an order.

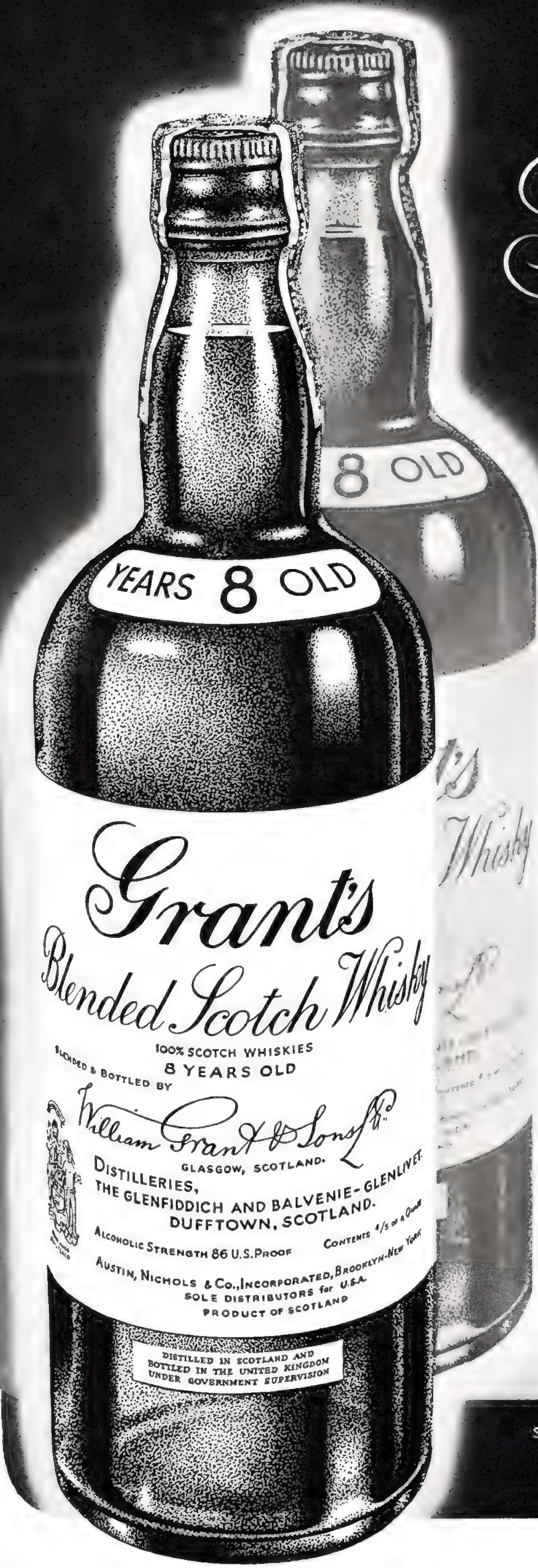
El Courvocco opened its gaudy portals—well, you had to work your way through a grimy garage to get in—at four o'clock a.m., and it shut down promptly at twelve noon, at which time, if you were still in the mood, you could snag a drink in your neighborhood saloon (and much cheaper), without the embarrassment of the bartender regarding you over his lids as a before-breakfast hottentot.

El Courvocco catered to class: to the boys and girls who rebelled at pulling in their awnings at the witching, if arbitrary, hour proclaimed by the legislature for the renunciation of convivial gurgling in the public halls. It catered, too, to the lads and the lassies without the fortitude to step into a barren saloon at nine o'clock in the morning and order up a pink lady and put the lights to the juke box, to the utter dismay and the mutterings of the matutinal passers-by, to say nothing of the harassed and jittery barkeep cracking ice to chill the beer for the more conventional minded. In a city of eight million there are hordes that hanker for a drink after a stern curfew has dispossessed them, and there are ladies and gentlemen of gregarious nature who desire their grog amid smiles and music at a quarter to ten in the morning, and why is a quarter to ten in the morning less respectable than a quarter to ten in the evening?

For them, El Courvocco, an in-

Continued on page 158

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* *Every drop of* GRANT'S is either 8 or 12 years old. Wm. Grant & Sons are the exclusive proprietors of the Balvenie-Glenlivet and Glenfiddich distilleries. 86 Proof.

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stitution created by Sweetheart Vaydelle and Johnny the Mick, aided, abetted, and gloriously adorned by Miami Moonbeam; a square block of converted carbarn where the clap of curfew is the thunder of commencement.

First there is a dark dank garage and an oil-speckled floor and a group of overalled gentlemen with faces more muscular than a ballerina's thighs. To them you present your credentials—a permanent card of invitation, with countersignatures—and if you pass muster, you are led through a foul-smelling concrete anteroom and instantly you are in a lobby as spacious as a hippodrome, high-domed and marble-walled, with a pale blue carpet lush to the ankles. To the left and to the right are expansive hat-check counters, each equipped with three smiling blondes in pale blue velvet and, in the middle, two enormous frost-glass swinging doors rise up all the way to the distant ceiling. You check your hat and coat, for free, and right there the largesse of El Courvocco terminates.

And yours begins.

Between the doors a blue velvet arm extends all the way to the middle of the lobby, a sort of bisecting arm for the gentry, the right side for fresh fodder, the left side for go-homers. The right door, in faceted cut glass, sparkles IN, the left door sparkles OUT, and as you approach, the door swings open on an electric-eye device, and immediately you are part of the most fantastic saloon of our age.

Two broad red-mahogany hand-carved drinking bars, parallel as good intentions and so long they seem to converge in the rear, extend for two hundred feet, fronting for full-dress suits, tuxedoes, evening gowns, banter, gaiety, laughter, tears, jewels, flesh, perfumes, and the constant hum of many languages, mostly English. The wide area between the bars is heavy with the glow of a deep phosphorescent sawdust, and behind the bars, each for her station, are thirty saucy ladies, tending bar in tight red side-slit skirts and red satin fluff-sleeved blouses and jaunty red satin caps of the overseas variety. And behind them, on each side, one immense panel of mirror is removed, and in its stead appears the legend, conceived, it is said, by Miami Moonbeam (which limits the clientele and restricts the sight-seers) in tall electric tote-board letters:

It's five bucks a clout,
Come beer, come gin,
So before you shout—
Who asked you in!

Instead of a brass rail, each bar has a transparent plastic rail with an inner tube of neon, lipstick-red, running all the way, and in the rear they rise up in a glowing frame for the entrance to the Grotto, a deep room, papered blue, with round walls like an amphitheatre. There are tickers at the far end for the early morning brokers with an eye to business, and the wool-gatherers, and the wheat and grain boys, and the newsgatherers, and the political nuts. Sturdy tables ring the room dressed in crimson tablecloths, tended by shapely waitresses dressed like the bar girls only their skirts are shorter, who serve you from a kitchen with dual presidents, one Italian and one French, both imports, and both famous for their concoctions. There is no dancing. Two quiet orchestras play in relays, each of eight violins. There's a small stage, but there is no entertainment, other than the best of entertainment donated by the customers of the joint, luminaries of stage, screen and opera, as the impulse may move them, prompted by love, vodka or ego.

Bouncers in tuxedoes are the one prosaic touch, but even they are overshadowed by the startling personality of Miami Moonbeam, the flaming Juno of the night clubs.

Miami Moonbeam, born Roberta Salock, was six-feet-three of the most audacious curves granted a female, perfectly proportioned. She had owned a club of her own in Florida, entertaining in the manner of Texas Guinan, of revered memory. When Sweetheart and Johnny had grown up to where they had taken over and converted the carbarn, she had been persuaded to sell her place and preside in perpetuity over El Courvocco, perpetuity being a contract that ran with the lease.

Preside she did, in matching tones with the décor of the motif (voilà, suckers), always in a blue gown, and red of hair. She had enormous blue eyes, smiling all the time, and the smoothest skin of face and neck and shoulders, and she wore her red hair simply, like a scarf, caught thick in a ring of sapphires and over one shoulder in front of her.

She saw me the minute I got by the door and she waved and she came to me in a skin-draped blue curving creation with no shoulders, which instantly caused you to wonder how it stayed up so far down. She came to me, walking as only Miami Moonbeam could walk, slowly, all of her moving, but separately, somehow, and devastatingly. She took me by the hand and led me through to the Grotto, to a small table, and she waved to the girl and the Scotch came and a red pitcher with water and tall slim red glasses. We said "Cheers" a few times and I said, "You know, you're for me. A guy sits here like this near you, forgets his business, forgets everything. It's murder."

"Sure," she said, "but who?" Her voice was honeychile-on-a-milky-way, sultry in the throat.

"*Wh-a-a-t?*"

"Pamela Reevys. That's what."

"Oh, Pamela Reevys."

"A no-good little louse. But Johnny wouldn't do it. Johnny's too smart."

"That's what I said."

"In his own apartment. It's nutty."

"I'll introduce you to a psychiatrist. He'll explain it to you."

"Cute?"

"Too small for you."

"I like them small. I liked Johnny the Mick."

"So did I."

She put a crease between her eyes. "It's not *like* him."

"No. It's not."

"Look, you working on this?"

"Nobody's paying me to work on anything, if that's what you mean."

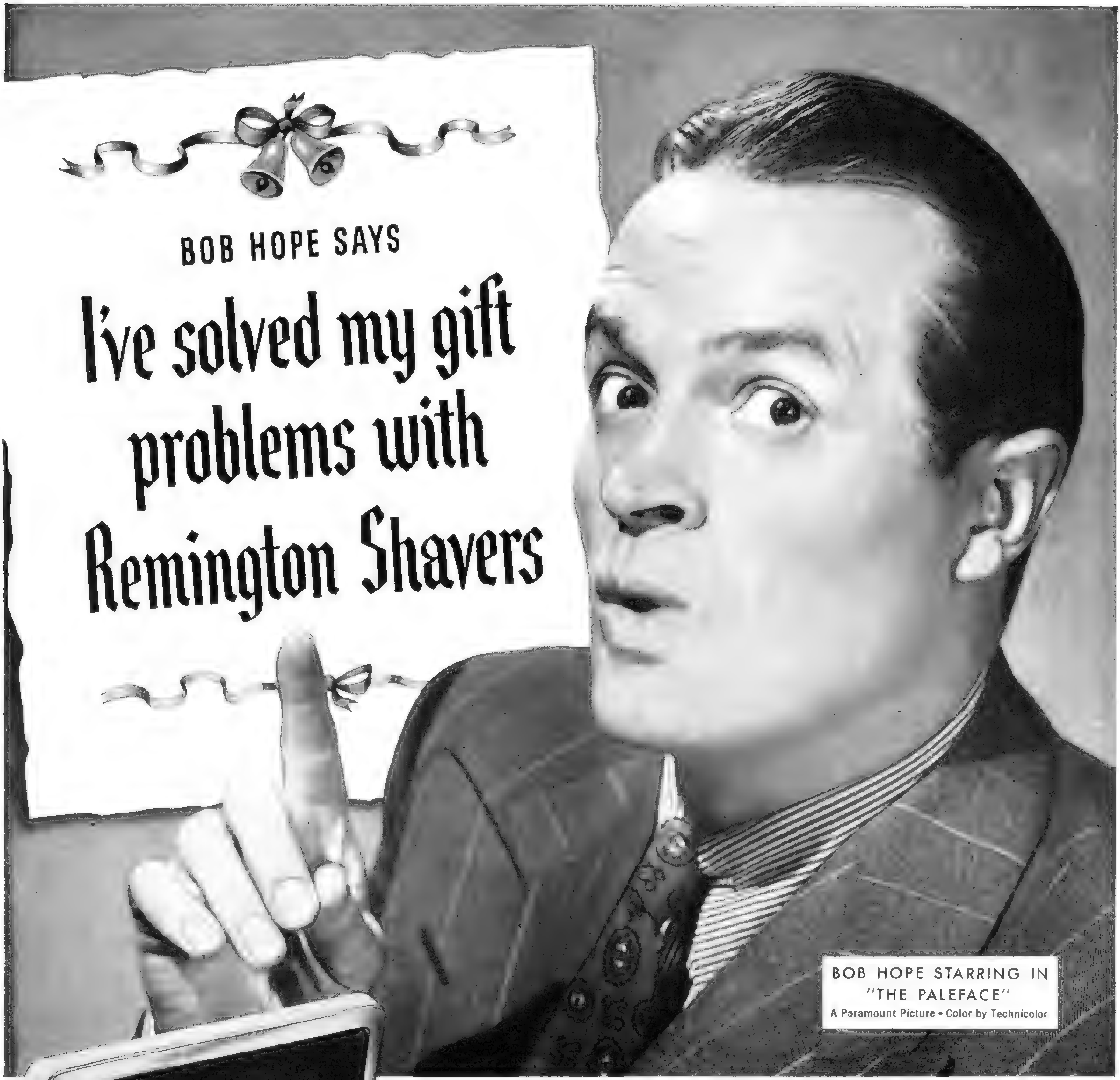
"I'll pay you."

"How?"

"Don't get fresh."

"And for what?"

Continued on page 160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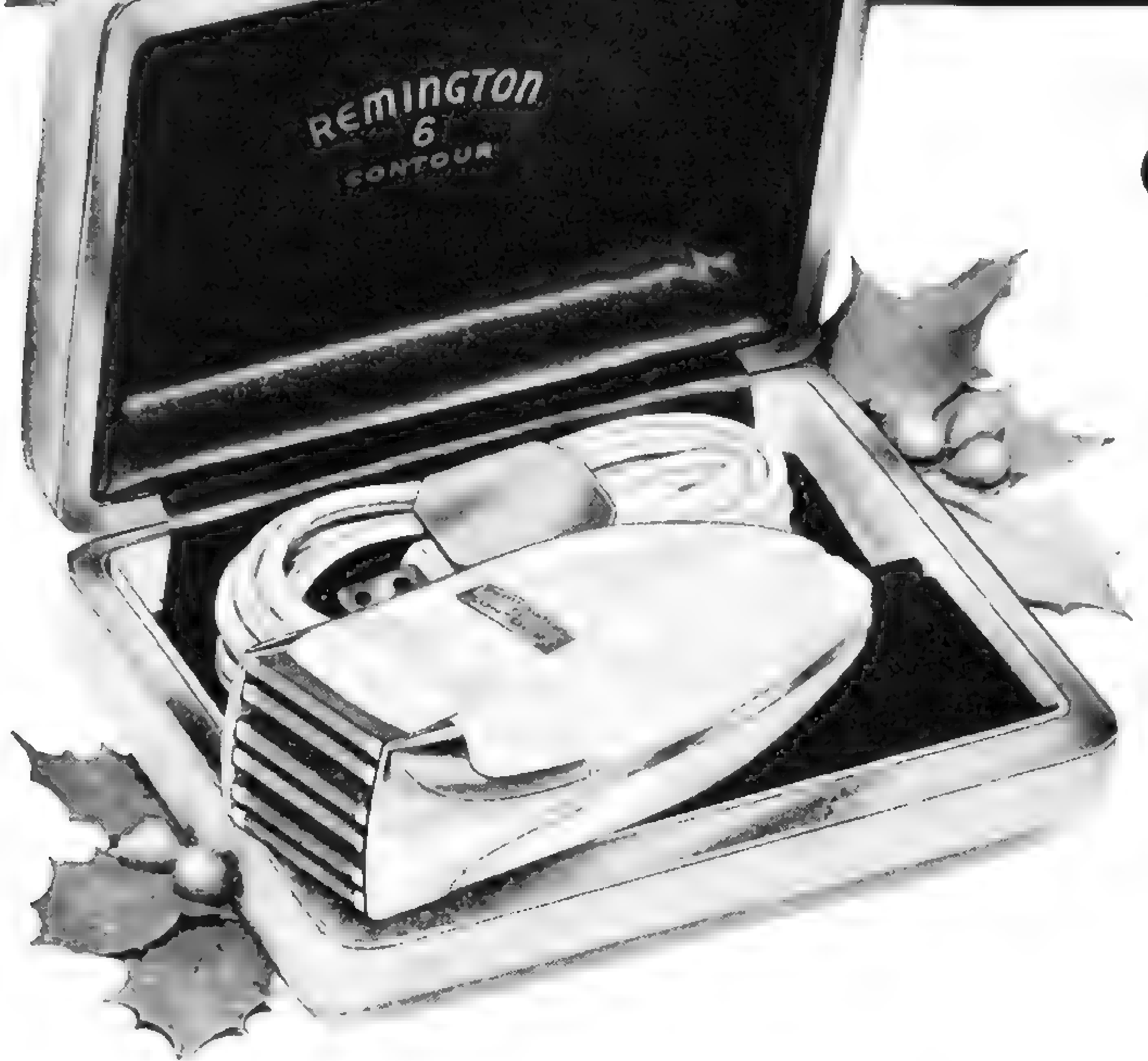
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"It's bad enough he killed himself. He must have had a good solid reason for it. But to have the—uh—stigma of being a murderer too . . . I'd like you to work on it. I think the girl was a plant."

"Honey," I said, "you see the wrong movies. You're too melodramatic. Gorgeous, though. Why should you be paying me, anyway? What've you got to do with this?"

"He left a will upstairs in the safe. When we found out about things, Sweetheart opened it. Whatever he has, he leaves to a couple of hospitals. Except this joint. His interest he leaves half to me, half to Sweetheart. That's a good kind of guy. With my piece, plus my salary, I'm rich. That's why I'm paying. At least I'd like to clean his name up. Like that, I'm melodramatic."

"Suppose he did it?"

"Then he did it. Then he had good reason. You working for me?"

"Okay, I'm working for you. But you're not paying me."

"Why?"

"You figure it out."

"Why?"

"I want you under obligation to me."

"You're a nasty guy, aren't you?"

"What's nasty about wanting you under obligation to me?"

She smiled with a lot of teeth. "Well, the way you put it . . ."

"Deal?" I asked.

"You're a mixed-up kind of chap, Pete. I'm curious about you."

"Deal," I said.

We clinked red glasses, and I looked at her eyes and her face and her neck and her shoulders. She put fingers under my chin and brought me back up again. "All right, now you're working. So now I can tell you that he and Sweetheart had a terrific argument before closing yesterday."

"Where is he?"

"Who?"

"Sweetheart."

"Upstairs. In the office, resting. We only got back a couple of hours ago. We were in Atlantic City, since early this afternoon."

I made for a leer, eyebrows up.

"Don't be crazy," she said. "Business. There's a little club there in Jersey we're thinking of buying. We looked it over in the afternoon, watched it operate in the evening, then we drove back here. That's why we didn't know a thing till we got a call on it a few minutes before I phoned you."

I drank my Scotch. "What kind of an argument?"

"I don't know. It was in the office. They closed me out. I listened outside for a while, you know how it is. They were fighting blue murder. I heard Sweetheart say, 'It's suicide, suicide, that's what it is,' and I heard Johnny say, 'I made my proposition and I don't care if you don't like it or anybody else.'"

"More?"

"Yes. Johnny said, 'Unless we get it straightened out the way I want it, we just can't make a living,' and Sweetheart said, 'We're doing all right, ain't we?' and Johnny said, 'We're an after-hours club, which is illegitimate, and for an outfit running illegitimate, we're not doing all right; we've been slipping bad, we're cutting the ice,' and Sweetheart said, 'It's suicide,' and Johnny said, 'Either way it's suicide, and my way, at least, we're back in the dough,' and Sweetheart said, 'You're cutting your own throat.'"

I lit cigarettes in the latest hero manner, for her and for me. "You know what they were fighting about?"

"I'm only an employee around here."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing else. A lot of angry stuff, but I couldn't make it out. When they come out of there, they aren't talking to each other."

"What about the girl?"

"What girl, lover?"

"That Pamela Reevys."

"Tramp. Strictly. Society tramp, but tramp."

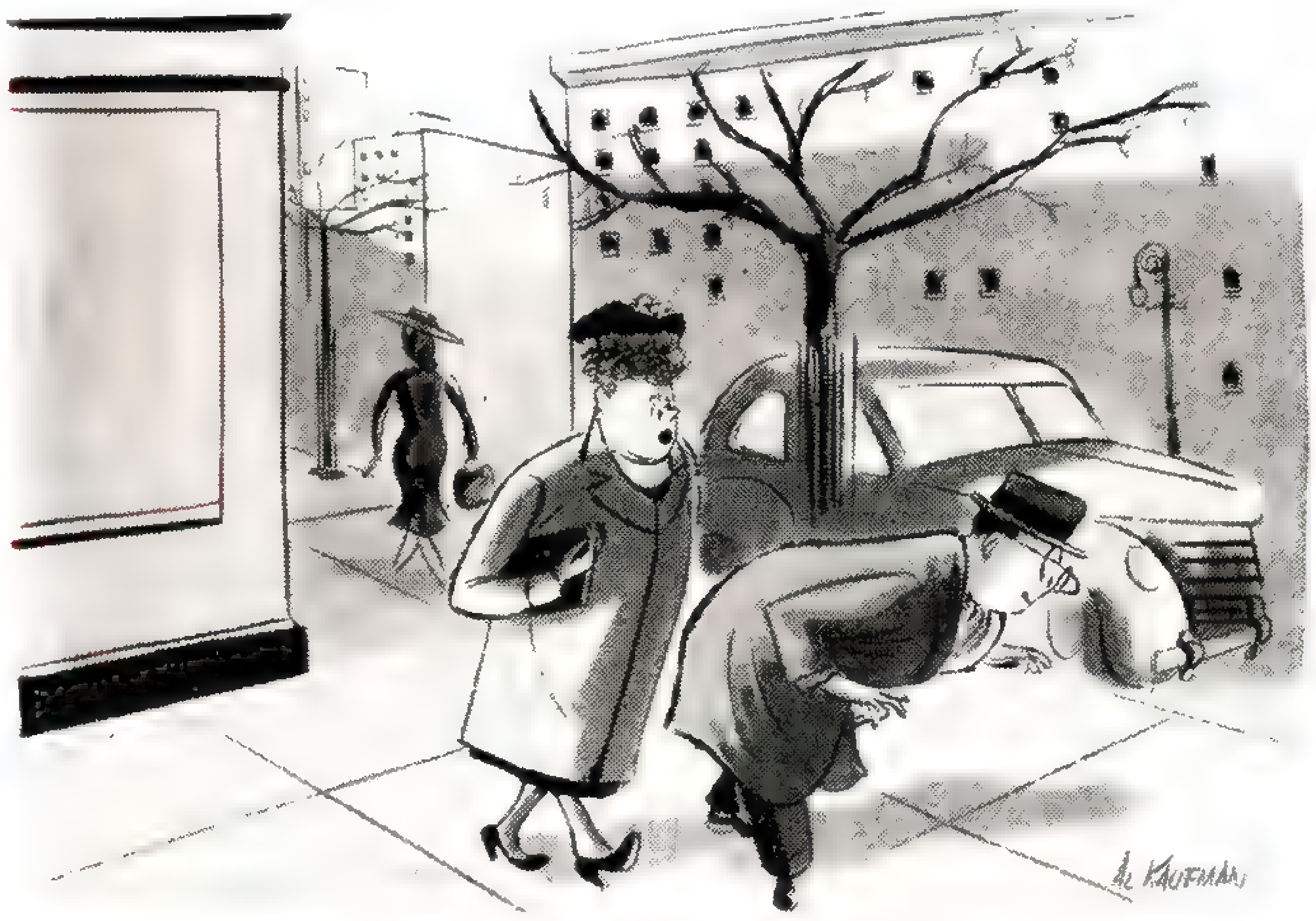
"What about those two? I mean Johnny and her?"

"He was stuck on her, but good. They were going together maybe two, three years. The guy was in love, infatuated, something. She was married to a gee, ex-playboy, but broke and a drunk. About a year ago, she and the husband separated, she always used her maiden name anyway—Pamela Reevys. The Missus part she only used to impress society, the guy came from a long line back to that boat that brought them over. Right about that time, when she separated from her husband, Johnny found out she was seeing another guy."

"Did he like it?"

"He took it. He took it a long time, then, a couple of months ago, it bust out wide; after that,

Continued on page 162



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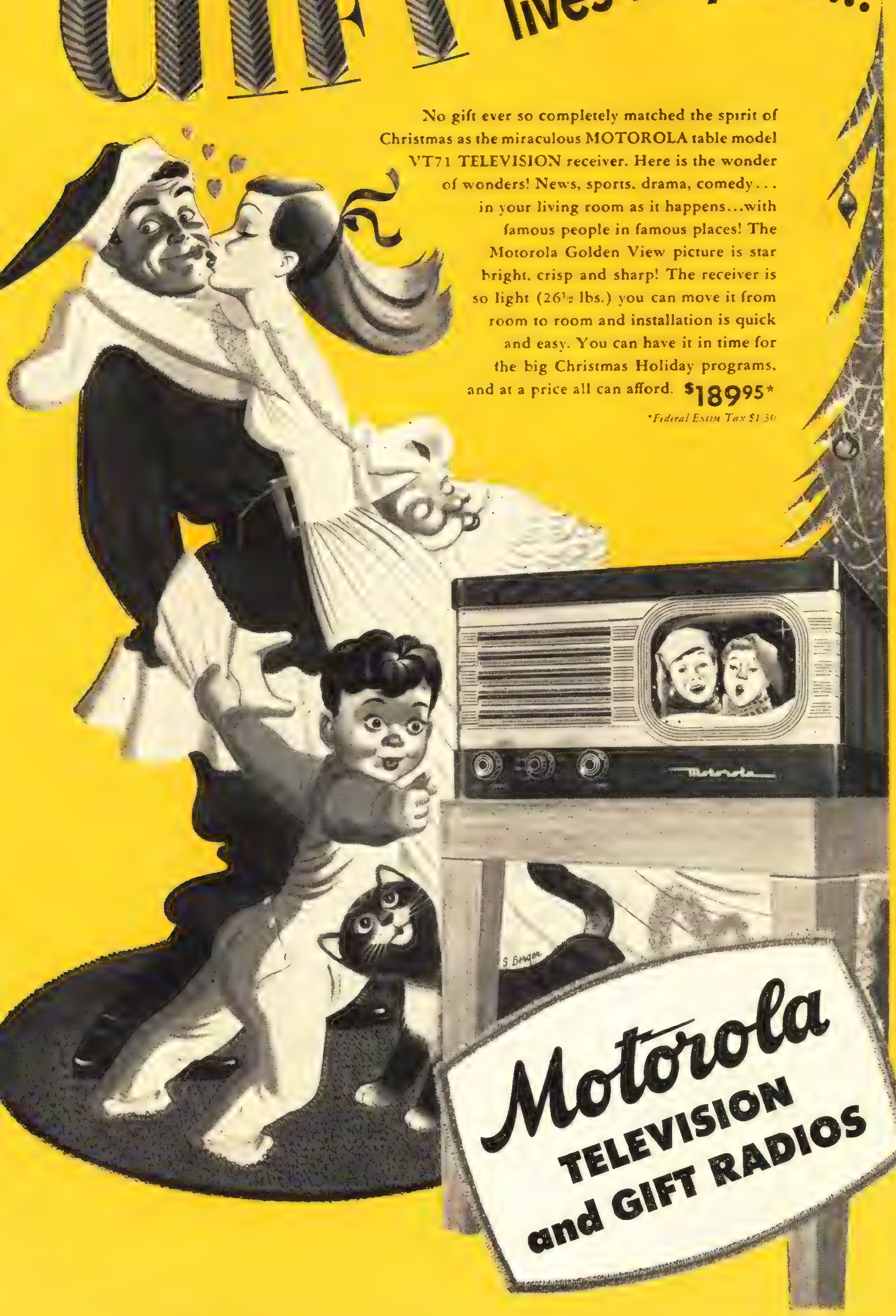

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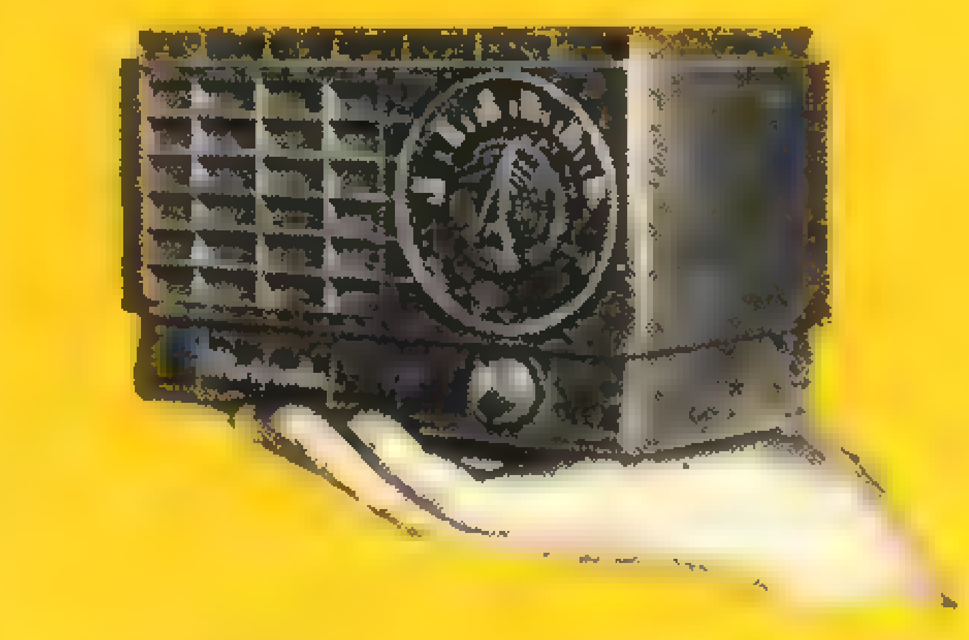

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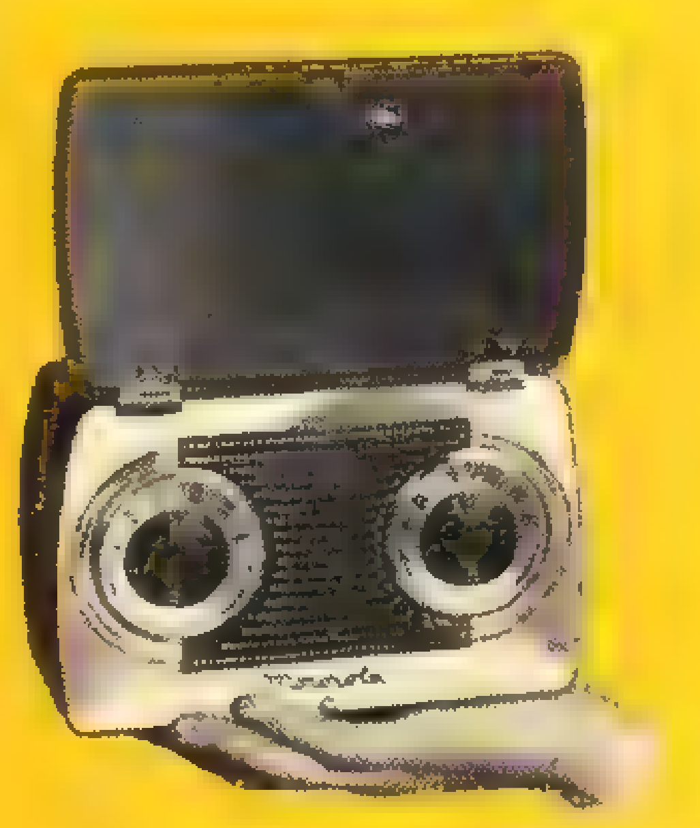

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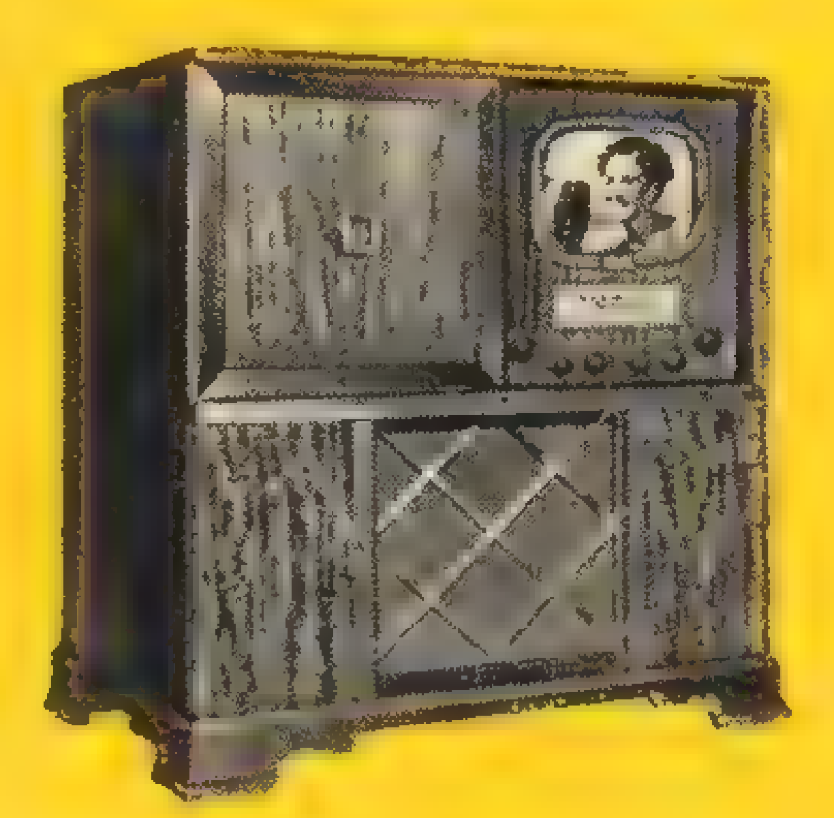

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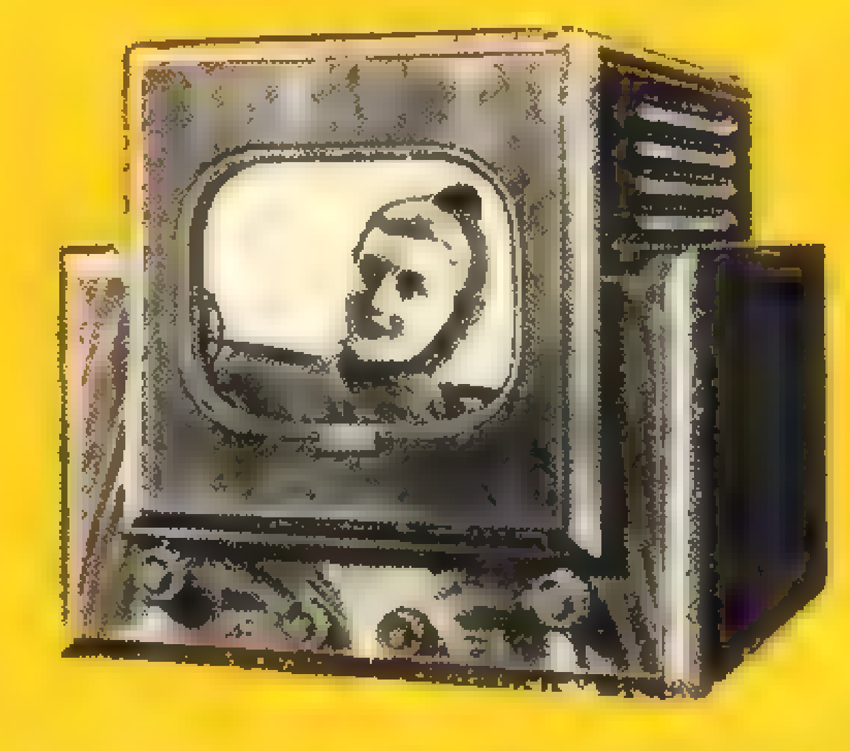

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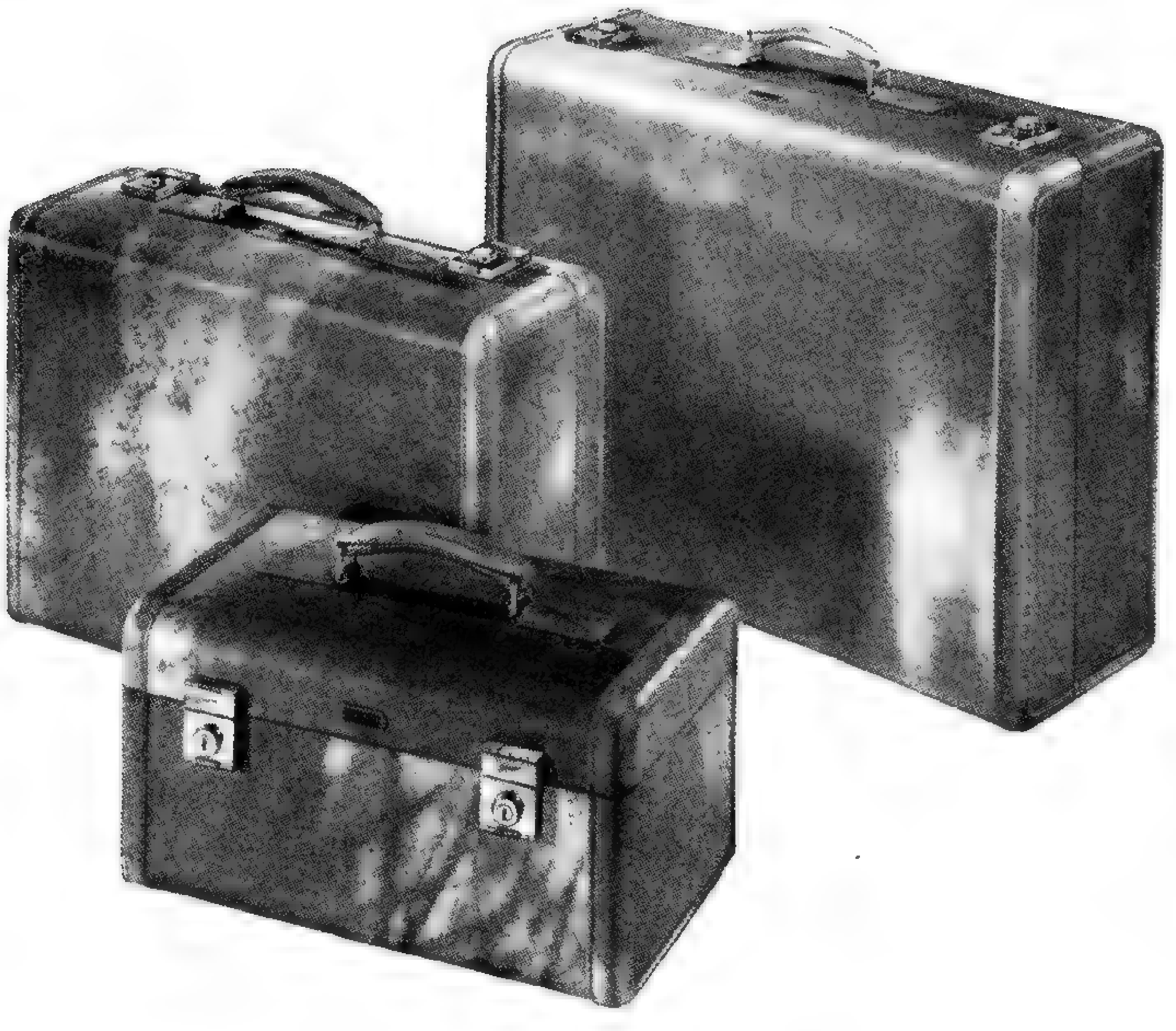

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Johnny saw her, couldn't get over her, but he saw her spaced out like, you know, intermittent."

"Who was the other guy?"

"What other guy?"

"The guy in the middle. Not the husband."

"I don't know. Neither did Johnny."

"I don't get that."

"She told him there was a guy. He didn't care who. He used to talk to me about it, sometimes. He didn't care who. He wouldn't ask, or try to find out. It was none of his business. You know Johnny."

"Knew," I said.

She slid out and stood over me. "Got to go back to my hecklers, lover. You ought to go talk to Sweetheart. And don't forget, you're working on a job."

"Love a down payment."

"One nasty guy."

The office was formal, businesslike: wood-paneled walls and a big desk and hard chairs and a leather couch. Sweetheart said, "Come in, boy. What are you drinking?"

"Scotch."

Sweetheart proffered private stock. "It's a hell of a thing," he said. "Hell of a thing. I hear they had you tied up in the can too."

He stood up behind his desk and he came out, walking. He had a face like a square box with the corners rounded off. He was tall, almost bald, a trickle of well-brushed brown hair over his ears. He carried a lot of weight with grace, neatly dressed, precise in his movements like a mannequin.

"Why?" he said.

"I don't know why."

"A guy like Johnny don't figure to knock himself off."

"That's right."

"You got a figure on it? The whole thing?"

"Nope."

"The dame, yeah. A dame like that can drive you nuts. I know that kind of dame. A dame like that can drive you to things, she could make a guy lose his head, a guy can get excited and let her have it before he knows what he's doing, and then he's jammed. But Johnny hanging by his belt . . ."

"According to the wise boys," I said, "when he comes out of his fog down in the pokey, he realizes he's washed up, that they have it on him solid, so . . ."

"It could be. A guy like Johnny, it could be. Johnny was what you call a realist. He didn't kid himself, that guy. Never did."

I sat and stretched my legs in a hard chair. Sweetheart came with a box of cigars. I brushed it off. "You and he getting along?"

"What's that?"

"You and he."

"Me and he, what?"

"Friendly?"

"Sure we're friendly. What's the matter with you?"

"That's not what he told me."

"What's that?"

"You said that before."

"I'm saying it again."

"He was over at my apartment, before we got picked up . . ."

"I know all about it. We got the whole story down here. One of the newspaper guys called in . . ."

"Well, according to what Johnny told me, you and he weren't doing so good together. Would you like to tell me?"

"What'd *he* tell you?"

"Told me you weren't too crazy about a proposition he made you."

Sweetheart came over close, sucking on his cigar. "Look, punk. I got you over here because maybe you could straighten me out on what happened. Can you?"

"No."

"Then the hell with it. You're not here to be asking *me* questions. Anything Johnny told you, he told you. If you want to state it, and ask me if it's a fact, then state it. Otherwise, don't try to pull the smart-pants sleuth with me. I don't like it. I'll throw you the hell out of here."

"You, and how many bouncers?"

"Me, myself."

"Have a drink, Sweetheart."

I had one.

"Look," he said, "I'm sorry. I'm worked up over this. I just don't like guys prying. I'm going downstairs now, to show around my joint: a lot of people are going to want to know what happened with Johnny. Now, is there anything you want to tell me about the thing, that you figure is for me, and not for cops?"

"I don't know anything, Sweetheart, that the cops don't know."

"All right, kid. I'm sorry I blew. You look dead. Have a drink. Take a snooze if you want. I'll see you later."

I walked around, alone. I had a drink. I had another. The leather couch was broad and long and comfortable. I went to sleep.

Sweetheart woke me. I was fuzzy as a snowflake.

"Whew," I said.

"It's twelve o'clock."

"Twelve o'clock when?"

"Twelve o'clock in the afternoon. The joint's closed. Like some coffee?"

"Love it. Where's Miami?"

"She went home."

He picked up the telephone and ordered breakfast for both of us, with pots of coffee. I washed up and used his things to shave and I ate bacon and eggs and coffee and we talked about everything except Johnny the Mick and than I said, "What about that tomato?"

"Which tomato?"

"Pamela Reevys."

"Poison."

"You know her well?"

"I knew her. I introduced her to Johnny, as it happens. In the old days, that husband of hers was a terrific spender. Went through a fortune. I remember a time that Nottiby . . ."

"*Who?*"

"Nottiby. The husband."

"Just one lovely minute, if you please."

I grabbed the phone like it was an escaping wife and I fumbled once dialing Information and then I got the number and I called the clink and I said, "Nottiby, please. Mr. Nottiby."

"Just a minute."

I waited a year.

"No Nottiby," the man said. "Out sick."

I hung up.

Sweetheart reached and brought his eyebrows down. "What you need is what they call the hair of the dog. You will kindly have a drink."

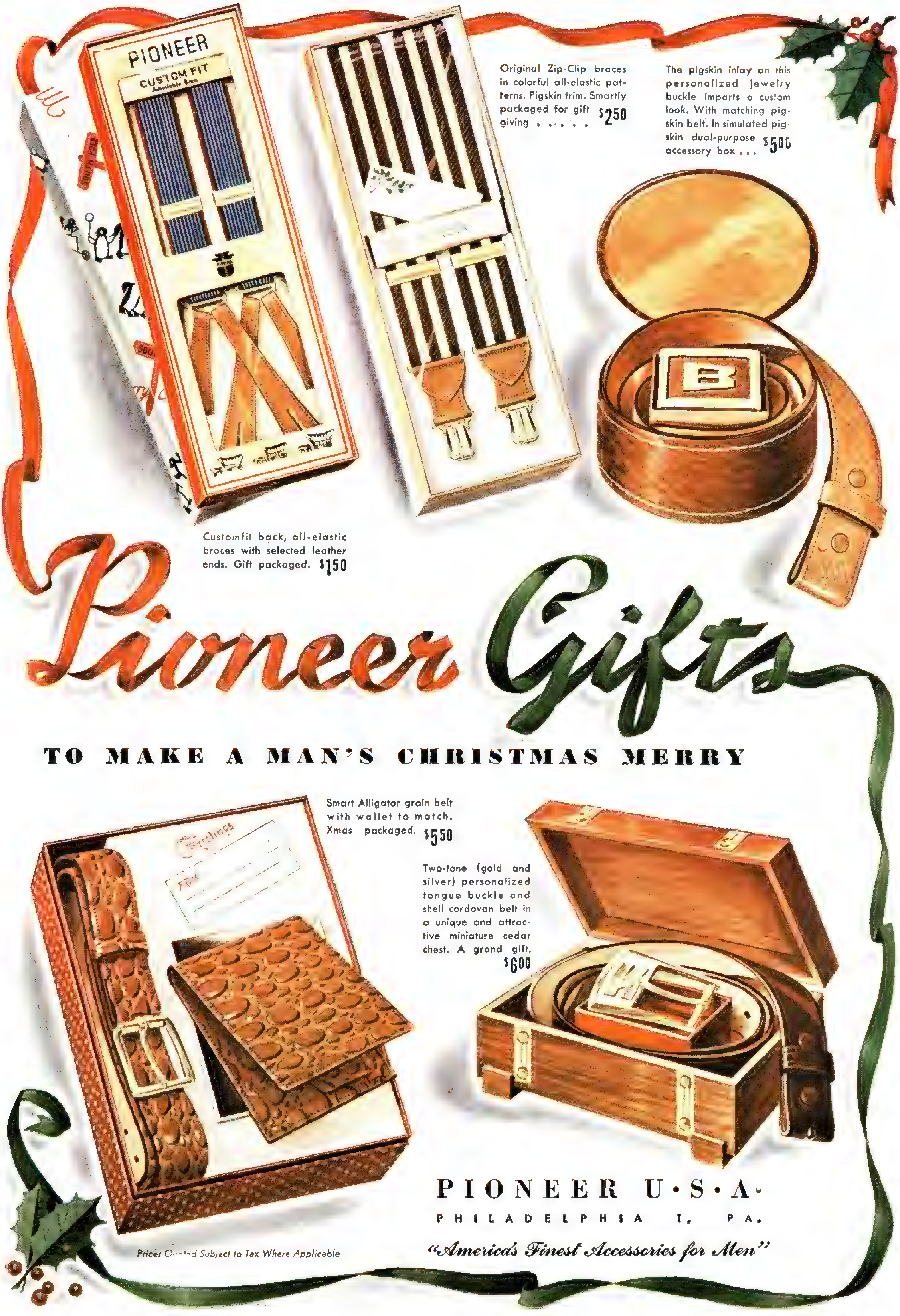
"No, thanks."

Now his eyebrows really went.

"Did you know him well," I said, "this Nottiby?"

"I knew him till he ran out of

Continued on page 167



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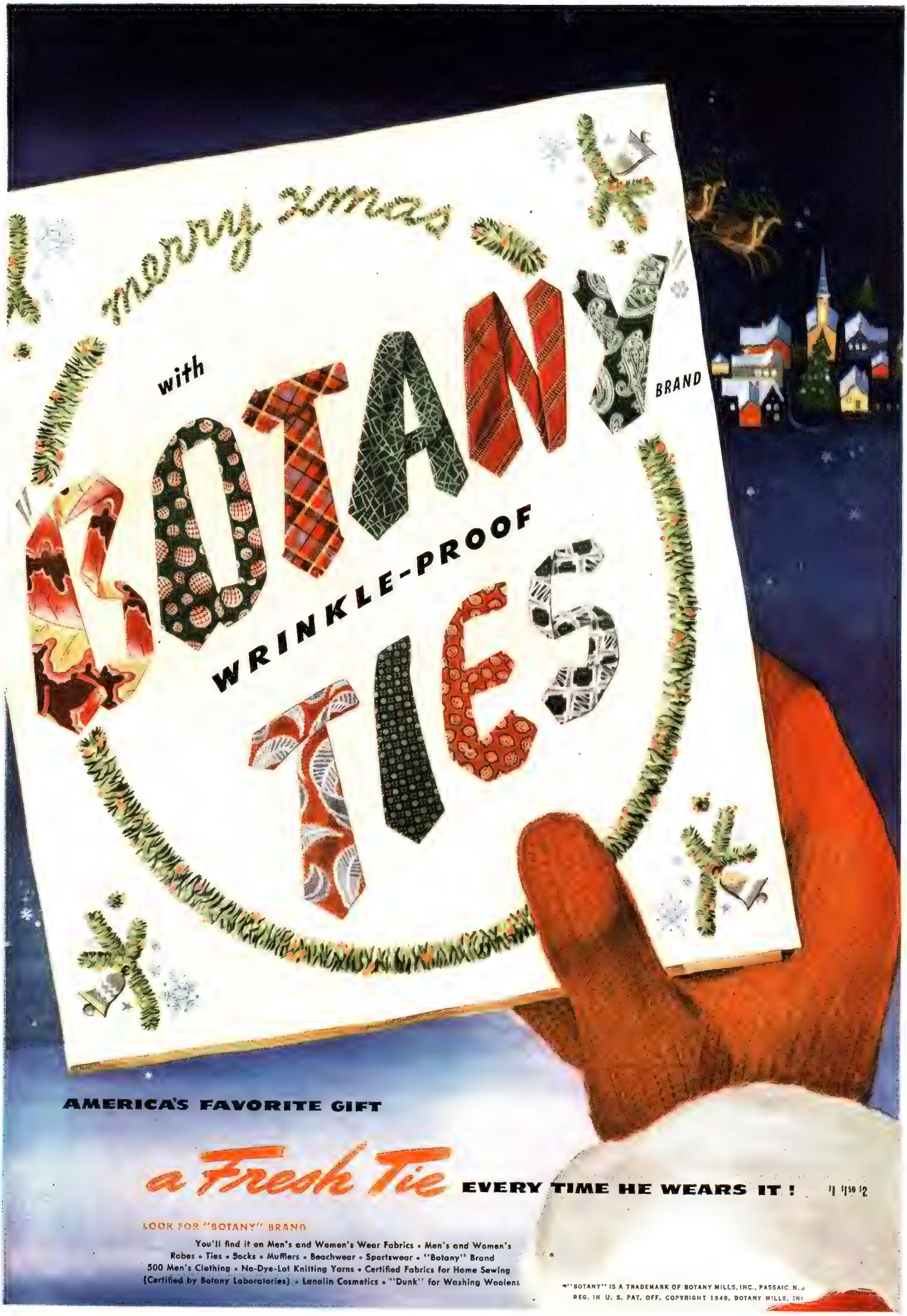

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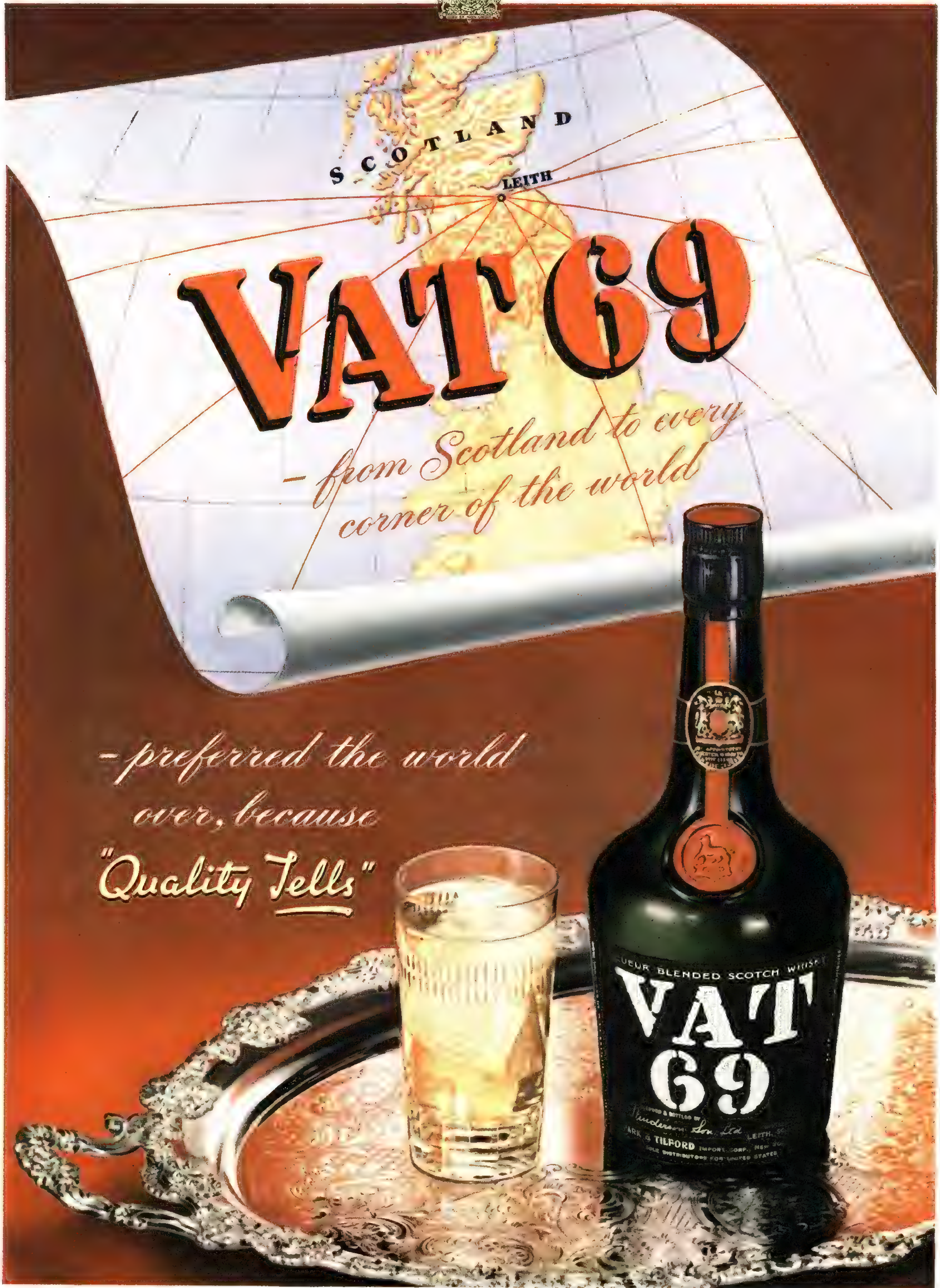
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PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF dough. Then he dropped out of the picture."

"Did he know about Johnny? And the Missus?"

"Sure he knew."

"How'd he take it?"

"He took it, but he didn't like it. With a wife like that, you learn to take plenty, if you're a taking guy. He took. But Johnny was a steady, for a long time. I'd say he didn't like Johnny. At all."

"Would you say it was more than disliking him?"

"I'd say he hated him like poison."

The phone books were a red and grey pile on a telephone table. I said, "Wait another little minute," and I rummaged in the phone book. There was only one Nottiby. "Toby O. Nottiby," I read out loud. "That him?"

"Him."

"So long, Sweetheart. Oh, my hat and coat, I left them . . ."

"I brought them up for you." He opened a closet door.

"Thanks."

"You sure about that hair of the dog?"

"Well . . . I'm not a hard guy to convince."

I had Scotch burning hot after breakfast from an old-fashioned glass and I said, "Thanks, brrrr," and he said, "You're a card," and I said, "I hope you've got nothing to do with this mess," and he said, "Out, before I throw you out," and I said, "I'll be seeing you."

I went home first.

I showered and I dripped down coffee and I drank it naked with the music of the steam hissing from the radiators. I looked for Scotch. No Scotch. I called Miami Moonbeam.

"Honey, I'm going out to see a guy."

"So why wake me?"

"You sleeping?"

"Was."

"The guy I'm going to see is on the case."

"What case?"

"*What* case! How do you like that?"

"Goo'-by, lover."

"The case I'm working on. For you."

"So, go. Why wake me?"

"I don't know. I got to thinking about the down payment."

"*What?*"

"An earnest, sort of."

She hung up.

I called her back. "You're abrupt."

"You're drunk."

"Look, honey . . ."

I heard her yawn. I could almost see her stretch.

"Honey," I said, "ever hear of a guy by the name of Nottiby?"

"Nottiby?"

"Nottiby."

"Oh, Nottiby. Sure. He was the tramp's husband. Cross him off. A nonentity."

"What's he doing now?"

"Don't know. Dropped out of circulation. Let me go to sleep, will you?"

I dressed and I checked the phone book again and I went calling on Nottiby. The address was East Eighty-fifth, and the house was more pretentious than a grande dame being reluctant about her debutante daughter. I sailed by the doorman, but another guy in uniform captured me inside.

"What?" he said.

"Nottiby."

"You have an appointment?" Very flossy for a guy that's a guard in the pokey.

"No appointment."

He put out a pair of lips like he was blowing invisible bubble gum. "No appointment?"

"Look, kid," I said. "Jiggle the thing. I want to see Nottiby. Tell him it's cops."

"Mr. Nottiby doesn't live here."

I snatched at his piped lapels and I brought him over cozy-close. "Wise?"

"No."

"Jiggle the thing."

"He doesn't live here, honest."

"Then what's the appointment routine?"

"Well, I didn't know what to say. Nobody calls on him here. The Missus lives here. I mean did."

"Did?"

"She's dead. There's a piece in the papers, terrible . . ."

"Anybody up there?"

"Well, her sister's been living with her."

"She home?"

"I don't know. I . . . "

"Let's go find out."

"I'll ring her."

"Let's just go, huh?"

"If you wish."

"I wish."

He ran the elevator himself. He took me up to the fourth floor. "Four Q," he said.

I looked at him.

"That's the apartment."

"Thanks."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I only work here. I get my orders."

"That's all right, kid," I said, real patronizing, real cop with a badge. Sam Kelcey himself couldn't do better.

"Yes, sir," he said.

I found Q and I pushed the button. Someone said, "Who?"

"Police."

She opened the door. She looked like she'd been crying, but it didn't spoil her face. She wore a housecoat and she looked good in it. When you look good in a housecoat, you're something. She was something.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I won't be long. Just a few questions."

"Please come in."

She looked a good deal like the other girl, the girl who had been sitting in the chair near the window in Johnny the Mick's bedroom, except that she was a brunette where the other had been fair and her eyes were dark and deep and restless and the other's had been blue, and still.

"Police?"

"Well, not exactly."

I sat on a modern one-armed leather chair and I leaned my elbows on my knees and moved my hat around in my fingers. "I'm very sorry about . . . what happened."

She didn't answer. She stood up straight in front of me. Her eyes were puffed near the corners and her mouth was tight.

"My name is Peter Chambers."

"Yes. You're the man that found her. I was told. What is it, please?"

"I'm a detective, a private detective."

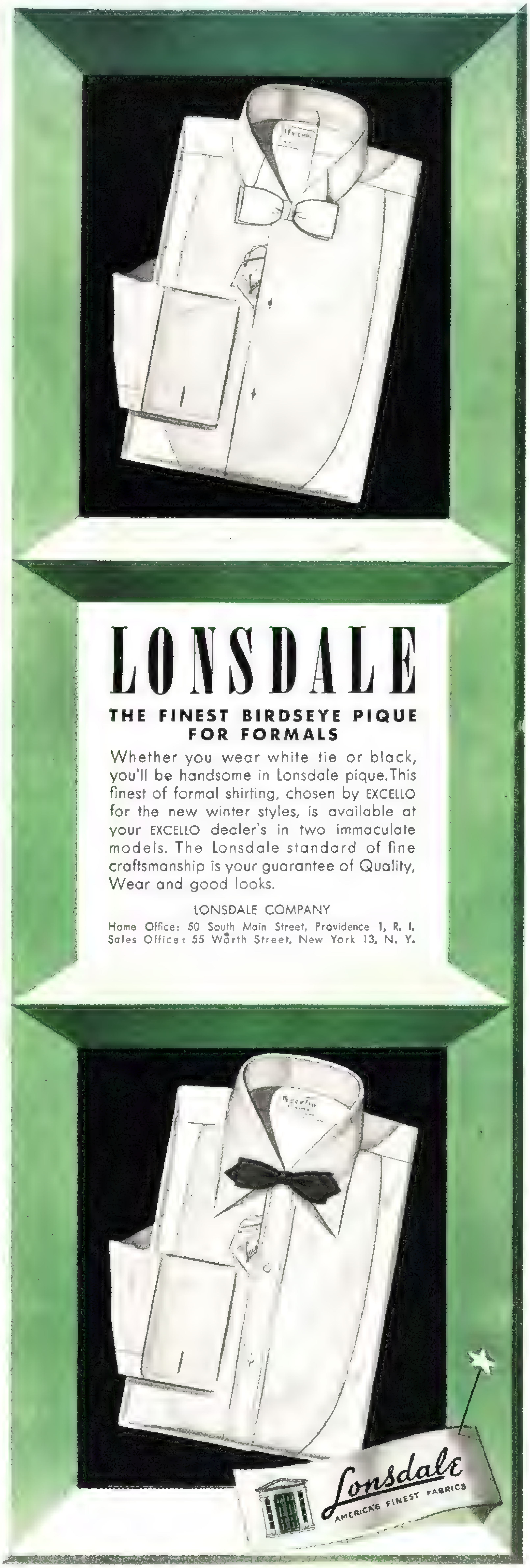
"Yes. I know. What is it?"

"I've been retained to sort of . . . help in this."

"Help? I don't understand."

I took out my wallet and I let

Continued on page 168



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her look at the cellophane window with the earmarks. "Identification." I put the wallet away. "I know how you must feel about this, and I hate to bust in on you, but . . ."

"Don't the police have it clear? I thought . . ."

"There are people who won't believe that Johnny . . . Mr. Mikvah killed your sister."

"But they found her in his apartment . . . they've given me to understand . . ."

"I know that, lady. It's just that there are people who don't think a guy like Johnny Mikvah would kill . . . Pamela Reevys. They simply feel that Johnny wouldn't, couldn't . . . did you know him?"

"Mr. Mikvah? Yes, I knew him."

"Do you think he killed her?"

She put her hand to her mouth, the nail of the little finger at her teeth. "I don't understand . . . I mean, I wouldn't know, I haven't thought about it . . . like that. I accepted what the police had told me. There seemed to be no doubt. Is there?"

"What?"

"Any doubt about it?"

"No, Miss Reevys. On the facts, there doesn't seem to be any doubt. But my people . . . let me say it this way—knowing Mr. Mikvah, would you think he was the sort of man to murder your sister, to push a bullet through her face?"

"Please."

She turned her back and walked away. I had to do it that way. I didn't want to get kicked out of there. Shock treatment: it takes your mind off a nosy private eye who has no right busting in on bereavement poking questions.

Her shoulders moved, but she didn't turn.

I went to her, close to her, and I could hear the gulp that should have been a sob. I said, "Lady, I'm a louse, one louse. Excuse me."

I was all the way to the door when she said, "Just a minute."

I stood there holding the doorknob like it was hot.

She said, "Please sit down."

I still had nothing but her back at the far end of the room, shuddering a little. Then she turned. She smiled, a small smile, like a reproached child, and it came all the way across the room and it spit in your face. It told you about how you were a callous guy in a mean business and how you had rubbed up against so many hard people you had grit all over you and inside of you. It made your mouth dry, and angry, watching her smile beneath the swollen lids of her eyes, seeing the pattern of the tight strained lines over the smile by her nostrils. She stood there looking at me, her arms straight at her sides, and the effort of the smile made you proud of her.

She said, "I don't believe I've been quite hospitable."

"Lady, in the circumstances . . ."

"Please sit down, won't you?"

I went back to the chair, hunched over my knees, playing with my hat. "If you'd like to postpone this, I mean, another time . . ."

She moved near me and now the smile was gone and the sorrow was gone and her face was composed, but alert. It was as though she had just come back into the room.

"Frankly," she said, "I don't."

"I beg your pardon."

"Frankly, the way you put it, now that I am thinking about it like that, I don't think that Mr. Mikvah could have done anything like that, I can't see why, I don't think he'd have any reason to."

I heaved a sigh. "I knew the guy a long time. I knew him when he was waiting on table in an old Roumanian joint on the lower East Side."

"Mikvah?"

"The illustrious Mikvah."

She went away from me, mushing through the thick carpet, the housecoat swaying. Her tone mused. "At that, of course, he might have. He had no reason to, and, as you say, he wasn't the type. *But he might have.*" She turned, and she said from the distance, "Primarily, we're interested in who murdered my sister. Is that it?"

"That's it."

"And if it *was* Mr. Mikvah?"

"Then it was. Then we know it. Then that's it. The great possibility is that it *was* he. The cops have it that way, and the cops are usually right. But the cops didn't know Johnny Mikvah. Like I knew him. Like the people I represent knew him. We figure that Johnny didn't do it. But the facts say he did."

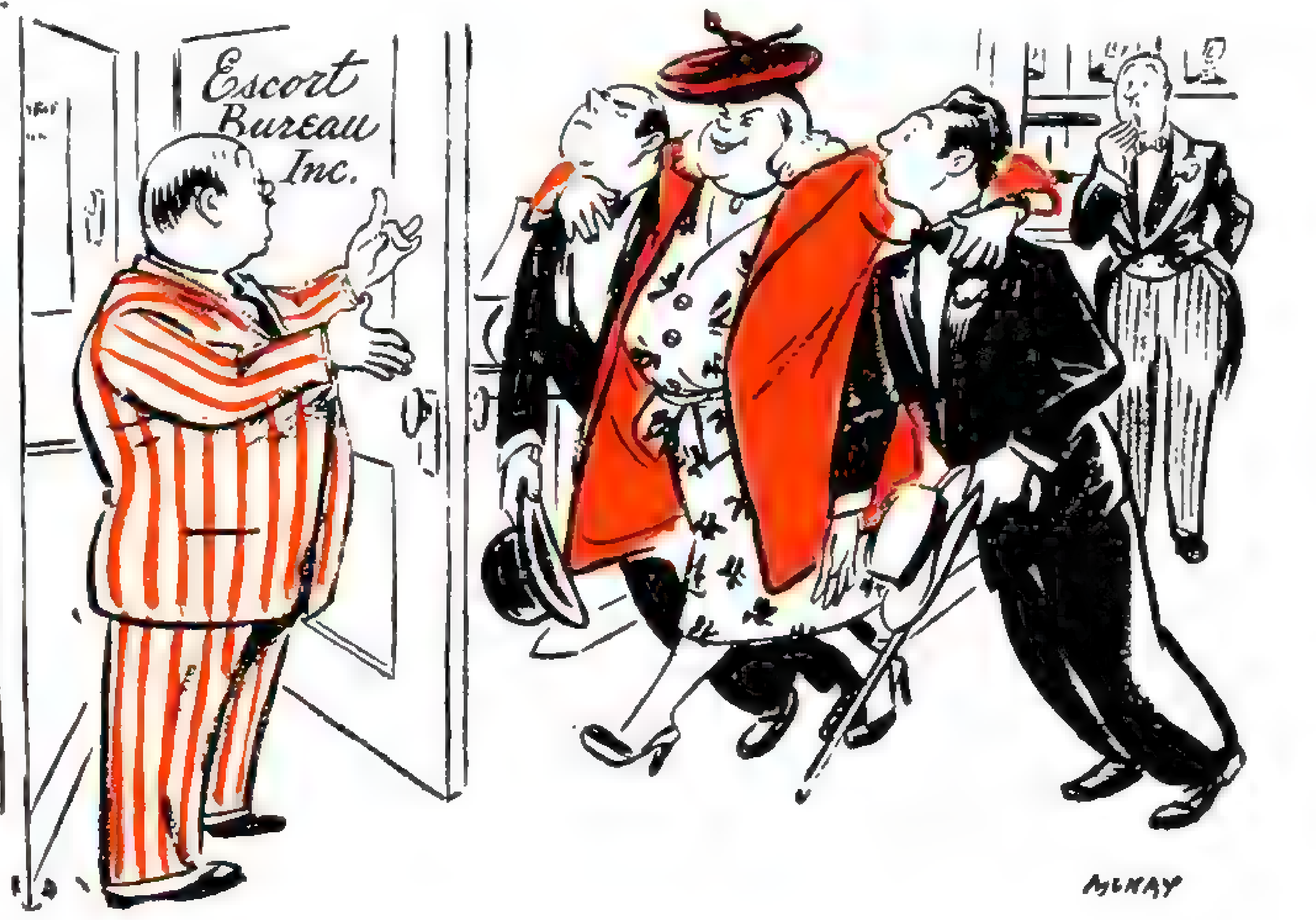
"But . . . ?"

"If he did, he did. Then we'll know that. But if he didn't . . ."

"But how?"

"I'll dig around."

Continued on page 170



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WM. DEMUTH & CO., INC., NEW YORK 22

"But the police."

"It's closed, as far as they're concerned. The evidence is in. I don't blame them. Do you?"

"Of course not."

"Will you help?"

She came to me then. She stood over me and looked down on me and her dark eyebrows were pulled to a straight line tight across her face. I played with my hat.

"I'll help," she said.

"Thanks."

She didn't go away. Her face beneath the frown of her eyebrows was as uncompromising as the profile of a hatchet, but a beautiful hatchet. "I will help you find the murderer of my sister."

"Look, lady, don't get me wrong. It may very well be that it was Johnny. It's just that I feel that you, and I, and the people I represent . . . all of us, we've got to know that. We've got to be sure."

"Yes."

"I'm not going to pull anything. I've no interest in whitewashing him. Believe me."

The eyebrows eased off. "Yes."

"It doesn't mean anything to me either way."

"All right. What do you want?"

"How you fixed for money?"

"*What?*"

I crawled out from beneath her stare. I stood up and I took off my topcoat and I held my hat and I looked vague. She said, "Oh," and she took my things. She walked with them, out of the room, and I watched her, not too tall in the tight-bodiced housecoat; good carriage. I thought about the dark intense look of her. I wished she wasn't quite so much of a lady.

She came back and she said, "Money, Mr. Chambers?"

"I mean let's get to the core. Let's begin at the beginning. How you fixed for money?"

"That's none of your business."

"I don't mean it that way. I mean all of you. Nottiby, for instance."

"Yes?"

"Her husband?"

"Yes."

"Well, a guy like that. I mean, I don't get it. That's what I mean about money. Let's start with you."

She said, "Tea?"

"No. Money."

She smiled. Her teeth were white and regular and her mouth was curved and full and wide when she smiled, and I wondered just how much of a lady she was, or could be, in an emergency, a real emergency. She said, "There's a kettle boiling in the kitchen. I was preparing tea when you rang. Will you?"

"No, thank you."

"A drink, then?"

"A small one."

"Scotch?"

"Perfect."

She went out one door, and I peeked through another. It led along a wide hall. There was a bedroom with all the fixings on one side and along a little way another bedroom on the other side, and then it widened into a big room with a fireplace and a cone-shaped chandelier and a figured rug and books; a library, or a musing room, or an extra room when the sisters were entertaining boy friends the same evening, but not bedroom boy friends. I came back and I crossed my legs on the modern chair.

It figured for a five-room apartment. Off the entrance lobby, there was this big living room, three steps down and furnished with all the trappings right up to a made-to-order cornice for the drapings, and then the kitchen where she was dunking the tea ball, and the two bedrooms, and the big room with the fireplace and the books. And all of it sumptuous as an old maid's dream. That cost money. Large money.

She came back pushing a chrome-adorned serving table with tea and a bottle of Scotch and a pitcher of ice water and a bottle of soda and a cup for her and a tall glass for me. "Water," she said, "or soda?"

"Water, please."

"Help yourself, won't you?"

I helped myself. She drank tea. I said, "A joint like this. In this neighborhood. That's quite a nut."

"What?"

"Expensive."

"Uh huh."

"Who pays for it?"

"Just a minute. *Please.*"

"Sure."

She sipped tea. I sipped Scotch. A lot of the joy had gone out of the Scotch. I said, "Look, the hell with this. I told you before. We can skip it. All of it. I don't *have* to work on this thing. I've pulled out of cases before."

I thought about Miami Moonbeam.

The hell with Miami Moonbeam.

That wasn't nice. Maybe I was tired.

"I've got to have it all," I said. "People work the way they know how to work. The way I work . . . I start with you. I could do it the hard way. I could start other places. But you said you wanted to help."

"I earn about a hundred dollars a week."

"Doing what?"

"I model."

"For what?"

"Photographer's model. I have an agent and I'm on call. Some weeks I earn more, some weeks less. I average about a hundred dollars."

I put my chin up and I looked around. "I'd say that wouldn't even pay the rent for this tepee."

"That's right."

My mouth made for a question mark.

"This," she said, "was my sister's place."

"I know."

"I moved in with her, oh, about a year ago, at the time she broke up with her husband."

"How was *she* fixed?"

"Not too good."

"I don't get it."

"Mr. Nottiby was a rich man. He's an only son. *The* Nottiby's. When his mother died, he inherited a great deal of money. He took care of all of this." She waved a hand.

"Of course."

"But he went through it, all of it. Oh, it took some time, but he did."

"She helped, I take it."

She smiled, unsmiling. "She didn't hinder."

"Then?"

"About a year ago they broke up. Completely."

"Divorced?"

"No."

"Would you know why?"

"Nottiby is a fine old name in

Continued on page 172

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this town."

"Check," I said.

"Oh, she did help him. Even when things were most hopeless, she did what she was able for him. She had a little money. She put him through a cure. You know, an alcoholic. She did help."

"Then?"

"She obtained a job for him."

"How?"

"I don't know."

"What kind of job?"

"I'm not sure. Something political. There isn't much he *could* do. He had never done any sort of work in all of his life. Something political. She never exactly told me. But she saw to it that he worked, that he was gainfully occupied."

"How?"

"She knew a lot of people."

"Do you see him often?"

"No. Quite the contrary. I haven't seen him since they parted."

"Did he know about her?"

"Please?"

"Her friends?"

"Please?"

"Boy friends, you know."

She gave me the eyes over the teacup. Black. And deep. "Yes, he knew."

"How'd he feel about it?"

"How would anyone?"

"But he took it."

"He adored her. Right up to when they broke up. And after that."

"Yes," I said. "A sucker's a sucker."

"Please don't say that."

"I'm sorry."

We looked at each other across the serving table and I don't know what she was thinking about, but I know what I was thinking about and if it showed in my face, she had every right in the world to take affront. It didn't show in my face.

"So much," she said, "for background."

"But since then, Miss Reevys, who's been paying for all this?"

Her sigh was a breeze over water. "She. It was difficult for a while. Then it wasn't."

"Break that down for me, won't you?"

"Yes, I will. She had invested some money with Mr. Mikvah in the Courvocco. That was early, when she met him. It wasn't really an investment, because he didn't need it. He was humoring her. She had some money that she wanted to invest, twenty-five thousand dollars, and he told her that if she would turn it over to him, he would use it at the club, and he would return notes for thirty-five thousand, one note a month calling for one thousand dollars."

"Why would he do that?"

"It made her happy—to be a businesswoman—and he knew that, and I suppose that's why he did it. He would come personally to pick up each note and turn over the thousand dollars. In a way, I suppose it tied them together. In another way, he was giving her ten thousand dollars, helping, although then she didn't need it. He was crazy about her."

"What about marriage?"

"She wouldn't marry him. She didn't want Nottiby, but being Nottiby's wife carries a good deal of prestige. She wanted her cake and she wanted to eat it, and, in a way, she did manage that."

I put my glass away, empty. "Listen," I said. "I don't even know your name."

"Nancy."

She pushed the serving table to a corner. She stopped in front of a mirror, grimaced, touched a finger to her hair. Then she brought me a cigarette box of copper and wood and I had a cigarette that tasted like the copper and smelled like the wood, and I watched her put the box away on a coffee table with squat legs. I watched her sit down.

Smoke hung in the quiet room.

It was time for shock again, listening while she flounced. It was time for trying to knock her off her balance. "One bum," I said. "That's about how I make it. One dirty little fancy bum."

She knocked me off balance.

"Precisely," she said.

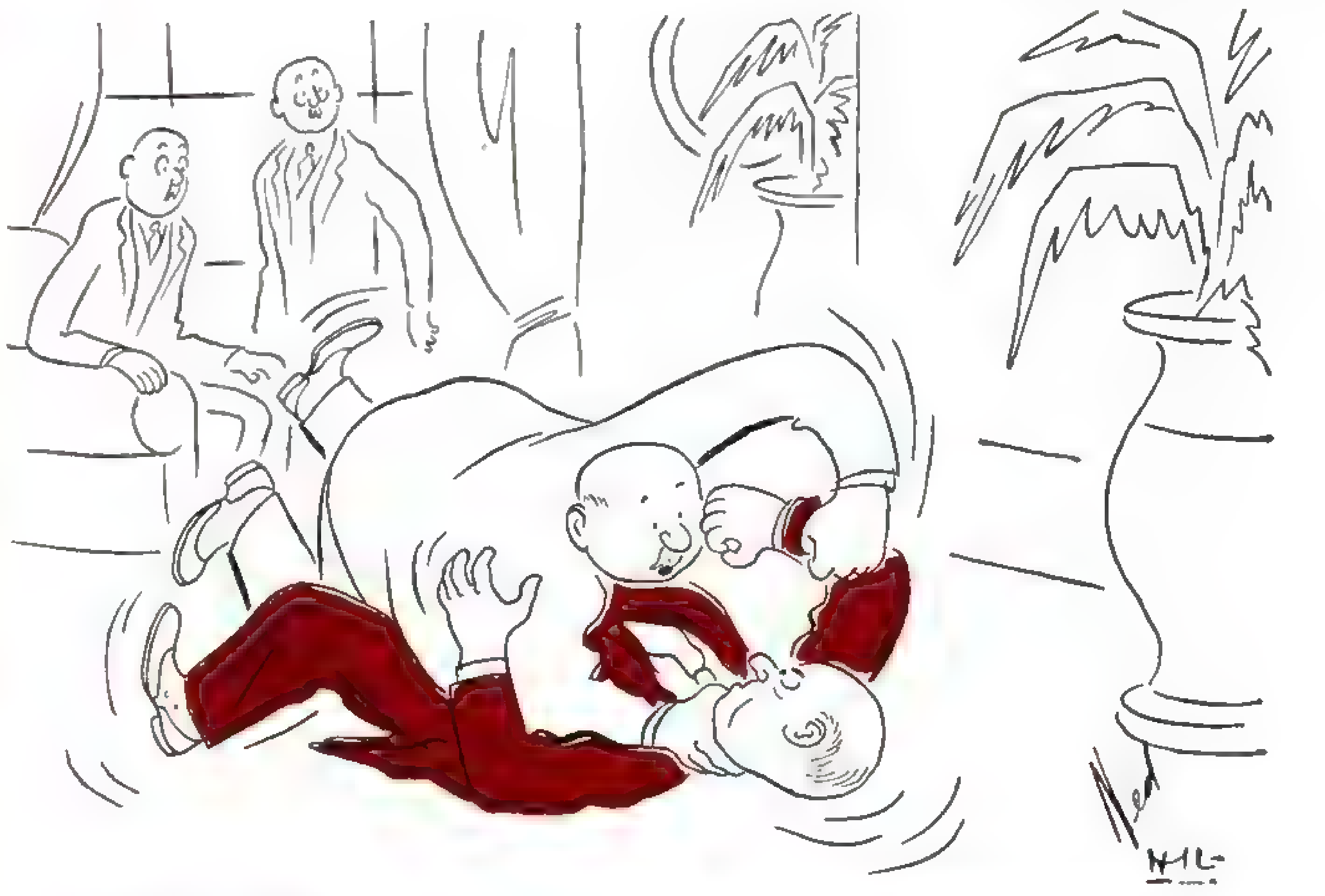
The smoke ring I was manufacturing broke out in more convolutions than a coochie dancer. I said, "Didn't you like her?"

"Yes, I liked her. None of us is perfect."

"And all of this," I said. I waved the cigarette like a band leader waves the bat for high notes. "How'd she manage all of this, the furniture and stuff?"

"She was paying the rent and upkeep from the thousand a month from Mikvah. As to—er—furniture and stuff—Nottiby, a year ago, was in dismal condition. She agreed to pay for his going to a sanitorium, and she promised that when he recovered she would obtain some sort of employment for

Continued on page 174



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him. She did that. Then he transferred the lease to this place to her, and he signed over all the furniture. She in turn, signed over a small bungalow he had bought for her in Nyack. He moved out, bag and baggage."

"To Nyack?"

"No. To a hotel. The Roxbury."

"The one on Forty-eighth and Seventh?"

"That one."

Shrillness from the telephone broke up the ball game. "Excuse me," she said and went to a corner of the room and picked the instrument up off a slender tall table. "Hello? Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . thank you."

What you call an illuminating conversation.

"Mr. Nottiby is ill," she said. "That was a friend of his from downtown, inquiring."

"Here?"

"He gets phone calls here. Many of them. For many people he still lives here. For appearances. Ego, too."

"How'd he feel about Mikvah?"

"He detested him."

"Did you know her new boy friend?"

"Yes."

"Will you tell me his name?"

"I don't know his name. I saw him a few times. She never introduced me to him. That is, formally. It was one of those things. A big secret. Clandestine."

"His name wouldn't be Vaydelle?"

"Vaydelle? Vaydelle was an old boy friend."

"*What?*"

"Mr. Vaydelle was Mikvah's predecessor. And I don't imagine he liked that."

"What?"

"Being Mr. Mikvah's predecessor. Involuntary predecessor."

"Well . . ." I said. "Well, well."

"Oh, there is something I should add. For the past year or so, Pamela had an additional income, I don't know the source. Three hundred dollars. Each week, cash. She giggled about it, but she wouldn't tell me."

"From the new boy friend? The rich Mr. Clandestine?"

"Possibly. That, plus the thousand a month from Mikvah, plus my little hundred dollars a week, you can see, we were quite able to get along. Fact is, she helped Mr. Nottiby, time and again. She wouldn't let him quit his job. As long as he worked, and earned a salary, she was willing to add a little to that. They never mentioned just what his work was; they might have been a little ashamed of it, I don't know, he is a sensitive man. I don't think it is anything irregular. I just don't believe he's that sort of person."

The telephone cut in again. Like young love on a dance floor. "Excuse me," she said and she went to the phone. "Hello? Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . thank you."

But illuminating.

She came back. "I must see a man, an advertising man. About a modeling appointment. I'm driving. If I can drop you somewhere . . ."

I waited while she dressed. I walked the floor like it was the maternity wing of a hospital. I chewed a few cigarettes and I sneaked a little Scotch. I was getting hungry.

She came back trig as a new dollar bill, and of similar color. She wore spike-heel green suede shoes and invisible nylons except for the sheen and a smart green shapely suit with a Cossack collar. The green perk on the edge of her head was a hat. She had put color to her lips and her cheeks and her eyes, and this was a doll, gentlemen; no question. I'd have worked her for a date right then and there if I thought I had a chance. I didn't. Because I didn't have a chance. Like that, I'm intuitive. Maybe.

The faraway look in the eyes and the moist glance as if your gender is neuter—that means either a love affair or maybe you don't have to work too hard modeling for that hundred a week or maybe that hundred a week is much more than a hundred a week or maybe the shock of the death of your sister nullifies that sort of thing. Nevertheless and intuitive: no soap.

She gave me my hat and coat.

She called down for her car, and in the elevator, she said, "I'm meeting him at the artist's studio. Barrow Street in the Village. I won't be long, if you care to wait."

"No. But I'll keep you company going downtown."

The car was a sleek long yellow job, convertible, and maybe she had recognized the look in my eyes and maybe the offer of the ride was for a view of the convertible. You don't have a five-thousand-dollar brand-new yellow job sitting around at your disposal on one hundred dollars a week. I can take a hint. Especially a low-slung, widespread, racy hint.

Thereafter, she was neuter. Too.

I smiled at her. She smiled at me. I sat in a corner of the car right up against the door and I didn't even look at her knees as she drove.

"Mikvah," I said. "When did he see her last?"

"That's all the police wanted to know. And they were in one awful hurry. I talked with a nice detective. Parker."

"Did you tell him?"

"Sure I told him."

"All that you told me?"

"No."

"Holding out on the law?"

"Yes."

"You're not the type."

We stopped for a light. She looked at me. "We don't go about throwing garbage at each other. In my family."

"I see what you mean."

"I've been telling you—in confidence—because you've convinced me that there might be something fishy about all of this, because you and I agreed that the purpose was finding the murderer of my sister. Even if it *was* Mikvah."

The gear shifted without noise. We rolled down Fifth to the thin-rich whine of the new tires.

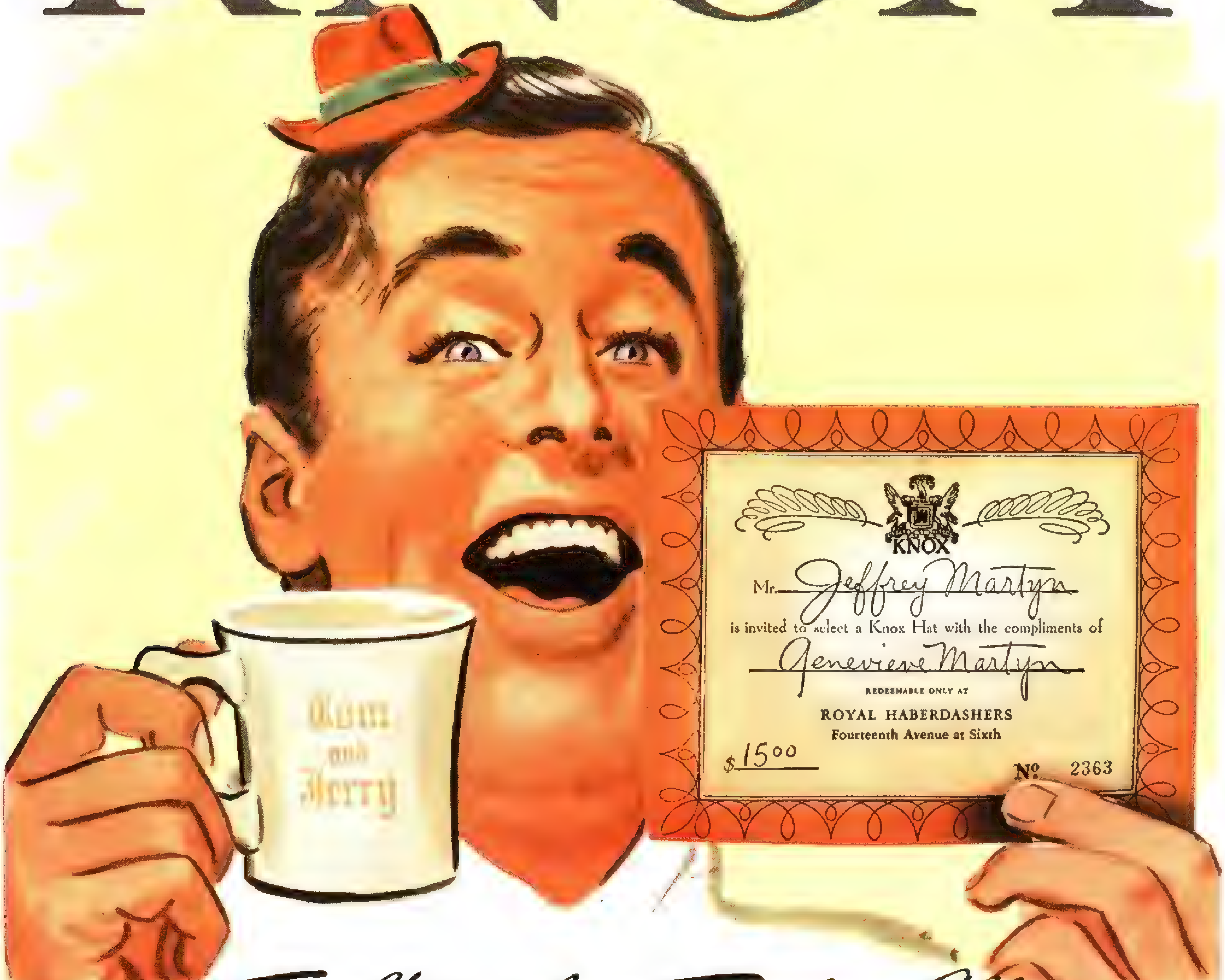
"What did Parker tell you?"

"He told me that they had their man. He told me who; and where they had found her. He told me it was open and shut, and they were just adding touches of corroboration. He asked me if I knew when Mikvah had seen Pamela last, and I told him. Yesterday at about four o'clock. He had called and asked that she meet him at a tavern called Anchors Away on Third Avenue and Fifty-fifth. He asked that she bring the note, because he had the money for her.

Continued on page 179

KNOX

Tom 'n' Jerry



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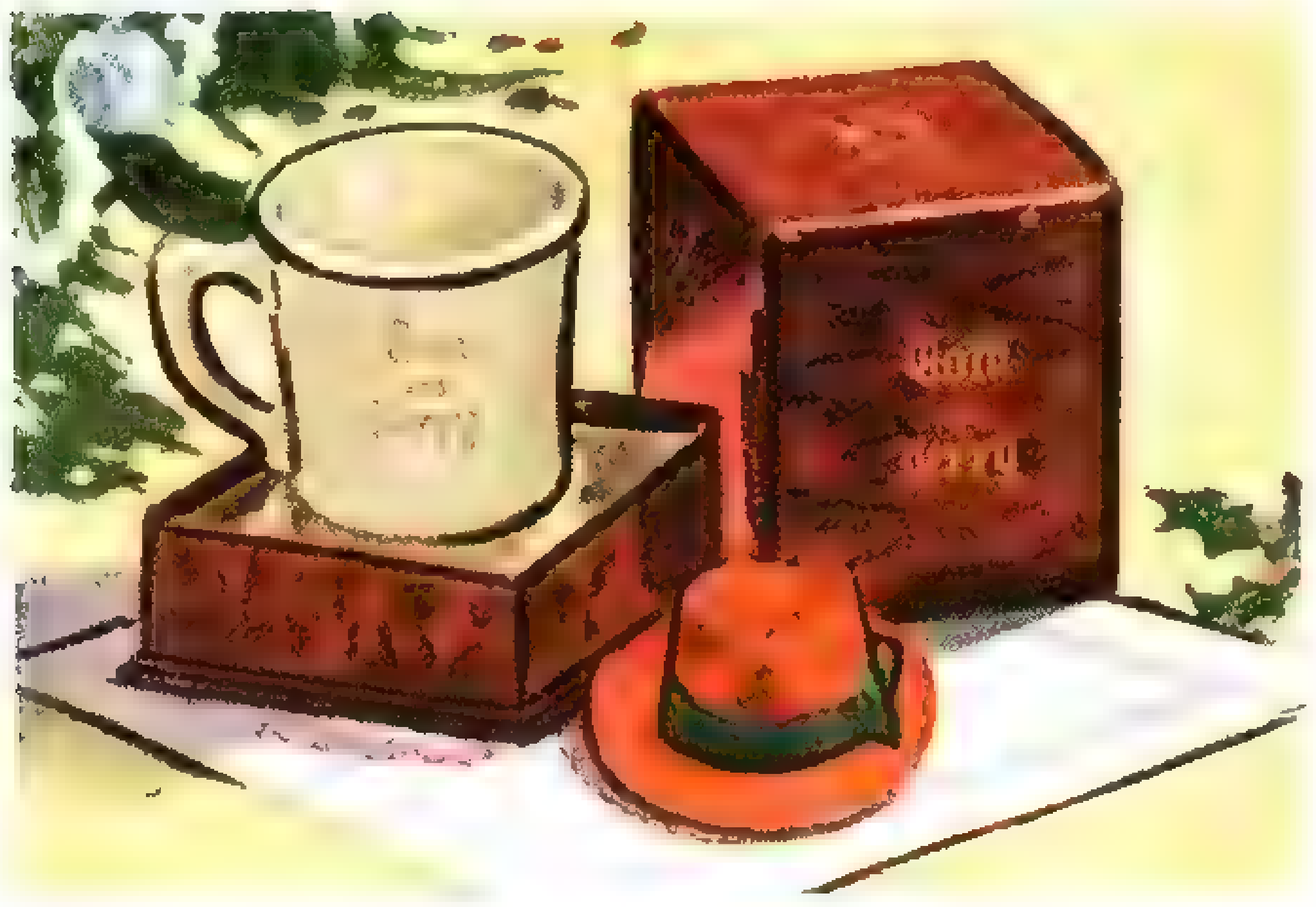

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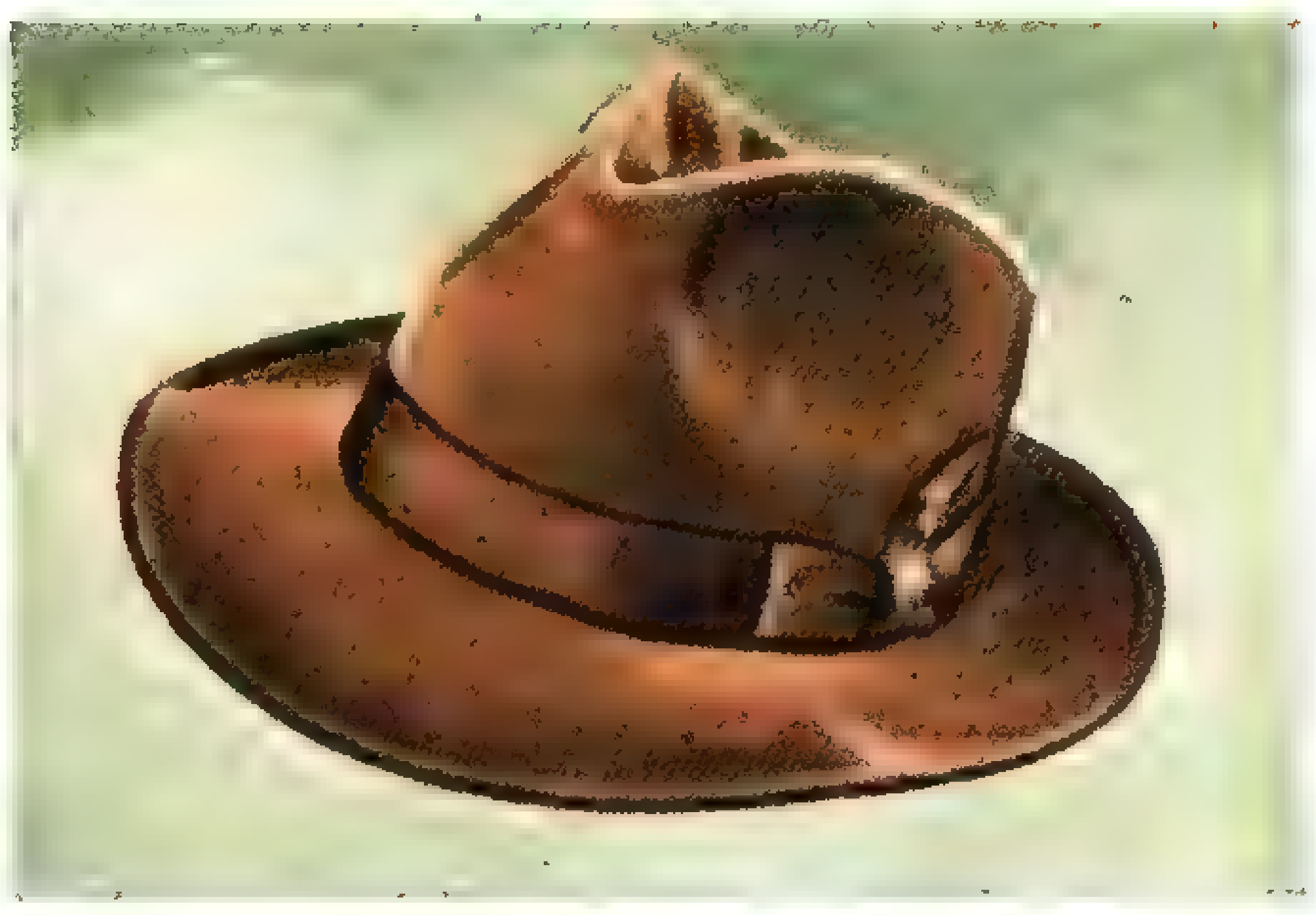

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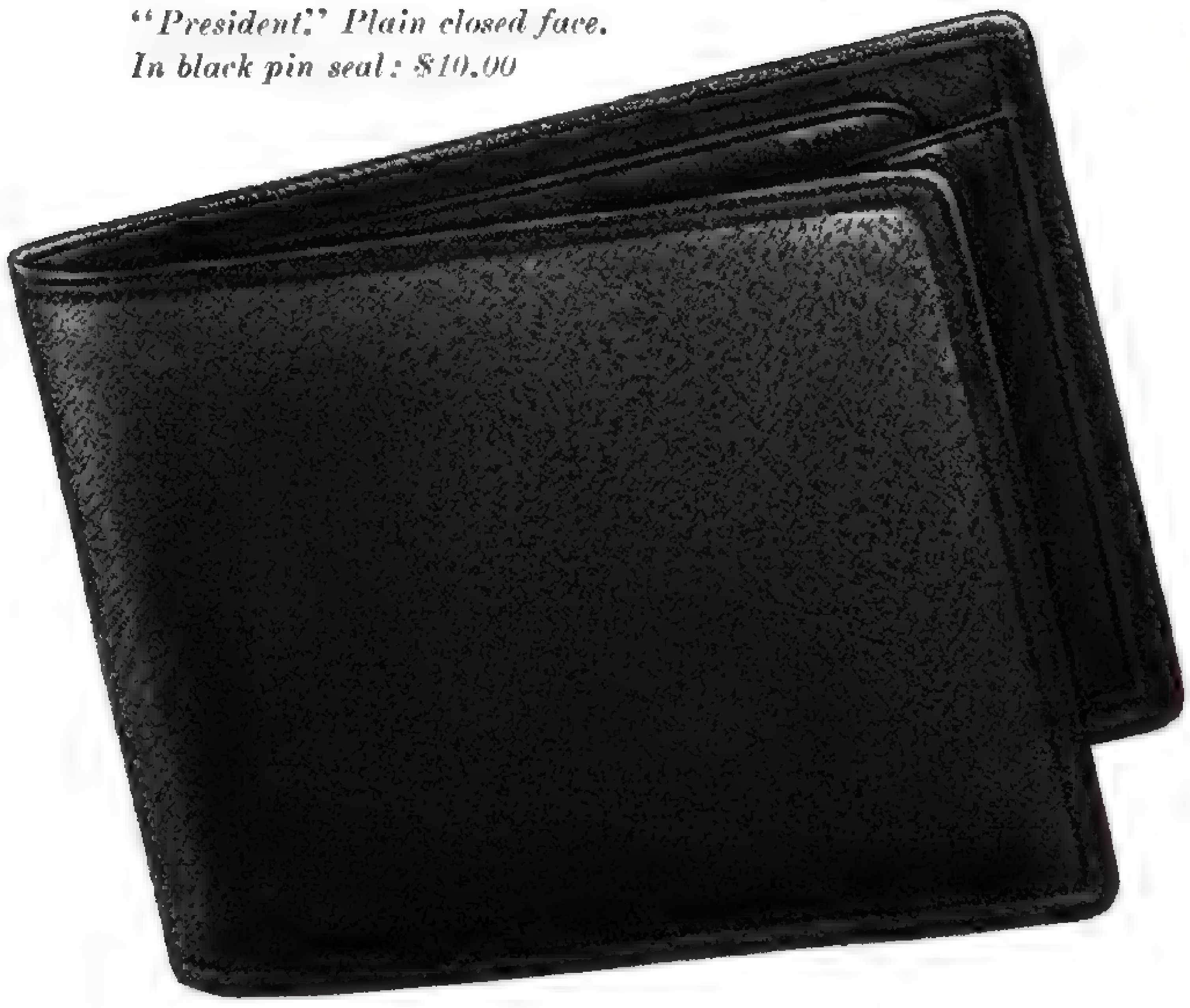

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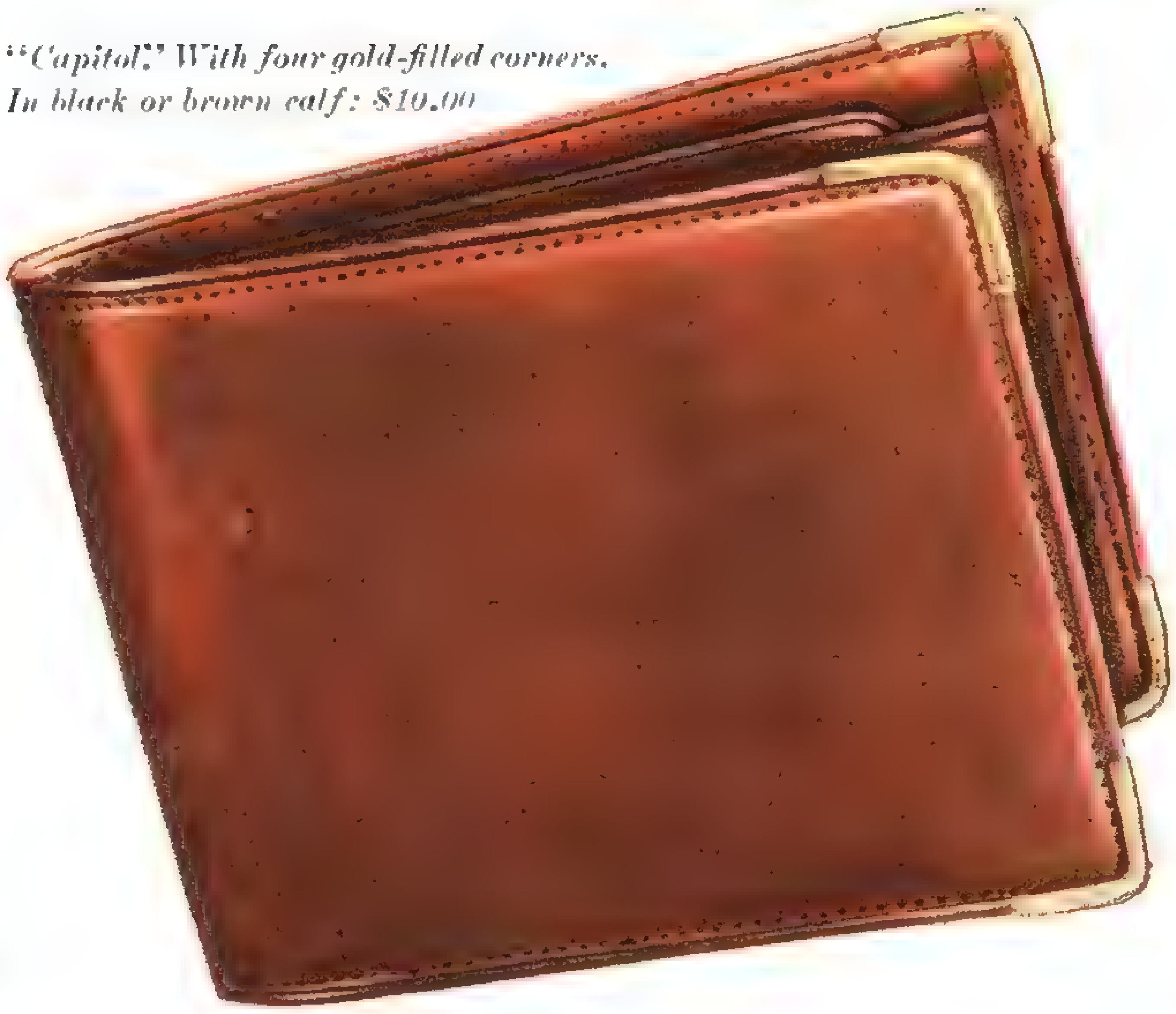

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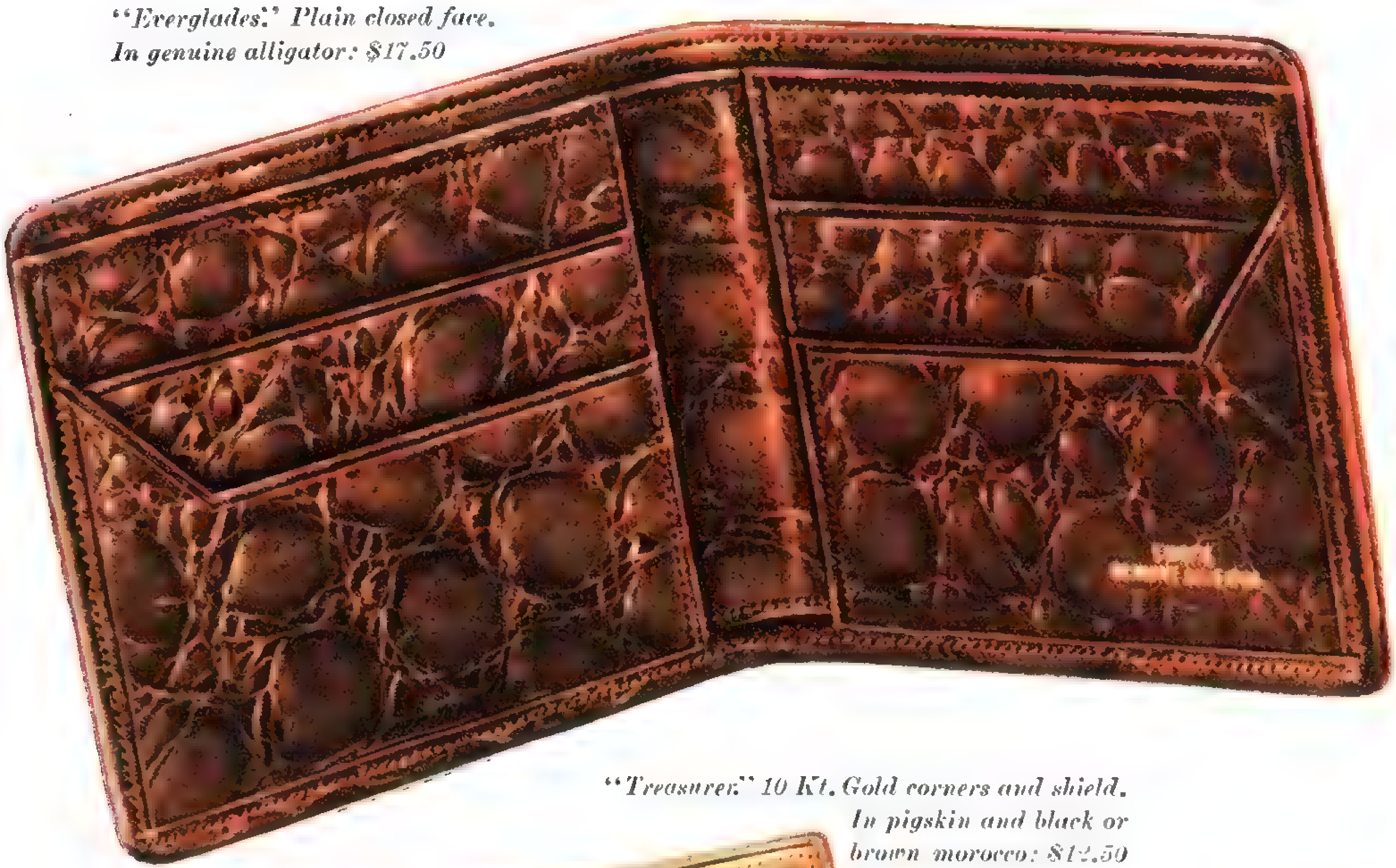

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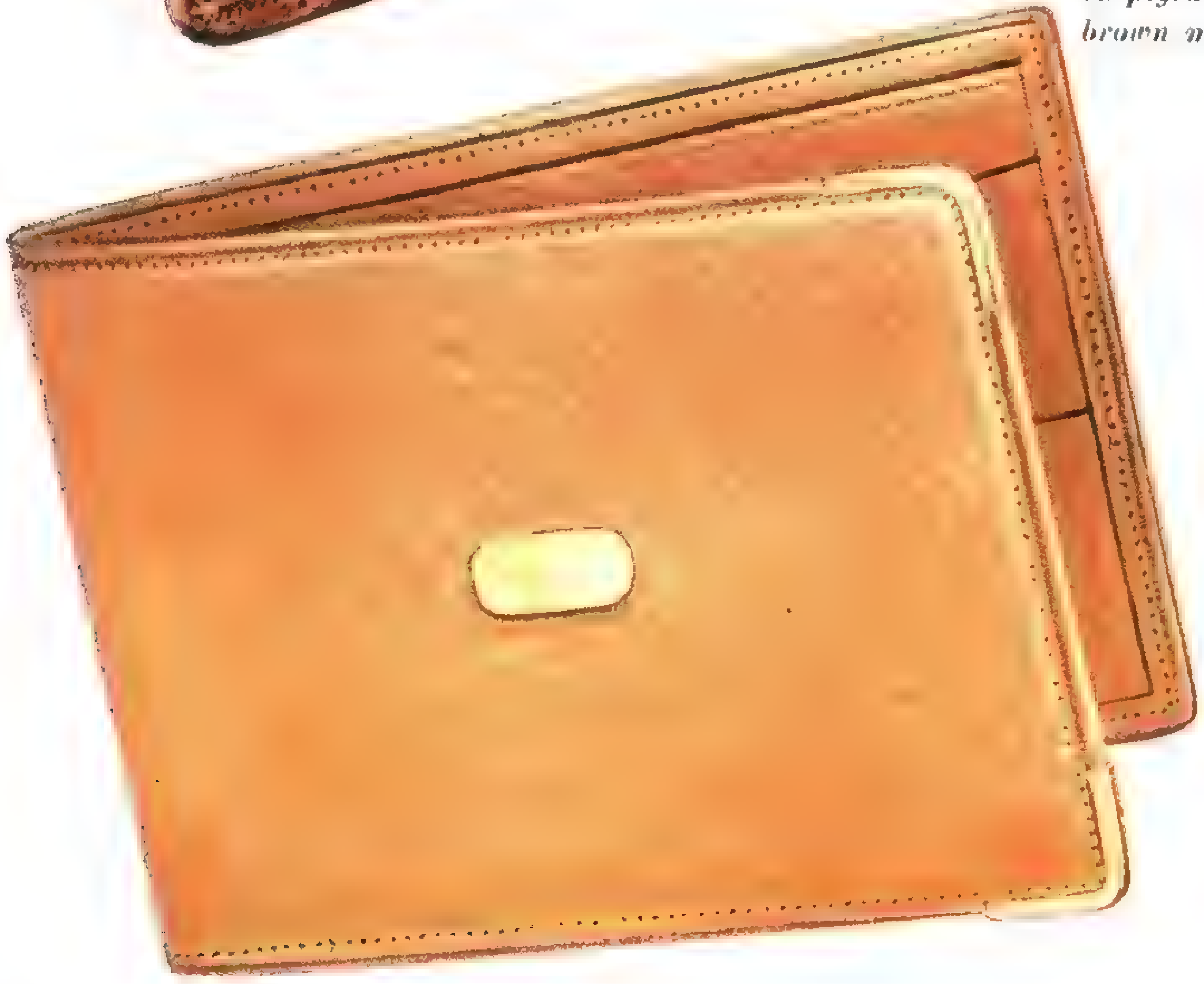

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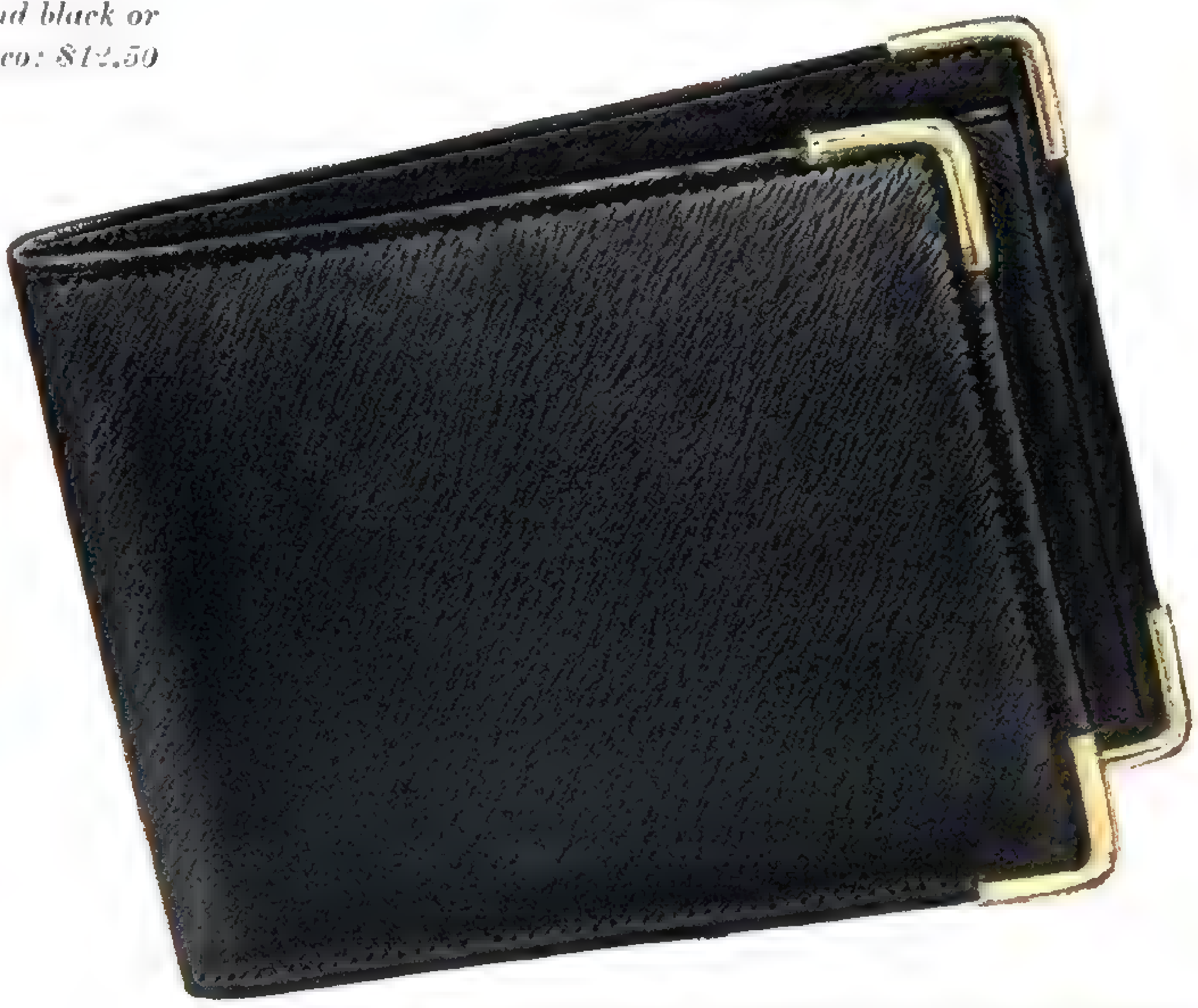

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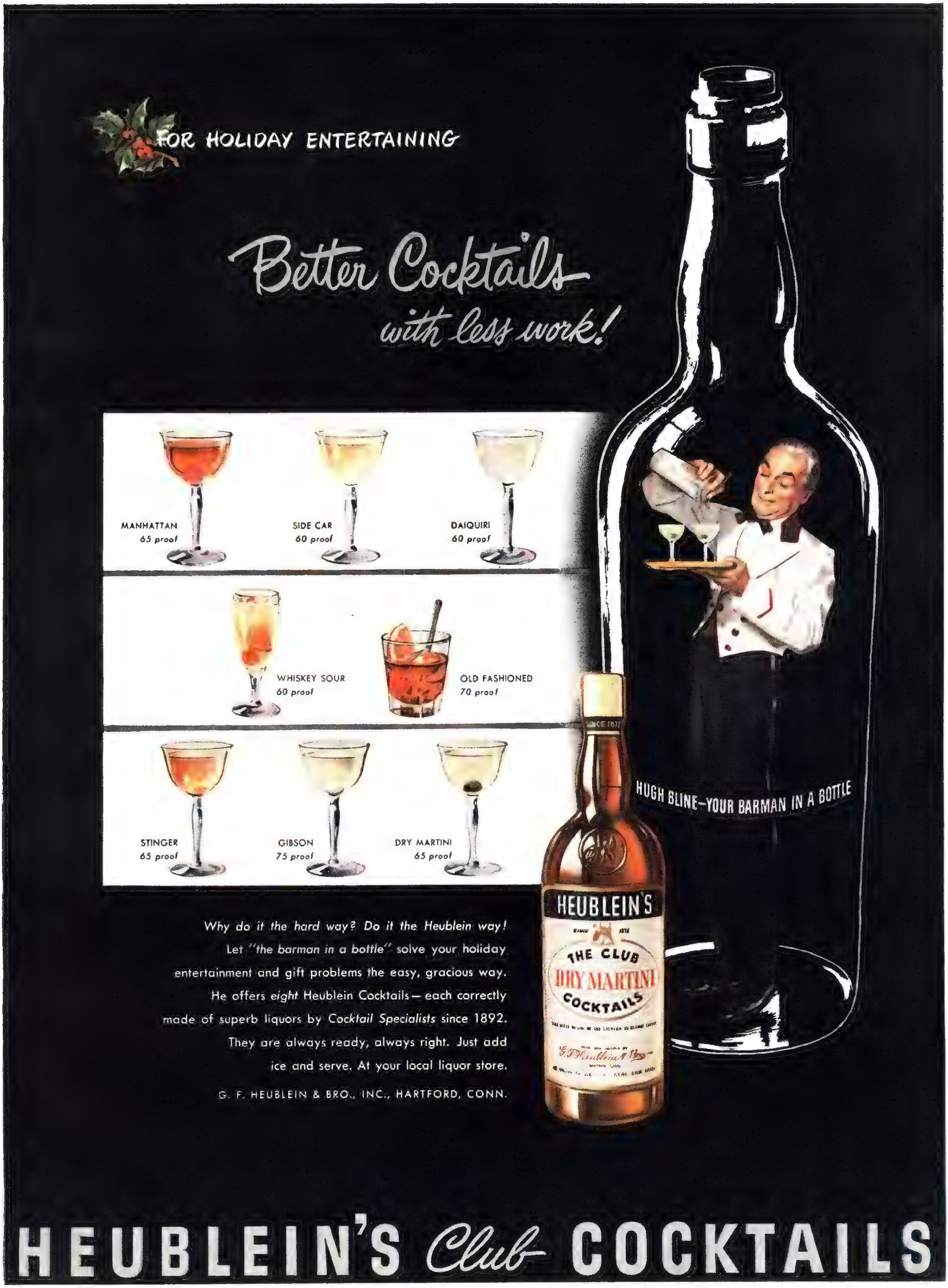
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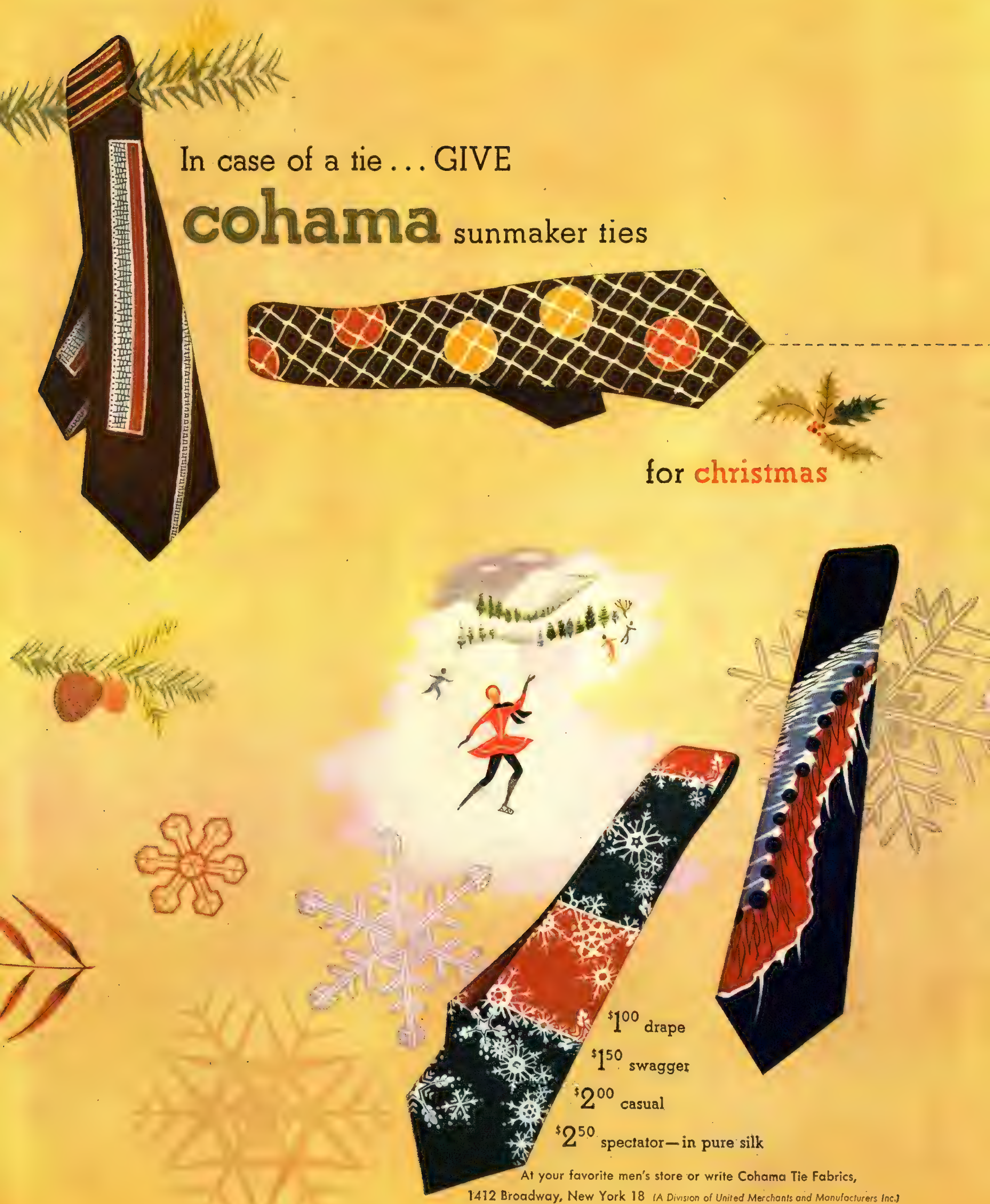

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I walked her over there, had a cocktail with them, and left them together."

"That the due date?"

"Due date?"

"Yesterday. For the note."

"Oh. No."

"Does it have a reason?"

"It has a reason. He called on the phone at about ten in the morning. She was out shopping. I told him I expected her. He said he might have to be out of town for a while, that a note of hers was due in a few days, and that if she'd meet him at the bank at eleven o'clock, with the note, he would have her money for her."

"What bank?"

"Banker's Fiduciary. Madison Avenue."

"Did you make the date?"

"Yes. I was expecting her. But she didn't get back until after two o'clock. Then he called later, and we both met him at that tavern on Third Avenue."

She branched off Sheridan Square and we rode along narrow Barrow Street and then she pulled over. "Sure you won't wait?"

"I won't wait. Thanks for the vote of confidence. I won't spill any of it. Not unless I need it to pin on somebody's uh back. That all right with you?"

"That's all right with me. You'll keep me apprised?"

"Certainly."

The September sidewalk was sunny. A fresh wind ran up the canyon of the narrow street. I kicked along, filling my lungs like an opera star, and holding it, and exhaling slowly. I passed up a number of chummy saloons for a ham-and-eggery I knew on Christopher Street that served clam chowder divine. I had clam chowder divine in a bowl, and then they grilled down a pompano fresh-flown from Florida. I had coffee and I paid my bill and I had a toothpick and I said "Thank you" to the Greek that owned the place and he said "Thank you." This was one of the finest fish places in all of the city; the Greek simply hadn't taken down the Ham and Egg sign, but Glorified, when he had bought it. If it was ham and eggs you were interested in, the smell of the place dissuaded you; thereafter, you were a customer.

I bought a paper and I jumped the Broadway local to Fifty-first Street, reading on the way about the murder of Pamela Reevys and the quick solution and the congratulations all around from the mayor to the commissioner and down. I climbed out at Fifty-first and I walked back to Forty-eighth and Seventh.

The Roxbury looked like all the rest of the Roxburys the world over. It was tall and narrow, dirty-lemon brick, with a swinging electric sign outside. It had a revolving door that resisted pressure like an honest politician. You pushed your way through that into a long alley of a lobby with a napless rust carpet that once had been coral. You got a smell of disinfectant tinctured with a smell of dead perfume and old cigars and weary dust and a rubbery smell of age. The walls were of a perspiring type of pseudo-marble. There was an elevator on the left, and, further in, to the right, was the desk. You had the feeling the instant you got by the reluctant whirl of the door that after the boy opened the windows for you and tested the lights and flushed the bowl, if you tipped him well and asked for a girl there would be a knock on your door in five minutes. It was that kind of a hotel.

The desk was an old wood counter, shiny with use. Behind it, on the wall, was the latticework of the square pigeonholes for keys and mail, and, as you leaned over, the switchboard was to your left. The switchboard operator was also the desk clerk, operating on a swivel chair that creaked—a languid young gentleman with orange hair and a smooth face. He was chattering into the telephone mouthpiece and I had to rap my knuckles twice on the counter before he came to.

He stood up and he spread his hands on the counter and he leaned on his fingers. His fingernails glinted polish.

"I'm calling on Mr. Nottiby."

"Not in."

"How would you know? That quick."

"Hey," he said. "You know, from here you smell like a cop."

"You're clairvoyant, buster."

"Me? Sure. I am also psychic. What's he done?"

"Who?"

"Your Nottiby."

"Why don't you be a good boy?"

"I am, mister. Real good. Honest."

"Look, blondie. That's all for the comics. Nottiby. Or you looking for me to start busting up the joint?"

"You, alone?"

"Me and a lot of other people." I grabbed him by his royal purple tie and I heaved him half across the counter. I leaned down on his plucked eyebrows. "You know what I mean?"

He bobbed his head at me.

"All right." I let him drop back. "Nice and polite, I'm asking to see Mr. Nottiby."

"He's not in, sir."

"Much better. Only, that's what you said before. For me, you said it too quick. So I asked you why. So you started flying."

He fixed his tie. He ran a light hand over his orange waves. "It's because his key's sticking out. Right there." He pointed with a long finger.

"When'd he go out?"

"I've been on all day. He didn't go out. Probably he didn't come in."

"We ought to check that, huh?"

"Well . . ."

"Maybe he's got a key of his own."

"Could be."

"Let's go see, huh?"

"I'd love to, but I can't on account I'm not allowed to leave the desk." He put his palm down on one of those punch bells that plunk by percussion. He screamed, thin-pitched: "Eternal. Hey, Eternal."

The colored man, who had been reading a newspaper on a stool in the elevator when I went by, pushed his head out. "Me?"

"Take this guy up to six-oh-three."

Eternal came to the desk. "Six-oh-three ain't in."

"That's what I been telling him. Here's the key."

"How come?"

"This handsome gentleman is law."

"Oh law."

Continued on page 180

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He gave him the key and I trudged behind the slow march of Eternal. In the elevator I said, "He been on all day?"

"George is a good guy, mister."

"Has he been on all day?"

"All day. Since five in the morning. He's a good guy, mister. A little on the fluffy side."

He pulled the gate at six. "Over by the right, mister. Here's the key. You want me to wait?"

"I'll ring."

Six-oh-three was empty. The bed was unturned. The windows were tight closed. No towels in the bathroom were sullied.

I rang for the elevator and I gave the key to Eternal and I said, "Tell George thanks," and I went out into the sunshine. In the sunshine I took my hat off and scratched my head. Then I waved at a cab and went to Miami.

She lived in a Greenwich Village modernized place with red walls and a downstairs phone where you had to call up. I pushed a button and the squeak said, "Who? Who's that?"

"Me. Pete."

"Come on up."

The buzzer buzzed. The door opened. I walked up one flight. Sweetheart Vaydelle opened the door. "Hi, shamus?"

"Hi. Miami around?"

"Coming, lover." She looked good. She came from the bedroom decked out in streetwear. "Something, lover?"

"How'd you like to take me for a ride?"

"I can't. Where?"

"Nyack."

"What for?"

"An outing. You and me. We could take him too." I meant Sweetheart.

"What for?"

"A chaperon."

"Chipper," Sweetheart said. "We got us here a real chipper shamus. A joker, yet."

"I can't," Miami said. "We're just going out. We've got a lot of work to do, Sweetheart and me."

"What's with Nyack?" Sweetheart said.

"I wouldn't know, tell you the truth."

I dialed 411 on the telephone and I inquired about information at Grand Central and Information furnished the number of Information at Grand Central and I buzzed off and dialed the number and the man said, "Information."

"Trains to Nyack?" I asked.

"West Nyack."

"How about Nyack proper?"

"Not proper, sir. We don't go there. That's Erie."

I did the Information routine again and I got a Barclay number and the man said the next train was at 5:15, none before. From Jersey City.

"How about *your* car?" I asked Sweetheart.

"I'm like you. No car. A guy needs a car in New York like a guy needs a hole in the head, a large one."

Miami said, "How's it going?"

"Nothing."

"A fine Sherlock."

"What?" Sweetheart said.

"Nothing," Miami told him. "Let's mosey, kiddies."

So I was out in the sunshine again, scratching my head, while Miami and Sweetheart went about their business. The next step, logically, was the Anchors Away, except that eliciting information from a bartender is approximately akin to eliciting homogenized milk from rock. A bartender is tighter than a fat man in a T-shirt. Except for chatter.

This bartender was different.

A cab brought me up to Third and Fifty-fifth and the gentleman behind the stick was a limp little fellow with very respectable black-rimmed glasses.

"What'll it be?"

"Pinch," I said, "with water."

"That's the only way to drink it, mister. Water."

"Ever hear of Johnny the Mick?"

"Lemon peel, mister?"

"Thanks. Ever hear of Johnny?"

"Who is inquiring?"

There were four other customers down along the bar. I did a quick trick with the buzzer with a furtive shoulder hunched. "We're checking on this thing. You know him, barkeep?"

"Yeah. I been reading about it. How do you like that? A guy like the Mick knocking himself off. Have another one, mister. On the house. We are allergic here for coppers." He smiled with excellent teeth, and he poured the Pinch.

"According to our information," I said, "he was here yesterday."

"Yep."

"What time?"

"About three-thirty-four o'clock, I'd say."

"Alone?"

"First he was here alone. And he was really kicking it down. Then a couple of damozels show. Nice. Now from what I read he is supposed to have slammed one of them two. The blonde one."

"How would you know that?"

"I seen her picture in the paper. That's the one was here with him after the other one leaves."

"How long did that one stay?"

"Maybe a half hour."

"They leave together?"

"Yes, sir. Chummy like the best of pals."

"Did you notice any uh transactions. I mean . . ."

"Transactions?"

"Did you hear what they were talking about?"

"No. He was sitting up here, about like where you are, drinking doubles, and not talking, when them two damozels enter. They enter, and one of them says, 'Hello, Johnny.' He says, 'We'll take service by the booth, Robert.' Robert is me. They take service by the booth. They beef around in there, but outside bringing the damozels cocktails, I'm not paying much attention, because there's plenty trade here about four o'clock, I am proud to say."

"Proud?"

"I own the joint, mister. I got a following. Why, if I sell the joint . . ."

I put a nickel in the juke box for *Stardust* and I took my drink and folded up glum in a booth. I had one more errand before the Nyack trek, but you cannot hunch a shoulder at a banker and make like cop. That is, of course, you can, just prior to getting thrown the hell out of there. Then I thought about Orson. I went back to the telephone booth and dialed with my fingers crossed. Orson was in.

"Orson? Pete Chambers."

"How's the gumshoe business? Need advice?"

"I need help."
"Any time."
"Right now. You in?"
"I'm in for the next hour or so."
"I'll see you."
"A pleasure."

The Empire State Building in the middle of Manhattan juts a civilized finger into God's sky. Right up by the fingernail, Orson Axelrod metes out his judgment on matters of finance, and people pay him for that. The frosted glass door said ORSON AXELROD, INVESTMENT COUNSELOR, MANAGEMENT OF ESTATES. The receptionist was a voucher for his excellent taste.

"Mr. Chambers, gorgeous."

"We don't have a Mr. Chambers."

"I'm Mr. Chambers."

"Whom would you wish to see?"

"I would wish to see nobody but you, lovely. But it has got to be Mr. Axelrod." (Chambers, missing fire.)

She threw up a couple of small daggers, but she showed excellent restraint. I wasn't running up against encouragement in this case. I pushed my hat back. I said, "Lovely day."

She fingered a button and a bright young man showed up with a clean shiny face and shiny black hair. The girl said, "Tell Mr. Axelrod a Mr. Chambers is here." She looked at me. "Do you have an appointment?"

"Yes, Madam."

Now she smiled and when she smiled she reminded me of Miami Moonbeam and beside the image of Miami Moonbeam this good young receptionist paled to insignificance. Utter. The boy went away and I was faithful to Miami. I turned my back and leafed the magazines. Then the boy came back and said, "This way, sir."

Orson Axelrod was a small man in a plaid suit with wide lapels behind a shelf of immense immaculate desk. He was a smiling impeccable man with a flat head parted in the middle by pink effete scalp with wisps of nurtured sandy hair on either side. He had a brisk confidential manner and mild brown questioning eyes and a pugnacious mandible. Mr. Axelrod was quicker than a running fox. He could change you in for a five and five singles faster than you could say sawbuck. Mr. Axelrod was an excellent client of mine when his clients paid for it. Between jobs, we exchanged favors, for free, under the heading of Professional Courtesy.

"You look good, Pete. Glad to see you."

"You too. Sit down, Orson. You can do this on the phone. I hope."

"Anything for my boy, Pete. Anything, that is, legal."

"Sure," I said. "How you fixed with Banker's Fiduciary, Madison Avenue Branch?"

"Aces. I'm in the business, lad."

"They have a depositor, John Mikvah. I'd like to know if he made a withdrawal yesterday, if he has a balance, and how much."

"I can do most of it, Pete. But the balance part, that's strictly confidential. When it's strictly confidential, it can be managed, but it might cost money."

"Money?" I said. "I'm not being paid on this case." I recollected. "In money."

"Not being paid in money? That's not how I brought you up, young Chambers."

"Kinsey."

"What?"

"Skip it. Go onto your phone and procure my information. What you can't get, you can't get."

He dialed a number. He asked for Jonas. He asked him about Mikvah. He listened. He hung up. "The guy killed himself last night. Did you know that?"

"Of course."

"You're supposed to tell me."

"I'm sorry."

"That makes it an estate matter. That way he can't just send a girl in and get the facts. Somebody might want to know why."

"You can't do it?"

"You joshing? Why, those guys owe me a million favors, the business I've thrown them. But we don't do it over the phone. Let's go, brother Chambers."

"Orson, you're one swell guy."

We went to Madison Avenue and I waited in a stiff chair while Orson went through the rail and sat down alongside a thick-shouldered erubescent man with pince-nez on a black ribbon, and an erubescent bald head. Erubescent means ruddy. I watched them, jabbering in pantomime, and then the erubescent man went away and Orson waved at me, discreetly. The man came back and they jabbered again and they shook hands with dignity and somebody would think they'd just earned a great many banknotes for the bank. Then Orson took me by the arm.

"Buy you a drink?" I said, outside.

"No more for a while. Goddam gall bladder."

"Aren't we all?"

"Sooner or later."

"How's about old Mikvah?"

"He drew forty-thousand righteous dollars at eleven o'clock yesterday."

"Balance?"

"They're funny, those guys. They have principles. He wouldn't tell me. Except that the balance is quite *zoftig*."

"Means what?"

"Means plenty."

"Thanks."

"Plus."

"That's my boy," I said. "That's my Orson. Always there's a plus."

"Plus he has a vault there."

"Did he visit it yesterday?"

"No."

Sun poured down. We stood outside the bank, two gentlemen discussing a business deal.

"That's a cute trick," I said. "Your new receptionist."

"Lay off."

"Why?"

"Guess."

"That's my Orson," I said. "How'd you like to go to Nyack?"

"I'd hate it."

"Up and back. That's all."

"Why?"

"I'm going. I'd like good company."

"Thanks. But I've got a widow coming in whose husband left more cabbage . . ."

"Young?"

"That is quite enough of that."

"'By, Orson. Thanks."

"You joshing? Let's do the town one night."

"Sure. She have a sister?"

"Who?"

"The receptionist."

"As a matter of fact, she has."

"That's a date."

Continued on page 182

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Then I was alone, me and the prospect of Nyack. I went home and I showered and I lounged on the couch in my bathrobe, clocking myself. I sighed in anticipation of Nyack, and I dressed.

You can meet the Erie Railroad by means of the Hudson Tube or the Chambers Street Ferry. I chose the ferry. I stood along the rail and I watched the sun die on the water in a pale long slant. In Jersey City I ran my shins against the sharp side of many suitcases before I got my train. The conductor said it would take an hour.

The train started and my stomach dipped. Simply, I'm a city feller. I'm not proud of that, nor am I ashamed. It is an accident of environment. My visits to the country have been far between the few, and they've been shorter than a snow man in a thaw. The minute I get where the grass is green and the leaves rustle, I expect rattlesnakes in echelons and every twig is an asp and every bough is a gasp and every tree is a gnarled old witch out of voodoo.

I arrived in Nyack.

People piled off, and there was luggage and laughter and greeting and the slamming of car doors and station wagons went gracefully out of range and taxicabs scraped fenders and there was noise and the happy excitement of quick meeting, and then all of it subsided, it spread and it went away, and I was left, just me and a tall, lank seventeen-year-old in blue denims and a watermelon grin.

"Whew," I said.

"Yes, *sir*."

"This usual?"

"It's homecoming time. Commuters."

"Could you tell me where the Nottiby place is?"

"Sure." He sliced air with two parallel fingers. "Up a piece that way. Mostly dirt road. Close up to a mile."

"What's the best way of getting there?"

"Walking."

I grunted. "What's second best?"

"Car, I suppose."

"Is there one around?"

"Might be."

"Whose?"

"Mine."

"Would you have it near?"

"Depends."

"On what?"

"Dough, mostly."

"You're a smart young lad. How much?"

"Couple bucks, maybe."

"If you've got a car, young man, you've got a deal."

"Don't go 'way."

He was back in three minutes, high up on a vintage edition claptrap. "Climb in," he said, "but the payment is made in advance."

We effected our deal and we rolled off. He was a smarter young man than I thought. The Nottiby place was up the old dirt road, all right, but it was maybe three city blocks from where I had taken him up for hire.

"That's a short mile."

"Longer when you walk."

"Sonny," I said, "I like you."

"Like you too, sir . . ."

Then in the midst of these declarations of admiration a car starter churned in back of the house, and a long yellow convertible took a bounce on a bad road and disappeared to the right and I would have sworn that there was a green hat on a dark head in the driver's seat.

"What's that?" I said.

"Automobile."

"That road I mean."

"The one by the back of this place?"

"That one, lad, precisely."

"Piece of pebble road. Gives toward the right for the highway. Get you to New York when you want to go."

"Stick around, kid. I just want to talk to a guy."

"Sure."

The house was a bungalow type, pink stucco. It had a stone path leading up to a grey lacquered door with a silver handle-knocker. There was a flat cultivated patch on either side of the stone path, with flowers. The house was deep with many windows; eight rooms, fast judgment, of the railroad variety. The car subsided and the boy waited while I walked up the stone path and up three stone steps and I latched onto the silver handle-knocker. The thing was an ornament, but there was a push-bell on the right. I pushed. I heard it ring inside. No one answered.

I tried the door.

The door was locked.

I turned. The boy was fairly clear in the bright twilight. "Ring some more," the boy said. "Somebody's home. The parlor's lit."

"You know the place?"

"Been in it, couple times. Delivered packages. Parlor's lit."

"Where?"

"Around the side."

I pushed the bell again. I tried the door again. I went down the steps and around to the side of the house. The windows wore venetian blinds like the ladies have taken to wearing their dresses, way down and no view, but there was a glow behind four of them. The rest were dark.

"What's your name?" I yelled to the boy.

"Jeff."

"Come here, will you?"

He came and he stood beside me as I tapped on the glass of the window.

"That's funny," he said.

"We're goin in, kid."

"How?"

"You try the windows on the other side. I'll try these."

"Oakie," he said. "It's not breaking a law, trying."

He crunched around the back of the house, out of sight. I started on the left and worked my way to the back. All the windows were locked. The boy said, "Locked. All mine too."

"Back door?"

"I tried that."

"We're going in, anyway."

"Why?"

"I've come all the way up from New York to talk with Nottiby."

Reasonably he said, "If the place is locked up, more'n likely he ain't here."

"What about that parlor?"

"People leave lights on, sir. All the time."

"You with me, son?"

"No, sir, mister. I'm agin you."

"Will you wait?"

"I'm not breaking a law, waiting. Sure I'll wait."

He went around to the front and I saw him climb up on the seat and light a cigarette. I picked up a flat rock and I pushed it through a window of the parlor

Continued on page 184

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just beneath the turn-lock. Glass showered inward. I tapped off some of the jagged ends and I threw the rock away. I was careful putting my arm through and turning the catch and taking my arm out. I lifted the window.

I pushed by the venetian blind into a well-lit drawing room and I saw Toby O. Nottiby at once, sitting in one corner of a blue mohair couch, stiff but not uncomfortable, with most of his brains splattered in a grotesque clot on the wall. Blood was a thick dry half-mask on the left side of his face. There was a wide ridged hole in his right temple. His right arm hung over the couch like a motionless pendulum. The ivory handle of a full-barreled fat-bodied revolver showed between the shadows of the stiff curled fingers.

I didn't touch him.

I went through and I twisted the snap lock on the front door.

"Jeff!"

"Coming."

"Can you take it, Jeff?"

"Take what?"

"Did you ever see a dead man?"

"Yes, sir."

"He's not pretty, Jeff."

"Who?"

"Nottiby."

"*What?*"

"Inside. Looks like he's killed himself, the poor guy."

Jeff followed me to the living room. He gasped, but he didn't change color. "The poor guy," he said.

"That's big enough for a forty-five in his hand."

"It's a forty-five, all right."

"How do you know, Jeff?"

"It's his gun. A nickel-plated forty-five with an ivory handle. My uncle here's a pretty good gunsmith. Nottiby had it over there once, trouble with the catch. I brought it back."

"Okay, kid. Let's get out of here."

"Just a minute, sir."

"Yes, Jeff?"

"I'm gonna call the town cops. Do you mind, sir?"

"No, Jeff. But . . ."

"You had nothing to do with this, sir. So why shouldn't you..."

"I wanted to talk to the guy, Jeff. Now I want to get back to town. I can't get mixed up with country cops and a lot of questions, that sort of thing, Jeff. Understand?"

Jeff said, "No."

"When's the next train to New York?"

"Tomorrow."

"No, Jeff. I mean the *next* train."

"Tomorrow."

I looked at him sidelong and I went to the phone. Jeff stared at Nottiby. I remembered that Barclay number and all the way from Nyack I called Erie information. The next train from Nyack to Jersey City was 6:10 a.m. Tomorrow. I hung up.

"Sorry, Jeff."

"That's all right, sir."

"Jeff. You know I had nothing to do with this. Don't you?"

"I'm sure of that."

"I can understand your calling the law, sure, I can."

"Thanks, sir."

"But must I be involved? It's like you said, I had nothing to do with it."

Jeff rubbed fingers at his hair. "I don't get it."

"Could you drive me back to town?"

"Got to call my folks and tell them."

"Would they let you?"

"Depends."

"How much, Jeff?"

"Well, up to the edge of the Bronx, say. Fifteen bucks?"

"You've got the fifteen, plus a ten-dollar bonus."

"You're not bribing me, sir."

"Don't mean to, Jeff."

"I'm calling the cops anyway. I'm also telling them about you. Then if it's okay with my folks, I'll drive you in. I don't think I'm doing anything wrong that way. You just had nothing to do with it, so what difference does it make?"

He called his folks and told them he had a job to do, that he could turn a buck. He hung up and he smiled at me. I assumed he had permission.

"What's your name, sir?"

"Travis. John Travis."

He called the town cops. He told them about having driven a man named Travis over to the Nottiby place. He told them by what method the man named Travis had entered the Nottiby place and why, and what he'd found there. He told them Travis was a tall guy with black hair and blue eyes and a straight-line mustache. Then he told them he was driving the man Travis to the Bronx, and he hung up while the phone still squirted a protesting voice. The only thing he didn't tell them was who was calling.

"We better go, Mr. Travis."

We stopped once for gas, and we stopped another time for the transfer of the twenty-five dollars. Cops on motorcycles went by several times, but nobody stopped us. It was a warm night with stars and Jeff provided a good deal of silence. It gave me time to realize I was smack out of ideas. Nottiby would have been a good guy to talk to. Now Nottiby had gone and done it like it was an epidemic, or did he? He probably did. Anyway you looked at it, Nottiby didn't have too much to live for. The car bounced and I tried to put some ideas together. They hung limp as the back row in burlycue.

He dropped me off at the 205th Street Station of the Independent Subway. It was a little after nine o'clock. I said, "Thanks for the ride, Jeff."

"Don't mention it."

"See you sometime. You're a smart young lad."

"Your name's Travis like mine's Robert E. Lee."

"Right smart lad," I said. "See you around."

I put my coin in the slot and I pushed through the turnstile and I got on a waiting last-stop train. The doors closed and I went to sleep. I awoke once at Fordham Road and then again at 125th Street. I took a cab for home at Columbus Circle and right there in the cab I remembered. I had him pull up at a drugstore and I paid him off and I went in and called Nancy Reevys.

"Hello," I said. "How are you?"

"Who is this?"

"Mr. Chambers. Pete Chambers."

"Yes, Mr. Chambers?"

"I hear you've been visiting up in Nyack."

"Yes," she said, "Mr. Chambers." And there you had your brilliant detective deflated in a phone booth with a receiver in his hand like he was ready to throw it.

"Well . . ." I said. "Way up in Nyack."

"I was worried about him. I tried him at the hotel. He hadn't been there all night. The man who had called from downtown had said he was ill. What with . . . Pamela . . . I know how he feels about her . . ."

"So you go to Nyack. Couldn't you call, Miss Reevys?"

"I did call. That's why I went there. I called several times. There was no answer. I became worried. I thought perhaps he was too ill to answer, so I drove up."

"Did you see him?"

"No. There wasn't anybody there."

"How about the lights in the parlor, Miss Reevys?"

"How do you know that?"

"How do I know you were up there?"

"How do you?"

"I was visiting too. I saw you drive off."

"Did you speak with him?"

"No. How about the lights in the parlor, Miss Reevys?"

"I noticed that. It frightened me for a moment. I didn't know exactly what to do. Then I recollected he had a good friend, Allan Webster, down the road a way. That's when you probably saw me driving off. I called on Mr. Webster and Mr. Webster reassured me Nottiby had been there in the forenoon, talking about Pamela, telling Webster about having to make arrangements for the funeral. Webster reassured me. Told me there was nothing to worry about Nottiby's health I mentioned the lights in the parlor. Webster said that was nothing unusual. Nottiby frequently left lights burning when he was up there. He said he was either in town, or possibly in New York completing the arrangements. Whatever, I was satisfied that he was well, and I came back home."

"That all?"

"That's all, Mr. Chambers. Is there anything new?"

"Not a thing, Miss Reevys. Not thus far."

"Please keep me informed."

"Sure thing. 'By."

I trudged home. There were no more people to see. Johnny the Mick had killed Pamela Reevys and hanged himself—or he hadn't. I had to make up my mind with the facts I had. Facts. I kicked the sidewalk. What facts? But I couldn't lay it down, and that bothered me. I'm an old hand in this business. You know when you have nothing. That's when you lay it down. But not this case. I had a lot of little things in this one. I just couldn't shake them up to talk to me. The thing had more frills than a carnival side show, but you couldn't see the design because of the spangles. I had an answer somewhere. There was an answer inside of me. How do you like that? Peter Chambers pregnant with an answer. Maybe. I needed a large drink, bad.

I live in a tall house facing Central Park. It would be a pleasure getting home. I wanted a warm soaking bath and relaxation. Warm soaking bath That's where I came in. *I was lolling in the bathtub wherein tepid . . .* I got a picture of Johnny with a blue face twisting slowly off the leather belt tight and deep in his neck. A small warm breeze from the park made me shiver. I pulled my hat down and I walked faster. There was something wrong with the city. It was dim, it was eerie, it was quiet. It gets like that when you work too hard, when you're pregnant with an answer, when you don't get enough sleep, when you splash onto a guy with the brains of his head slopped against a wall, a nice polite soft-voiced guy, a guy that had crept into a bottle to get out of a lousy world. I needed that large drink, bad.

I stopped off at my liquor store for a couple of bottles and then I turned in under the canopy and I said, "Hi," to the doorman.

"I'm not supposed to tell you, Mr. Chambers. But you've got company. I think."

"Me?"

"About ten minutes ago. They ring your bell. That don't answer. Then they ask me. I tell them you are probably out. Then they ask for the super."

"You know them?"

"Four guys. The super comes down and tells me. They had him open the door. Either they're looking around, or they're waiting for you. Cops."

"Thanks."

"You don't have to go up if you don't want to, Mr. Chambers. I never mentioned anything to you."

I took one of the bottles and handed it over. "Thanks," I said.

"What's this?"

"An installment on next Christmas. For a pal."

"Thank *you*, Mr. Chambers."

I went up and put the key in the door. Sam Kelcey and two tight-faced young men whom I didn't know had their hats and coats on ready to leave. Louis Parker had his legs crossed in an easy chair. The way it looked, Louis had been left to linger as a reception committee of one.

"Well," I said, "gentlemen. Welcome. I didn't hear you ring."

Sam Kelcey took his gloves off. He slapped the package out of my hand. He curled a choking fist around my shirt collar. "A nice cool private eye busybody bastard." He held onto the collar with one hand and he threw the other backhand.

I said, "Cut it out." Inspector or no inspector, the guy was priming himself for a jolt of knee action to where it hurts most. That wouldn't do me one little bit of good, after he came out of the jackknife. The hell with that. It wouldn't do him any good either. "Let go the shirt."

The open right hand closed down to fist. It started from way back. I wrenched out, and I ducked.

Parker said, "Don't . . ."

I adjusted my tie. The two bright young men were grinning.

"What am I supposed to do?" Kelcey asked. "Play potsey with him?"

Parker got up and he walked, casually. But he stayed between us. "What in all hell is the matter with you, Pete? Why don't you stop interfering in police business?"

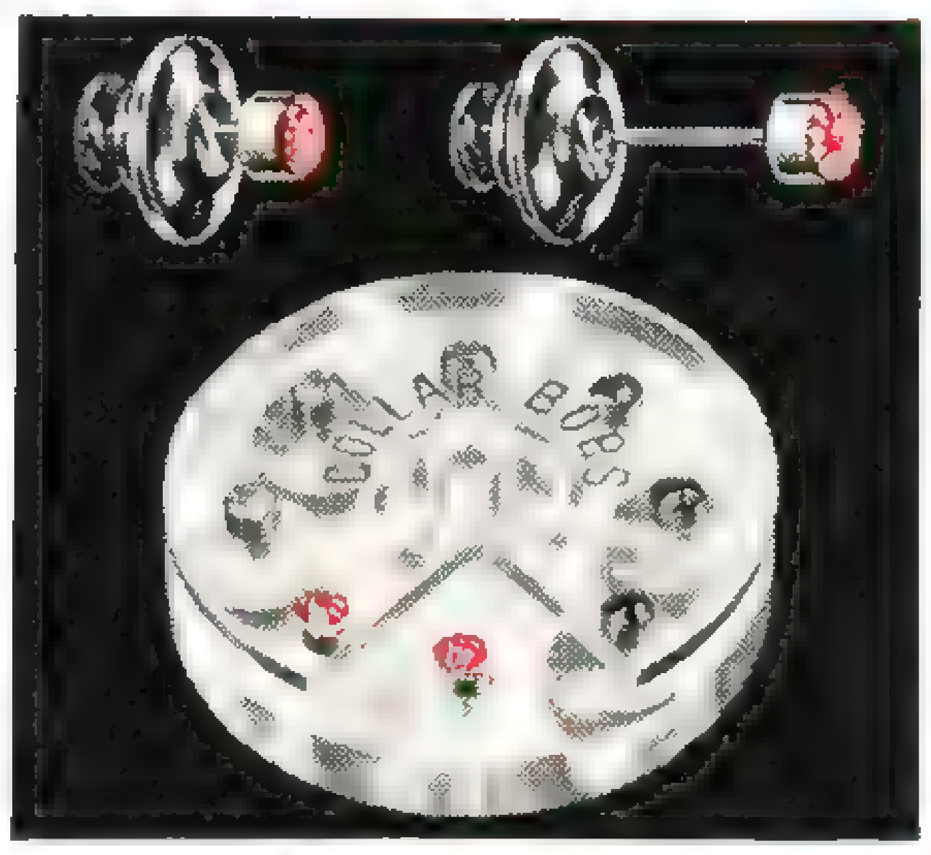
"Sit down," Kelcey said.

He didn't mean Parker. He meant me.

"Sit down, I said."

Continued on page 186

not a collar was stirring



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I sat. He stood over me. "Look," he said. "You're *his* pet." He pointed at Parker. "Me, I'll kick your teeth in. Then, I'll first strip you of your license and stick you in the can. You guys got a function, I suppose. All right, you got a function. But I just don't want you messing around in police business. Maybe I'll do it right now." His face got red and a vein in his forehead stuck out like buck teeth on a beautiful girl. He leaned over.

"Sam . . ." Parker said.

"What the hell am I supposed to do? Kiss him?"

I pointed at the bottle half out of the bag on the floor. "I'd offer you people a drink . . ."

"See what I mean?" Kelcey said.

I got up and picked up the bottle. I opened a cabinet and I waved at the glassware. "Anybody like a drink?"

Nobody answered.

I opened the bottle and I poured a long one and I added soda from the siphon. It was nourishing. I fixed another one, smaller, and I went back to my chair. One of the two bright young men ran a quick tongue against his lips, then settled back to stoic.

"What about Nyack?" Kelcey asked.

"What about it, Inspector?"

"Listen, once, carefully, and then I'm through talking with you. If not for your patron here . . ." He flung fingers at Parker. He sighed and he went to the cabinet and put some of my Scotch in a shot glass and drank it. "I've got enough on you right now. I haven't forgotten the fact that you discovered a dead woman, and didn't report it. I haven't forgotten the fact that you took up the murder weapon, and brought it away from the scene of the crime. I let it slip by, because it made no difference; we caught up with the guy and, unwittingly, you led us to him. But if I wanted to throw you to the D. A. . . . do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Now you turn up breaking and entering up in Nyack. We got a report on it down here. On routine, a Mr. Vaydelle tells us you asked him to drive you up there. Then we get a description of a guy that fits you; the police up there develop a kid named Jeffrey Colman drove you over to Nottiby's and you discovered him. Right?"

"Right. Suicide?"

"That's what the Nyack boys tell us. His gun, his prints, his house, and his wife murdered the day before. Did you know that Pamela Reevys was his wife?"

"No."

"Well, she was. All right, what were you doing in Nyack?"

"Visiting."

"Whom?"

"Nottiby."

"Why?"

"Just visiting."

"Look, peeper . . ."

"He was nice to me down there in the pokey. I had nothing special to do today. I heard he was sick. So I went visiting."

"That's one goddamn dirty lie and you know it."

"Inspector," I said.

"Look, I don't know what you're scratching around for. And I don't give a damn. But I'm telling you now, right now, I don't want any more messing in police affairs. Do you understand? Yes or no?"

"Yes."

"You're in hot water right up to your ears. You're lucky I don't push you in over your head."

"Thank you."

"Thank Parker, don't thank me." He motioned to one of the young men. The young man opened the door. "Mr. John Travis," Kelcey said. "Why, I'd like to . . ." He went to the door. "You coming, Lieutenant?" He meant Parker.

"I'll stick around a while and lecture the guy. Then I'll go down and finish the report."

"See you," the inspector said.

They went away.

Parker had a drink. "You go from bad to worse. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. I just don't like to think that a guy like Johnny the Mick is a murderer."

"It's open and shut, Pete. It's closed."

"Open and shut. Open and shut. That's all I've been hearing. Did you know the guy, Louis?"

"No. A little. Saw him around, mostly."

"I knew him. From way back. Guys are cut out a certain way. Sharp operator, yeah. Murderer, no. It's hard for me to explain it. In business pressure, I wouldn't put it past him to hire torpedoes to eliminate the pressure. In a cockeyed way, that's business. With mob guys, you behave like a mob guy, or you don't survive. It's hard to explain it. But I don't think Johnny was a guy to take a gun and kill somebody. Downright, outright, outrageous murder. That's the way I feel about it."

"You're nuts, Pete."

"So I'm checking around. For the hell of it. I've got a few people agree with me about Johnny. They ask me to check around. That's how I got up to Nyack. I knew that Nottiby was Pamela Reevys' husband. He knew about the affair between her and Johnny. I thought he might have something interesting to say."

"That's none of my business, Pete, what you do with your spare time. But you've got Kelcey steaming from the pores, and I don't blame him. Lay off, will you?"

"Why?"

"It's open and shut. You're wasting your time."

"Maybe," I said. "I'm going to take a bath, and I'm going to sleep. You think that's okay with the Police Department?"

"That's perfect with the Police Department."

Parker had another drink. He took his hat and coat. "See you around, sucker."

"Good-by, Patron."

I opened the windows and the curtains fluttered. I dimmed the lights down to a couple of lamps and I started undressing. Naked, I turned the tap for the bath and I thought I heard the phone ring. I went out of the bathroom and into the living room and I leaned on the wall and talked to the telephone. "Hello?"

"Hi, lover. I'm thinking about you. I'm piffed."

"Piffed is good."

"But incandescent. Why don't you come visit me?"

"That a deal?"

"Well . . . no. We were celebrat-

Continued on page 191

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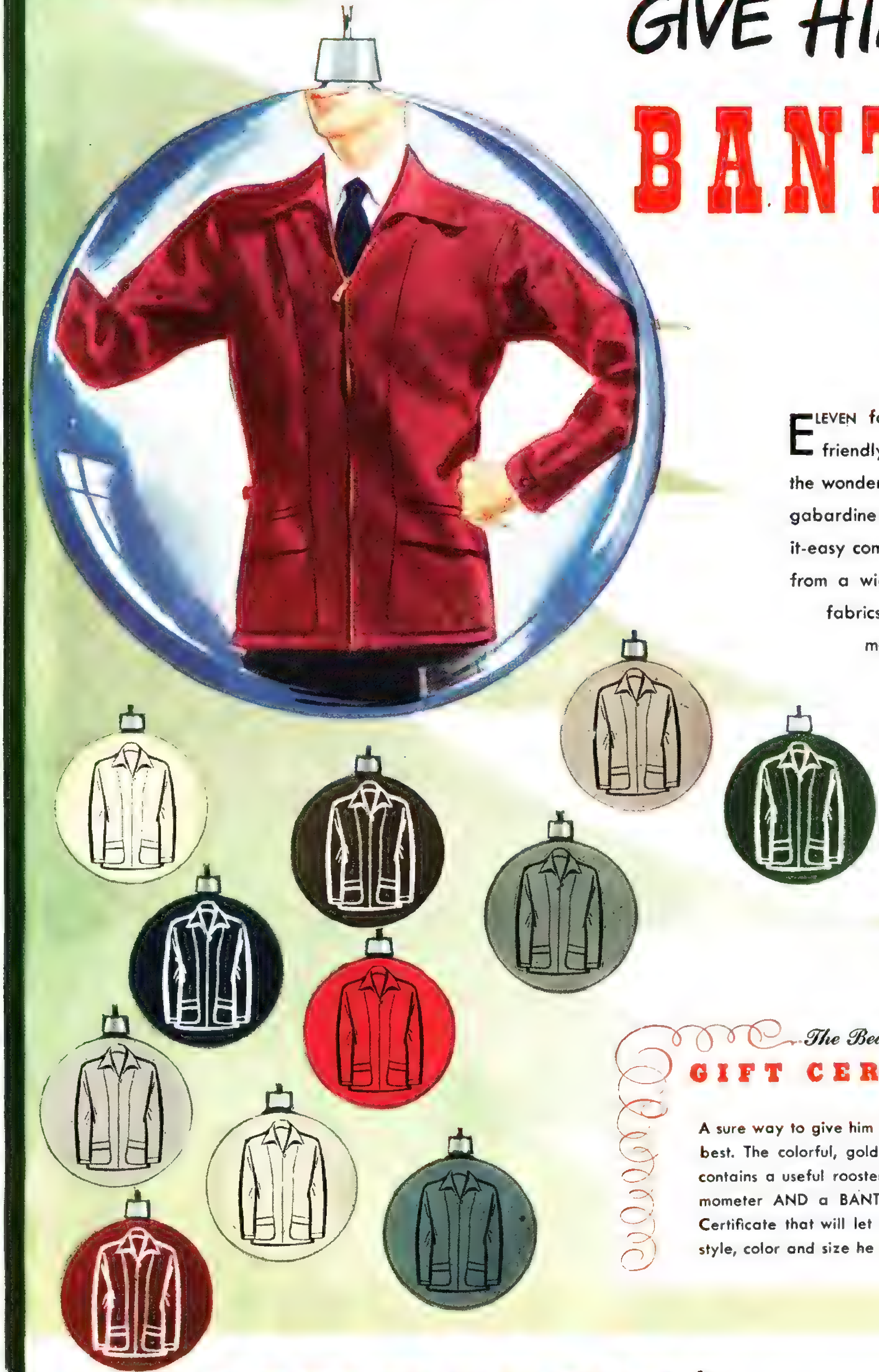

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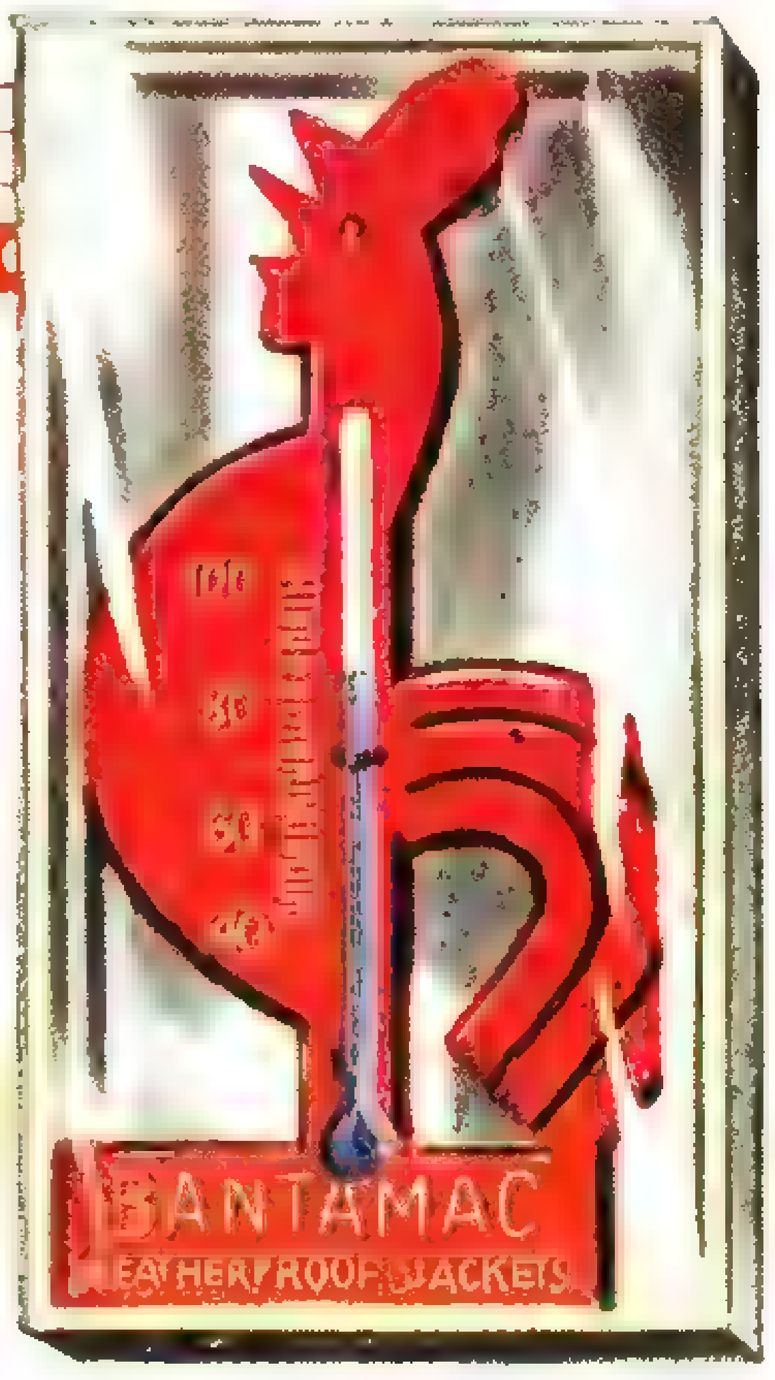

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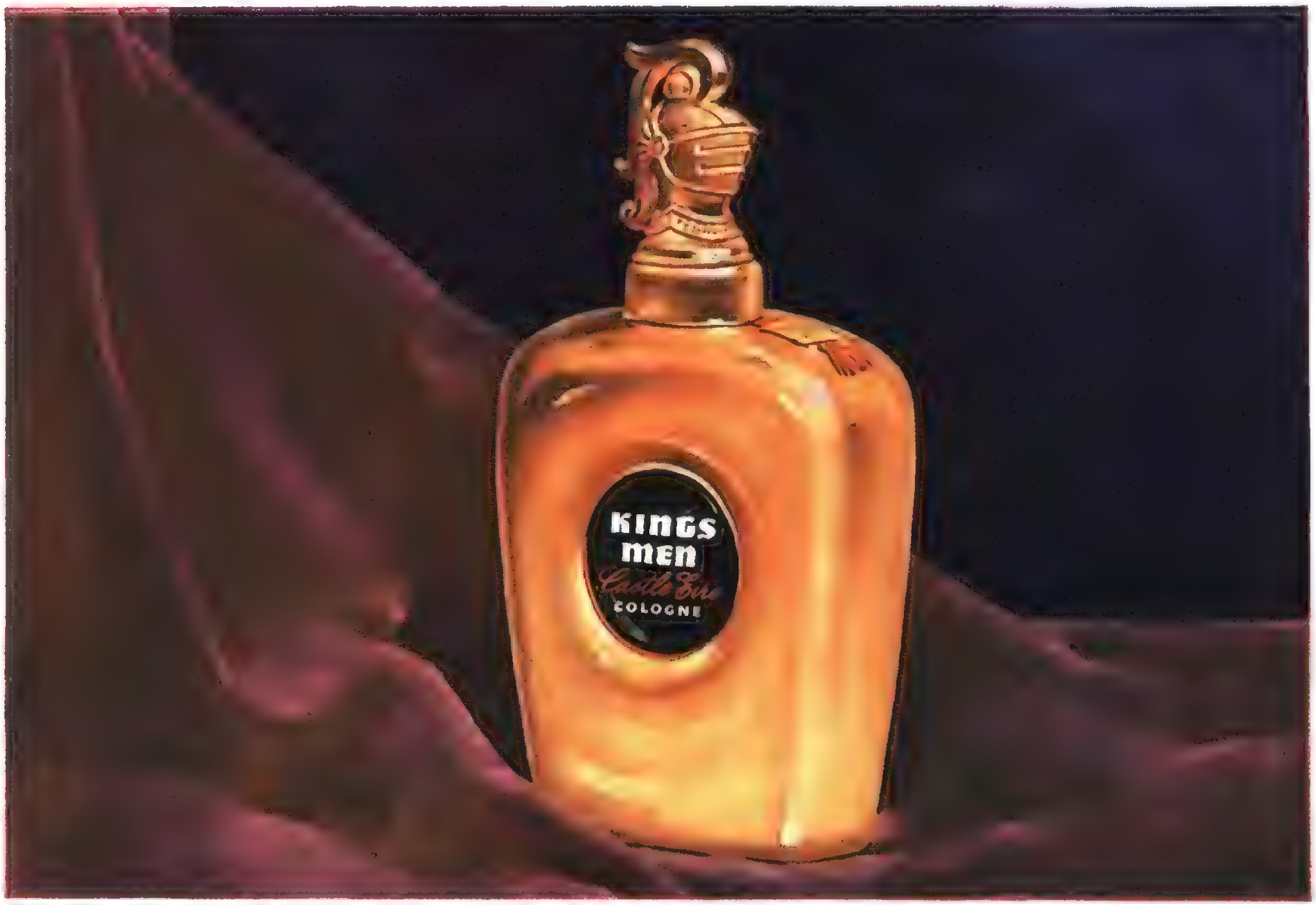

The bottle shown, approximately half actual size, is Kings Men Gold at $5.00

Painted for the Kings Men Collection by Armitage

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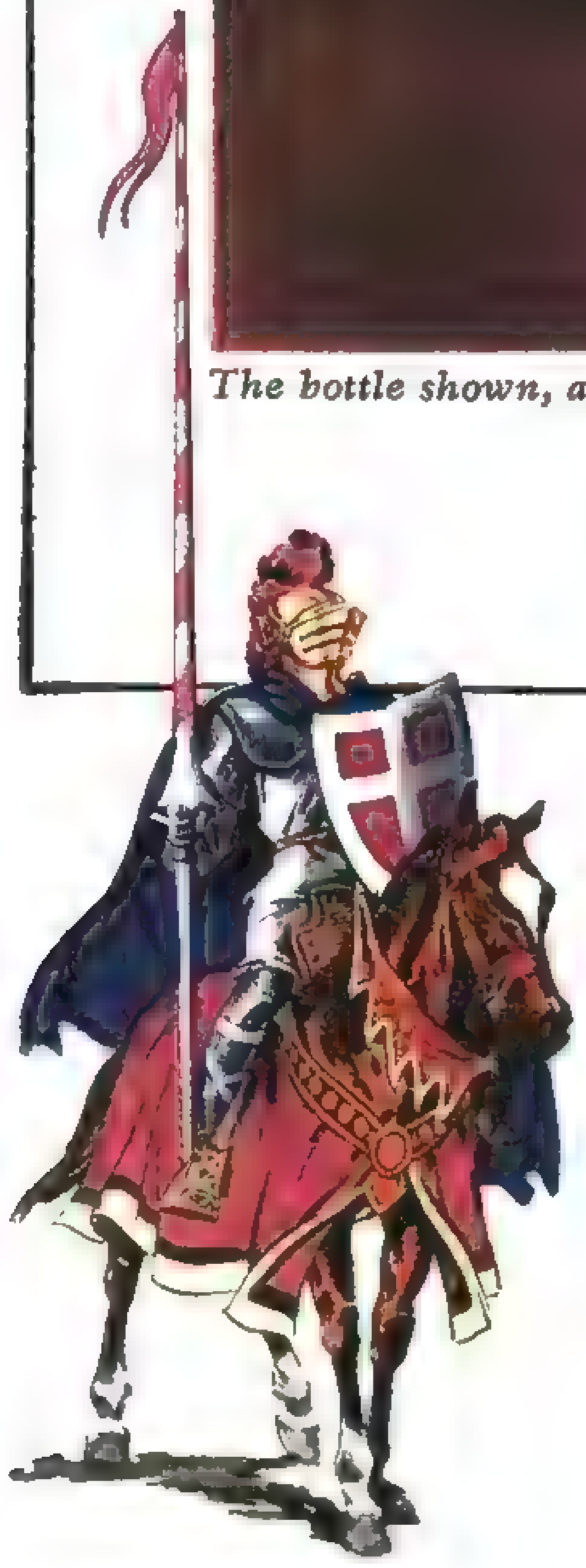

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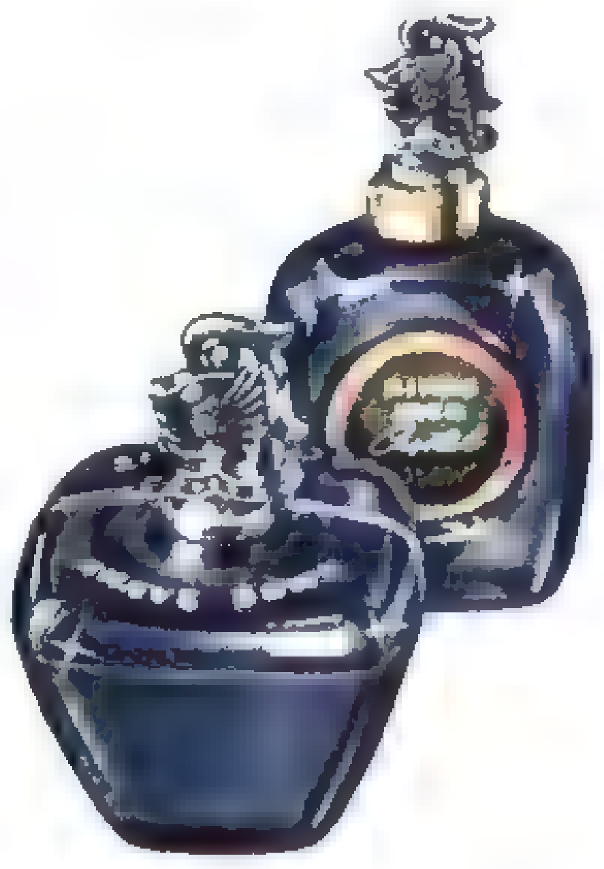

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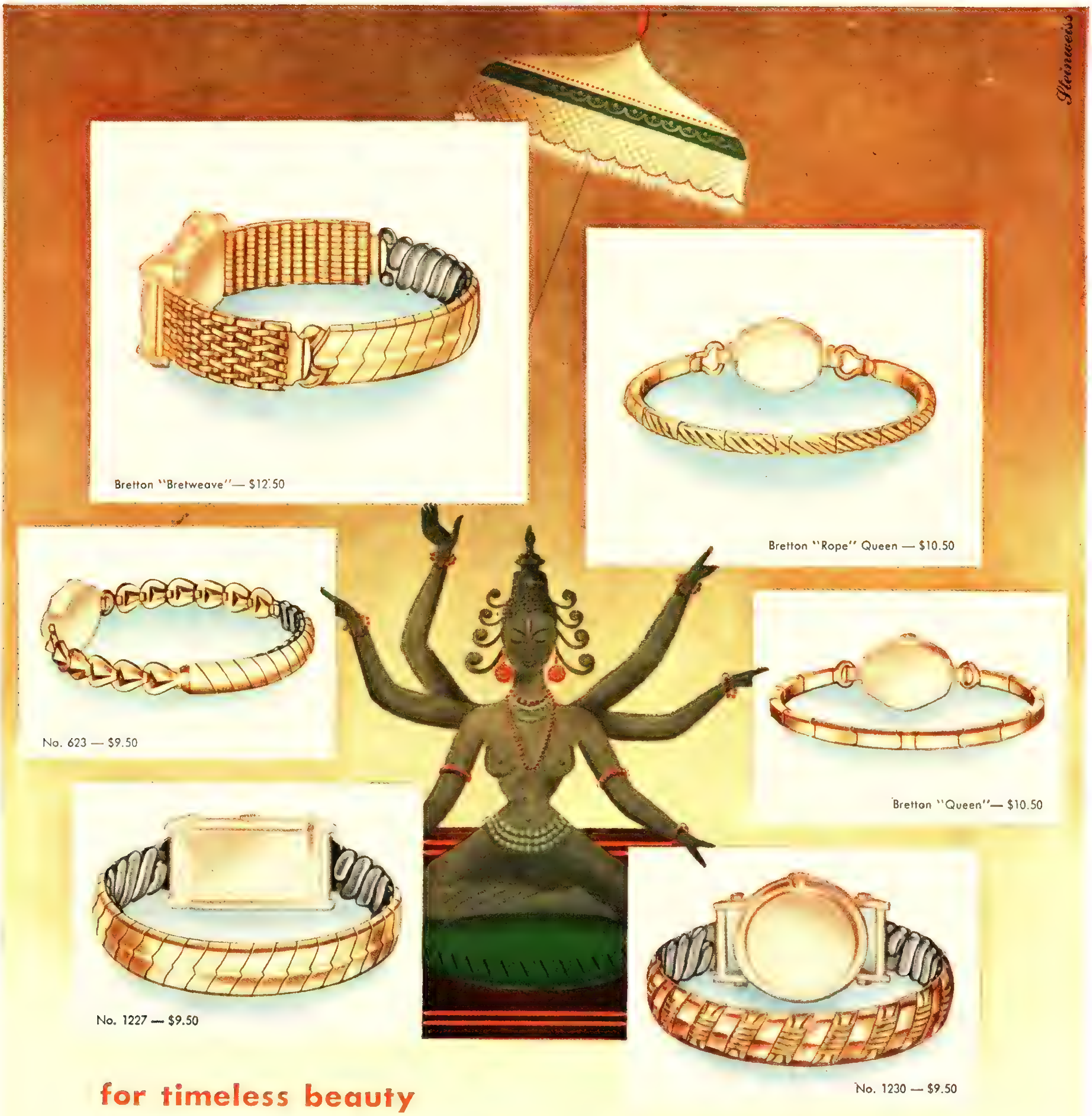

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ing, Sweetheart and I. We closed that Atlantic City business right here in town. Papers signed and all. We're going to have a gorgeous hunk of joint. We're going to coin that stuff like a mint. I feel good, lover, I feel good all over. How do you feel?"

"Me? I feel . . ."

I pressed back against the wall like a mural.

Suddenly I had it. All of it.

Boff! Like that.

"Hello . . . hello . . . where the heck are you, lover?"

"Sweetheart there?"

"Look, lover, I'm choosy."

"Where is he, Miami?"

"Home, I suppose."

"You know his number, offhand?"

"Sure." She gave me the phone number. "What's the matter with you?"

"I'll call you back, Miami."

"The hell with you, lover."

I put the receiver back, slowly. I stood there against the wall and I let it grow inside of me. I had it, I knew that. It jiggled a little, like champagne in an ice bucket; but it fit, like the same champagne in the same ice bucket. Champagne in an ice bucket and soft music and bubbly lights and a beautiful blonde or a beautiful brunette or a beautiful redhead or a beautiful someone, but make it female, and the glow of champagne about—you have a picture for the camera lens: the romantic detective, with his case broken but jiggling, daydreaming through a Scotch mist against the parlor wall.

I called Sweetheart Vaydelle. "Sweetheart," I said, "drop over to my place, will you? It's very important."

"What's important?"

"Come on over, will you?"

"For what?"

"I've got news for you."

"What about?"

"Johnny."

Indecision came over the wire in a blurt of silence.

Then, "Right. Where are you?"

"Fifty-ninth near Sixth. It's in the phone book."

"Right."

I danced off the wall. I bought myself a drink, and another one. I tried to work out a plan of action, strategy. It panned out an omelette. I threw it away. I pulled the stopper on the tub, wistful. I rubbed down with alcohol (no cracks, critics). I dressed. I had about as much plan of maneuver as a cockeyed drunk on a runaway carousel snatching for a ring. I sat around with a highball and I waited for Sweetheart Vaydelle. I sat around with another highball, and I still waited for Sweetheart Vaydelle.

I called downtown to Parker.

"I thought," he said, "you were taking a bath. Remember? It was supposed to be with the full approval of the Police Department."

"Very funny."

"What happened to the bath?"

"I didn't take it."

"What happened with going to sleep?"

"It's postponed."

"You're not off on a new tizzy, huh? Kelcey spank."

"I am. And you're included."

"Thanks. But does it have to be?"

"It has to be, Louis."

He came off the banter wagon. "What's the matter?"

"I'd like you to meet me, Louis. Downstairs lobby of Headquarters. That all right . . ."

The bell rang. Once and short.

"Just a minute, Louis . . ." I opened the door for Vaydelle. "Hi. Throw your hat and coat someplace. Be with you in a minute." I went back to the phone.

Parker said, "When?"

"Anytime starting with about a half-hour from now. I've got company."

"You sound like you're nuts, but you sound like you mean it. You've got a date, chum-boy."

Sweetheart Vaydelle had put his coat neatly over the back of a chair and he balanced his hat on top of that. He wore a perfectly tailored oxford-grey double-breasted and a white-on-white lounge-type shirt and a yellow-and-pink regimental, large knot. He wore a smile as specious as a brass nickel. He walked the carpet and he said no thanks about a drink. He stopped and he spread his feet and he put his hands behind him. He was a powerful man, and young enough for trouble. He had thick shoulders and a thick neck and a thick red face. His nose was short and wide with strained nostrils and a few purple veins. He had a lot of chin. I liked that. A lot of chin is vulnerable.

"What about it?" he said. He looked at me.

You couldn't tell what he was thinking, that kind of face. He had big eyes, oval-shaped and popped and wide up from round cheekbones; they never looked at you. When he stared, they looked around you; bulgy green opaque eyes like olives in a jar. He had a small forehead that looked big joining baldness.

"What about it?" he said.

"Congratulations on Atlantic City."

"Thanks."

"Gonna make money?"

"If I have the time to concentrate on it."

"You're going to have a lot of time."

"How do you make that?"

"You're closing down Eleventh Avenue."

"Says what?"

"Me."

He came over close. "Mister," he said. "I think you're nuts. I really do."

"Who doesn't?"

"Look . . ."

I hit him first.

Better like that.

I caught him as he began his swing, I caught him with a little jab, but it pushed him off balance, and then he closed into a full bouquet of pent-up knuckles. On the mouth. It crunched blood, but it didn't floor him. He came in a rush and I side-stepped most of it, but I caught some of the butt from his hard bald head on the side of my stomach and I did an adagio whirl and I fell. He was on me, all over me, with my arm twisted up behind my back, and he put a lot of pressure on that. His left hand took the hair off my head and he kept yessing my forehead against the floor jouncing my brains. But it helped. It took some of the pressure off the arm he was dislocating. "Son-of-a-bitch of a crumb," he said. That helped too. You ease off the concentration when you talk. I heaved

Continued on page 192

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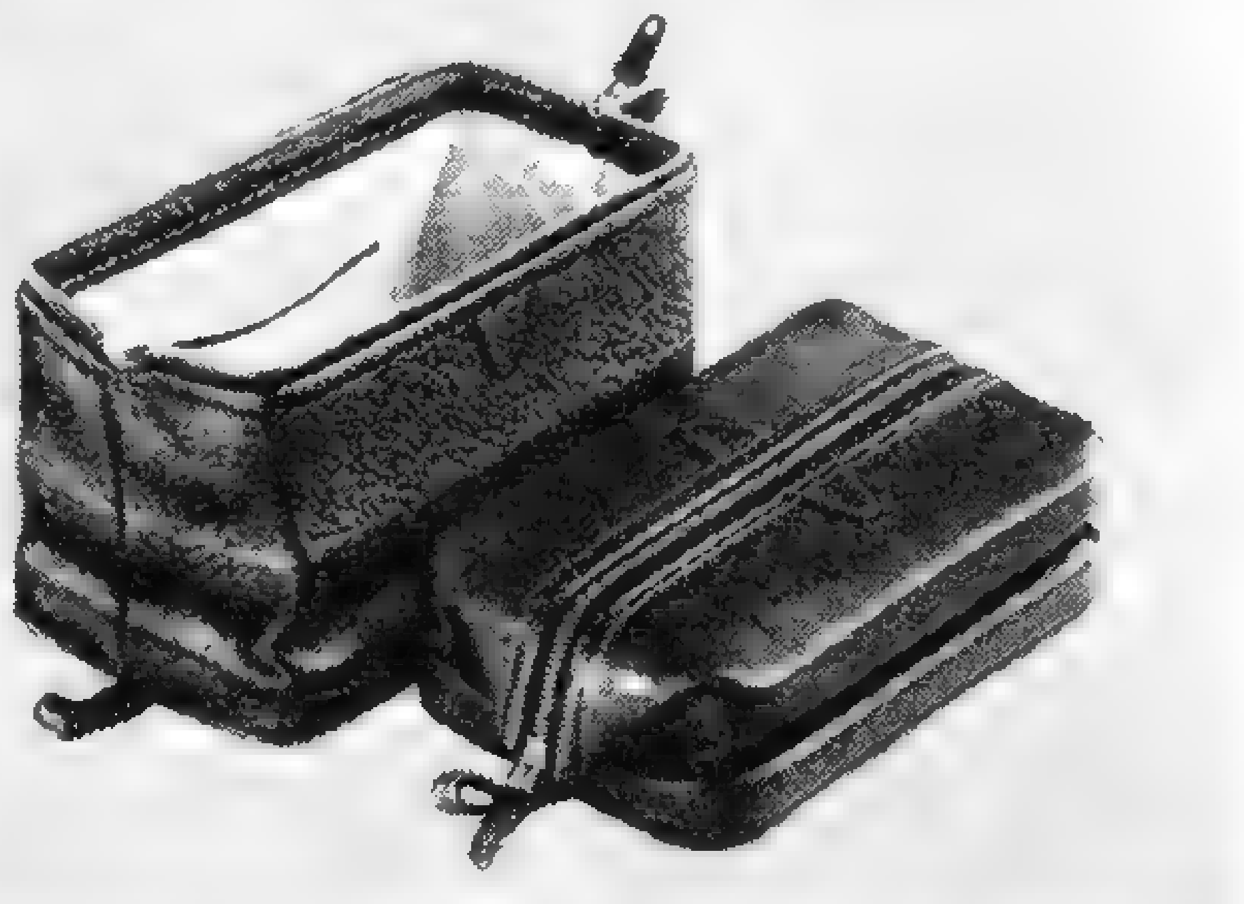

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up rump, and he fell off me, panting, but he didn't let go of my left wrist. The arm up by the socket made a noise like the tear of a sheet of paper and we were jumbled like a pair of insane acrobats, my head in his crotch, and then I bit him in the soft part of the thigh with all the pain that was in me. He screamed. His hand opened on my wrist. I squirmed on the floor and I saw the blood on his mouth and I swung for it with the one hand that was left me. A denture got loose in his mouth, clicking. I swung for it and it cut him, blood came and he gagged. I squared off the floor and he started coming up, ugly with blood and spit. I kicked him in the jaw and he lay there.

My left arm hung like a Dali untitled.

Pain was a burning screech all the way to my ribs; pain lopped off a part of me, a stranger. My arm was a cripple slow-writhing in geometric absurdity; pain had me smiling, lips up numb by the gums of my teeth. It was either you pass out or you stay with it. I stayed with it, but it had me breathless and limping.

Whiskey helped. Shot by shot, so fast you almost gagged. In seconds, you learn to walk humped over an arm, protective.

Sweetheart snored on the floor.

I went to the bedroom and brought back a .38. I sat on the arm of a chair with the gun in my hand and I waited for him. It's corny, but there you have it. Nausea stayed down. Pain became a habit.

He moved and I waited. He sat up and he saw me.

"Don't get up," I said. "Sit there. Fix your mouth."

He sat on the floor and his legs sprawled. He grinned, but he didn't mean it; perhaps he did. He drew a handkerchief and he wiped his mouth. "It's all messed up inside." He lisped.

"Take your teeth."

He looked and he found his bridge. "I ought to wash it."

"Let's talk first, huh?"

"You're rougher than you look. I heard about you. Maybe I didn't believe it. You like women too much. I can't figure you."

"You want a drink?"

"It'll burn. I'm cut in there."

"You want it?"

"Yes."

I brought Scotch and I handed it down to him. I was ready if he wanted to play again. He drank it gulp to the back of the throat. "Thanks. I can stand another one of those." He stood another one. I went back to the arm of my chair.

"What's the play?" he asked.

"Eleventh Avenue is finished. I'm blowing my top, and I think I can prove it."

"Your arm looks like it's broken."

"Never mind my arm. If you play ball, they figure to close down your joint. But *you*—you'll be breathing fresh air."

"Otherwise?"

"Otherwise you'll probably do ten years, minimum. And they'll love putting it to you."

"How?"

"You ever hear of accessory after the fact?"

"Yes."

"That's you. And the fact is murder. Like that, you're not going to have much out. And Eleventh Avenue is finished, either way. Do you get it? Think about it."

He thought about it while I had another drink. I brought one to him. He said, "Thanks." He said it musingly.

He knocked it down. He said, "Spray some seltzer on these," and he handed up his teeth. I sprayed seltzer, spoiling my carpet. I gave him back his teeth and he put them back and bit down on them. The gun in my hand was local color. The guy was convinced.

"I think I see what you mean," he said.

"You're a smart boy, Sweetheart."

"I'm a businessman. I know when I'm licked. It's a good thing, a good thing we made that Atlantic City deal. When do we go, shamus?"

"We go now."

"You talked me into it."

I helped him off the floor, the gun near him. I said, "In case you're thinking of angles, most of the information is already spilled." I was lying, but it didn't matter. The guy was convinced.

He had another drink of Scotch, grunted, grimaced. "That arm don't look good." He was proud of that.

"The hell with it. I'm putting the gun away. Any questions?"

"It's your gun."

I put the gun away. He helped me on with my jacket. I wore it like a toreador, one arm. "We'll skip the coat," I said.

The doorman blew his whistle for a cab.

He blew happily. He winked largely.

Christmas had begun for him. In installments.

Police Headquarters is five stories of piled-up grey stone on Centre Street. At night it looks like a squat office building with the charwomen loose. Windows are yellow lights in disarray. The cabbie said, "Here y'are, gents, the bull pen."

Parker was a lonesome gnome in a wide deep lobby.

Me: a cripple with a smile all teeth.

Sweetheart: palpitating hope.

"The private eye," Parker announced, tapping me on the shoulder.

"Ow."

"This a new design for the sharpies?"

"What?"

"The way you're wearing your jacket."

"He might have a broken arm," Sweetheart said. "I think."

Parker said, "What's the matter, Pete?"

"Who you got here?"

"What?"

"Who you got here important?"

"You've got me, professor."

"Have you got something like a deputy commissioner?"

"We've got better than that. We've got the commissioner himself, came in about twenty minutes ago. Sore as a boil about a shooting up in Harlem. We got him, but we don't have him for you. You're peanuts."

"That's what you think."

"That's right."

"That's where we're going, though."

"Don't be crazy, Pete."

"We're going, and you're coming. You know him?" I pointed at Sweetheart. "Sweetheart Vaydelle. Owns El Courvocco."

"How do you do?"

"Sweetheart is closing his joint down. He wants to talk to the commissioner."

"The hell he does."

"Don't you?"

Sweetheart said, "The guy is cooking."

Parker rubbed an open hand across his mouth. "Look, I don't mix with the political stuff. Commissioners, deputy commissioners, inspectors—those guys are appointees. Me, I'm a cop what got promoted. I don't mix with the political stuff. I've been around too long. Mr. Vaydelle, if I get assigned to a job that's got something to do with you, I don't care who the hell you know. But, this, I don't get."

"As long as we've got the commissioner," I said, "let's go see the commissioner. Huh?"

His office is on the second floor. We waited outside for a while, then we were shown in.

"This man . . ." Parker began.

"Which man?"

"Me," I said.

"What is it? Please be brief." He sat back in the chair behind the neat desk. He looked tired. "This is most unusual . . ."

"I wish to accuse your Chief Inspector Sam Kelcey of accepting bribes over a long period. I also wish to accuse him of murder."

Dryly the commissioner said, "You do."

Then he did a double-take. Subtle. But when he was through he was sitting bent across the desk, impatient hands tapping wood. He didn't look tired any more.

"What's your name?"

"Peter Chambers."

"What's your business?"

"Private detective."

He looked at Parker. "He's not a screwball?"

"No," Parker said (with his fingers crossed).

The commissioner looked back to me. "Credentials?"

"Yes, sir." I showed him.

"Who's he?" He pointed at Vaydelle. "What's your name, sir?"

"Albert Blake Vaydelle."

"Business?"

"I own uh a restaurant."

I said, "Have you ever heard of El Courvocco, Commissioner?"

"No."

"I believe that. I think—"

"Look here." He stood up behind the desk. "Any more of that kind of lip, mister . . ."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean it that way."

The commissioner sat down.

"Sir," I began, "I'm not one of those nihilists, or something that's going to rant about corruption in high places, that stuff. You're a big executive, with your hands full, with eighteen thousand men under you. You don't figure to know about every after-hours joint, no matter how elaborate. You especially don't figure on this one, when the information gets lopped off by the Chief Inspector Kelcey, who is taking money as the politician in the right spot, and spreading it where it does the most good . . ."

"Who owns this club?"

"Mr. Vaydelle. And another gentleman, who doesn't own it any more because he's dead. A Mr. John Mikvah."

The commissioner looked at Parker. Parker blinked with the expression of an owl with a flashlight in its face. The commissioner opened his desk and took out a ream of typewritten sheets. "Is this connected?" he asked Parker.

"John Mikvah," Parker said.

"Are you ready to swear to this, Mr. Vaydelle?"

"Yes, sir."

"Lieutenant, do you know the whereabouts of the inspector?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go get him. He's under arrest. Your custody. The less you say to him the better I like it."

"Yes, sir." Parker said.

He saluted and he went out and the purple spots began to jump like the air was full of animated buckshot and a buzz saw went to work in my ears. I heard a dim, "What's the matter with him?" and the next thing I knew I was on the couch in the office with a sharp smell in my nose and a strange guy saying, "Dislocation, Commissioner."

"Ow," I said.

"Take it easy, feller."

"Can you fix him up," the commissioner said, "here?"

"Ow," I said.

"I might," the man said. "I'll give him a shot that'll freeze off the pain, set it and immobilize it."

"Do that, please."

I heard Sweetheart say, "Yes, sir. He received full fifty per cent of the profits for the past six years . . . yes, sir . . . that was the deal when we opened the joint . . . yes, sir . . . twenty-five for me, twenty-five for the Mick, fifty for him to cover all the traffic—like that we open up . . . yes, sir . . ."

I heard the commissioner's clear denunciation. "The miserable thieving son-of-a-bitch."

The doctor came and the prick of the needle was an amnesty from pain. My arm was crowbar to his scientific unconcern; it was like another man kissing another man's wife—you felt you should disapprove, but you simply didn't feel it. He pasted adhesive across me and he fit my arm into a sling and he helped me put my shirt on. "See your physician," he said. "Temporarily, this will do . . ."

"Thanks." I brought my legs down over the couch.

Vaydelle was finished talking. The commissioner was grim as a pallbearer's pallbearer.

"That's the bribery. What's the rest of it, Chambers, if any?"

"Murder, sir. Three times."

Parker came then with Kelcey. Kelcey looked from Parker to Vaydelle to me to the commissioner. Parker hadn't talked. Kelcey stood up straight and high, but his face caught the tone of ashes, ashes and sleet and a dropped sky in winter. I talked it up fast, somehow, out of courtesy: "You have the data on the bribery, Commissioner. On the murder, it's a round robin—Pamela Reevys, John Mikvah, Toby Nottiby."

Straight and high. Where another man bent, this one stiffened, but he couldn't control his color, or the jump of the twitch-muscles in the jaw.

The commissioner spread his hands on the desk. "You're under arrest, Inspector. Charges to be specified. You will wait in the anteroom, please."

Sam Kelcey saluted, turned through the open door on his left.

Continued on page 194

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Parker parted his legs in front of the door, a squat triangle of guard with hands clasped behind him, intent on the gossip but unhappy.

"Mikvah. John Mikvah," the commissioner said. "I had just re-read that report. I cannot see . . . there was one element of dereliction subject for investigation and appropriate corrective measure. The guard Nottiby. But when I learned of his suicide, that sealed it off . . ."

"Does he have a car?"

"Who?"

"Nottiby."

"Yes, why?"

"Fits, fits fine."

"Look here . . ."

I made an arrow of my sling and I pointed with my elbow. I said it loud enough for the man in the anteroom. I challenged denial. "He fell for a girl, Pamela Reevys. *He* was the new boy friend, Mr. Clandestine. She knew about him from the Mick, that he was the take-guy. She met him, liked him, they got chummy, and then she leeched onto him, in a nice way, but she had him hooked, and he knew it. We can prove it—they had to keep it a secret because of his peculiar position in the setup—but the sister had met him, several times. She didn't know his name. But she can identify him . . ."

The sound from the anteroom was a pillowed plop, stopped-up noise, rammed-back sound—but the smell of the cordite identified it. We all ran in. The inspector had put his gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger.

The doctor came again, simply to supervise the removal of the body and then we were alone in the room, the four of us. The commissioner gave his first attention to Parker.

"You told him he was under arrest, I assume?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been with the Department?"

"Sixteen years."

"Wasn't it proper, no imperative, to relieve him of his weapon in the circumstances?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well? . . ."

The lieutenant shifted feet, but held his ground, although he had no ground to hold. Detective-lieutenant Parker. The best damn detective-lieutenant any police department ever could hope to boast of. Louis Parker. My guy. Then it cleaved for the commissioner.

"Lieutenant, did you have any idea these charges would stand up?"

Parker pointed his thumb at me. "The guy, sir, isn't crazy, altogether."

"Did you have any idea the inspector would have no defense, once the charges were consummated?"

"Well . . ." Parker said.

"I see your point, Lieutenant." Vaydelle looked bewildered.

That was all right with the commissioner.

"You," he said. He meant me. "I studied this report. It made sense."

"A report is a report."

"Naturally. Is that meant as an epigram?"

"No. I mean a report is a form of summation that depends upon how it is slanted, what facts might be excluded to color it, how the sum total is funneled . . ."

"Let's have your story, mister."

I sighed and I sat back and I hoped I could say it like I knew it was in me. "First off, I knew Johnny. For years. Knew something of his nature. No report can show that. He just wasn't a guy who would shoot a person, boom, and blow. Maybe, crime of passion, that thing. But if Johnny did this—it shaped premeditation."

"Why?"

"Look in your report. She had been two-timing him with a phantom guy, she was a bum who had disappointed him. That day, he had arranged for transportation out of the country, he had drawn a large sum of money in the morning, he had arranged to meet her an hour or so before the time of death. And he had brought her to the apartment when the doorman wasn't there."

"I see."

"All right. Bring that off and you come up against the two patent questions.

"One: why his own apartment? Two: why send me for the bag?"

Parker mixed in. "There are seventy thousand crisp answers to question number two."

"How about that?" the commissioner said.

"No good, that is how about that. It sounds good. But it's meaningless, because as we know the guy had been to the bank in the morning. He had drawn forty thousand bucks. Now, if that were permanent lam money, he would have drawn more, much more, probably all. As it happens, he left a *zoftig* balance."

"*Zoftig?*" the commissioner inquired.

"That means plenty."

"Oh."

"The psychiatrist says, which I dispute in any event, that he left the dead woman *and* the bag. I say that if he had done that job he would never have sent for the bag. The risk would have been too great, and the seventy wouldn't have been enough of a counterbalance, because he could have drawn *all his money* for lam money, that morning. Plus what he had in safe-deposit vault that he has in the same bank. He didn't draw all. And he didn't go near the safe-deposit vault. Does it sound like a man making plans for murder?"

"No."

"Plus the other questions. The *latent* ones. What's with running water in the bathroom? Does a guy take a bath before or after shooting a woman, or in between? *Or not at all.* Since when does an inspector come to collect a murderer, *not* flanked by a couple of lieutenants, just with a punk young patrolman off the beat? None of that shows in a report, not the way it's supposed to show—a lot of little facts like that—plus I knew Johnny, and Johnny didn't figure to be that stupid—and Kelcey knew it."

"How do you mean that?"

"I mean that's how Johnny wound up hanging by his belt. Kelcey had it laid out the minute he saw that bag up there . . ."

"When did Kelcey see the bag?"

Parker said, "You're supposed to let him do it his own way, Commissioner. That's the biggest kick he gets out of life. That, and a lot of girls."

I disregarded him. "Let's do it

Continued on page 196

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right side up. Part of it is guesswork, but it runs right up the canal. Kelcey is taking enormous graft from El Courvocco. He meets Pamela, they get together, the Mick loses her. The Mick had told her about Kelcey; so, after a while, she's taking him. If he doesn't pay, she'll blast. Nobody could afford that. A madcap, and there you have it, so he's paying her three hundred a week.

"When you can't stop paying, you begin to hate the party that's taking you. Meanwhile, business at the Courvocco is sliding. That fifty per cent cut is a tough wiggle in the poop. Johnny's balking, Sweetheart's willing to stay in line. Finally, the evening before, Johnny puts it to Kelcey. He's cutting him. Kelcey kicks. Johnny says, 'So and so is my proposition, you take it or we've got to close down and there's no more gravy on the train for anybody.'"

A twinge twisted my arm. I said, "Can anyone manage a drink here?"

"Medicinal." The commissioner was grave. "Yes."

"Thank you. Will you make it Scotch medicinal, please?"

Parker got it and I drank it.

"All right. Kelcey knew he had Sweetheart here on his side. If he could get Johnny out of the way, he and Sweetheart would be fifty-fifty partners and no trouble. There was one partner too many—but Johnny knew just what Kelcey would be thinking. Therefore, he elects to blow out of town, while Kelcey thinks it over. Through emissaries, he'd try pressuring to cut the ice down to—"

"Twenty-five per cent instead of fifty," Sweetheart interposed, "and he wasn't all . . ."

"Shut up," the commissioner said.

"While the first heat was on, he'd be away. The guy was a businessman, time helps. While he was away, he felt Kelcey would see the light; you know, part of a loaf is better than no star sapphires at all. But, as he told me, without telling me what it was about—the thing might turn nasty.

"Anyway, that day, and here we're guessing, Kelcey tries to contact Johnny, but Johnny's not home, because he's keeping out of his way. Kelcey tries Pamela, who is now no more than a very irritating pinky in his ear, and she tells him about having to meet Johnny at four; that Johnny is expecting to leave town for a while. Kelcey gets a big idea. He might be able to lop off two—and make a deal of it. So right after she sees J. at Anchors Away, she meets K. She tells him that J.'s not going back to his apartment, but that he'll probably send over for a bag that's packed there. Johnny was looped, probably shot his mouth off to her, not knowing, of course, that she was Kelcey's sweetie pie. Kelcey says, what bag; she says, how do I know; he says you've got the key so let's go see, huh, kid?"

The commissioner said, "You can't know all of this for certain now, can you?"

"No. I do know a lot of it for certain. I'm filling in a lot. But it'll jibe, if you let me."

"I'm letting you."

"So Kelcey says let's sneak up and see, and she says we don't have to sneak because the doorman's off at this time, I ought to know, remember? They get there. He wears gloves. He uses her key. They go in and he looks the place over. The bag is there, and the money, and Johnny's gun, and Kelcey's idea comes to fruition. He shoots the girl, which ends the blackmail and paves the way for continuing the graft, in full. For the frame, he stops up the bathtub, turns on the water, locks the door with her key, blows the dump, throws the key away, and goes down to Headquarters. Neat?"

The commissioner said, "Mm."

Parker said, "Then?"

"Kelcey had it figured. Once he got his hands on Johnny he could ram it all together and make it stick. The call came through because of the leak just as he'd planned. That was his one break. That the leak beat Johnny's errand boy. He might have known, even from Pamela, that Johnny wasn't expecting to send for the bag until late at night. Whatever, the call came through, so now it was a murder case they were working on. He goes into the sharp detective routine about the bag being packed and the guy coming back for it, and he strews the homicide boys around, deployed, but waiting. When I showed, he followed. But alone."

"Why?"

"Because in case some of the conversation with Johnny didn't go to rote, he didn't want anybody making anything of it. He picked up the young cop for bodyguard in case of action, and he was set. He made some easy palaver with Johnny, told him about the woman found in his apartment, but he straightened him out on the important item. I remember just what he said: 'I saw your partner tonight—your last business deal panned out perfectly . . . the guy made his mind up like you wanted him to.' Like that, he was telling Johnny he had accepted his proposition, without me and the young cop knowing what he was talking about. He had him, and he took him. I think he had the suicide-murder planned right along."

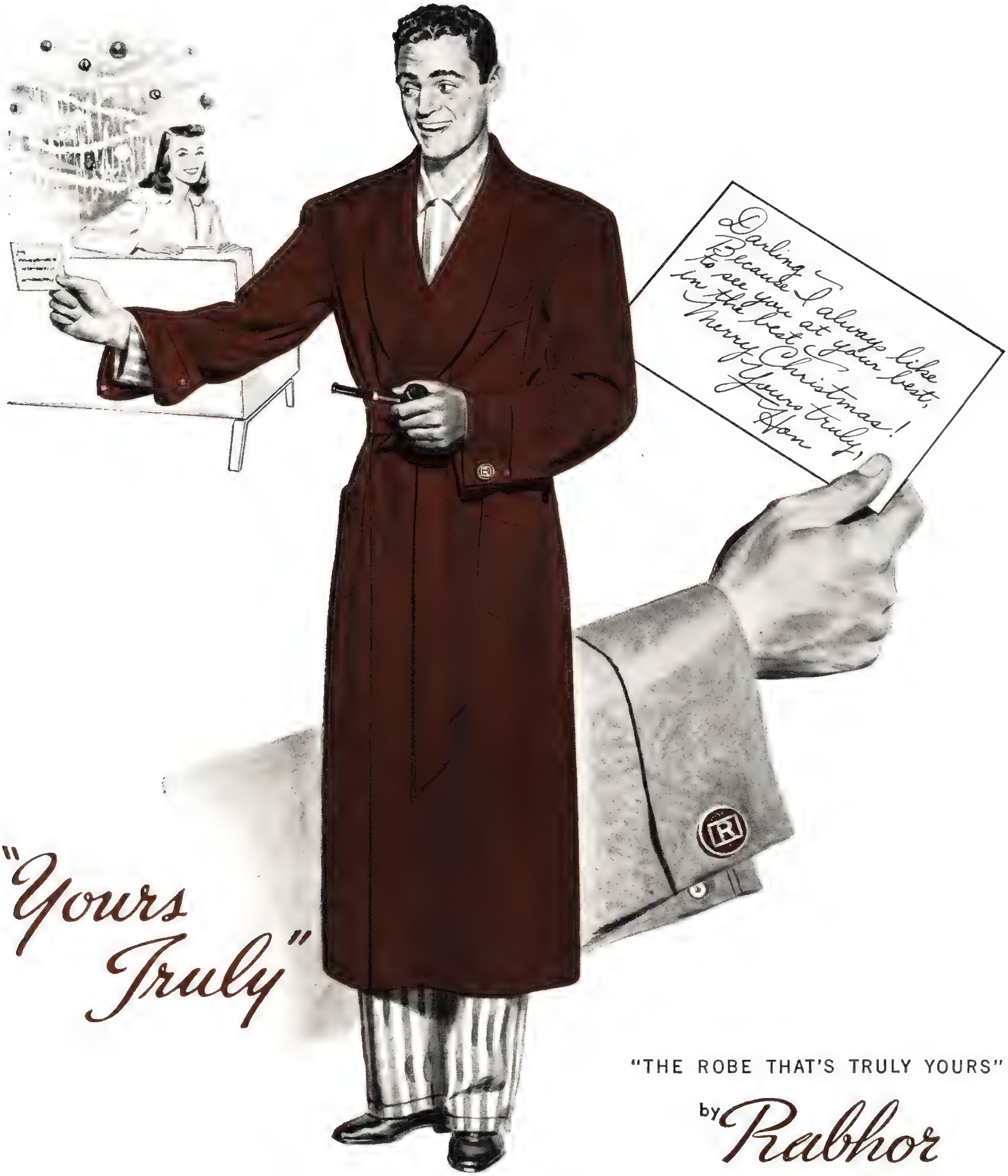
The commissioner said, "What are you talking about?"

"Yes, sir. He saw to it we were in the cell block with the guard Nottiby. Nottiby, a weakling, that he, Kelcey, had put on the job, pulling a couple of small strings. I remember distinctly. Nottiby came through for shoelaces and belts, but *before* he got them, Kelcey called him. He must have told him: 'Say you're sick and go home. Now. Don't go to your hotel. Take your car and go up to Nyack directly. I'll be up to see you and explain it.'"

Parker said, "My God, man."

"That's the way it went. He knew he'd have to do it to Nottiby too, because it was wide open there. Two of them he had no use for, and the other a drunken broke-down. But he was pitching for big dough, for a way of life that he'd become accustomed to; twenty-five per cent of that take, kiddies, is large hay. Nottiby probably knew nothing about the death of Pamela until Kelcey called him in the morning and told him. Then Nottiby probably thought Kelcey had done him a favor, pushing him out of the way of all the furor, saving him quick embarrassment and questioning. Kelcey told him to wait up there

Continued on page 198



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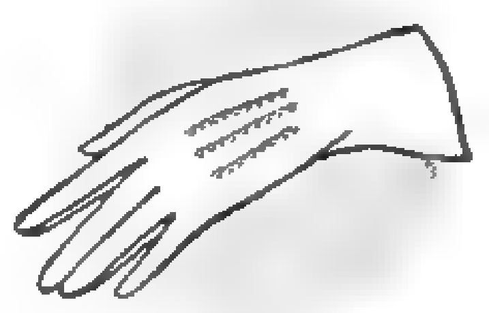

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for him, and Nottiby waited. The dominant bull and the weak-kneed teeter. That's the story."

"All three of them," Parker said.

"Gloves on all the time. He got into Johnny's cell, clipped him, and hung him up to dry. During the day he went up to Nyack, shot the poor guy with his own gun, and shoved it into his fist. Slam the door with the snaplock and there you have it, gentlemen, a one-man crime wave, and he almost got away with it."

Nobody talked. The commissioner was perspiring along the edge of his nose. Sweetheart Vaydelle poked his tongue at his bridgework and made faces. Parker was Parker.

"How much," Parker said, "is fact?"

"I don't know. I'll dictate my whole end of it to a stenographer for you, later on. I'll be glad to."

"But how . . .?" the commissioner said.

"A private eye," I said, "operates a good deal on momentum and a good deal on hunch, with nobody in charge to have to report to and make sense. To me, it just didn't add up, Johnny. Then who? I couldn't figure it. I liked Sweetheart for a while, then I switched to Nottiby. Then I had Nottiby up in Nyack, dead. Then, boom, the one mistake Kelcey made, the little no-matter one, it stood up and tore my face apart. By the ears."

"What?" the commissioner said.

"A lady works for Mr. Vaydelle. She told me she and Vaydelle were in Atlantic City that afternoon and away into the night. Yet, Kelcey told Johnny he'd talked to his partner *that evening*."

Vaydelle said, "We certainly were in Atlantic City. All afternoon, through the evening. We got back to New York about half past three in the morning."

"It went by me the first time," I said. "But I talked to the lady again tonight, and she mentioned Atlantic City, and it hit me. Kelcey was lying to Johnny. *Why?* Then I remembered an argument I'd heard about—Johnny and Sweetheart about pay-off money. *To whom?* All of a sudden—Kelcey. The minute I thought of him like that—it was all Kelcey. First step was to convince Sweetheart to co-operate. Sweetheart was convinced. That's my story, gentlemen, and may I have another touch of that Scotch, medicinal?"

The commissioner slam-closed a desk drawer like he was pushing away disbelief. Finality was a straight line of thin mouth across his face. He handed up the ledge of stapled paper.

"You will supplement this report, Lieutenant, in line with Mr. Chambers' disclosures. You will conduct a personal investigation along those lines, most tactfully, adding necessary points of corroboration. Return the report to me. Strictly confidential."

"Yes, sir."

"You—Vaydelle."

"Yes, sir?"

"You won't re-open this club. You will consider the complete investment finished. Whatever is there is impounded. As of now. Lieutenant, you will attend to the details. No publicity."

"Yes, sir."

"In view of all of this, Mr. Vaydelle, and your voluntary appearance here—the matter will be taken up with the District Attorney, with my recommendation, as follows: an indictment will be handed up, to which you will plead guilty—after consultation with your attorney, if you wish. Please, remember, I can recommend to the D.A. I cannot order. It will be my recommendation that in view of your aid here in this murder matter, that sentence be suspended on the other matter and that you be placed on probation for the full period of the sentence, and that the sentence be the longest possible to be imposed under the law. One breach of your probation, and you will be remanded to prison for the full sentence. Understood?"

"Yes, sir."

The commissioner lit his cigar and sat back. "I will personally inform whoever is to be informed. The rest of you—not one word. Is that clear?"

"But, Commissioner," I said, "I have a client . . ."

"Not a word. If it leaks, I'll put you out of business, Mr. Chambers, believe me. And you"—he pointed at Vaydelle—"you'll go to jail. Clear?"

"But, Commissioner," I said, "I have a fee due . . ."

"That's all, gentlemen. And thanks. Lieutenant, you will take Mr. Vaydelle directly over to Leonard Street. Get a statement drawn, and get the boys in action. I'll call from here and acquaint them with the circumstances. I want this kept in the family. I'm ashamed of it, that's the truth. Remember, please, gentlemen."

"But, Commissioner . . ."

Parker herded us out. Downstairs, Sweetheart said, "You call Miami, will you, Pete? Tell her we don't open, to get in touch with the bar girls and everybody. See you . . ."

Then I was alone in the lobby of Police Headquarters looking for a phone booth, and have you ever managed in a phone booth with your left arm in a sling? I called Miami. Miami said, "Hi."

"Pete."

"Hi, lover."

"Case closed."

"Wonderful. Who?"

"Listen. First off, El Courvocco is another closed case. As of tonight. Sweetheart wants you to get in touch with your people. The joint folds for good."

"*What?* What gives? Where's Sweetheart?"

"Down by the D.A. Arranging to cop a plea."

"What happened?"

"I can't tell you."

"What about the Mick?"

"I can't tell you."

"What about your fee?"

"I can't tell you—I mean, I don't know."

"Come on up, lover."

"I'm sick."

"What's the matter?"

"Bum arm. Dislocation."

"Come on up. Have a drink. I'll soothe you. According to you, I've got nothing better to do tonight anyway."

"Well . . ."

"And I'll listen. While you tell me."

"I'm not allowed."

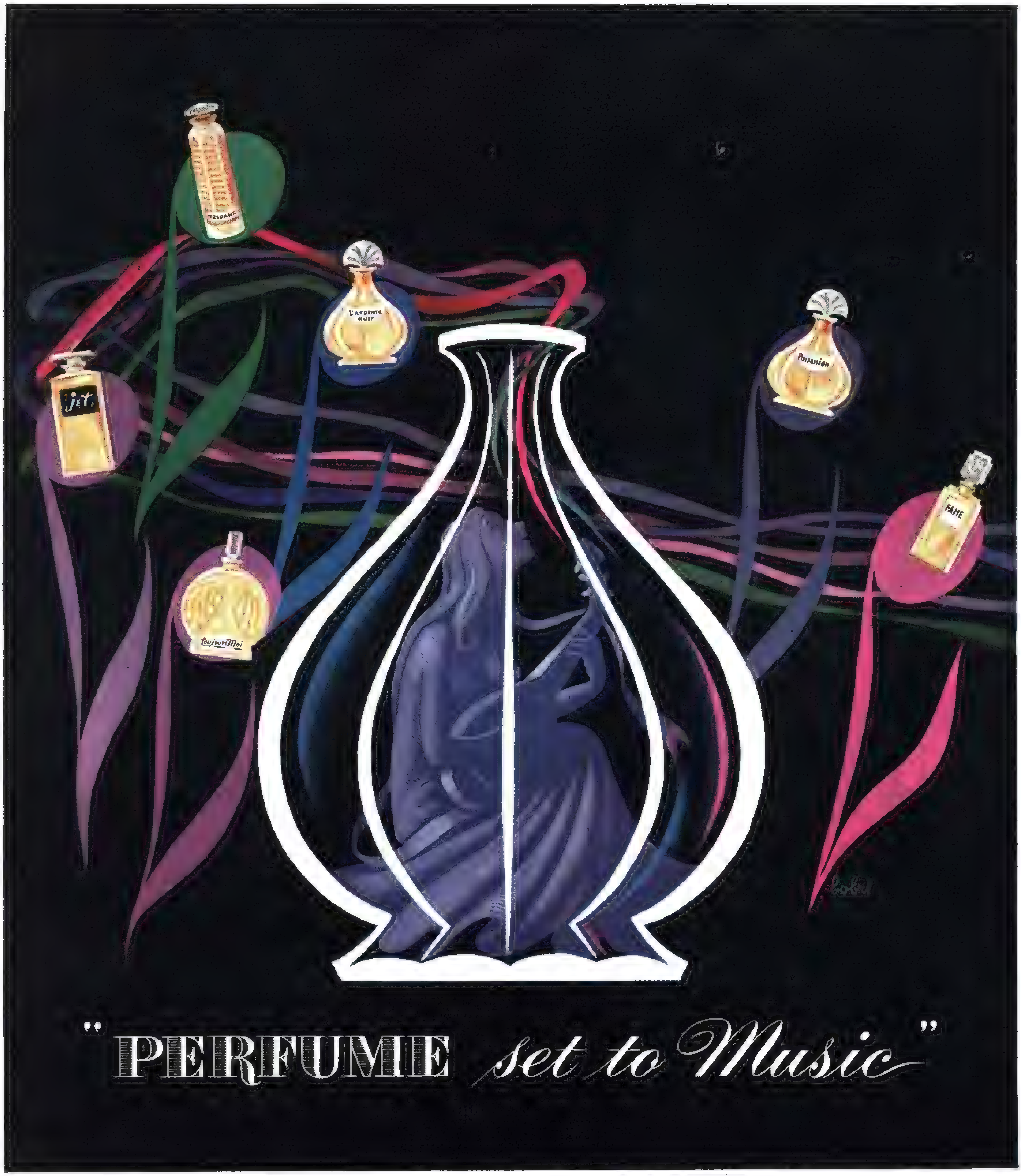
"I'll coax you."

"I've got a bum arm."

"You don't know Miami."

"Well," I said, "we'll see . . ."

Continued from page 93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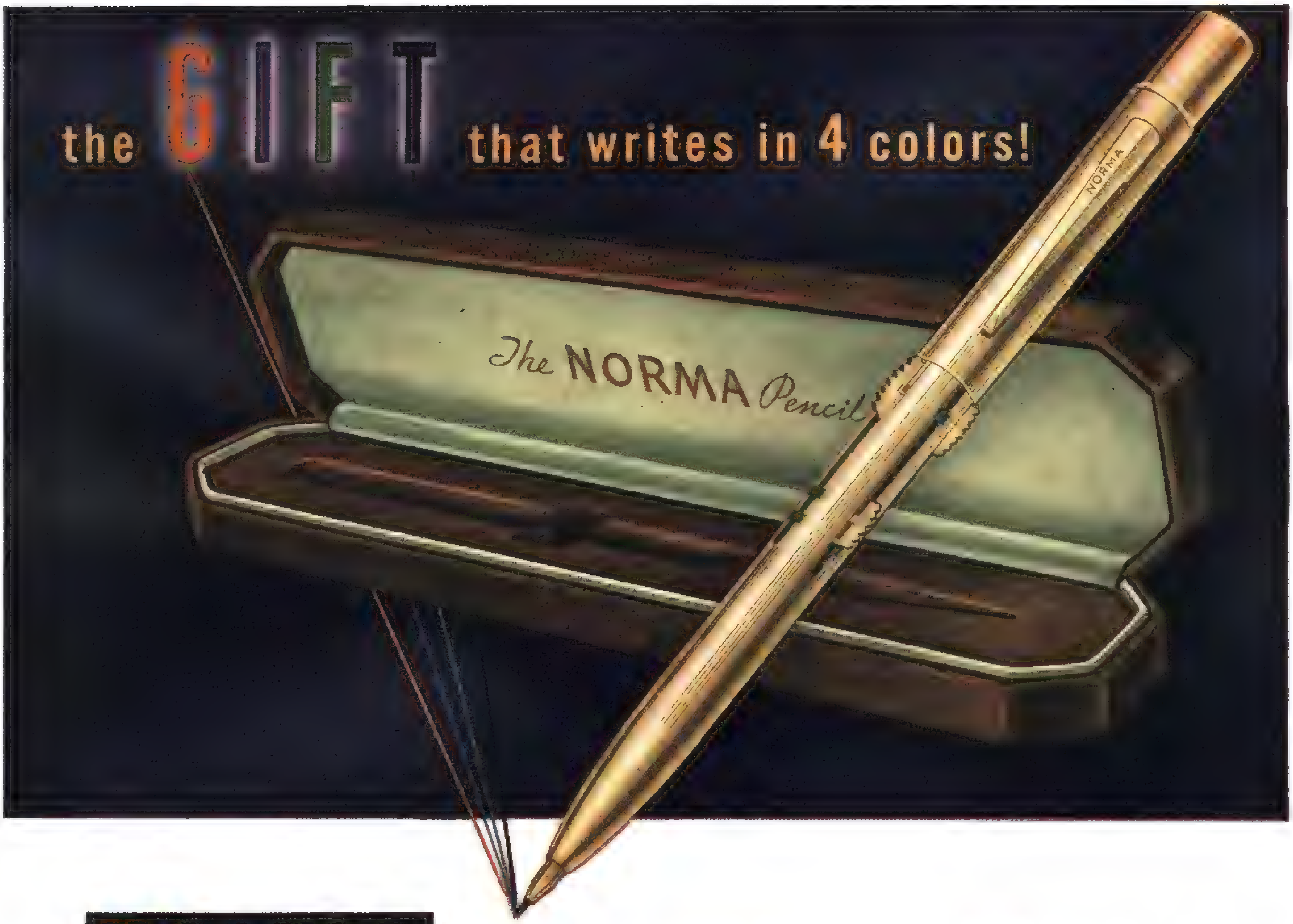
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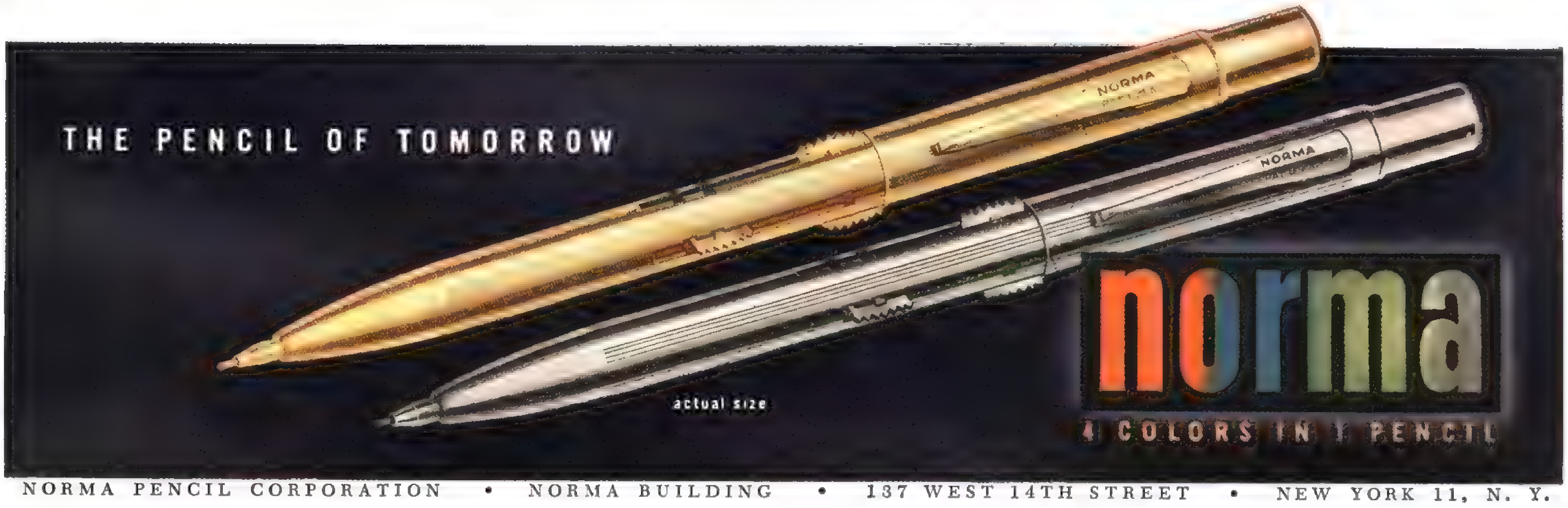
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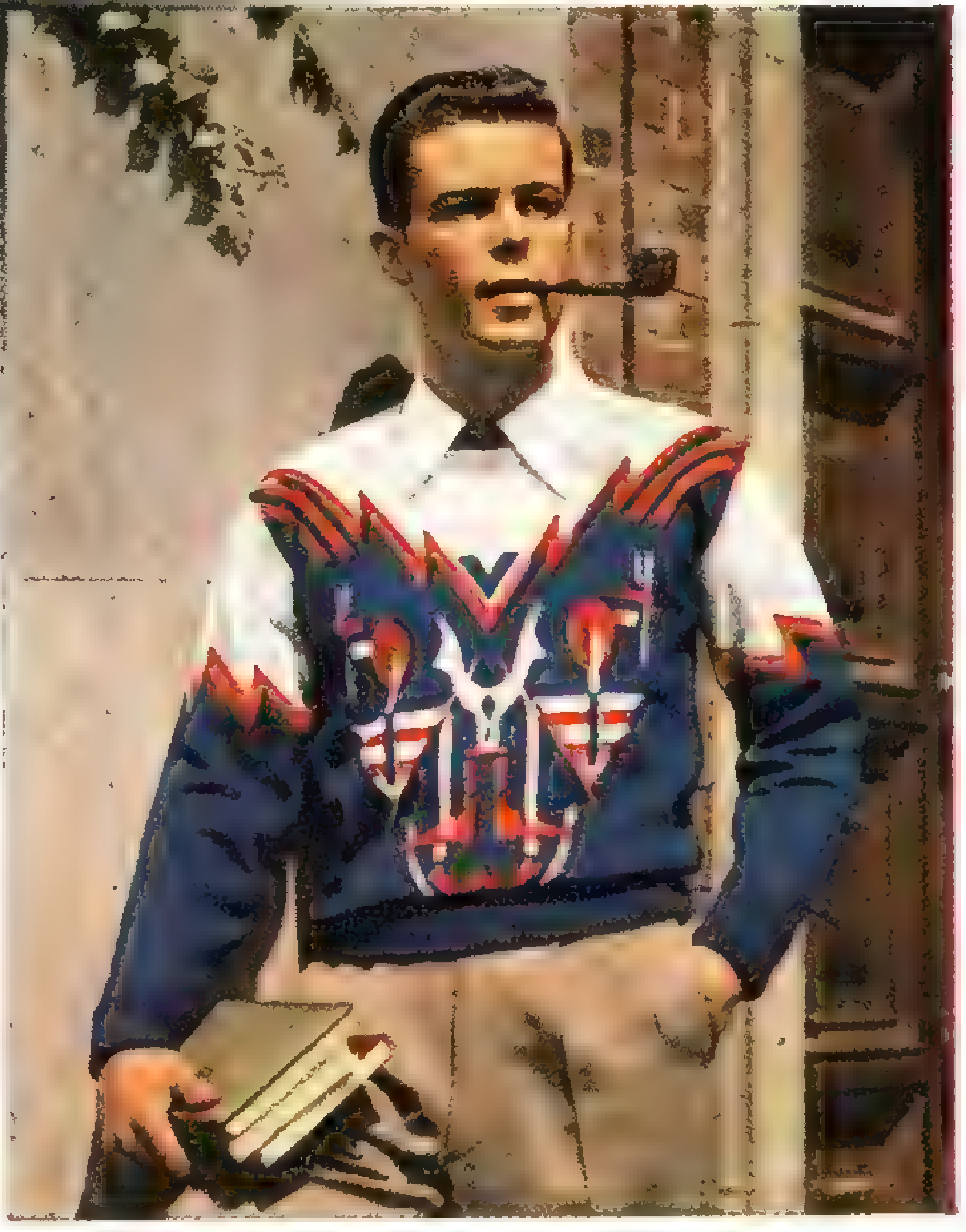

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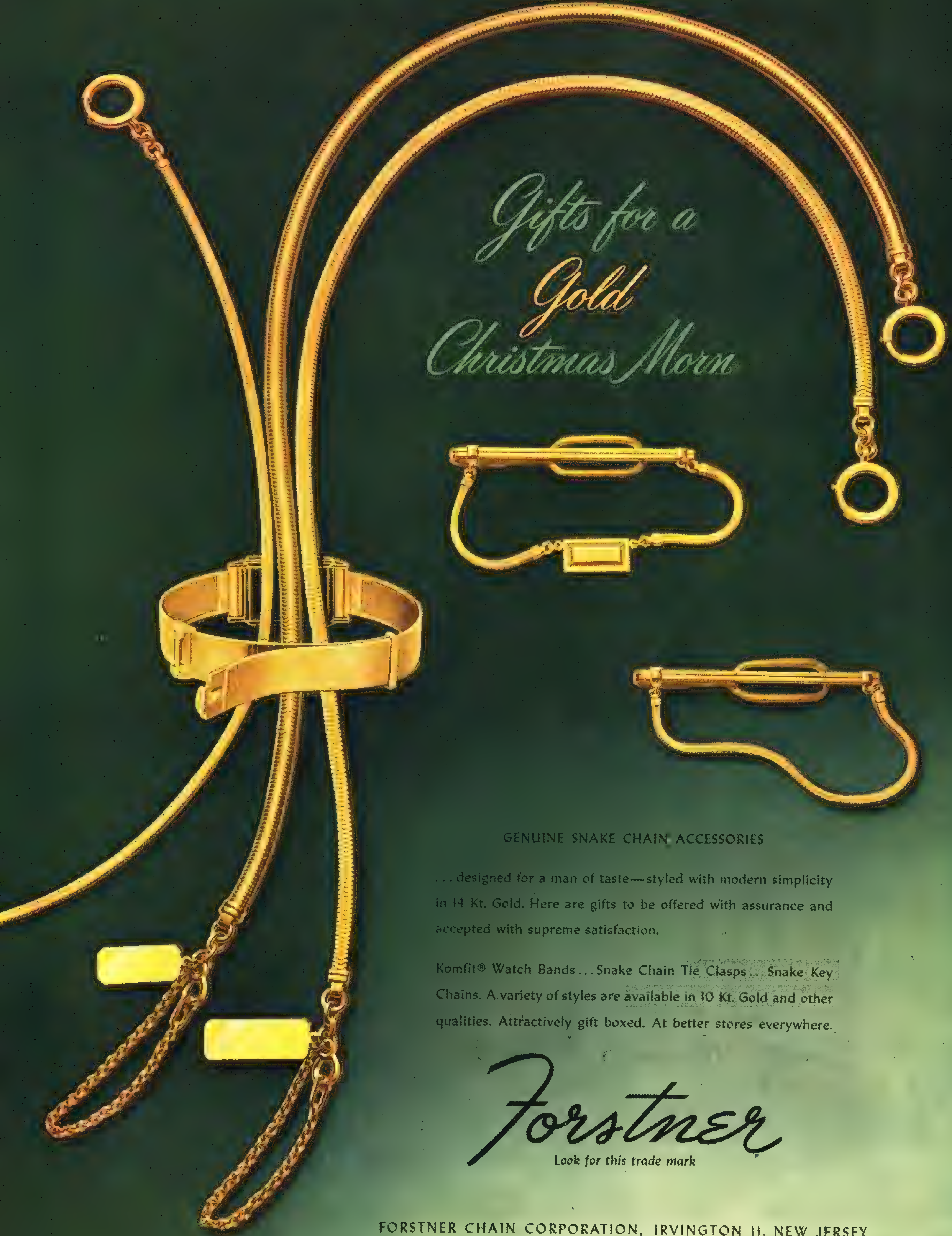

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FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION, IRVINGTON 11, NEW JERSEY

Not All of Them Were Merry

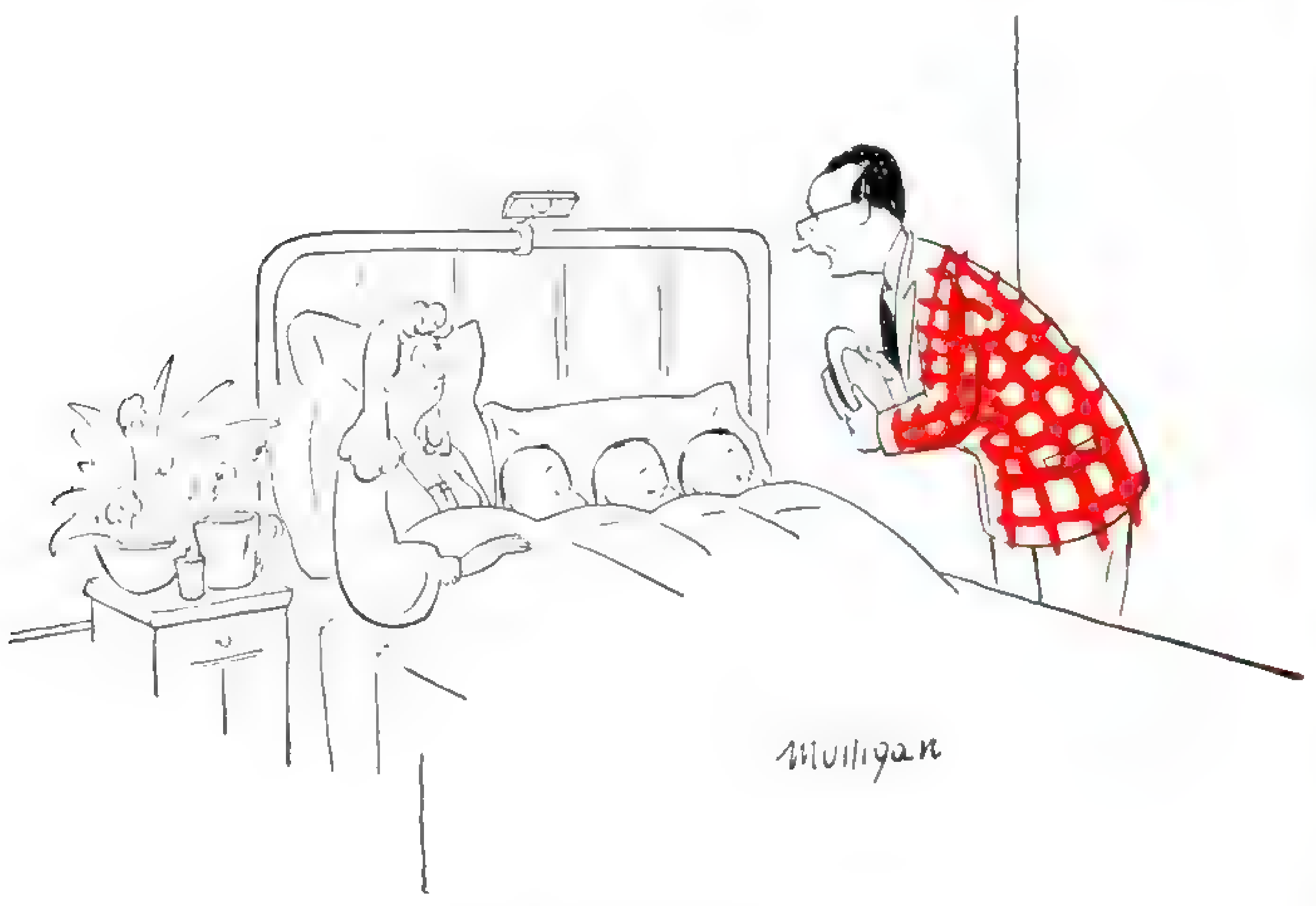
Continued from page 80

had only one sewer cart left. This cart he drove himself. He wore a stiff wing collar with a blue-and-white polka dot tie and sat proudly up on the seat. He acted more like a man of means driving his own elegant carriage than a guy hauling the slop of clogged-up sewers. Papa Jim gave us a big present every year. It was usually a sled or a bike or a similar toy of importance. It was always the most expensive one on our street. I remember he gave the adults the same gifts every year, an umbrella or a box of delicate handkerchiefs, too frail for nose-blowing. But if he shorted them he took good care of the kids who were his grandchildren and there were a lot of us and it must have tapped him out every year. He was Christmas to me, more than the hymns and the tinsel on the Christmas tree, and more than the Salvation Army marching in the streets. I don't think I ever believed in Santa Claus. We lived in small flats and it was difficult for our people to conceal the gifts they had for us and we always located them before Christmas. It is doubtful that I believed in Santa Claus because I have no memory of putting my faith in him as the other kids on the block did. But when I passed him by on the street corners, ringing his little bell, I resented his masquerade. My Santa Claus was a small bald-headed old Irishman with hairy ears and a face pinched by exposure. He wore a wing collar with a blue-and-white polka dot tie.

It was that way all the way up into early manhood. The poverty of my street hurt me and we were always frightened by the coming of Christmas. It was as though we were never sure that there would be a tree with presents under it and the stockings filled with candy and small toys. It had happened to other families on the block and we had seen what occurred when the old man died and the kids would have a Christmas which was a terrible day because it was like every other day and that was what made it bad. Always that dread is there when I think back and it is still with me. I went to work on a morning newspaper when I was under twenty. I spent my Christmas days in the children's ward of municipal hospitals; in the lodginghouses along the Bowery; with a family that had been dispossessed that day. It was a day when they sent me to the morgue for stories. It is a sacred day and should be merry, but it was always dark with the memory of pain and the fear of disappointment. Examining that period of my life, it is as though no one spent a normal Christmas, but suffered in public so I could tell their agonies to a rewrite man. So that is the way Christmas comes to me when I sit down to do a Christmas piece and I would be a liar if I wrote otherwise. Always when I think of it I see the people of my old neighborhood watching the sky for snow and there is always the weeping of children in the sounds and the furtive women coming back from the butcher shops with the soup meat concealed and wrapped to resemble a bird.

But now I come to the story I started out to tell and of all the Christmases I remember I think this is the one which will stay with me the longest. It was like those of my childhood and what is bad is that it happened to other people and not to me, but because I was involved with it, and part of it in a remote way, it has the same exaggerated sense of terror for me. It started in the cellar of a château in Nancy where the Third Army pitched its press camp as the Battle of the Bulge went on. There was a clerk in the public-relations section named Meyer Ackerman, a fat, gabby man who used to hustle around the fight game in the years before the war. We were very close because I wrote sports in New York before I was drafted and Meyer did publicity for some of the small fight clubs. He was a

Continued on page 204



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Select your own preference, if you don't know hers . . .
she'll be overwhelmed, if it's one of these four by Ciro!

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Not All of Them Were Merry

Continued from page 203

fellow who always knew the score and I respected his judgment on fighters. I was a master sergeant covering the Third Army for the *Stars and Stripes* and, by order of General Eisenhower, those of us who were field correspondents had the privileges of civilian reporters. On that morning I was down in the kitchen begging a cup of coffee from Chong, the mess sergeant. It disturbed Chong that they had shipped him to the European Theater because he had relatives in China and considered the Japs to be his personal enemies. He was always putting in for a transfer, but they turned him down and a lot of us guaranteed ourselves handouts between meals by consoling him and insisting it was a shame he was not in the Pacific. On that morning Meyer was mysterious and backed me into a corner and asked me what I was doing. I told him that I intended going up to an infantry division to do a piece about Christmas in the line.

"Suppose," I recall Ackerman saying, "I told you I had the biggest sports story of the war."

"I would print it," I said.

Meyer was eating a bologna as most men eat a banana.

"This is page one all over the world," Ackerman said, solemnly.

"Sports," I said.

"Sports," Meyer replied.

"Don't tell me they matched Billy Conn and Max Schmeling for a Christmas-fund show," I said.

"Wise guy," said Ackerman. "A real wise guy. Is Mickey Walker a big name?"

"One of the greatest middleweights that ever lived," I said.

"The Toy Bulldog," Ackerman said.

"Don't tell me he's making a comeback," I said.

"He's here," Meyer said. "Right in Third Army."

"What does that mean?" I said, losing interest. "Another fighter with a USO outfit."

"He ain't with no USO troupe," Ackerman protested. "He's a sergeant right in this Army."

I said I doubted it because Walker was above the draft age.

"He's a permanent party in a combat replacement depot," Ackerman said. "I'll bet even the *Stars and Stripes* will print that."

He said the last sarcastically because he claimed the *Stripes* didn't use half enough sports and it infuriated him because they did not run the results of every fight held in America.

"It's a good Christmas story," Meyer said. "You know what lousy joints repple depples are. Well, here's a guy who spent a million dollars when he was champ. Here he is . . . on Christmas . . . the lousiest Christmas he ever spent. Compare it to what he used to do. What a story for you. You know Walker." That sold me. There would be a good story in the guys of the replacement depot and Walker being there made it better. Willie Brunnell, from Butte, Montana, drove the jeep I was in. It was Willie's contemptuous boast that the European winters were mild compared to Montana's. He did not wear an overcoat while driving his open vehicle and considered a sweater and a field jacket sufficient protection. But the wind was cruel that day. We came to a crossroads where a military policeman stood over a fire. The soldier stood in a swamp of mud and his face was angular with the pain of the cold. It was a small fire and he was bent double over it, his rifle slung over his back, his hands moving slowly through the wind-bent flames as though he were trying to cook them. When we stopped I noticed that Brunnell was shuddering, as we all were, and his eyes were moist and he had taken off his gloves and was hitting his hands on the side of the jeep.

"Cold as Montana?" I asked.

"Cold as any place," Willie said.

The M. P. ignored us. We stood around his fire. Ackerman spoke first.

"Merry Christmas," Meyer said.

"Save it," the soldier said.

"What's with you?" Ackerman asked.

"Christmas," the soldier said, spitefully. "Christmas . . . a fine Christmas."

"Just being home would make it a Merry Christmas," Brunnell said.

"Who wants to go home?" the M. P. said.

"I do," I said.

"What have I got to go home to," the soldier said. "I'm better off right here."

"No one is better off right here," Ackerman said. "Not even the people who own a lot of real estate."

"I had to get mail today," the soldier said.

"Then what are you bitching about?" the guy who drove the other jeep said. "You at least got your mail."

"Merry Christmas I got," the soldier said. "Bad news . . . that's what I got for Christmas."

"Trouble at home?" I asked.

"Trouble and I ain't got no home," the soldier said. "Were you ever in love?"

"Let's not go into that," I said.

"I'm married and I'm happy." the soldier said. "I got a wife. I'm doing good. I got a job in a war plant and the war ain't even started yet. I'm making plenty of money and I got a wife who's stuck on me. But I met a girl in the plant and as soon as I see her I'm gone. Just like that. Gone. One day I'm in love with my wife. The next day I'm in love with Millie. I'll admit my wife's prettier than Millie and got a better education. But I want Millie. Know what I mean?"

I said I did.

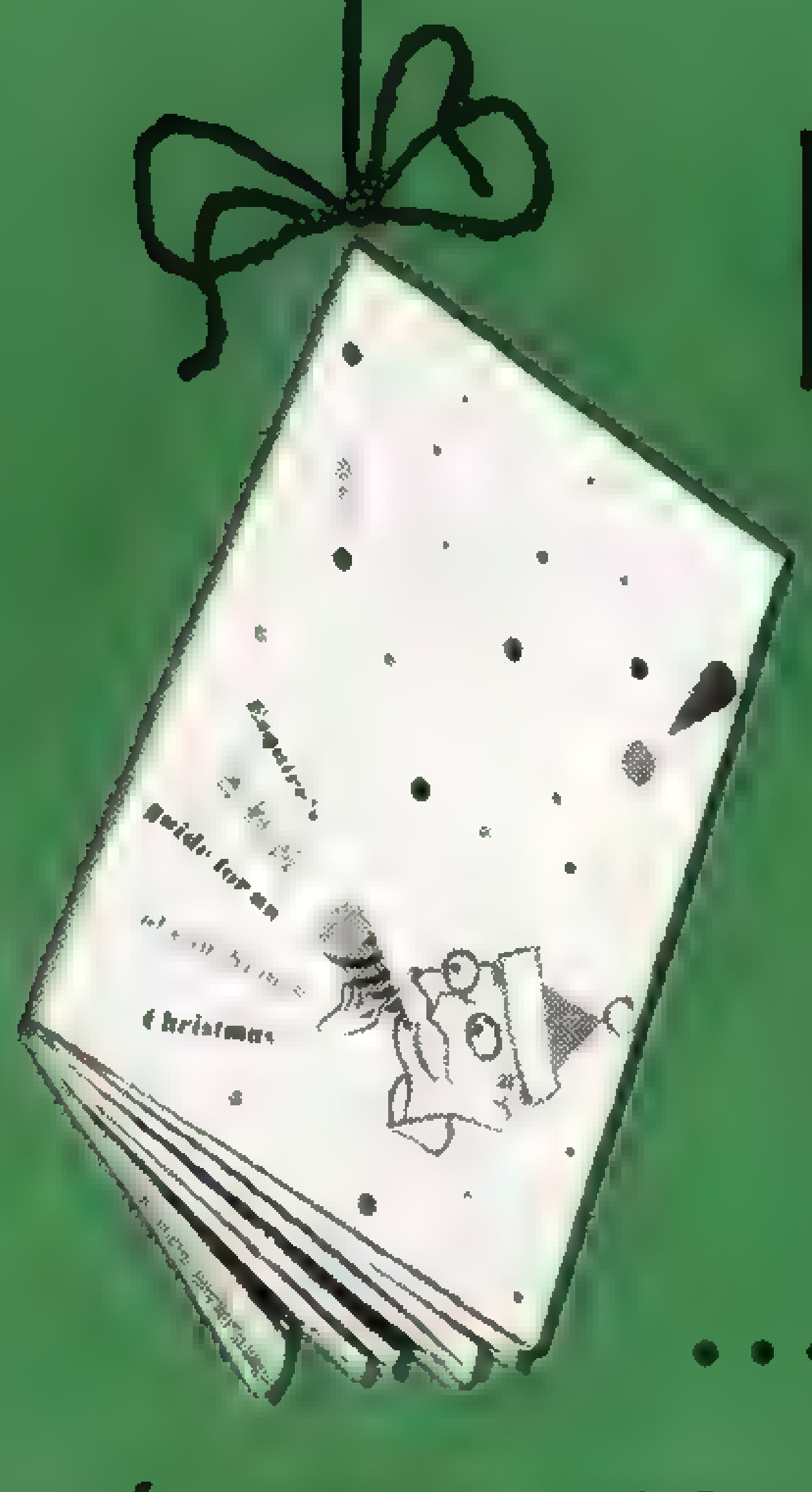
"So I go home to my wife and

Continued on page 206

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Esquire's Fun Guide
For an Old Fashioned Christmas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Not All of Them Were Merry

Continued from page 204

tell her what's what," the soldier continued, telling his Christmas story. "She says she don't like the proposition. But I convince her that's the way it is. I say she can take all I got and I'll give her twenty bucks a week and she can have the car and the house. But she says all she wants is enough for a divorce and she'll get a job. So she starts a divorce. Someone must of dropped a letter to my draft board. They come and get me as soon as my wife divorces me and that's just around Pearl Harbor. I got some money saved and even after I gave my wife half of it I got some left. I got Millie and I marry her and she moves in the house and we still got the car. She followed me all over the country when I'm in the states. I put my insurance in her name and she gets an allotment before I leave. She almost busted herself in half crying and moaning when I get the furlough before I go overseas."

There was a truck coming up the road and it churned up the mud. It spattered on us and hissed into the fire. It freckled the soldier's face with little yellow spots.

"I got a letter from her every time we get the mail and it's lovey dovey and how much she misses me," he said. "I figure out I'm getting a break because I got a wife waiting for me and a house and a car. We don't get mail for a long time and all of a sudden we got it today. No Christmas packages, but a lot of stale letters been following the outfit around."

"We're all the same way," Brunnell said. "You get mail all at once. You never get letters one at a time."

"The first one I get is from Millie," the soldier said. "It's cold turkey. Bing bing bing. No fooling around. Millie wants a divorce. She's in love with some 4-F and she wants to get married right away. No excuse me or nothing like that. Just cold turkey. Just give me a divorce and not even a so long, Charlie. I'm dying and I'm thinking about the allotment and then I open the next letter and it's from my sister."

The soldier laughed, but there was no humor in the sound he made.

"My sister writes me this guy Millie's stuck on is living in my house—the one I paid for," he said. "He's driving around in my car with black-market gasoline. I'm here. And this guy's in my house riding around with my wife in my car. Nice."

He looked up at us and solicited comment.

"Tough," I said.

"You ain't even heard the half of it," the soldier said. "There's another letter. It's from Sylvia, that's my first wife. When I read the letter from Millie and the one from my sister I figure the hell with it. Let Millie have the car and the house and I'll even give her a divorce if she wants it. I made a mistake. I'm going back to Sylvia. She's better for me anyway. But here is this letter from Sylvia. She'll be married by the time I got this. That's what she says. She wants me to be the first to know. Why the hell am I to be the first to know? I don't get it. But there it is. Boy! What a Christmas this is. I got two wives when I start out. One wants a divorce. The other's getting married. Some Christmas, ain't it. But what makes it even worse, I don't even get a Christmas card. These letters are real stale."

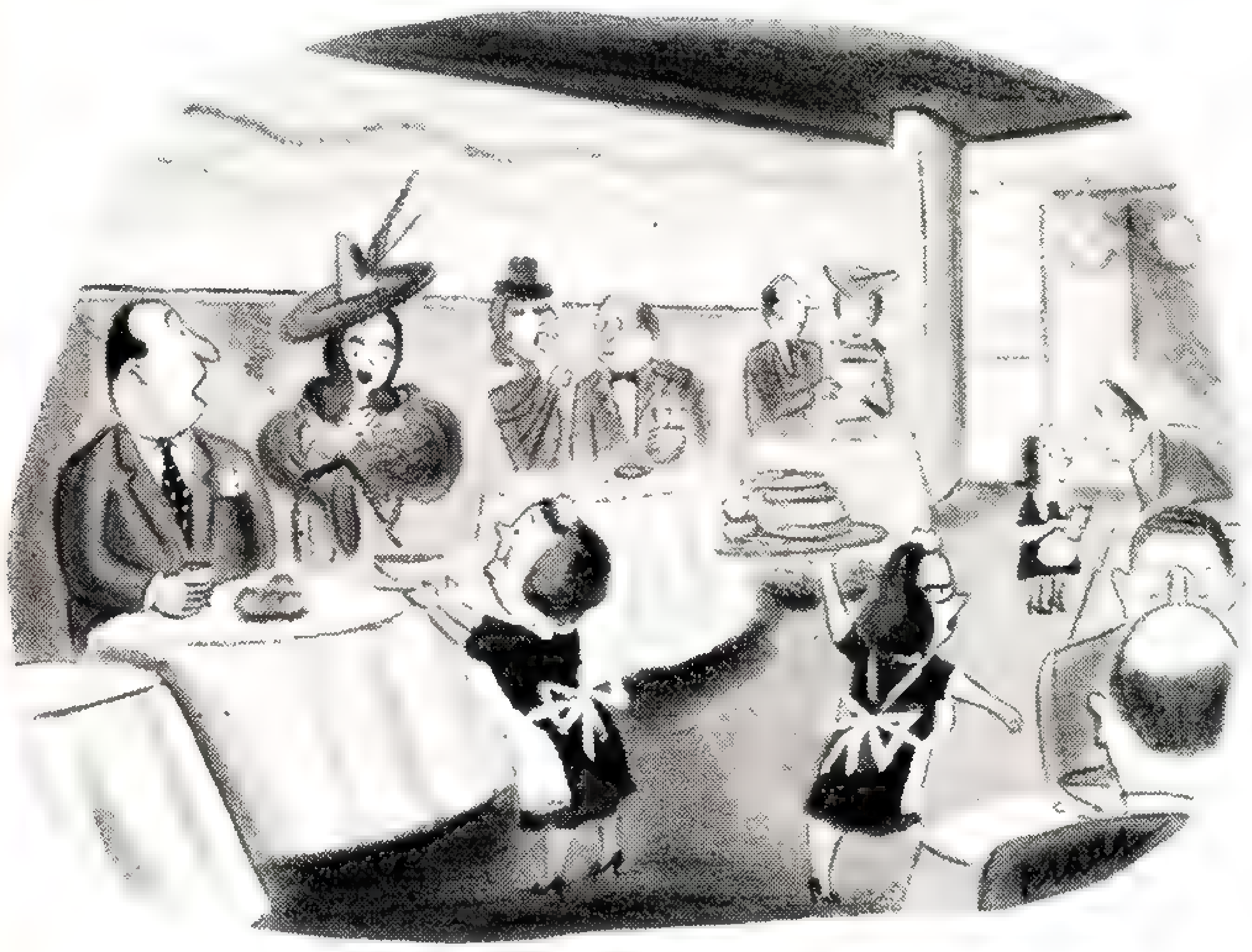
We were ready to go. We huddled closer around the fire and let the feeble flames reach out for us. The soldier said his relief was six hours overdue. He said he was hungry. We gave him a K-ration.

"Merry Christmas," he called after us as we left.

We wished him the same.

"Nuts," he yelled.

It took us a long time to reach the replacement depot where Mickey Walker was supposed to be. We stopped frequently to spill gasoline and make fires along the road. The replacement depot was an old barracks which had been used by the Germans. It was up in the hills and as we drove up to



"As I understand it, the midgets make the portions look larger"

it the old sadness came back. It must have broken their hearts to be in such a place. This was a Christmas to hurt you because it was a scene of fabulous beauty. The hills were white and quiet with snow. Firs taller than any Christmas trees that any of us had ever seen darkened the slopes. Long-leafed mistletoe hung in snow-dusted clusters from the trees which led to the place. They glistened in the sallow sun. There were no lonelier soldiers in all the Army than these replacements. The replacement belongs to no outfit. They are casuals and these waited for other men to die before they became part of a permanent organization. You wait until they call out your name, rank, and serial number and then they put you on a truck and up you go to the holes to be with men you have never seen. There is nothing to hold you together. Waiting is what a soldier does most. But this was like waiting to be executed and not knowing when they would come for you. It was the time of the break-through and a lot of them were clerks and cooks and they had little training as combat soldiers. Someone cut an order and they were pulled out of their own organizations and set down here to wait to be called into battle. The mistletoe in the high, shining trees seemed to have been planted there to taunt them in their loneliness. We went into the big, cold building. The windows were gone and the holes were covered with rags. The men were sleeping on their blankets, but it was the squad room where Robert C. Mastin was that touched me as much as anything in the war.

What I saw connected me with my childhood and I felt ashamed that this holiday had lost some of its sanctity for me. I am not a religious man. But I wanted to pray that minute for all those who are lonely at Christmas and hurt by privation. In that room where the draughts made the blankets flap constantly, Mastin had counterfeited a Yuletide spirit which was made somber by its desperate ingenuity. I remembered the kids who found coal in their stocking and into that room I expected to see a procession of women carrying their secret of soup meat.

Mastin, who worked as a toolmaker in Detroit before they drafted him, had made a Santa Claus out of mud. It was barrel-bellied and double-chinned. Its features were slack and mussed up like the face of an old pug. The beard and the cap were made out of medical cotton. And so was the iodine-stained coat. The cheeks were brown with the iodine out of the first-aid kits. There was a small tree in the corner, which they had cut down that morning. The stars were hammered from the tops of condensed-milk cans and they had been polished until they shone. There had been flashlight bulbs left behind by the Germans before they pulled out and these were daubed with iodine, too. The men sat there in the room, just looking at the tree. It can sound sentimental now and it may have lost its importance. But this was in '44 and this was Christmas. These were the homeless men of the Army and they were authorities on loneliness. It was dark in the room and they spoke softly as though this was a shrine which represented for them all they ever had.

"I got a wife, and a kid I never seen," Mastin said. "I put the tree up for them. You know—to keep up the spirit. I couldn't even get a post card to send the kid. All I could get was a French post card. But English or French—what difference does it make? The kid can't read, but he will know the old man is thinking of him."

We had come upon Mastin's room as we searched for the orderly room, and we finally located it.

"Is Mickey Walker here?" we asked the clerk.

"He is a member of the permanent party," the clerk said. "He's around here someplace."

"I'm Mickey Walker," a voice shouted from the next room.

A flat-nosed sergeant came into the orderly room.

"I'm Mickey Walker," he explained.

"The hell you are," I said. Walker is an old friend of mine.

"I'm Mickey Walker, the fighter," the man persisted.

"Nuts," Ackerman said.

We told him he was an impostor. He said he wasn't.

"Don't kid me," Ackerman said. "I'm in the fight racket."

"You're in the fight racket and you don't know me!" the sergeant said. "Italian Mickey Walker."

"Italian Mickey Walker," we said, disappointed.

But we pretended we were there to do a story on him. We had our picture taken as we interviewed him and Meyer promised he would send a copy of it to the *Ring* Magazine.

We drove back in the dusk and the night was colder than the day. It will be bad for the Ackermans because Meyer was killed on the road out of Nuremberg—when his jeep turned over. But now as Christmas comes again I can only hope the M.P. at the crossroads has a new wife and a new car and a new house to live in. I hope Mastin made it and there are many presents for the child he had not seen. I hope there isn't coal in a single stocking on the street where I used to live. I hope Italian Mickey Walker gets his picture in the *Ring* Magazine. But every time the old dream of the horses pulling the sleigh going up the hill with the choir singing in the snow comes I reject it. It is a place I have been before because the hills above the replacement depot looked as I always thought a country place should at Christmastime. But there was no happiness connected with it. The soldiers in that replacement depot were as miserable as any I have ever seen.

Continued from page 80

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Merry Christmas
and many rounds of pleasure

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

lepers' friend

From the U. S. Marine Hospital (Leprosarium) where I am a visitor I am taking the liberty of writing you about a story you published in your August issue, entitled *Chief Koala's Son-in-Law.*

I have no connection with the hospital except a deep interest in and friendship for many of the patients, who through the medium of their monthly magazine, *The Star*, are working hard to inform the public about Hansen's disease (leprosy). The facts in Jim Buford's story are hypothetical and unlikely, in the extreme, to occur.

Scientific leprologists have done a tremendous amount of research and have discovered it is impossible to inoculate persons or animals with the leprosy bacillus. As for it being readily transmissible from wives to husbands, or vice versa, such incidence of conjugal infection in the known data of scientific research varies from two to five per cent. Even this small incidence is doubtful, as in most cases both persons come from endemic areas, and the infection probably existed before marriage. In more than one instance here, women have tried in vain to contract Hansen's in order that they might remain here with their sick husbands.

So you see, your story, although interesting from a literary standpoint, in reality put a big block in the road of truth *The Star* and staff are working so hard to clear for sufferers from Hansen's disease.

(Mrs.) FLORENCE COPE MAURICE
Carville, La.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The story to which Mrs. Maurice takes exception is fictional, and not intended to express any scientific opinion. The editors of Esquire are satisfied to know that what happened to Jaguar was in the realm of possibility. Reader Maurice's statistics, as quoted in her letter, bear that out. However, we welcome the opportunity to combat misconceptions about leprosy by publishing this letter.*

mesdames Jones

After reading Mr. Stowe's article in September Esquire, I must offer my congratulation. By those un-average few of us who work eight hours a day and odd jobs evenings and Saturdays to help our husbands through school, the article was indeed appreciated.

I blame not merely the American male, but our whole system of American living for the faults of the typical American woman. She lives in a dream world. Her biggest ambition is to dress and to look like Lana Turner, to be attractive to men, to have high social standing. The only way she can find happiness and contentment is within herself and how can this be done without re-educating the whole American country, both male and female?

The American woman dreams of the ideal mate . . . Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, etc. She is dissatisfied not only in her social life, but in her sex life. She is expecting to find something that will sweep her off her feet and keep her content for the rest of her life. Does the male help the situation? No, for he too is expecting too much from his sex life. He neither knows how to treat his woman or how he wants her to treat him. Both are ignorant, discontented, frustrated.

American women are not individuals, they are all Mrs. Joneses, trying to beat each other's time in dress, husband, boy friend, etc. Mrs. Jones goes by what her next door neighbor says, how she dresses, what she cooks her family for Sunday dinner, etc.

This could go on indefinitely, but the solution to the problem is the most important. My suggestion: do away with the American culture as it is today and start all over again now that we know these distasteful things about our feminine beauties.

BEVERLY DUNLAP
Stockton, Calif.

Love bites Stowe

The article, *What's Wrong with Our Women?*, by Leland Stowe in your September issue should be renamed, *Misogyny Gone Mad.*

If he had limited his article to his cynical humor it would have been fun to read—even when he becomes amusingly bitter about having to light milady's cigarette. But it is exasperating that this venomous tirade is palmed off as a serious analysis of women.

With hypocritical bows to the ladies and to their "admirers," he proceeds with his orgy of wholesale censure, contradicting himself at every step. Emphatic that women must stay in "women's sphere," i.e., home, and out of "men's sphere," i.e., jobs, he yet furiously accuses that women are restless and bored.

Stowe seems to have a knack for the clever devices of twisting argument. Running thru the entire article is the old, familiar propaganda theme, which can be used against any group: "They have too much influence."

Obviously Stowe is of the school of Philip Wylie, whose writings seem to have set off a chain-reaction that makes any neurotic, half-baked criticisms of women acceptable.

JOAN LOVE
Minneapolis, Minn.

a glee on raki

You describe "Raki" as a Turkish and Syrian brandy usually distilled from a mash of mixed wine, figs and dates. Now I, a native of Armenia being familiar with the region where Raki is made and with the making of this brandy, beg to state that Raki is a "Near East" brandy, being made not only in Turkey and Syria but also in Greece, Armenia and all Near East countries. It is known not only as Raki but also as Oghi, Anise and Firewater.

Raki is made from raisins which are fermented in a wooden barrel for about fourteen days. It is then distilled. The first class brand of Raki is twice distilled, is kept in charcoal barrels from six months to one year and then bottled. Your paragraph states that Raki is harsh but when aged this way it is really very smooth and delectable to the palate. This brandy varies from 95- to 120-proof. In

Continued on page 210

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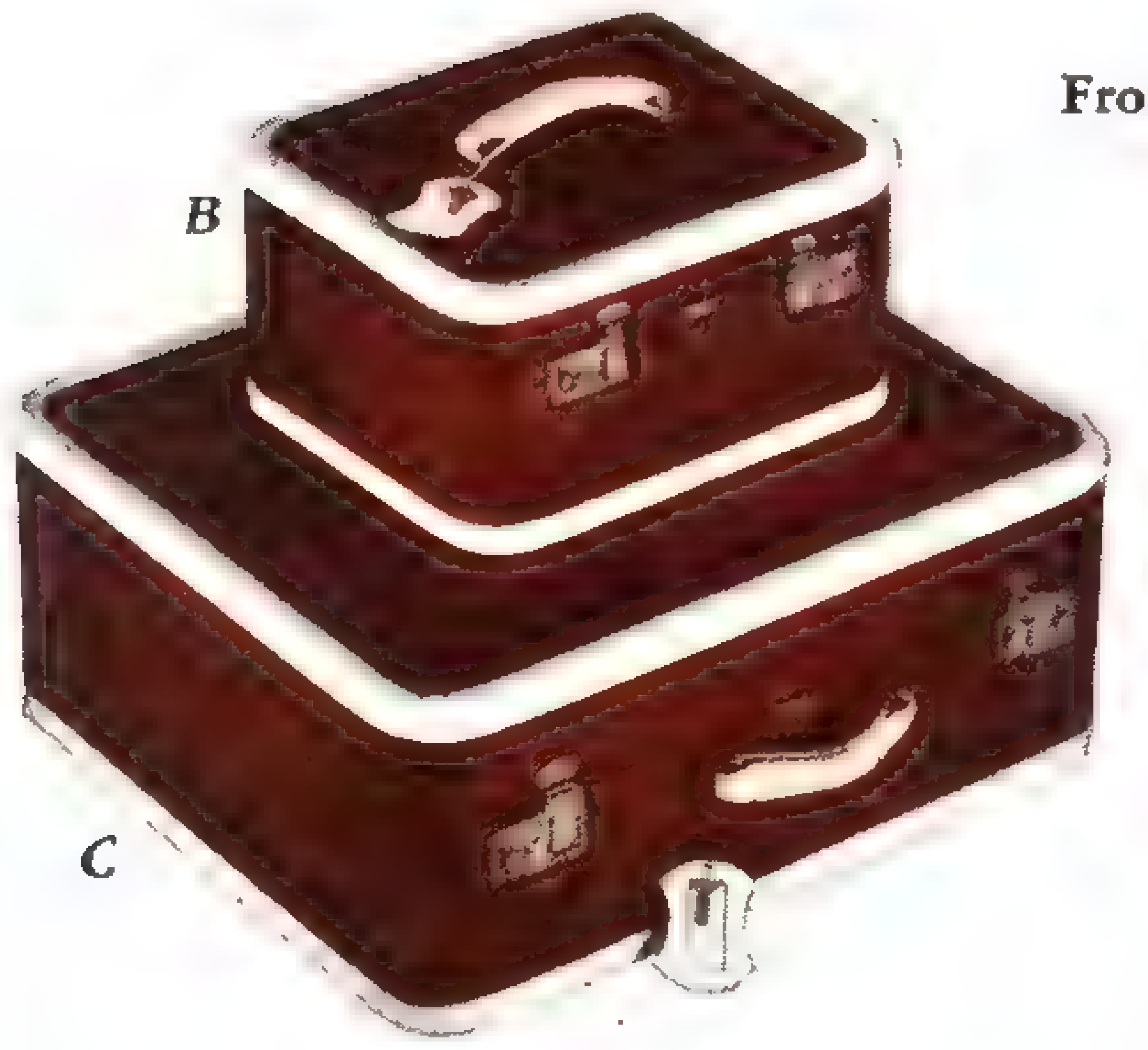

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 208

certain parts of the Near East Raki is colored and flavored with the following: anise, clove, lemon peel, mint, orange peel, parsley, rose, violet. In making Raki, dates and figs and sometimes mulberries are substituted for the original raisins when the latter cannot be obtained. Each Near East country claims that Raki originated in it, but actually its origin is lost in antiquity.

Yours is such a wonderful magazine and you so evidently try in every way to have its articles convey only the most correct information that I felt, upon reading the little paragraph on Raki that you would welcome this more detailed and exact description of its making.

MIHRAN GARABEDIAN
Emerson, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Armenian, Greek, or Persian, it's a warming diversion.*

libations of muscatel

I have heard many versions of the story about Est! Est!! Est!!!, but it may be of incidental interest to you that during the war, serving as an American soldier, I was stationed between Bolsena and Montefiascone along that same lake. As I had too many C rations to suit my palate and not enough vino to please my buddies, we went around "horse-trading." The church where the bishop is supposedly buried is quite interesting, dating back to the Middle Ages. The priest who runs the church gave me a bottle of wine of his own vineyard, sealed with beeswax and allegedly ten years old. It was one of the finest dessert wines I have ever tasted. It was amber colored, smooth and full of body, with the peculiar perfume of the Muscat grape. Coming back to the story, up to only a few decades ago a liter of wine was poured annually on the grave's plate to perpetuate this bishop's heroic death.

CHAS. ADLER
New York, N. Y.

vet's amen

Hats off to Leland Stowe for his very capable presentation of a subject which has had far too little treatment from a masculine point of view. Esquire is to be commended. Whereas the American woman will be infuriated by his article, discerning American males, especially overseas veterans, cannot fail to acknowledge the validity of his statements.

J. N. MCALLISTER
Austin, Texas

of moose and men

Mr. Leland Stowe is probably one of the best foreign correspondents in the United States; perhaps a better one out of them. His article on American women presents some interesting, but undemonstrable points. Rising to the bait, one wonders: to what species of American women does he refer? Surely not all of them. And as to those to whom he does refer—where did he come by them?

Let us assume (without taking unfair advantage) that he got them off the porch of some U. S. country club. Is he comparing these with Irish, Norwegian, Polish, or merely French and German women?

Has he ever been out with a Senegalese while in Paris? Or a telephoniste?

And while in America, did he ever attend a covered dish supper of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Loyal Order of Moose? Are our Moose ladies, then, *spoiled?* Heaven forfend!

CHARLES W. WHITE
Muncie, Ind.

analyst probed

So Mr. Davis, in Bruce Henry's story *Free Association*, could not recognize his associate's handwriting, "strong and sweeping, a hand showing supreme egoism and a coping defense of self-aggrandizement."

And why should he have worried when blood spurted over his hands, as he had already drawn blood from his palms with his nails? No wonder he considers psychoanalysis a little too complicated!

LEON M. SHIRLAW
Romford, Essex, England

author's diagnosis

I welcome the opportunity to clarify the seeming errata for Dr. Shirlaw.

Here in the States we have a peculiar academic custom which requires that all physicians be trained to write a hand that is impressively cabalistic and wholly undecipherable by laymen, as any American who has ever tried to read a medical prescription will attest. This helps maintain the traditional aura of mysticism which surrounds the profession. Thus, the fact that Dr. Davis did not recognize his colleague's handwriting is far less startling than the fact that he could read the note at all!

As for the sanguifluous episode, the answer is that the good doctor was a neat man. The blood on his palms wouldn't show, but the rest, on his cuff . . .! Dr. Shirlaw has no idea what the laundry situation is here.

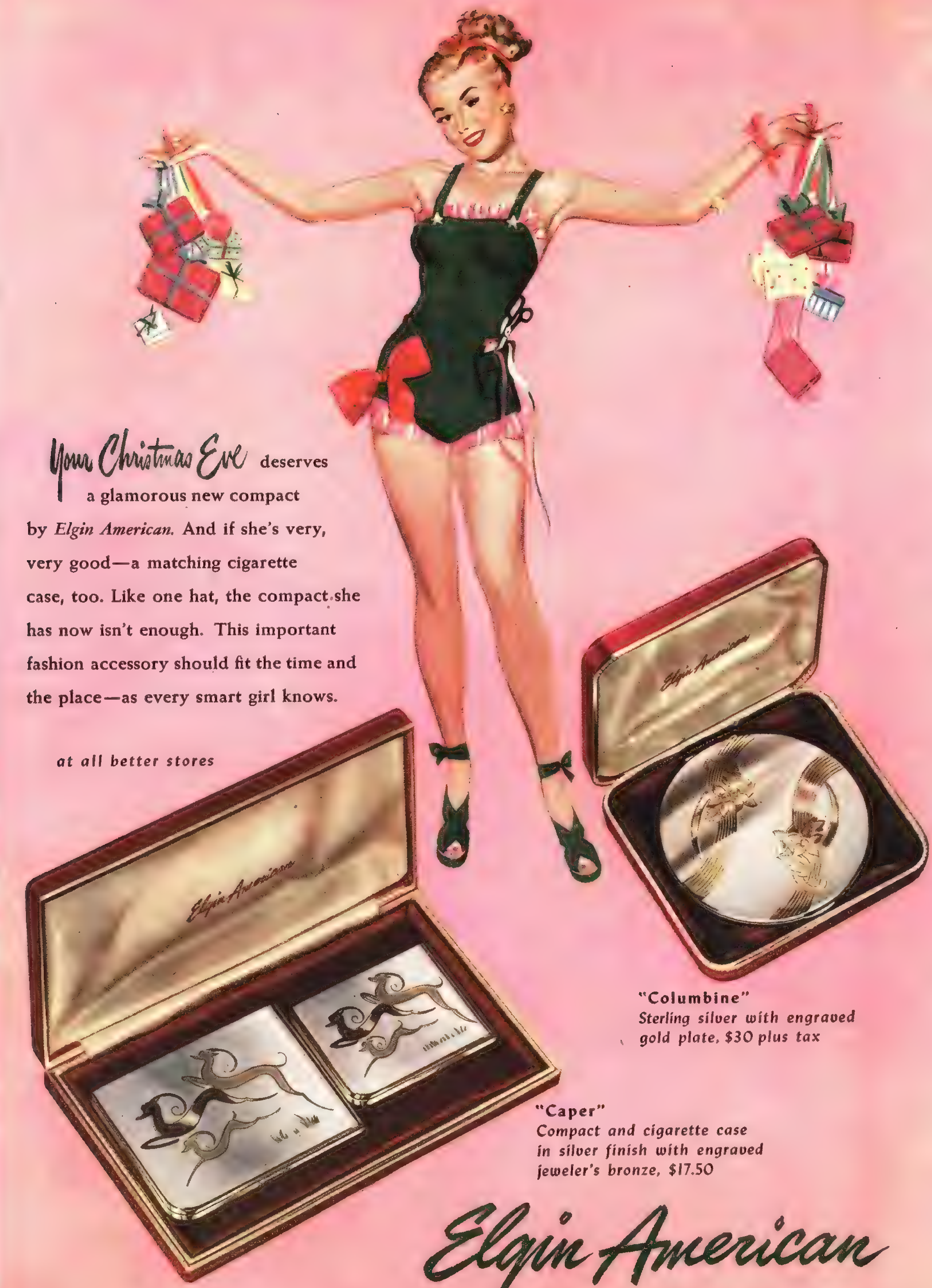
BRUCE HENRY
Chicago, Ill.

men are myopic

Leland Stowe's article should have been titled *What's Wrong With Our Men?* For years men have disregarded women's attempts at all the virtues he extolled as being the possessions solely of foreign girls. There are hundreds of girls in America today who do their own sewing, are expert cooks, etc., but do any of your "experts" uncover them? No! Because they fall in love with some over-extroverted female. Many of the homemakers in our ranks have changed because they have seen how much more important it seems to men, generally, to be always dressed, manicured, and smelling of heady perfume, rather than corned beef and cabbage.

CLAIRE ROSE
New York, N. Y.

Continued from page 10



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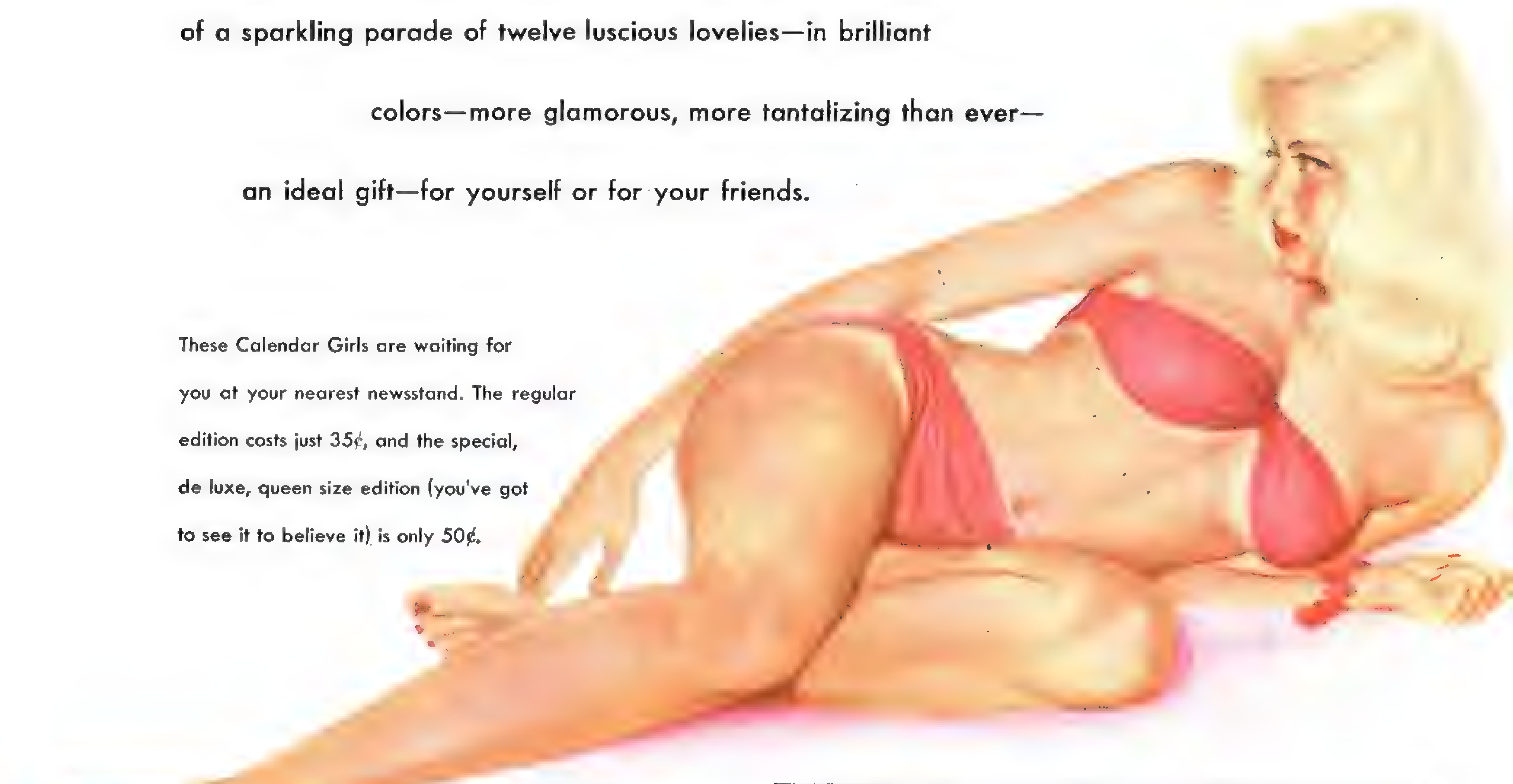

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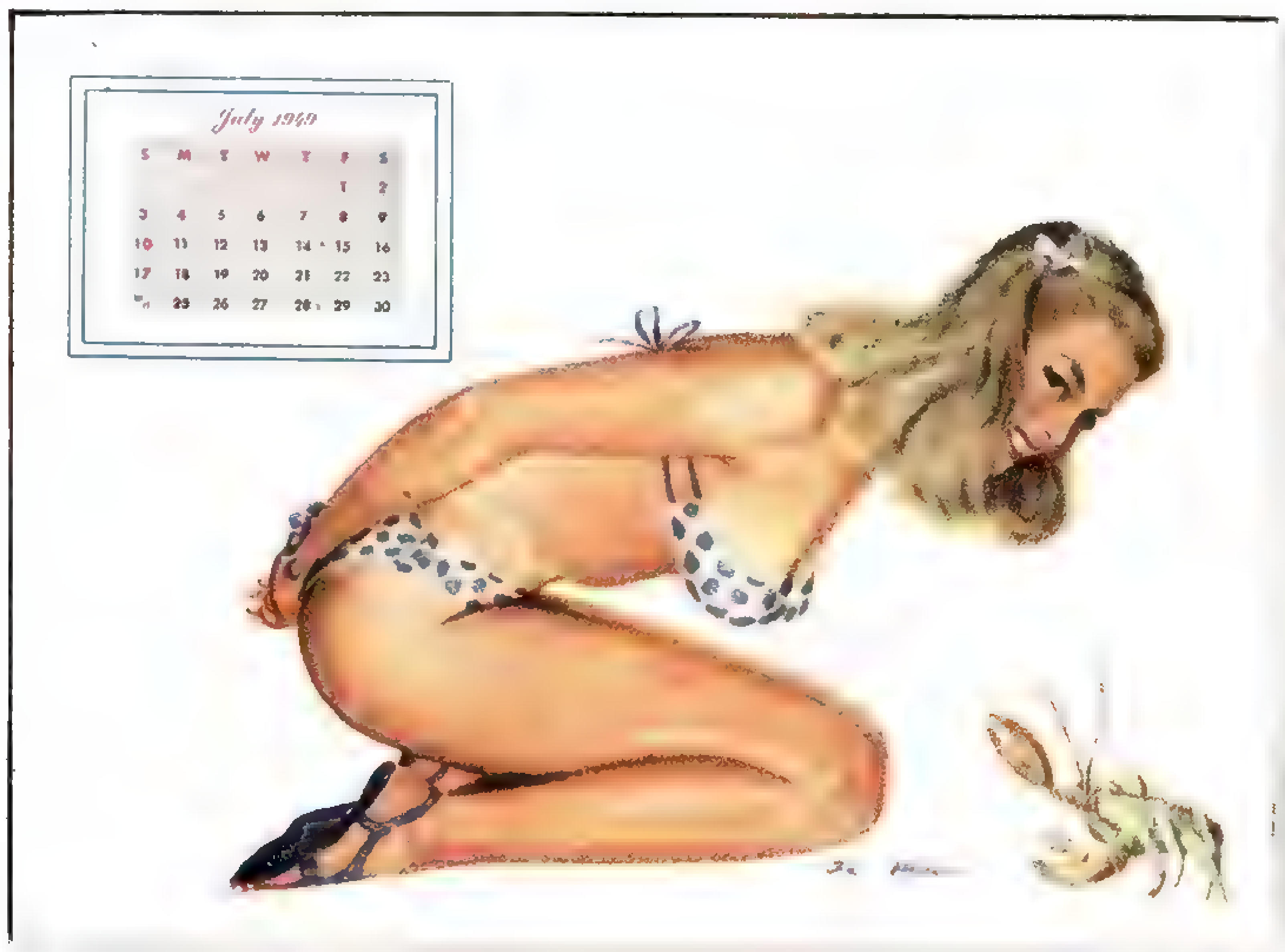

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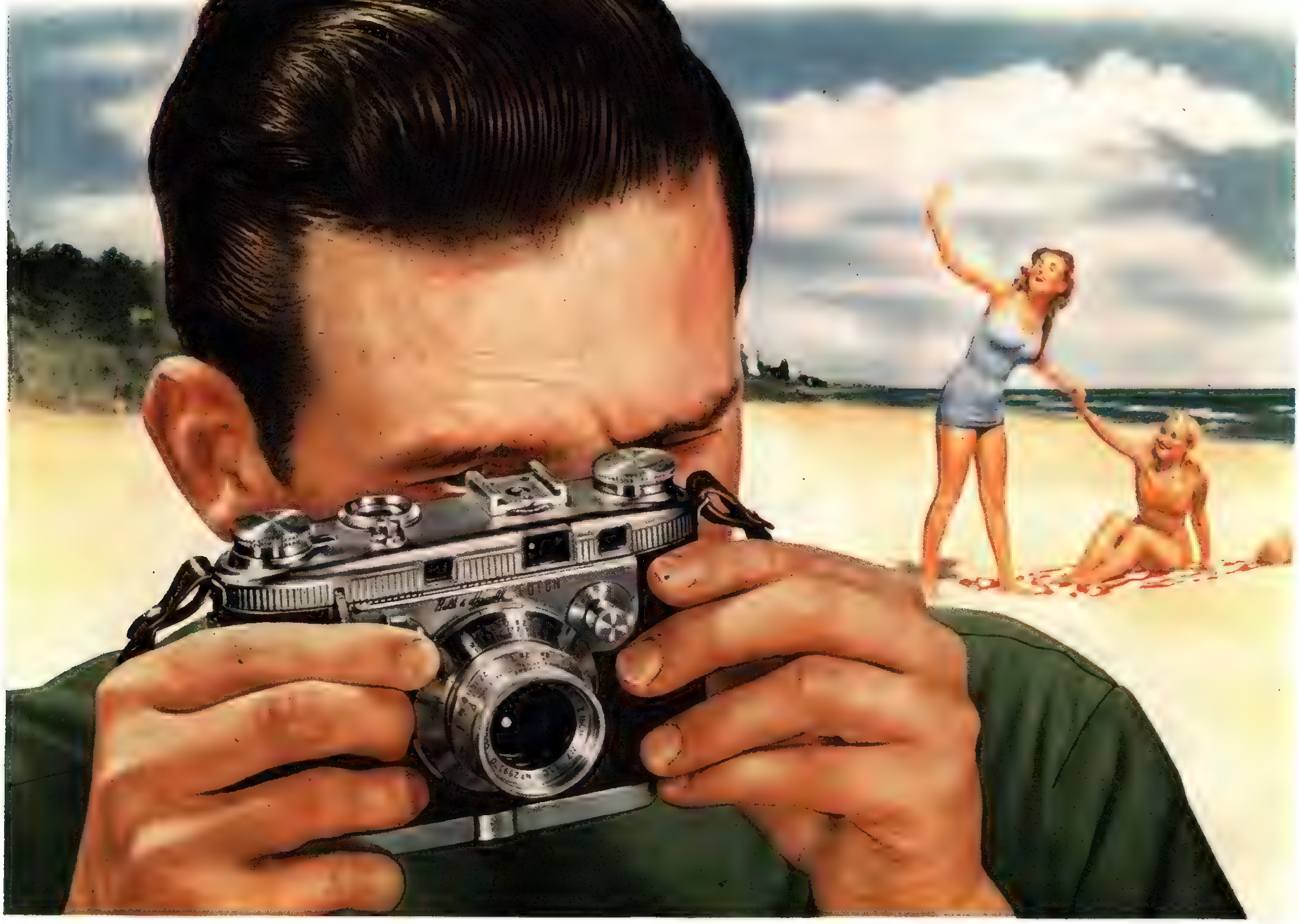

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The Breaking Point

Continued from page 78

would not let her act. It was almost an illness, this passivity. The symptoms went back at least twenty years, for she could still remember coming home from first grade and saying, "Mummy, the girl across the aisle from me holds my hand all the time. The whole recess she holds my hand and I don't want her to." "Well, darling, don't give her your hand if you don't like to," Mummy had said: but of course it was never as simple as that, for Martha didn't know how to tell the girl—and so that stronger girl had gone on holding Martha's hand throughout the rest of the term.

It was the same with Brad. She could not get her hand away from his. "Just tell him you've had enough," Martha's one close friend would tell her. But it was always easier to put off the final break, to wait until the trip was over, to make sure she wasn't pregnant . . . and then sometimes when she was sure she was ready, Brad would almost seem to divine it; then, for a while, she would soften to the man she thought she had married. He would bring her the special flowers she liked and be gentle with her—the way only the very cruel know how to be gentle—and so, for a short time she would forget, wanting so much to forget. And by the time his bogus little courtship had worn thin, her determination, fragile as spun glass, would have shattered.

If only he would perform one final act that could set her off, she thought. Yes, she was like the rusty trigger of a gun he had forgotten was loaded. It would take all his strength to bring the hammer down on the striking point. But she was waiting for that moment, ready to welcome it.

* * *

Next morning they reached the docks at eight instead of seven-thirty because Martha had taken too long in the bathroom. Brad had been needling her with a sharp minute hand from the time he awoke. It was her bitter knowledge that an appointment with a fishing boat was the only thing which he took seriously. He had had his picture in quite a few magazines as a master of giant game fish. It was the best thing he did.

The boat wasn't a clean boat, not even by Mexican standards, and the native skipper merely muttered something without smiling when they came aboard. "He's sore because we're late," Brad said. "They like to get out there before the sun's up too high."

Martha didn't say anything. She really didn't care what effect the extra time had on the moods of his pock-marked Mexican. She was watching the other Mexican, his mate, and thinking that he was the most malevolent-looking little man she had ever seen. He had a cadaverous face covered by an unkempt beard. Normally he should have been about five feet tall, but a slight hump, or rather a ridge running between his shoulders, bent him over until he was hardly more than four feet high.

They went out past Hornos, the beach that the Acapulqueños frequent at sunset, and Martha could remember her first swim there with Brad when the flaming red sun lit the waters around them with cool fire and the palm trees behind the beach stood out in brilliant silhouette against the purple sky. Had she loved him that evening long ago? She tried to remember: yes, she had, for his Irish good looks, for his gaiety, and for the elaborate charade of romance he had practiced on her.

She looked over at him now, as if to compare the sham she had briefly loved five years ago with this solid reality who was carefully unwrapping his fishing gear—the Hardy reel he had picked up in England and the O'Brien rod bought two seasons ago in Miami, the rod that had conquered yellowtail off Ensenada, tuna near Guaymas, marlin in the Caribbean, and tarpon in the channels through the mangrove swamps that lie off Key West. He was careless about most of his possessions, but not about this rod.

The boat slowed to trolling speed and Brad played out his line. The hunchback had a pole for Martha and fixed the base of the rod in the socket of her chair.

"Well, *muchacha*," Brad said, "better get the big gaff ready. I feel lucky today."

If the hunchback heard the feminine ending, his face gave no sign. They had spent nearly all their winters in Latin countries, and Martha's Spanish was good enough to cause her to flinch from Brad's linguistic slips. But Brad took pride in his inability to speak foreign languages. And, he was in too good a mood at the moment to care whether he called this deformed native a boy or a girl. There was really only a few occasions, Martha was thinking, when Brad's humor was so high—when he was starting to fish, when he came in with a fish bigger and gamer than anyone else's, when he had had more than two drinks but less than six, and when he was undressing for his pleasure before dinner.

"Come on, get on there, baby!" Brad was talking to them somewhere under the sea. "Let's get a big one for Poppa."

When nothing happened for a while, the hunchback threw out some chum, live bait of fairly good size, to draw the larger fish. In a few moments a sea gull appeared, maneuvering in over the wake of the boat to dive for the small fish.

"*Gaviota*," the hunchback muttered. "Damn *gaviota*."

A second gull came in overhead, and then another, coasting or winging easily over the stern. They were a small variety, very white, and Martha enjoyed their grace as they floated overhead.

"Damn *gaviota*," the hunch-

Continued on page 216

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The Breaking Point

Continued from page 215

back muttered again. He reached into a paper bag for a small stone—Martha realized that he must have brought the stones along for that purpose—and tossed it up at them. It fell short of the birds.

"Come on, *muchacha*," Brad laughed. "Where's the old pitching arm?"

The hunchback threw again, but his physical disability limited his throw. "I get hands on *gaviota*"—his English was almost unintelligible—"I—" Instead of a word here, he substituted a terrible cracking sound of tongue against teeth and a quick gesture of snapping down with both fists.

The sudden violence of it, rising out of this wretched little man, made Brad laugh. But it left Martha with a sinking feeling of discomfort.

After a while she felt a tug on her line, pulled her pole back the way Brad had taught her, and then lowered it at the same time she began reeling in.

"You got something there—doesn't look like too much," Brad said. He never liked anyone else to catch the first one.

But as the thing she had caught came closer to the boat, it broke surface, flapping its wings wildly and giving forth a shrill wail.

"Damn *gaviota*," the hunchback said. "Pull in, pull in."

Martha could feel the bird pulling against her line, thrashing the water with its wings as it fought for life.

"Here," she said, quickly handing her rod to the hunchback. "*No me gusta.*" She tried not to watch while the bird was pulled into the boat. But she had to listen to its screams; and when they suddenly became louder and more frightened, she knew it was held fast in the hunchback's fierce, sun-blackened little hands. She was imagining what he would do to it—twist its neck or slam it against the side—when she heard the *sound* of what the hunchback was doing to it. It was not too different from the sound he had made with his tongue against his teeth when he had been pantomiming the act before. She kept her eyes away until she was sure it must be over, and then she turned around, just as the limp white body was flung into the sea.

It floated on top of the water with its wings spread out as if it were in flight. Then she saw the bird suddenly bunch forward in a furious effort to rise from itself.

"Brad, it's still living! It's alive! He didn't kill it!"

"Where've you been?" Brad said. "All he did was break both its wings and throw it back."

She watched the stern pull away

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from the crippled bird bobbing in the boat's wake. The gull was silent now. It's silence seemed even more terrible to Martha than its shrieking.

"Why does he do that? Does he *have* to do that?"

Brad laughed. "He hates those things like poison. Says it teaches them a lesson."

The hunchback was setting her line out for her again. Four or five gulls were over the boat now. "I don't think I want to fish any more," she said.

"What do you want to do?" Brad reprimanded. "Let the *muchacha* fish for you?"

It was easier, she felt, just to sit there holding the line than to let him ride her all the way. She prayed she wouldn't catch another one, though. She didn't think she could stand another one.

She could not take her eyes from the white speck that bobbed in the distance. She could feel it struggling to rise with its helpless wings.

Suddenly Brad let out a cry of joy—"Sailfish!"—and the boat came to life. The hunchback's face was animated with a gargoyle smile, and even the dark Indian mask that the skipper wore for a face was lit with fisherman's hope and eagerness for the catch.

"I got a good one," Brad called, fighting it happily. "A good one!"

The hunchback was jabbering at Martha, and Brad shot her an anxious glance, his face red with effort. "Damn it, reel in! Reel in, for Christ's sake!" he shouted.

Martha had been watching the drowning gull. The hunchback snatched her line from her and began winding frantically to get it in out of the way. But it was too late. The sailfish had drawn Brad's line across and back under Martha's and their lines were becoming hopelessly tangled.

No longer able to reel in, Brad gave himself to profanity. "Damn it, that's the first thing I ever told you! You goddam nipple-head!"

The tangled lines went slack as Brad's sailfish threw the hook. "He's gone," Brad said tragically. "Would've hit fifty, maybe sixty pounds . . ." And his words were a jumble of profanity again.

Because our lines were crossed, I ruined his day, Martha thought. (Both lines were in the boat now, and the hunchback was working deliberately to loosen the knotted loops.) Go ahead, Martha thought. See what *you* can do with those horrible knots. *I've* been trying to disentangle them for years . . .

It was almost half an hour before they could fish again. The sun was directly overhead, beating down oppressively. A dozen gulls were following them now.

"*Gaviota*," the hunchback said. "Damn *gaviota*."

Just then several dove for Brad's line and his pole dipped sharply. "Sonofabitch. Now *I've* hooked

Continued on page 218

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The Breaking Point

Continued from page 217

one." He was so exasperated that he couldn't even reel in. "Here, *muchacha*, you handle it." In his defeat, he turned on Martha again. "Goddamn it, next time I hook into something big, reel in, reel in like I told you."

The gull that had been hooked left the water and flew up over the boat with the line trailing from its beak. Martha could see it flapping directly overhead, pulling against the hook and crying as the metal point ripped the lining of its throat. As the hunchback reeled it in, it flew around wildly over their heads. Martha screamed, and the gull screamed with her. What a horrible female chorus, she thought.

With a neat gesture, the hunchback reached up and snatched the bird.

"Don't," Martha said. "Please don't break its wings."

"Wait a minute," Brad said. "Let me have it."

Thank you, Brad, Martha thought. Thank you, thank you. Take it quickly, wring its neck, bash its head. Only do it quickly!

Brad took the bird, snapped its wings in his big hands exactly as he had seen the hunchback do it, and tossed it back into the sea.

"That the way you do it, *muchacha?*" he said, laughing.

Martha watched Brad's gull flounder and then rise in a series of desperately convulsive motions. When he first attracted me, she thought, the barbed hook was hidden. He has reeled me in and broken me in his hands.

But she would not drown. She would not go under like the gull. She felt quite calm now—and quite sure that when they put back to port she would find the strength to leave him. It had taken her a long time, a crippling long time, but nothing else that had happened had made her quite so sure as this. She had not thought she could live with a man who laughed at horses when their bellies had been torn by bulls. But she knew—oh, she was sure she *knew*—that she could not live with a man who broke the wings of birds and left them to die; who did not even do this as the hunchback had done it, through hatred of everything more perfectly formed than himself. No, the reason why Martha's disgust was so complete now was that she had seen Brad break the gull for the same reason he had broken her—the whim to do something he had never done before.

This was the snap of the rusty trigger. She looked at Brad and hoped that he still loved her enough to be sensitive to the pain of his self-inflicted wound. ⧻

Continued from page 78

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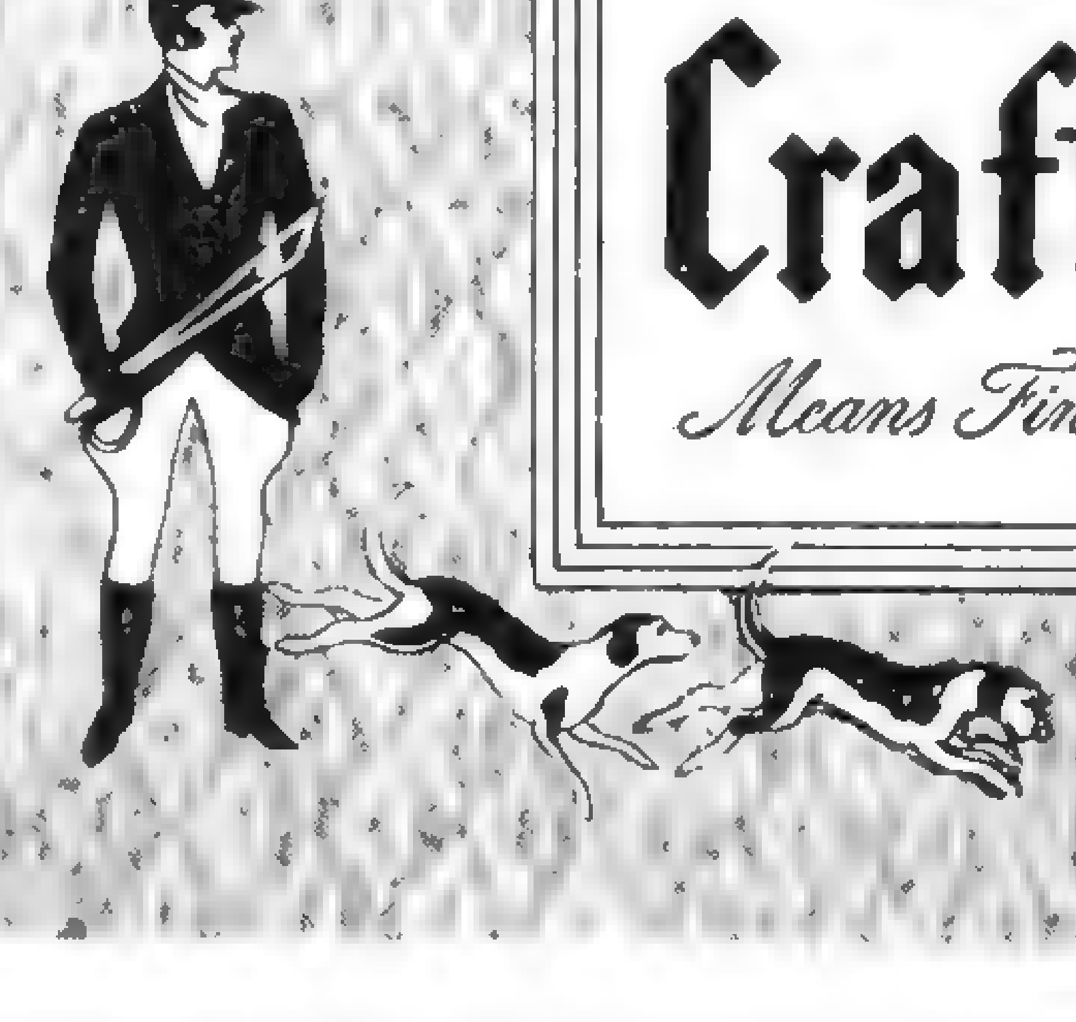

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How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar

Continued from page 82

ceeded to a cupboard and brought out several articles, which he deposited on the table. "Thar's whiskey. And crackers. And red herons. And cheese. And sugar. And terbacker. Thar's dried appils too on the shelf, but I don't admire 'em. Appils is swellin'. Thar," he concluded, "now wade in, and don't be afeard. I don't mind the old woman. She don't b'long to me. S'long."

He had stepped to the threshold of a small room, scarcely larger than a closet, partitioned off from the main apartment, and holding in its dim recess a small bed.

"Hello, Johnny! You ain't goin' to turn in agin, are ye?" said Dick.

"Yes, I are," responded Johnny.

"Why, wot's up, old fellow?"

"I'm sick."

"How sick?"

"I've got a fevier. And childblains. And roomatiz," returned Johnny, and vanished within. After a moment's pause, he added in the dark, apparently from under the bedclothes—"And biles!"

There was an embarrassing silence. The men looked at each other and at the fire. Even with the appetizing banquet before them, it seemed as if they might again fall into the despondency of Thompson's grocery, when the voice of the Old Man, incautiously lifted, came deprecatingly from the kitchen.

"Certainly! Thet's so. In course they is. A gang o' lazy, drunken loafers, and that ar Dick Bullen's the ornariest of all. Didn't hev no more sabe than to come round yar with sickness in the house and no provision. Thet's what I said: 'Bullen,' sez I, 'it's crazy drunk you are, or a fool,' sez I, 'to think o' such a thing.' But they would come—they would. Thet's wot you must 'spect o' such trash as lays round the Bar."

A burst of laughter from the men followed this unfortunate exposure. Whether it was overheard in the kitchen, or whether the Old Man's irate companion had just then exhausted all other modes of expressing her contemptuous indignation, I cannot say, but a back door was suddenly slammed with great violence. A moment later and the Old Man reappeared.

"The old woman thought she'd jest run over to Mrs. MacFadden's for a sociable call," he explained with jaunty indifference, as he took a seat at the board.

Oddly enough it needed this untoward incident to relieve the embarrassment that was beginning to be felt by the party.

It was nearly midnight when the festivities were interrupted.

Continued on page 220

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How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar

Continued from page 219

"Hush," said Dick Bullen, holding up his hand. It was the querulous voice of Johnny: "O dad!"

The Old Man arose hurriedly and disappeared in the closet. Presently he reappeared. "His rheumatiz is coming on agin bad," he explained, "and he wants rubbin'." He lifted the demijohn of whiskey from the table and shook it. It was empty. Dick Bullen put down his tin cup with an embarrassed laugh. So did the others. The Old Man examined their contents and said hopefully, "I reckon that's enough; he don't need much. You hold on all o' you for a spell, and I'll be back": and vanished in the closet with an old flannel shirt and the whiskey. The door closed but imperfectly, and the following dialogue was distinctly audible:

"Now, sonny, whar does she ache worst?"

"Sometimes over yar and sometimes under yer; but it's most powerful from yer to yer. Rub yer, dad." A silence seemed to indicate a brisk rubbing. Then Johnny: "Heven' a good time out yer, dad?"

"Yes, sonny."

"Tomorrer's Chrismiss—ain't it?"

"Yes, sonny. How does she feel now?"

"Better. Rub a little furder down. Wot's Chrismiss, anyway? Wot's it all about?"

"Oh, it's a day."

This exhaustive definition was apparently satisfactory, for there was a silent interval of rubbing. Presently Johnny again:

"Mar sez that everywhere else but yer everybody gives things to everybody Chrismiss. She sez thar's a man they call Sandy Claws, not a white man, you know, but a kind o' Chinemin, comes down the chimbley night afore Chrismiss and gives things to chillern—boys like me. Puts 'em in their butes! Thet's what she tried to play upon me. Easy now, pop, whar are you rubbin' to—thet's a mile from the place. She jest made that up, didn't she, jest to aggrewate me and you? Don't rub thar . . . Why do they call it Chrismiss, dad?"

Perhaps from some instinctive deference to the overhearing of his guests, or from some vague sense of incongruity, the Old Man's reply was so low as to be inaudible beyond the room.

"Yes," said Johnny, with some slight abatement of interest, "I've heerd o' him before. Thar, that'll do, dad. I don't ache near so bad as I did. Now wrap me tight in this yer blanket. So. Now," he added in a muffled whisper, "sit down yer by me till I go asleep."

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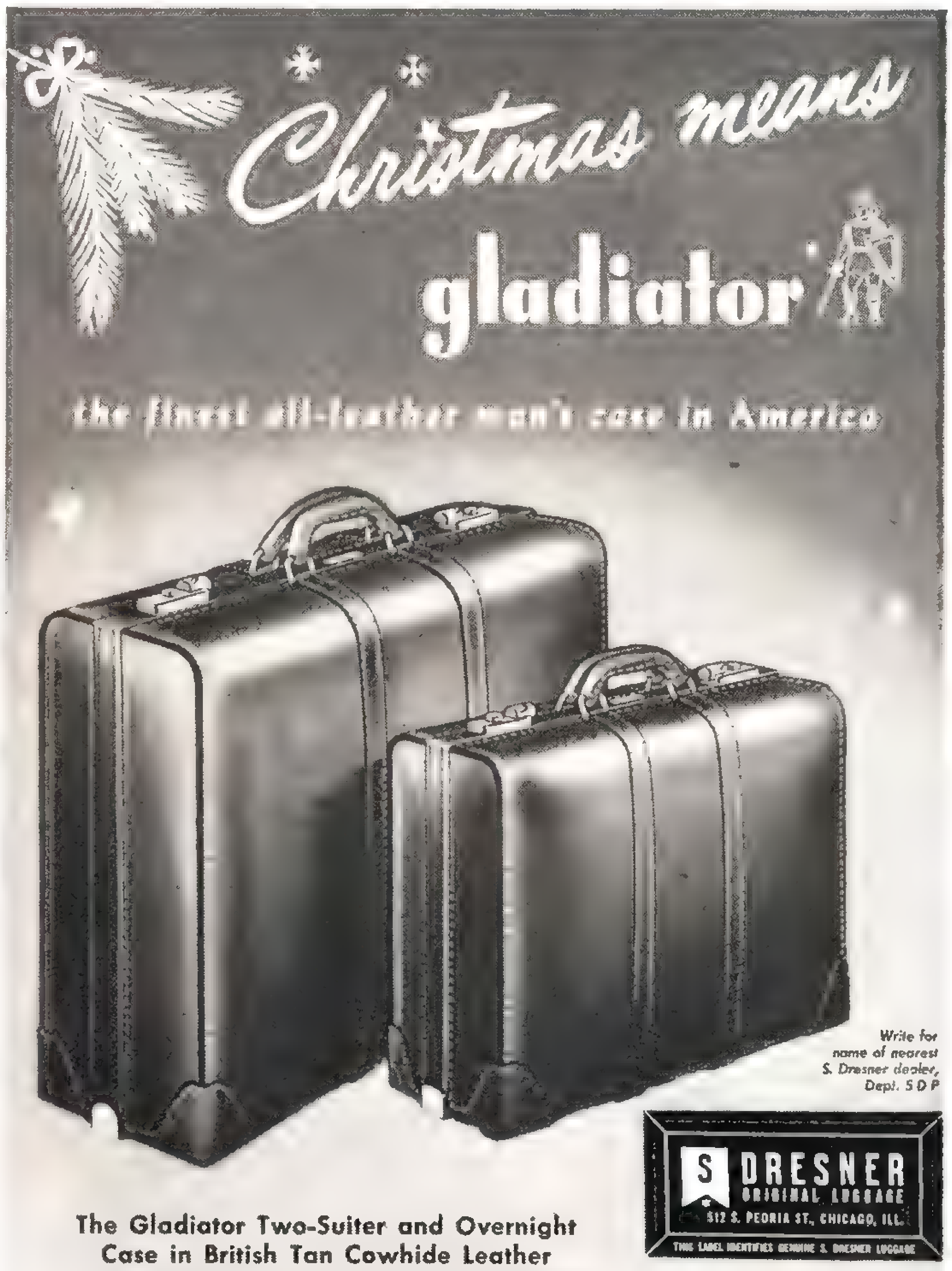
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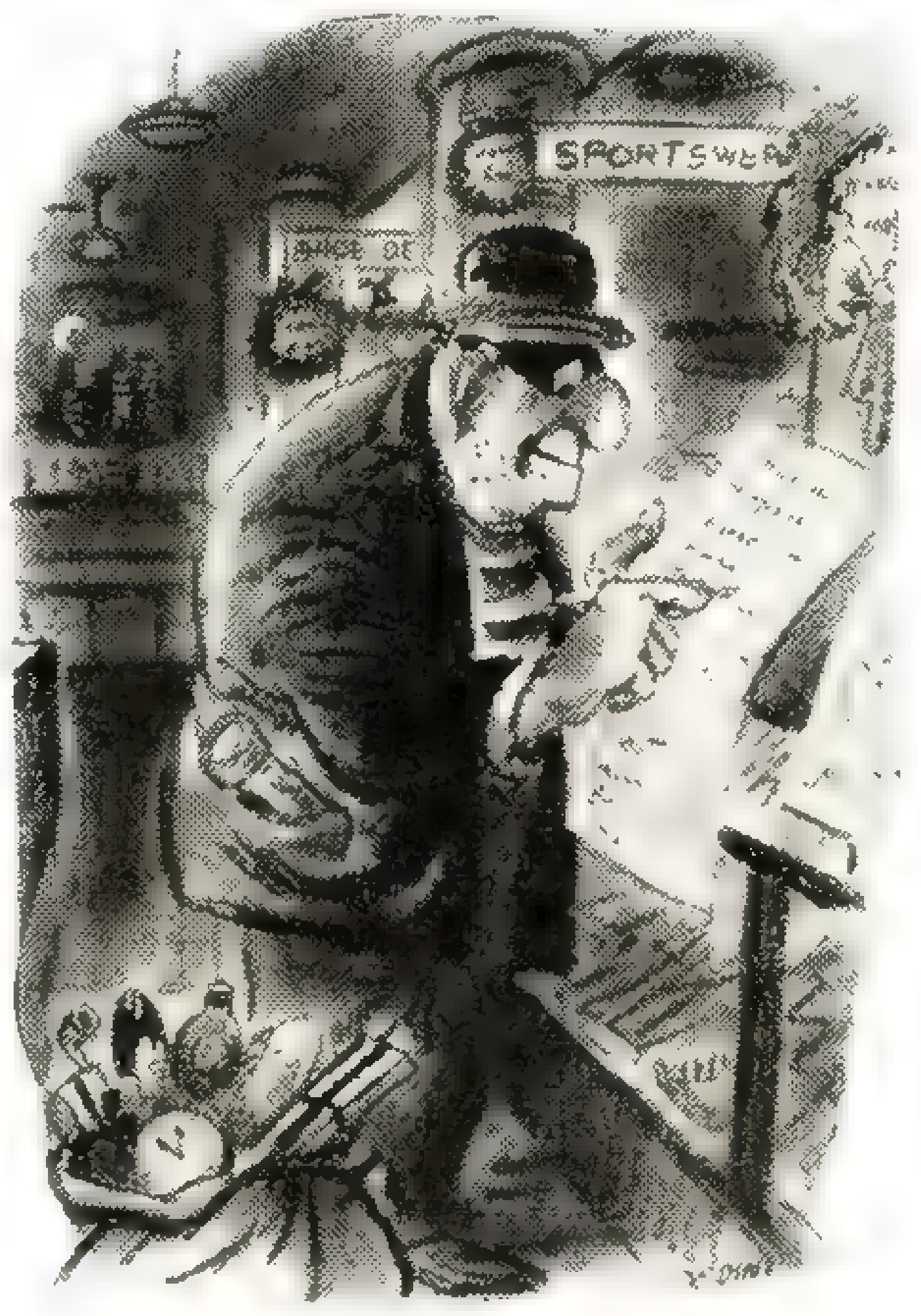
For some moments the Old Man waited patiently. Then the unwonted stillness of the house excited his curiosity, and without moving from the bed he cautiously opened the door and looked into the main room. To his infinite surprise it was dark and deserted. But even then a smouldering log on the hearth broke and by the upswinging blaze he saw the figure of Dick Bullen sitting by the dying embers.



"Hello!"

Dick started, rose, and came somewhat unsteadily toward him.

"Whar's the boys?" said the Old Man.

"Gone up the cañon on a little *pasear*. They're coming back for me in a minit. I'm waitin' round for 'em. What are you starin' at, Old Man?" he added, with a forced laugh; "do you think I'm drunk?"

The Old Man might have been pardoned the supposition, for Dick's eyes were humid and his face flushed. He loitered and lounged back to the chimney, yawned, shook himself, buttoned up his coat and laughed. "Liquor ain't so plenty as that, Old Man. Now don't you git up. Sit jest whar you be; I'm goin' in a jiffy. Thar, that's them now."

There was a low tap at the door. Dick Bullen opened it quickly, nodded "Good night" to his host, and disappeared. The Old Man, drawing his chair closer to the bed, rested his head upon it. In this defenseless attitude the potency of his earlier potations surprised him. The room flickered and faded before his eyes, reappeared, faded again, went out, and left him—asleep.

Meantime, Dick Bullen, closing the door, confronted his companions. "Are you ready?" said Staples. "Ready," said Dick; "what's the time?" "Past twelve," was the reply; "can you make it?—it's nigh on fifty miles, the round trip hither and yon." "I reckon," returned Dick shortly. "Whar's the mare?" "Bill and Jack's holdin' her at the crossin'."

* * *

It was one o'clock, and yet Dick had only gained Rattlesnake Hill. For in that time Jovita, the half-blind mare, had rehearsed to

Continued on page 222

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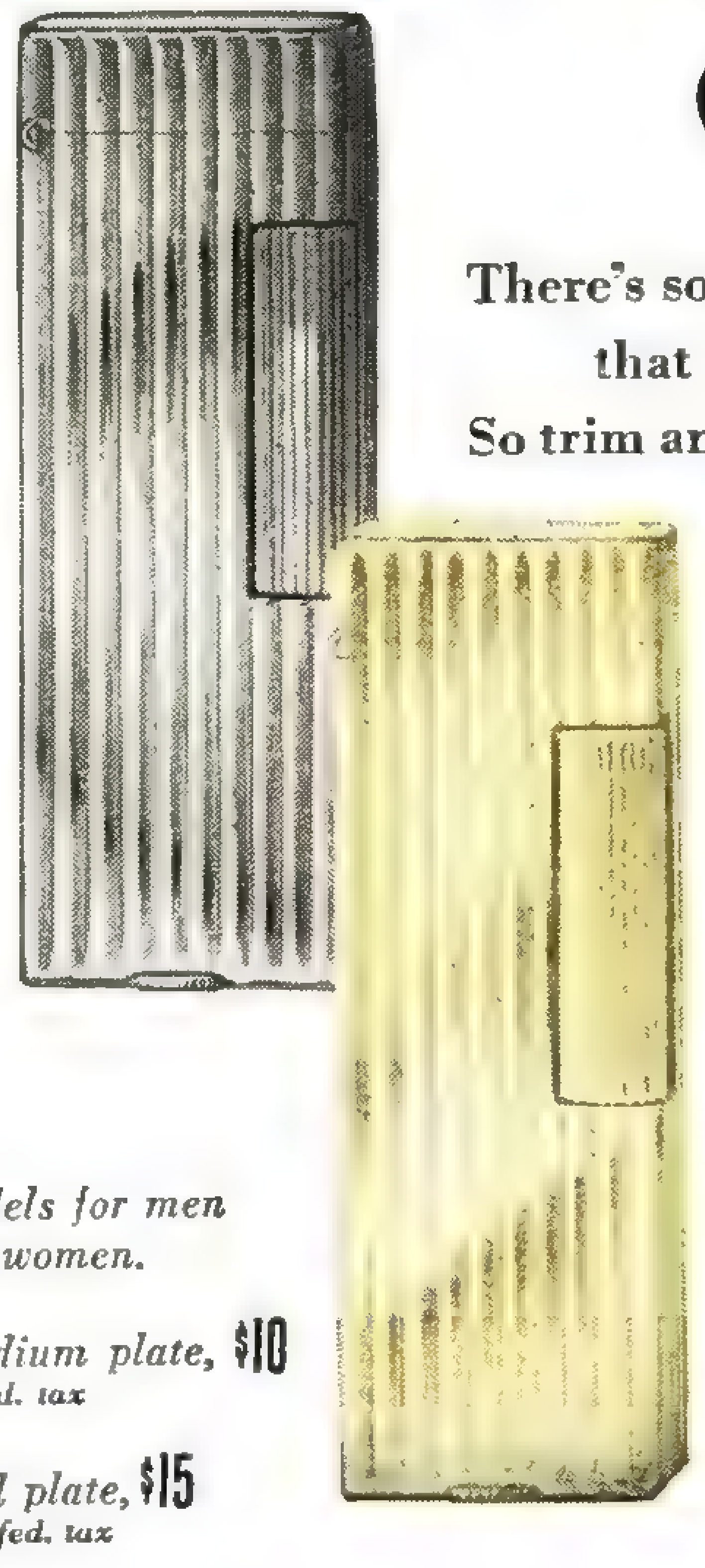

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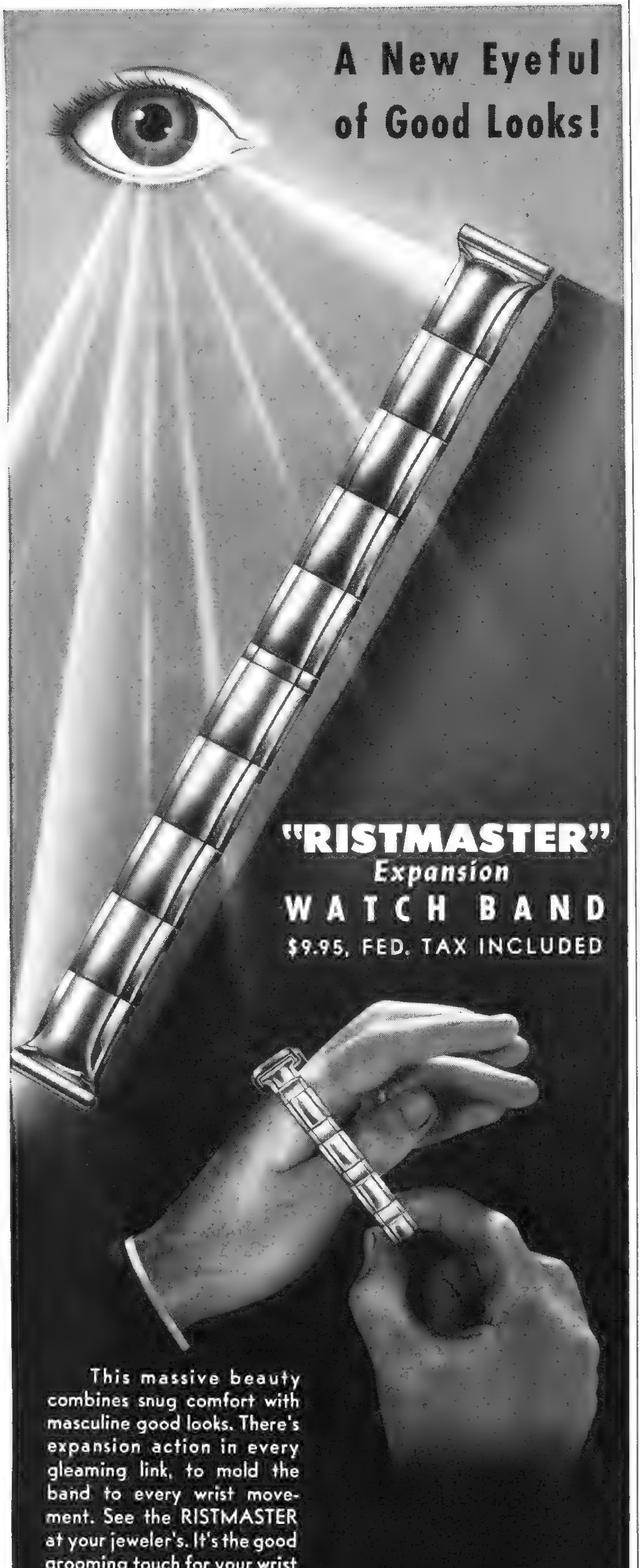
How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar

Continued from page 221

him all her imperfections and practiced all her vices. Thrice had she stumbled. Twice had she thrown up her Roman nose in a straight line with the reins, and, resisting bit and spur, struck out madly across country. Twice had she reared, and, rearing, fallen backward; and twice had the agile Dick, unharmed, regained his seat before she found her vicious legs again. And a mile beyond them, at the foot of a long hill, was Rattlesnake Creek. Dick knew that here was the crucial test of his ability to perform his enterprise, set his teeth grimly, put his knees well into her flanks, and changed his defensive tactics to brisk aggression. Bullied and maddened, Jovita began the descent of the hill. Here the artful Richard pretended to hold her in with well-feigned cries of alarm. It is unnecessary to add that Jovita instantly ran away. Nor need I state the time made in the descent; it is written in the chronicles of Simpson's Bar. Enough that in another moment, as it seemed to Dick, she was splashing on the overflowed banks of Rattlesnake Creek. As Dick expected, the momentum she had acquired carried her beyond the point of balking, and, holding her well together for a mighty leap, they dashed into the middle of the swiftly flowing current. A few moments of kicking, wading, and swimming, and Dick drew a long breath on the opposite bank.

The road from Rattlesnake Creek to Red Mountain was tolerably level. Either the plunge in Rattlesnake Creek had dampened her baleful fire, or the art which led to it had shown her the superior wickedness of her rider, for Jovita no longer wasted her surplus energy in wanton conceits. At half past two, Dick jingled his spurs and swung his riata, Jovita bounded forward, and they swept into Tuttleville and drew up before the wooden piazza of "The Hotel of All Nations."

After Jovita had been handed over to a sleepy ostler, whom she at once kicked into unpleasant consciousness, Dick sallied out with the barkeeper for a tour of the sleeping town. Lights still gleamed from a few saloons and gambling houses; but, avoiding these, they stopped before several closed shops, and by persistent tapping and judicious outcry roused the proprietors from their beds, and made them unbar the doors of their magazines and expose their wares. Sometimes they were met by curses, but oftener by interest and some concern in their needs, and the interview was invariably concluded by a



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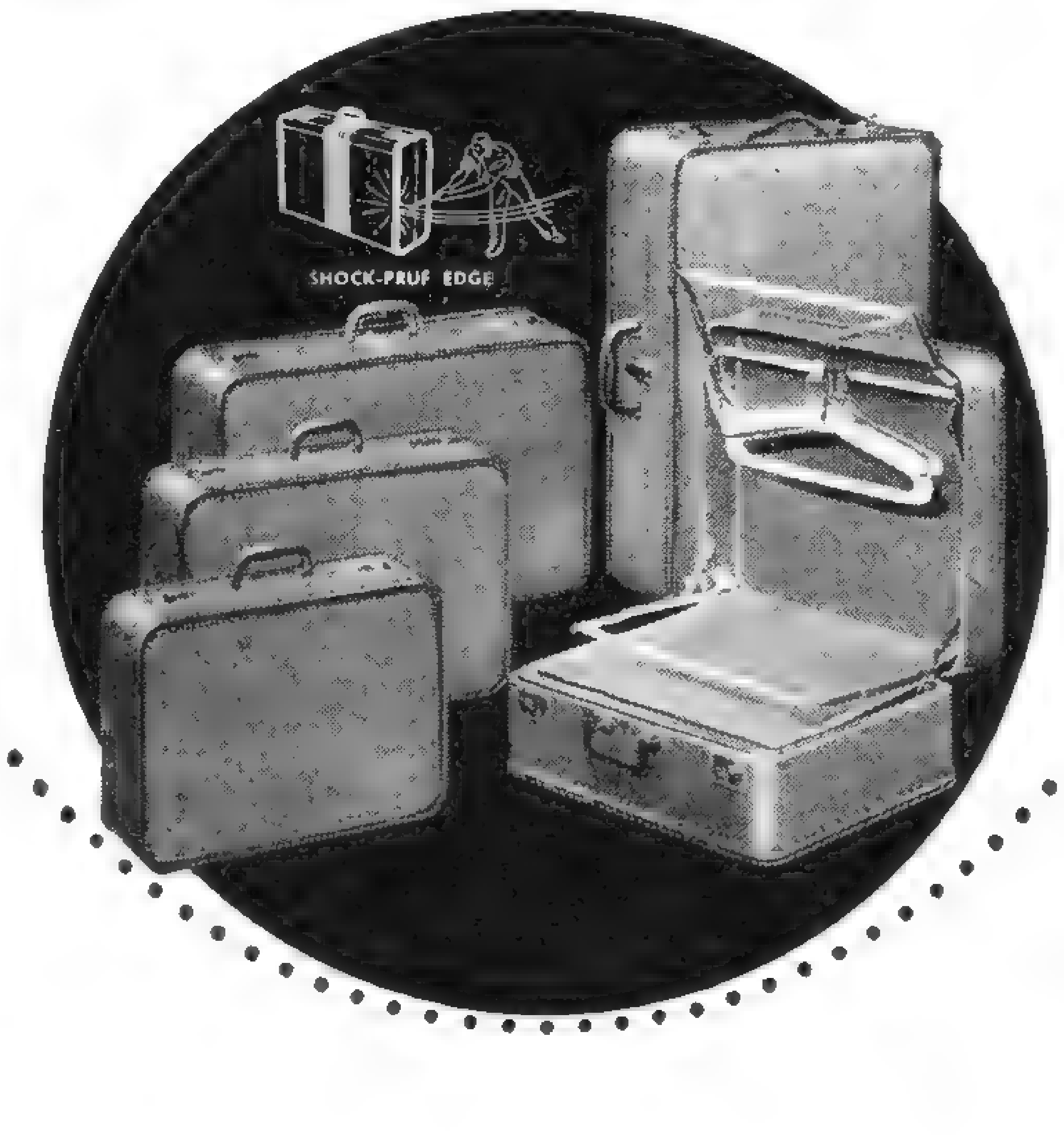

drink. It was three o'clock before this pleasantry was given over, and, with a small waterproof bag of India-rubber strapped on his shoulders, Dick sprang to the saddle and dashed down the lonely street and into the lonelier plain.

The storm had cleared away, the air was brisk and cold, the outlines of adjacent landmarks were distinct, but it was five o'clock before Dick reached the long level that led to Rattlesnake Creek. Another half-hour would bring him to the creek. He threw the reins lightly upon the neck of the mare, chirruped to her, and began to sing.

Suddenly Jovita shied with a bound that would have unseated a less practiced rider. Hanging to her rein was a figure that had leaped from the bank, and at the same time from the road before her arose a shadowy horse and rider.

"Throw up your hands," commanded the second apparition.

Dick felt the mare tremble, quiver, and apparently sink under him. He knew what it meant and was prepared.

"Stand aside, Jack Simpson. I know you, you d—d thief! Let me pass, or—"

He did not finish the sentence. Jovita rose straight in the air with a terrific bound, throwing the figure from her bit with a single shake of her head, and charged with deadly malevolence down on the impediment before her. An oath, a pistol-shot, horse and highwayman rolled over in the road, and the next moment Jovita was a hundred yards away. But the good right arm of her rider, shattered by a bullet, dropped helplessly at his side.

Without slacking his speed he shifted the reins to his left hand. But a few moments later he was obliged to halt and tighten the saddle-girths that had slipped in the onset. This in his crippled condition took some time. He had no fear of pursuit, but looking up he saw that the eastern stars were already paling, and that the distant peaks had lost their ghostly whiteness, and now stood out blackly against a lighter sky. Day was upon him. Then completely absorbed in a single idea, he forgot the pain of his wound, and mounting again dashed on toward Rattlesnake Creek.

For the last few rods there was a roaring in his ears. Was it exhaustion from loss of blood, or what? He was dazed and giddy as he swept down the hill, and did not recognize his surroundings. Had he taken the wrong road, or was this Rattlesnake Creek?

It was. But the brawling creek he had swum a few hours before had more than doubled its volume, and Richard's heart sank within him. The river, the mountain, the quickening east, swam before his eyes. He shut them to recover

Continued on page 224

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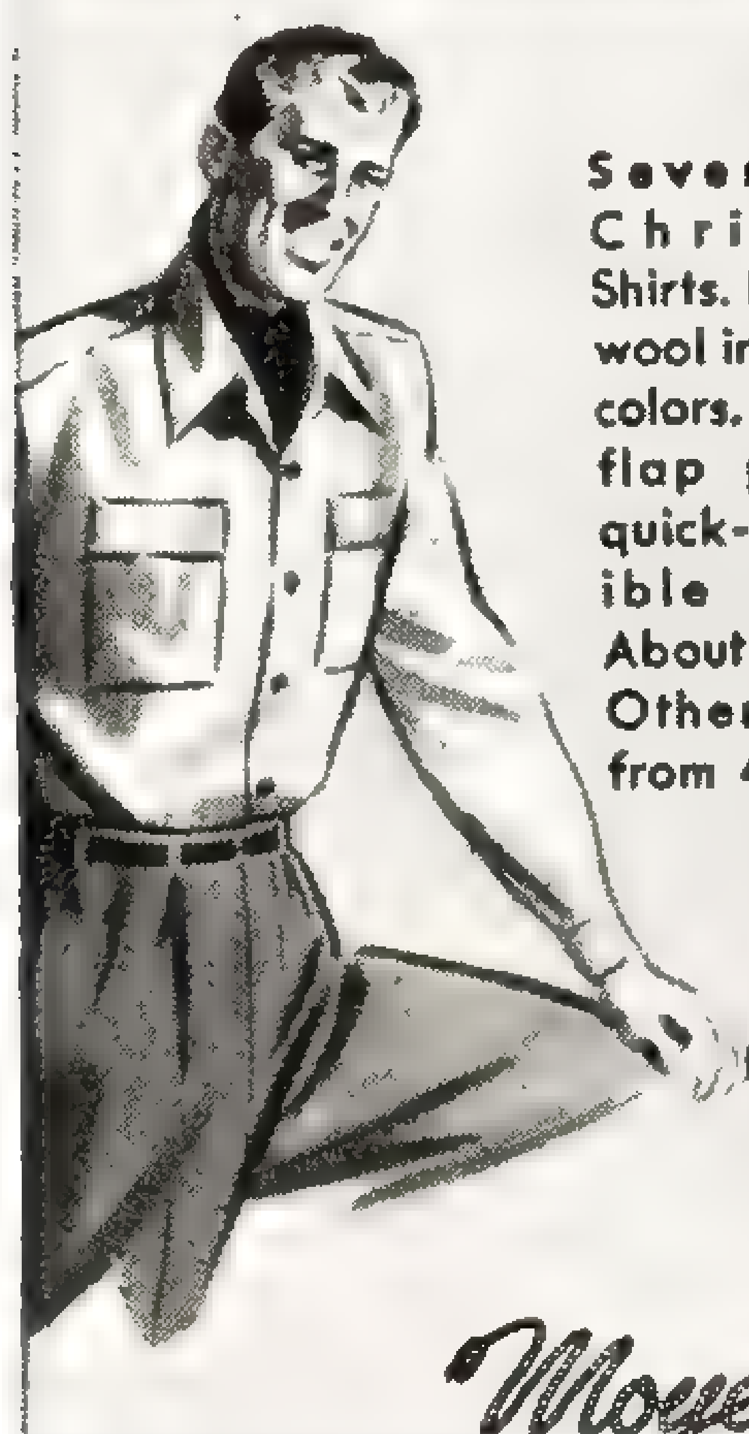

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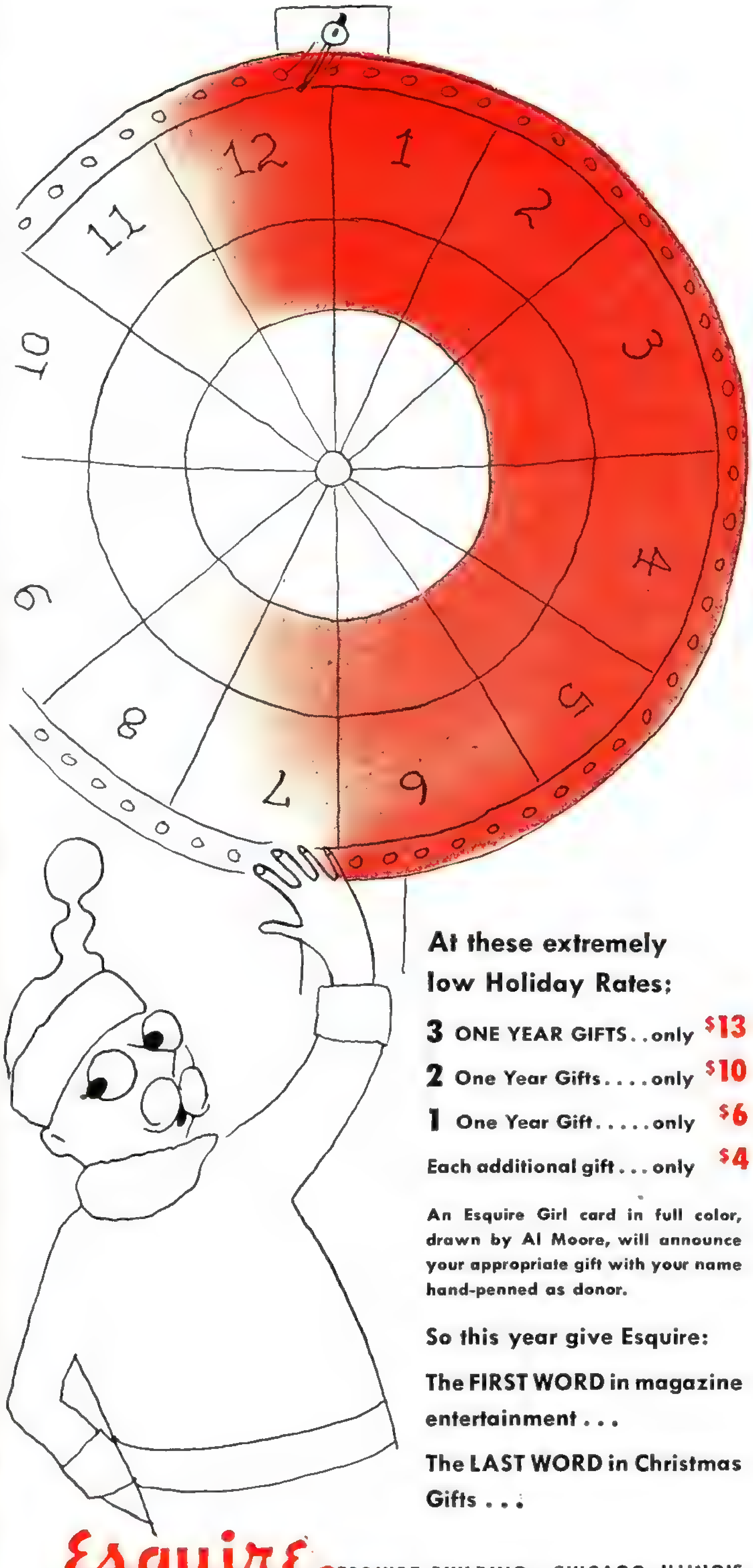

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How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar

Continued from page 223

his self-control. In that brief interval, by some fantastic mental process, the little room at Simpson's Bar and the figures of the sleeping father and son rose upon him. He opened his eyes wildly, cast off his coat, pistol, boots, and saddle, bound his precious pack tightly to his shoulders, grasped the bare flanks of Jovita with his bared knees, and with a shout dashed into the yellow water. A cry rose from the opposite bank as the head of a man and horse struggled for a few moments against the current, and then were swept away amidst uprooted trees and whirling driftwood.

* * *

The Old Man started and woke. The fire on the hearth was dead, the candle in the outer room flickered in its socket, and somebody was rapping at the door. He opened it, but fell back with a cry before the dripping, half-naked figure that reeled against the doorpost.

"Dick?"

"Hush! Is he awake yet?"

"No; but Dick—"

"Dry up, you old fool! Get me some whiskey, quick!" The Old Man flew and returned with—an empty bottle! Dick would have sworn, but his strength was not equal to the occasion. He staggered, caught at the handle of the door, motioned to the Old Man.

"Thar's suthin' in my pack yer for Johnny. Take it off. I can't."

The Old Man unstrapped the pack.

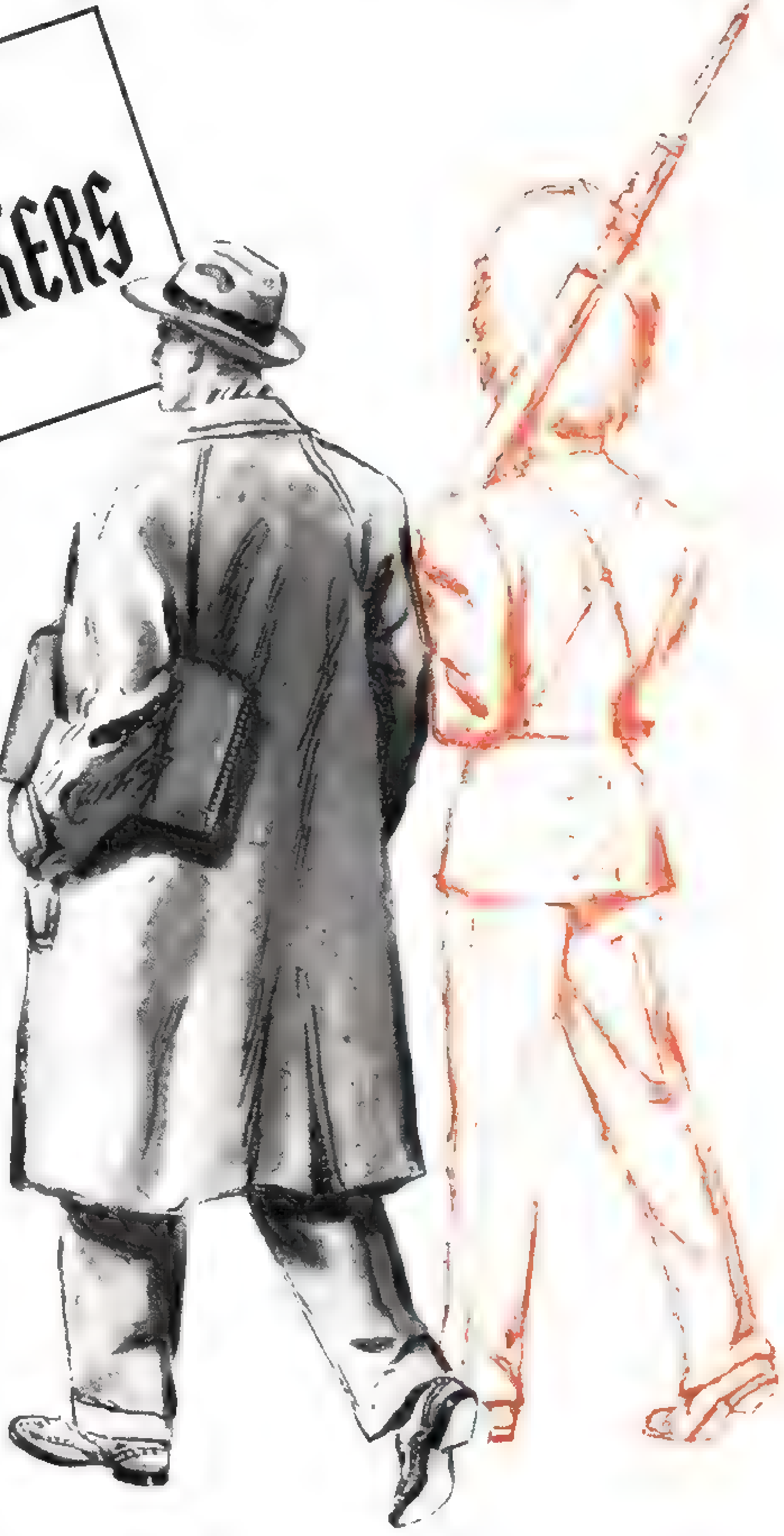
"Open it, quick."

He did so with trembling fingers. It contained only a few poor toys—cheap and barbaric enough, goodness knows, but bright with paint and tinsel. One of them was broken; another, I fear, was irretrievably ruined by water, and on the third—ah me! there was a cruel spot.

"It don't look like much, that's a fact," said Dick ruefully . . . "But it's the best we could do . . . Take 'em, Old Man, and put 'em in his stocking, and tell him—tell him, you know—hold me, Old Man—" The Old Man caught at his sinking figure. "Tell him," said Dick, with a weak laugh—"tell him Sandy Claus has come."

And even so, bedraggled, ragged, unshaven and unshorn, with one arm hanging helplessly at his side, Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar and fell fainting on the first threshold. The Christmas dawn came slowly after, touching the remoter peaks with the rosy warmth of ineffable love. And it looked so tenderly on Simpson's Bar that the whole mountain, as if caught in a generous action, blushed to the skies. ⧺

Continued from page 82



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Herman's "Ding Ho" Christmas

Continued from page 114

man could have dressed himself in five minutes; but it took half the ship's crew an hour to complete the job.

Never in its history had the United States Navy feted a guest with the enthusiasm the men of that battered rocket boat accorded Herman that Christmas Day. He visited, by piggy-back, the three living compartments, and was greeted at every turn with "Merry Christmas." He had no idea of the meaning of this greeting, but he smiled, giggled, laughed while he shook hands with each man, and he looked up, awed, while the men in petty officers' quarters stood around him in a small circle and sang *Silent Night.*

CHRISTMAS PLAY REHEARSAL
Frank Beaven

"Talk about miscasting!"

He saluted smartly as he sat on the officers' wardroom table for a visit with the captain, who said he had a little boy about Herman's size in Kansas.

Dinner lasted hours. Herman consumed at least twice his weight in roast turkey, and accepted a second trayful of food as most of the men, unable to eat more, lighted cigarettes and refilled their coffee cups.

Herman seemed to have had his fill, and the coffee urns were empty when the executive officer stepped into the mess hall.

"Start the engines, Max," the officer said. "Stand by to cast off, men." Max Stevens, motor machinist, lifted Herman from his lap to mine.

"Guess this is it, Herman," he said. Herman, still smiling, extended his hand to Stevens, and the motor machinist bit his upper lip.

"Yeah, Herman, this is it," I said. I put him on Lucky's back and we walked out on the deck. Everyone shouted a warm farewell to the Chinese boy. Herman could not speak English, and I doubt that he had a god, but as he turned this way and that, to

Continued on page 226

NOILLY PRAT DRY
FRENCH VERMOUTH
VERMOUTH NOILLY PRAT & C°

WINE TASTING *from an old print*

Down through the years, the fame and perfection of NOILLY PRAT vermouth has been safeguarded by the same family. Each generation has taken new pride in this old product.

No other dry vermouth is so smooth, so mellow, so marvelous for dry Martinis, dry Manhattans and cooling NOILLY-CASSIS. Ask your dealer for

NOILLY PRAT
Dry French Vermouth

SOLE U. S. AGENTS
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., INC.
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

overtime for the mistletoe...

. . . this year the girl friend did herself proud by choosing Ayrstar informal jackets as Christmas gifts. And the men in her life are showing their appreciation under the mistletoe every chance they get. The amorous gentleman is wearing his new battleship gray Marly corduroy casual coat. He doesn't know it, but he'll never wear it out! And the number one man was lucky enough to get a new Ayrstar Malden take-it-easy jacket...beautifully tailored of 100% virgin wool flannel—in a very sincere blue! He'll wear it with contrasting slacks everywhere—all year round! The Malden comes in Navy (as sketched), Maroon, and Bottle Green—costs about $25. The Marly costs only 19.95, and comes in Gray (as sketched), Maroon, Sand, Blue, Brown, Olive Green and Dark Green.

If None at Your Favorite Store Write

Ayrstar ORIGINAL

STERN APPAREL CORP.
2101 SUPERIOR AVENUE
CLEVELAND 14, OHIO

Herman's "Ding Ho" Christmas

Continued from page 225

grant every man a parting smile, his glance clearly said, "God bless you!"

I jumped on the dock, and Lucky handed the little bundle of boy over the rail to me. We gave him the rags he had been wearing when we found him that morning. Scotty handed him also a paper bag—the crew would have no turkey leftovers the next day.

"Cast off all lines!" the executive officer shouted. The signalman and I shook Herman's hand quickly and hurried on board.

"It's about time you got to your stations," the captain said when we stepped into the wheelhouse. "All engines ahead one-third." Lucky rang one-third speed on the engine-order telegraph.

"Get her in the middle of the river and keep her there," the captain ordered.

"Aye, aye, sir." I spun the wheel. The ship moved away from the dock. Chunks of ice ground out a drumlike noise against the hull of the ship as we headed downstream toward the Gulf of Pohai.

Lucky was staring through a port in the rear of the wheelhouse. The captain opened the door and looked back in the direction from which we had come. I turned from the wheel and looked back, too.

Beggars, peddlers, rickshas—all of them were gone. Just one tiny figure was there on the dock. Herman didn't wave. He stood there with his arm raised, motionless.

The signalman, the captain and I exchanged glances.

We were tough, rugged. We were hard-as-leather fighting men. Why, it hadn't been many weeks since we got that second Bronze Star. It seemed strange that the three of us got a little bit of dust in our eyes just then. Or something. #

"... and I won't be home until morning—I won't be home ..."

Continued from page 114

"Careful, Henry! Don't waste a drop— that's Old Smuggler."

Ask for Old Smuggler the next time you order Scotch—and you will understand the reason for the words, "Careful, don't waste a drop." The historic excellence of Old Smuggler dates back 71 years. It is composed and nurtured with patience and scruple—and distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour.

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Careful... don't waste a drop
GAELIC Old Smuggler Brand
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You're a Man's Man... In your new "BOLD LOOK" Sweater by

Lamb Knit
COLON, MICH. 100% PURE WOOL

★ He-man "Shoulder Stripes"... Lamb Knit's exclusive new "BOLD LOOK" for men of good taste. Carefully knitted of 100% pure wool, this fine pullover will put you at home in comfort wherever you go.

THE LAMB KNIT GOODS CO. • COLON, MICHIGAN

We Have This Day

Continued from page 103

"but I think that I'm in love."

She didn't move her head. "I know," was all she said.

"Do you mind?"

She moved her head slightly. "No."

"Thanks."

They held hands all the way down the parkway on the way back to town. Dan felt very young and schoolboyish. This sort of thing just didn't happen, he thought. This clean feeling; this protective feeling. Not after you pass the age of twenty-one, anyhow. But he didn't care and he enjoyed the drive, and finally they pulled up in front of her place.

They sat silently in the dark for a long time. Then she turned to him. "Thanks, Dan," she said. "I won't ask you in."

"I didn't think you would," he said quietly. "Yet I was hoping you might."

"I'm afraid this should have happened a long time ago," she said. "It's a little too late, now."

"Someone else?"

She hesitated for a moment. "Yes," she said, finally.

"We could have lunch sometime."

"It wouldn't be any good, you know," she said. "Why not just keep the day? It's been the best one of my life." She leaned over and brushed her mouth across his cheek, opened the door and jumped out of the car. "Good night, darling," she whispered, and she was gone.

The phone rang and startled Dan out of his quiet. He grabbed for the receiver. "Hello."

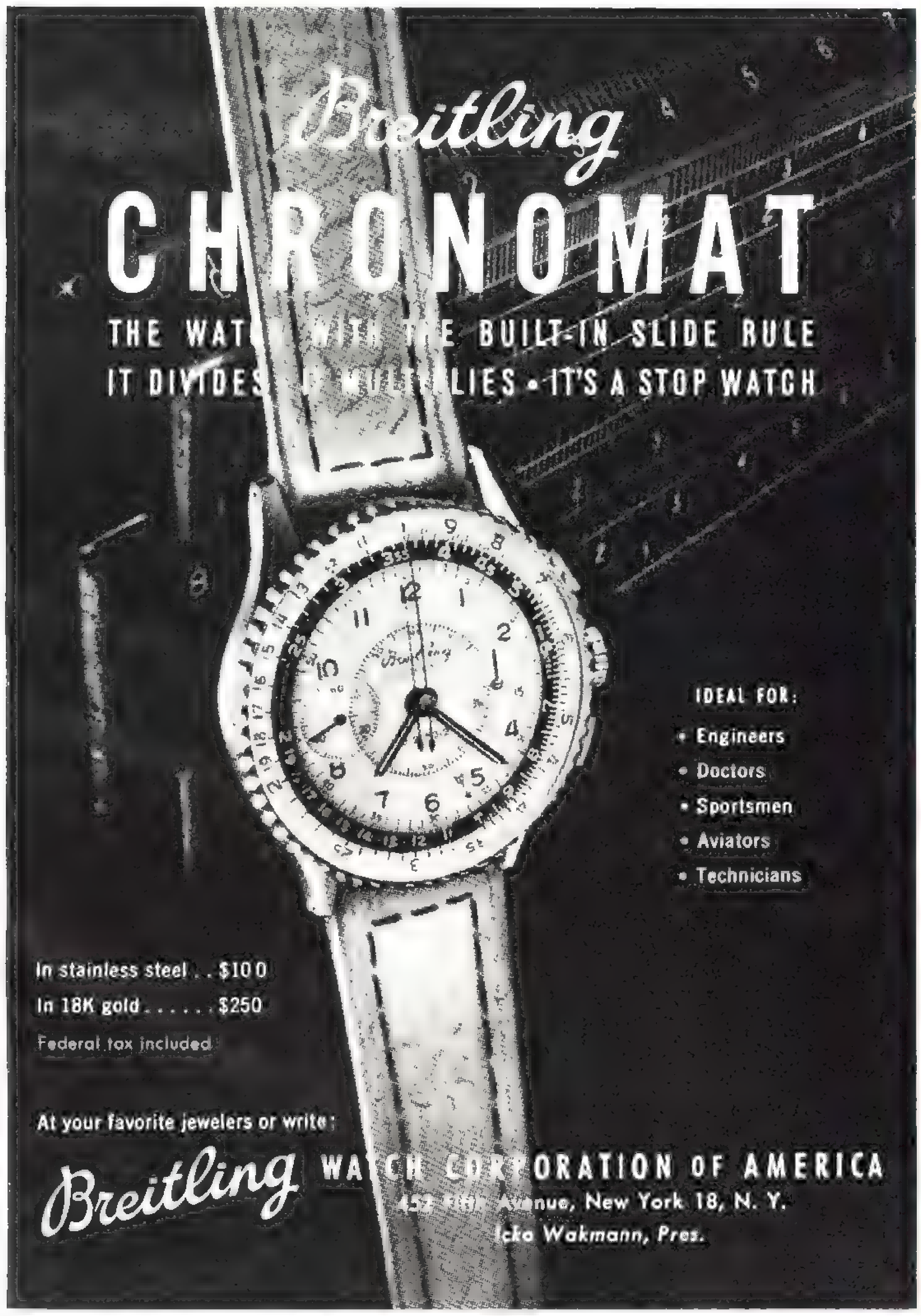
Noel's voice came through metallically. "Hi, old man. How'd you like Mary Ellen?"

Dan answered casually. "Awfully nice girl, Noel. Had a fine time. Why don't you bring her around again sometime?" He talked calmly and without obvious enthusiasm. "I'd like to see her again."

Noel laughed heartily. "Sure thing," he said. "How'd you like to be best man at our wedding two weeks from Saturday? You're the first to know."

Dan hung onto the telephone tightly. His pause was indiscernible. Then he answered brightly. "Why, you old son of a gun! Congratulations! Can't think of anything that I'd rather do. It's a date."

He hung up the phone and leaned back in the darkness of the room. With his right hand, he reached out to the telephone pad and slowly, painfully crumpled up the paper that had the telephone number on it. ⋕



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THE WATCH WITH THE BUILT-IN SLIDE RULE
IT DIVIDES & MULTIPLIES • IT'S A STOP WATCH

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In stainless steel . . $100
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MEEKER MADE
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One of These MEEKER Billfolds Will Make ANY Man or Woman Happy!

Here's a perfectly wonderful Christmas idea — this MEEKER Billfold and Key Case Set, in a beautiful, satin-lined gift box. Both billfold and key case have distinctive Hand-laced edges and smart Hand-tooled design. Expertly fashioned in Genuine Brown Steerhide.

The famous MEEKER 340 Billfold—with *maximum capacity but minimum bulk!* Plenty of room for bills, checks, etc., plus a Removable Pass Case that holds 8 cards, licenses, etc. Stream-lined, in fine Hand-boarded Calfskin, Genuine Morocco, or Pigskin—black or brown.

FOR MILADY. This adorable new billfold by MEEKER has two card pockets and a roomy gusset coin purse. Snap fastener. Custom-fashioned of Genuine Morocco, in various popular colors.

MEEKER-MADE Billfolds are noted for Highest Quality, Expert Craftsmanship, Smart Styling, and Latest Features. Various prices. At Dealers Everywhere.

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Celebrate!

As the holiday bells ring out, celebrate with proper ceremony: touch a match to the tip of your fine Dutch Masters cigar. Let its dream-blue smoke recall fond memories and banish old regrets. Here is peace, here is deep satisfaction—all yours in the nut-sweet taste of a great cigar... Dutch Masters.

DUTCH MASTERS CIGARS

Home-Town Christmas

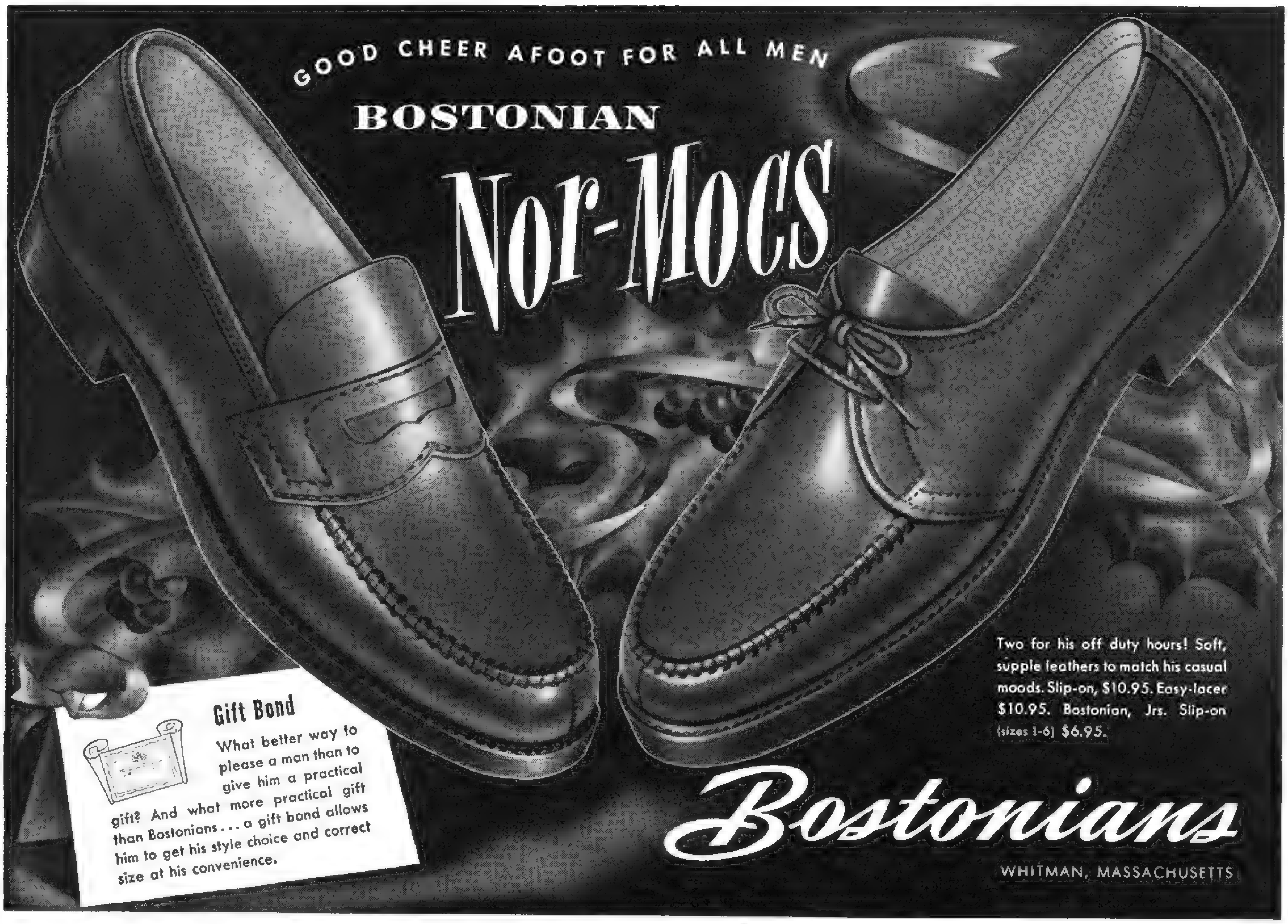
Continued from page 71

Artists and Writers since lunch. It is notable that, while no other holiday in the calendar—not even New Year's Day which is notably alcoholic and uninhibited—has any slightest hold on the affections of newspapermen, at Christmas this cynical and presumably sentiment-proof profession is inclined to become unbuttoned to an alarming degree. In other years, the great Stanley Walker was even apt to lead off the day's assignment sheet on the city desk with the salutation: "Hark, the Herald Tribune angels sing."

Another manifestation of the glad Yule season, and one that transcends in the magnitude of its tumults anything that can be essayed by individual industries or temples of commerce, is the conduct of the vast commuter throng which becomes hopelessly bogged down in the purlieus of the Pennsylvania and Grand Central depots. Here the bemused suburbanite, already rendered immune to all reasonable conduct by contact with fellow departmental workers punctuated by occasional excursions into the Yale Club, the Players, the Astor bar or the men's bar at the Waldorf, is as easily trapped and destroyed as the terrified buffalo driven to his doom over the cliffs and ramparts of the Old West. Shackled with wreaths and tinsel packages, far from the domestic call of his waiting loved ones, he paddles happily through backwashes of Martinis in the labyrinthine premises of the Commodore and Pennsylvania, missing train after train with splendid indifference. At last, desperate and terrified, he emerges, crushed of hat and trailing gift wrapping—the commuter to Montclair to dash insensately aboard the Babylon local, the loving father who is awaited upon the depot platform at Greenwich to rest in a coma until his train achieves the railroad yards at New Haven.

This lemminglike destruction of the Christmas commuter is not entirely a seasonal manifestation, since it is rehearsed in a sort of small-scale battle practice every day in the year, but the triumph of confusion that it achieves on Christmas Eve is one of the great spectacles of our monolithic civilization. Half a million dwellers in Kew Gardens and the Oranges, all package bearing, all batted of eye, all inevitably and fatally bound for the wrong destination and a rough time on achieving home in a Yellow Cab about four hours late! There are those who believe such a spectacle to be a preview of Hell.

Later on Christmas Eve, there is visible to the discerning ob-



GOOD CHEER AFOOT FOR ALL MEN

BOSTONIAN

Nor-Mocs

Gift Bond

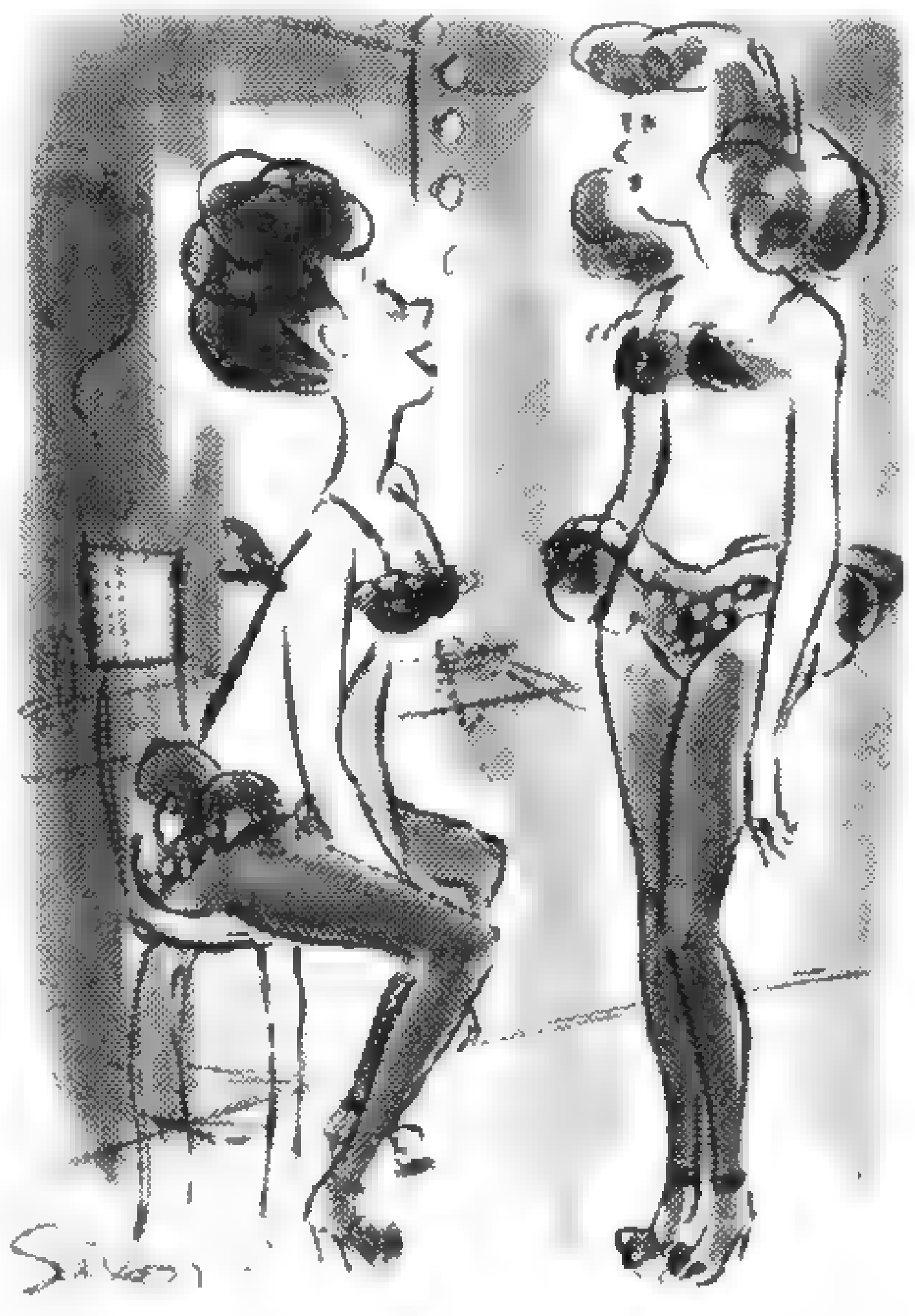
What better way to please a man than to give him a practical gift? And what more practical gift than Bostonians... a gift bond allows him to get his style choice and correct size at his convenience.

Two for his off duty hours! Soft, supple leathers to match his casual moods. Slip-on, $10.95. Easy-lacer $10.95. Bostonian, Jrs. Slip-on (sizes 1-6) $6.95.

Bostonians

WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

server another Manhattan spectacle of impressive dimension when literally thousands of citizens, at all other seasons (save, in some few instances, at Easter) as oblivious to the uses and solace of religion as so many unredeemed Hottentots, stand for hours in the gelid night air of Fifth and Park Avenues to achieve admission to midnight Mass at St. Thomas', St. Patrick's, or St. Bartholomew's. It is doubtful if for a moment the estimable clergy of these churches harbor any least suspicion that this foregathering of the momentarily reverent represents a mass turning to religion on the part of the populace of New York as a whole, but the gesture does exist as a form or sentimental recapture of the time when Christmas was a great deal more of a religious occasion than it now is, and its observance as such is one of the few gracious tips of the hat that New Yorkers are willing to accord to the past.

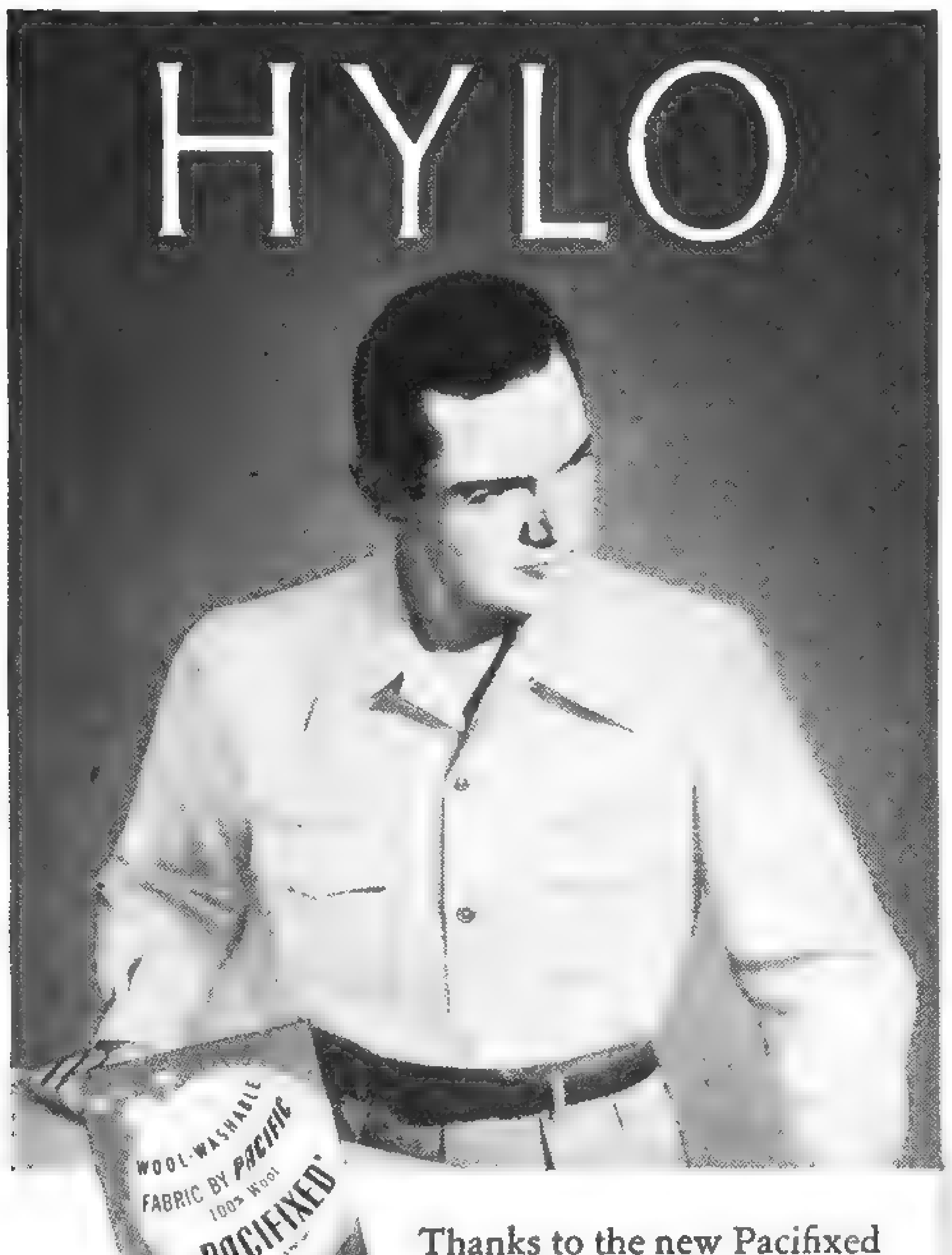


"Since he's got everything, why not give him a gweat big kiss for Christmas?"

Ask any older New Yorker what, aside from his home and hearthside, if he is possessed of one, he considers to be the heart of New York's Christmas, and the chances are that he will nominate the great tree at Luchow's Restaurant in Fourteenth Street. For three generations now New Yorkers have been coming to Luchow's at Christmas. To the sentimental-minded it makes no difference if the sidewalk outside is dreary with mendicants, or the political and economic fringe which congregates in this part of town. Within is the atmosphere of Christmas one still associates with one's childhood or the Currier and Ives lithographs of a more naïve Gotham in nineteenth-century times.

Luchow's still has carols, and Luchow's has a big tree that reaches to the top of the deepest transom in Luchow's ceiling. And when the musicians play *Good King Wenceslaus* and *God Rest Ye Merry*, it is a poor imagining indeed which will not feel that Christmas is pretty well estab-

Continued on page 230



WOOL-WASHABLE FABRIC BY PACIFIC 100% Wool PACIFIXED

All-wool Sport Shirts that you can

Wash Wash Wash!

Thanks to the new Pacifixed process, HYLO 100% wool sport shirts are now washable—certified by the American Institute of Laundering. But more than permanent fit after washing or dry cleaning distinguishes these handsome shirts. Styling that delights the eye . . . custom details that highlight quality (like Skinner satin covering all seams) . . . single-needle tailoring that gives you a feeling of unstinted luxury.

In featherweight worsteds at..............about $13.95
In fine worsted gabardines at...........about $15.95

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HYLO SPORT SHIRTS

YOU'RE A 'Gay Blade'
ANYWHERE!
ANYTIME!
Esquire AUTHENTIC BOLD LOOK

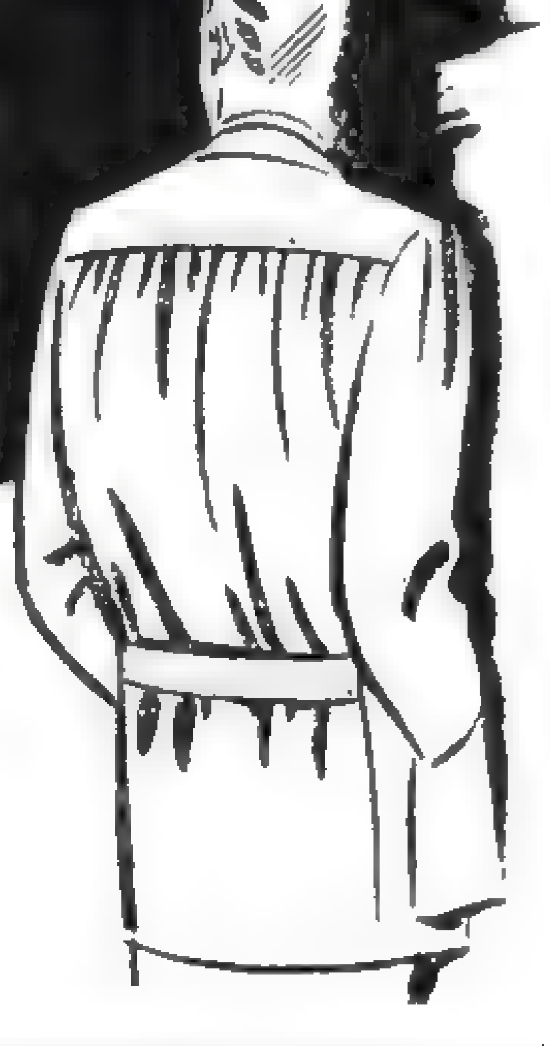
THE PLEASURE JACKET WITH THE AUTHENTIC 'BOLD LOOK' . . . AS ENDORSED BY ESQUIRE'S OWN FASHION COUNCIL

IN BEAUTIFUL VIRGIN WOOL GABARDINE

. . . for the man who wants something NEW . . . just the right touch of casual smartness . . . with the new 'sta-roll' collar . . . superbly tailored . . . completely lined . . . and so easy to wear!

Retails about $45

In colors of: Skipper Blue, Silver Grey, California Beige, Rum Brown, Forest Green, Maroon, and Mocha.



AT FINER STORES EVERYWHERE, OR WRITE **LOS ANGELES SPORTOGS CO.**
916 Wall Street • Los Angeles 15, California

Home-Town Christmas

Continued from page 229

lished right there among the solid red-faced waiters and the roast goose and the ice-cream Santa Clauses.

A rather more glittering counterpart of the seasonal doings is to be found uptown in the plush and gold public apartments of the Plaza. There are, of course, New Yorkers who turn to the Plaza for every occasion of state or sentiment, so that the first snowfall of the year or the first shad of spring, Easter luncheon or wedding anniversaries, will find the Plaza faithful on hand in ceremonial attire of striped trousers and morning tailcoats. The writer even knows a brace of old-timers along the boulevards who invariably set out for and return from the funerals of other old-timers from the men's bar in the Plaza, raising a glass for the missing as they have raised a glass for many years when he was present—but this seems carrying a good thing a little far.

There is, however, something peculiarly fetching about the Plaza at Christmas, especially if the weather has brought a touch of snow and Pat Rafferty's sleigh with its camphor-strong buffalo robe is on the cab rack outside. Like any Plaza cabby, Pat, if he thinks you are interested, will tell you of the grandeur of his former employers before the auto-taxi appeared to rob an honest man of an occasional drop of whiskey. Sometimes Pat has worked for August Belmont, sometimes for Mamie Fish, and sometimes for an otherwise unidentified family known as "The Vanderbilts and fine folk, too." New Yorkers would be disappointed if there were any consistency from year to year in the roll call of Pat's one-time employers.

And, as one final citation of evidence that New York, for one day a year at least, has a heart—and in curiously unexpected parts of its social anatomy—let me put in evidence the case of Jack and Charlie's 21 West 52nd Street restaurant.

It's perfectly conventional, almost a cliché, to find a soft heart in a tough Irish cop or even to encounter unexpected palpitations under the white-piped waistcoat of the crusty old capitalist who is popularly supposed to derive his income from a square mile of cold-water flats in Harlem. Sunday feature editors would, in point of fact, be astonished if these characters weren't always perpetually taking up collections at the station house for homeless waifs and secretly paying for the piano lessons of old family retainers. But nobody in his right mind expects to find a citadel of sentiment be-

"FOR CHRISTMAS
Cards that Carol
"A Thoughtful Gift"

STREAMLINE
Popular set with marble gray cover and black base. Recently reduced to only $5.95.

MONOGRAM
Newest Cruver set. Your initials in white on every card, "to order" from your dealer. Two decks in swank, gold-trimmed alligator leatherette box, $10.00.

This year, give something your friends can *use* and remember you for — give Cruver Plastic playing cards.

These crisp, colorful cards will outlast 150 decks of ordinary cards. They're *washable* — grease and soil clean off instantly! With Cruver cards, you always have a "fresh deck" to play. Liquids have no effect on them — they're chip-proof and fray-proof, too! Yes, these cards are indeed the gift of distinction.

VERONA
Single deck in attractive black or marble gray plastic box.
Pinochle deck, $3.50
Bridge deck, $3.25

DRAGON
Bold, eye-catching design in heavy plastic box—jade green, ebony black, or ivory. Two decks, $6.95.

Cruver VINYLITE PLASTIC PLAYING CARDS

"A Luxury Complement to Your Guests"

Get them Today at Drug, Stationery, Gift and Department Stores

Set for Christmas ?

LEFT. Genuine snake key chain set—with matching cuff links and tie chain. $19.00

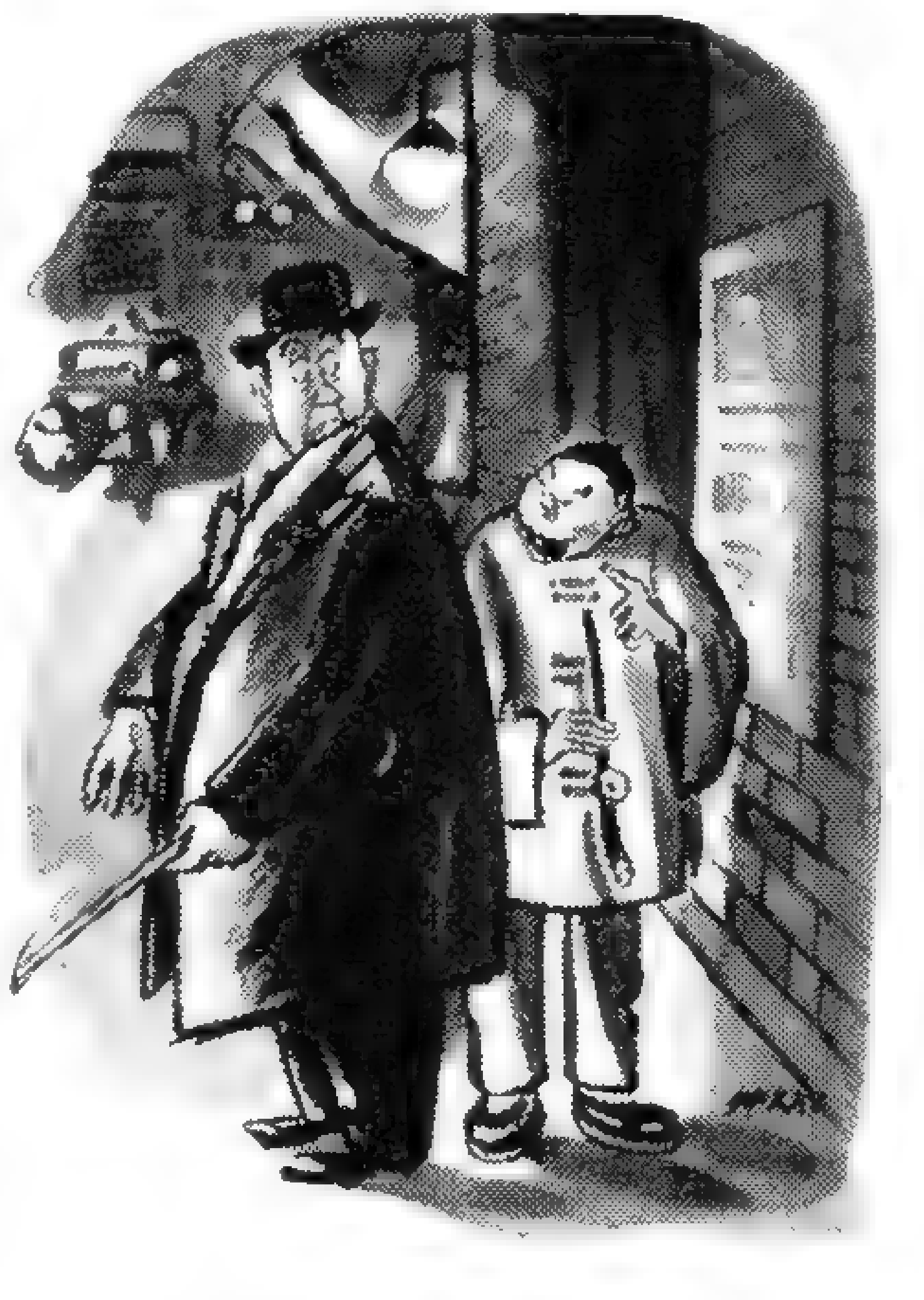
CENTER. Cuff Links. $5.00

RIGHT. "Barleycorn" set — distinctive and original. $10.00

Anson
A COMPLETE LINE OF MEN'S JEWELRY
ANSON

hind the solid platinum façade of the 21 Club, plush resort of the mink-and-monocle set and a premise uncrashable by any but the snootiest names that make news in Bel Air and Mayfair.

And yet the proprietors of Jack and Charlie's have for years maintained a tradition that for barefaced and unabashed sentimentality would be received with tolerant smiles by the Girl's Friendly of Social Circle, Georgia. Your correspondent refers to an institution known as the Jack Kriendler Lonely Hearts Dinner, which every Christmas Night, after the rest of the shooting is over and the tumult and the shouting have died around the domestic fireside, the management gives for those of its patrons who have no homes or families of their own or who, even though they may be somehow possessed of such domestic backgrounds, are not allowed near them.



"Got a match?"

For the occasion, the Kriendlers hand-pick a couple of hundred orphans of matrimonial storms and hotel waifs from Delmonico's and the St. Regis, run up a dinner that might well induce apoplexy in a professional wrestler, throw open the deepest champagne dungeons in New York and toss a real old-fashioned Christmas home party, with communal carol singing and a Salvation Army band that knocks the spots off anything most of the participants have seen since their boyhood Christmases at grandpa's place.

"It's perfectly possible to have ten million fish in the Fifth Avenue Bank just for a checking account and a yacht at your command in the Palm Beach Yacht Basin and still have no home on Christmas," says Mac Kriendler. So, for one night a year, the aging partners of Wall Street's better banks of issue and its bigger industrialists have some place other than the Metropolitan Club to park their galoshes—and mightily glad they are of it, too.

It's the kind of angle to the Christmas Story that only New York can provide. #

Continued from page 71

Cali-Gab ... *one of America's Greatest Shirts*

because FOLKER FABRICS, famed for finest Gabardines, surpass their own quality standards in 15 shades of this washable, colorfast Cali-Gab...

because this shirt is California-made with pick-stitched pocket, flaps, and collar, tailored with Spire's exclusive "Fluid Fit"

because it is, therefore, a far more "Blue Blooded" value than the price 7.95 indicates

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BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S VERY SUPERIOR BRISTOL DRY SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.
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HARVEY'S CHOICEST FULL PALE BRISTOL CREAM SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
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HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports
—for over 150 years the World's Assurance of Quality

To generation after generation, the name Harvey has been synonymous with the finest in Sherries and Ports. There is a Harvey Sherry or Port for every taste and occasion. May we suggest that *your* wine cellar should contain your personal assortment of the world-famous Harvey wines that are listed below.

Imported Harvey Wines

SHERRIES

HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM. *The world's greatest Sherry. Choicest full pale Oloroso, rich and mellow. Definitely a luxury sherry.*

HARVEY'S BRISTOL MILK. *Another member of the illustrious "Bristol" family. A deep, golden Oloroso. Mellow. Medium richness.*

HARVEY'S BRISTOL DRY (Yellow Label). *A very superior pale, light Fino sherry. The finest-tasting premium dry Sherry in America.*

HARVEY'S AMONTILLADO. *A pale, Amontillado dry sherry. Moderate cost. High quality. Ideal for daily enjoyment.*

HARVEY'S SHOOTING. *A medium-priced Oloroso sherry. Of the select golden type, full-bodied and medium rich.*

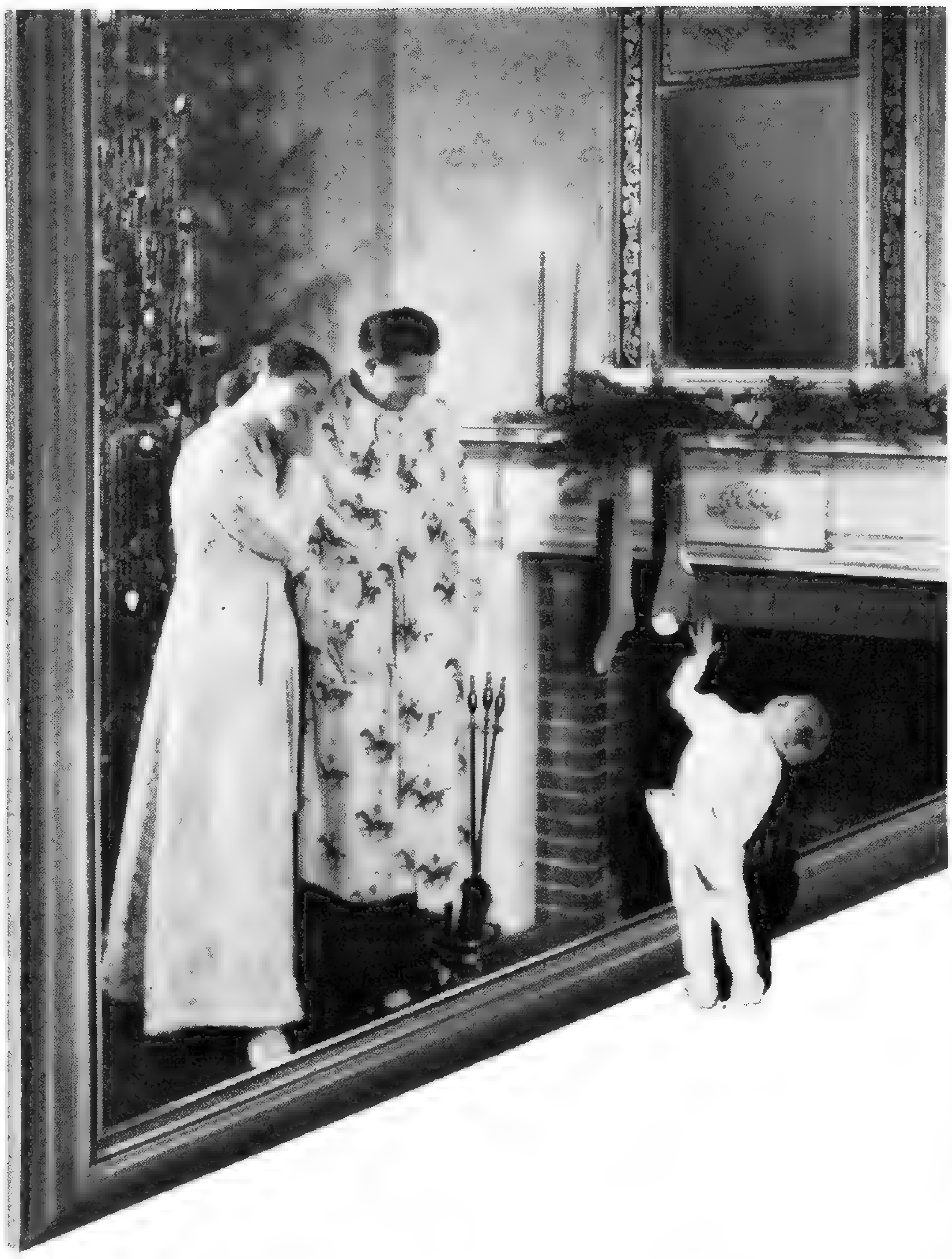
HARVEY'S GOLD CAP. *For general use at a moderate price. It is a golden Oloroso sherry of medium richness.*

PORTS

HARVEY'S HUNTING PORT. *A soft, fine, tawny wine that can be trusted to enhance any-one's reputation as a host.*

HARVEY'S GOLD CAP PORT. *A fine, ruby Port whose quality has earned for it a high position among Port drinkers.*

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK

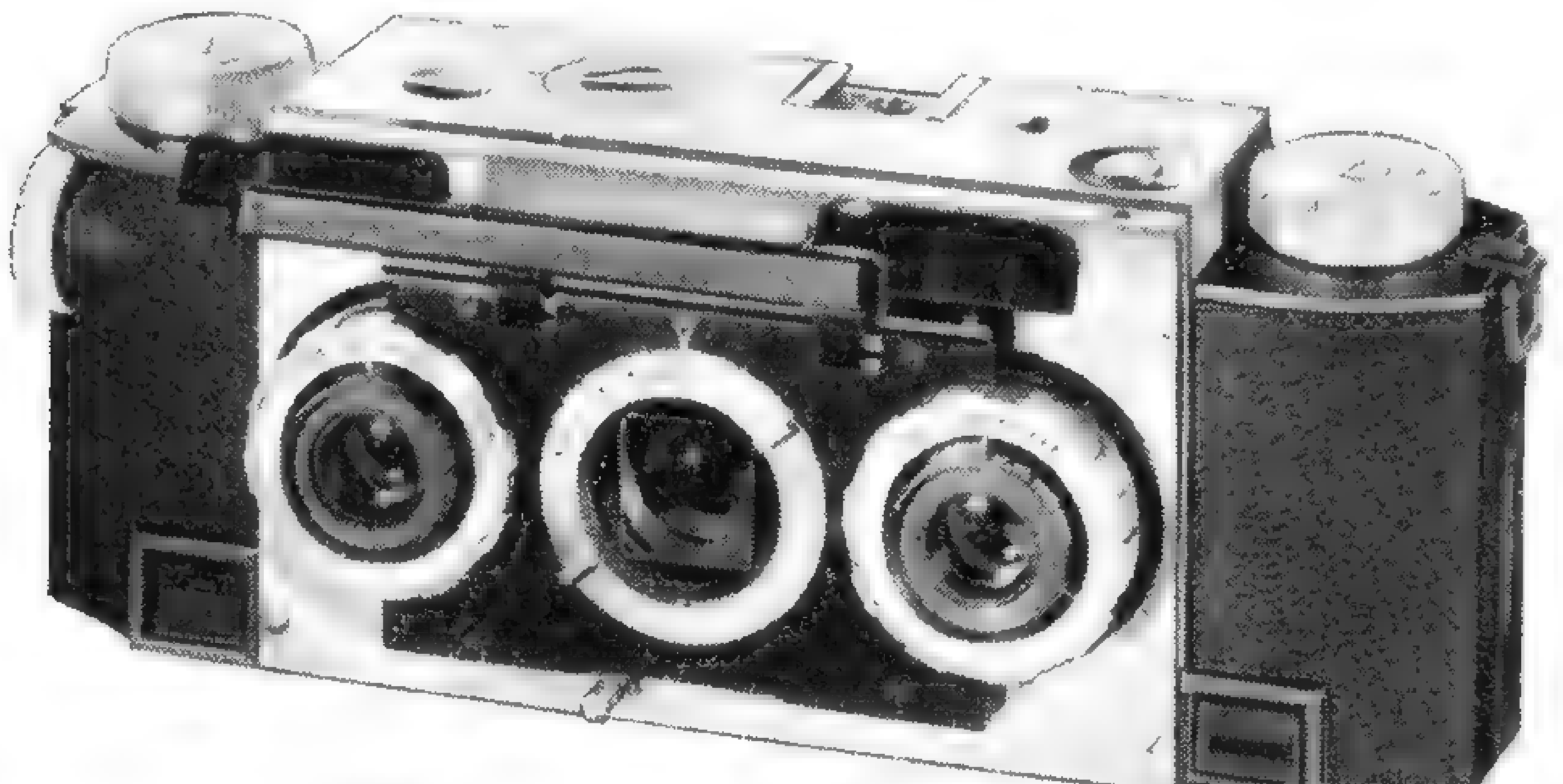


the Second best Gift-

Have you ever watched a child on Christmas morning?
If you have, you know the greatest gift for any parent
would be the chance to keep permanently that look of childish glee.

This, of course, is impossible. But there is another way.
The amazing new Stereo Realist Camera can capture
that moment with every detail but breath and sound.
These startling pictures preserve the color, the detail and the Depth
of a scene. As you view them, that moment will reappear
before your eyes, lifesize, in third dimension.
Every detail will be there, even to the glistening of an eye
about to break into a joyful tear.

Of course, it sounds too good to be true. So why not prove
for yourself that a miracle can happen this Christmas.
Ask your nearest Stereo Realist dealer for a demonstration.
David White Co., 357 West Court St., Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin.



STEREO Realist
THE CAMERA THAT SEES THE SAME AS YOU
Third Dimension in Vivid Color

Golden Bubble Dance

Continued from page 87

eling salesmen. And what a competent job of selling they have done! Sir Walter Scott, realizing champagne's consoling powers, is said to have upbraided Earl Bathurst for allowing Napoleon but a bottle a day on dreary St. Helena, when he might have had "the solace of intoxication." Members of the Russian nobility were inordinately fond of champagne and it's entirely possible that by noisily popping corks all over the place in the hope of exciting envy they but added to the low and growing rumble which eventually ruined them.

Never, perhaps, has there been so much voluntary promotion for anything. Everywhere the word has been passed around that champagne is not merely a wonderful drink; it is also, by some intrinsic magic, the sign of Elegance. When, a century or so ago, America's western miners struck it rich and wanted the world to know it, they swaggered into their crude saloons and called for champagne, the drink of success and fulfillment. It is the only beverage with so powerful a double meaning, with such universal acceptance as *something good.*

There are variances of taste, however. The Russians and South Americans like it sweet, and for them the blenders sometimes add up to twelve per cent of a liqueur that acts as a sweetening agent. The British and Americans want it dry. But overwhelmingly, since the time of Dom Pérignon, the demand is for his bubbly kind with the dancing stars. Its authentic self is told unfailingly by the word "Champagne" stamped on the cork below the bottle line.

The urgent question comes, of course: Is there enough champagne in the world today for all of us who want it? Naturally, there's never enough; but here is a little background: When World War II began, France had about twenty million standard cases on hand, too much for the busy Germans easily to cart off. Perhaps the Germans had no such notion, since they believed that they had France and her trade forever in the bag. In any event, in addition to what they consumed on the spot, they removed only about two million cases, leaving a substantial quantity behind. They got only the worst of this. Because the stuff was stored in caves, bottles of the lowest quality could be brought forth by the French to the drinking invaders. Thus, when liberation came, France was able to export substantial quantities of 1934 and 1937 vintages. According to the U. S. Department of Commerce, France resumed her his-

Styled by knopf

KNOPF'S FAMOUS
BOMBER *jacket*

Try this for size, warmth, out 'n' out good looks!
Knopf styling at its best in a poplin, zipper jacket . . .
with mouton collar and fully lined with deep alpaca pile.
Keeps the north wind where it belongs . . . means
a Merry Christmas for every outdoor man — and boy!

S. H. KNOPF MFG. CO., 470 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

torical position as the dominant foreign supplier of champagne in 1945, and came back in 1946 with a fourfold increase to place herself back at about the prewar level. Skipping the statistics, this simply means that there's enough.

And about the price prospects: You've got to remember that France is funny about champagne; it takes the subject seriously. If sales troubles come for French products, they may cut prices drastically on their hats or even their perfumes. But they aren't likely to make further reductions in the price of champagne; for its creation is their greatest craft and they won't lower its quality or let it go too cheaply.

And in America, too, the making of champagne is a high art. Like the making of love or the painting of a portrait, our wine is the product of real skill, effort and feeling. The American champagne industry got seriously under way in St. Louis in 1859, and by the next year had already spread to Hammondsport in the Finger Lakes District of New York. American champagne is, of course, made according to Dom Pérignon's original prescription—refermentation within the bottle. The way the sun shines on our hills and the nourishment in our soil give our champagne a flavor comparable to (or, if your eyes glow red, white and blue) better than the French product. Best of all, ours is cheaper.

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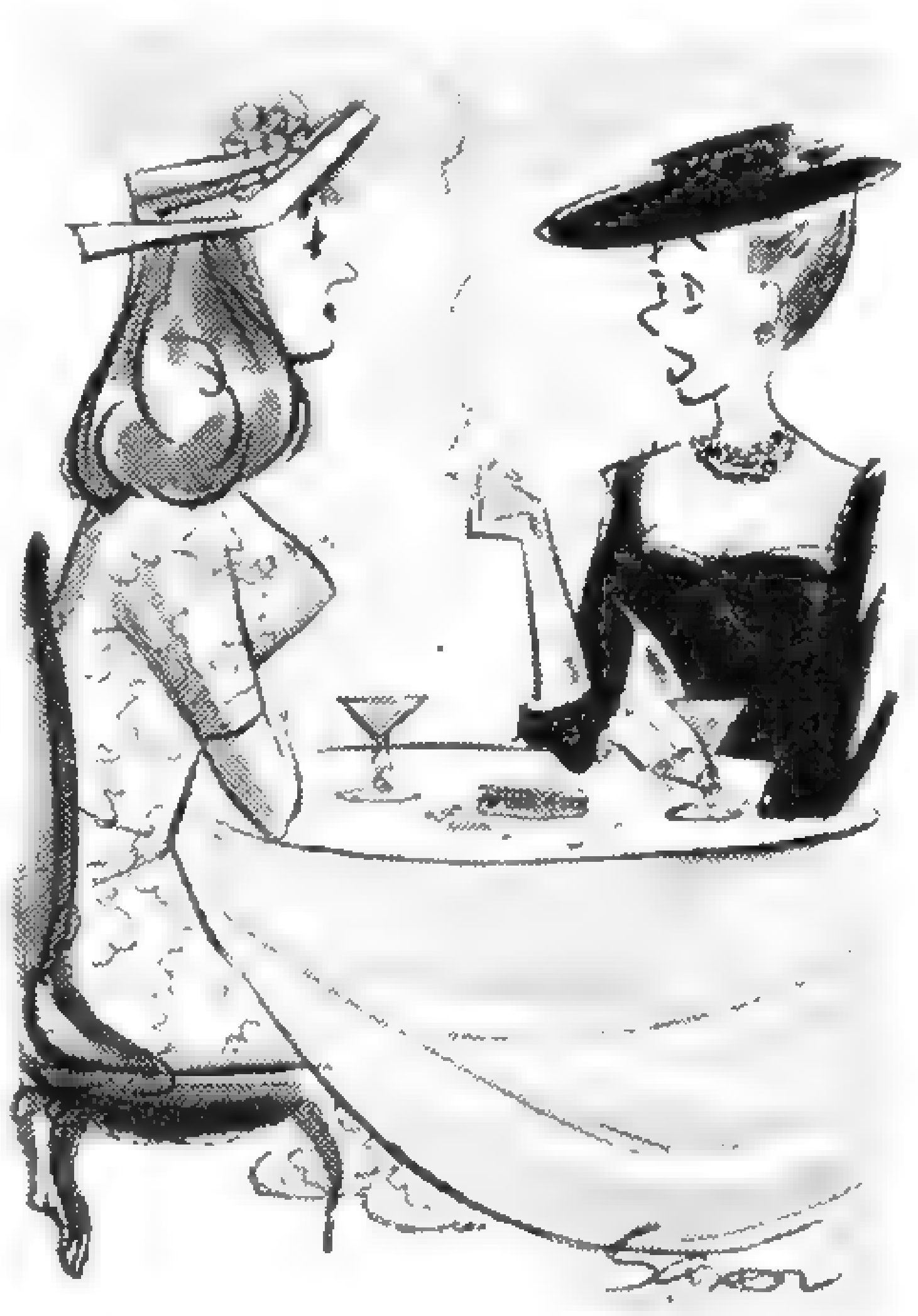

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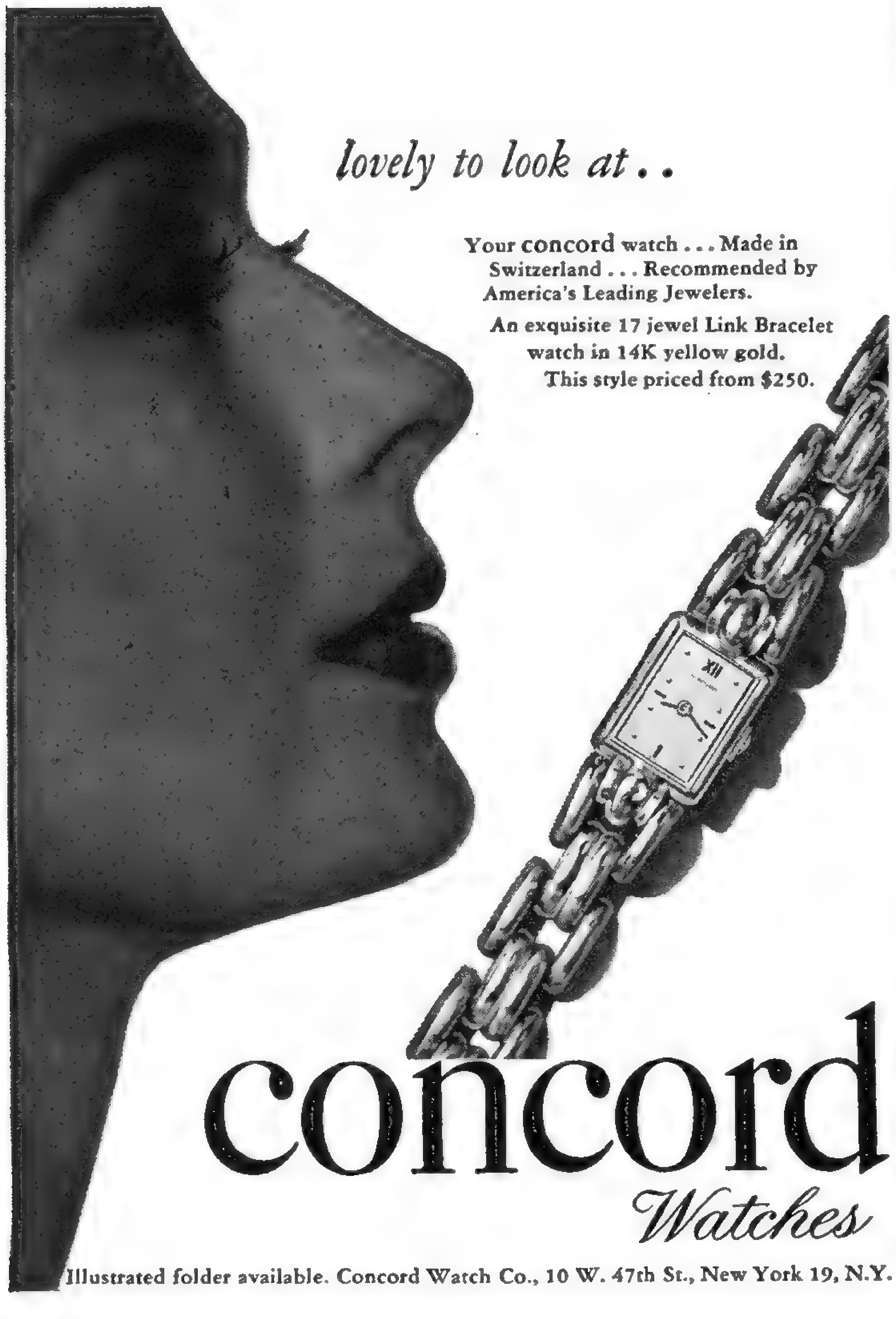

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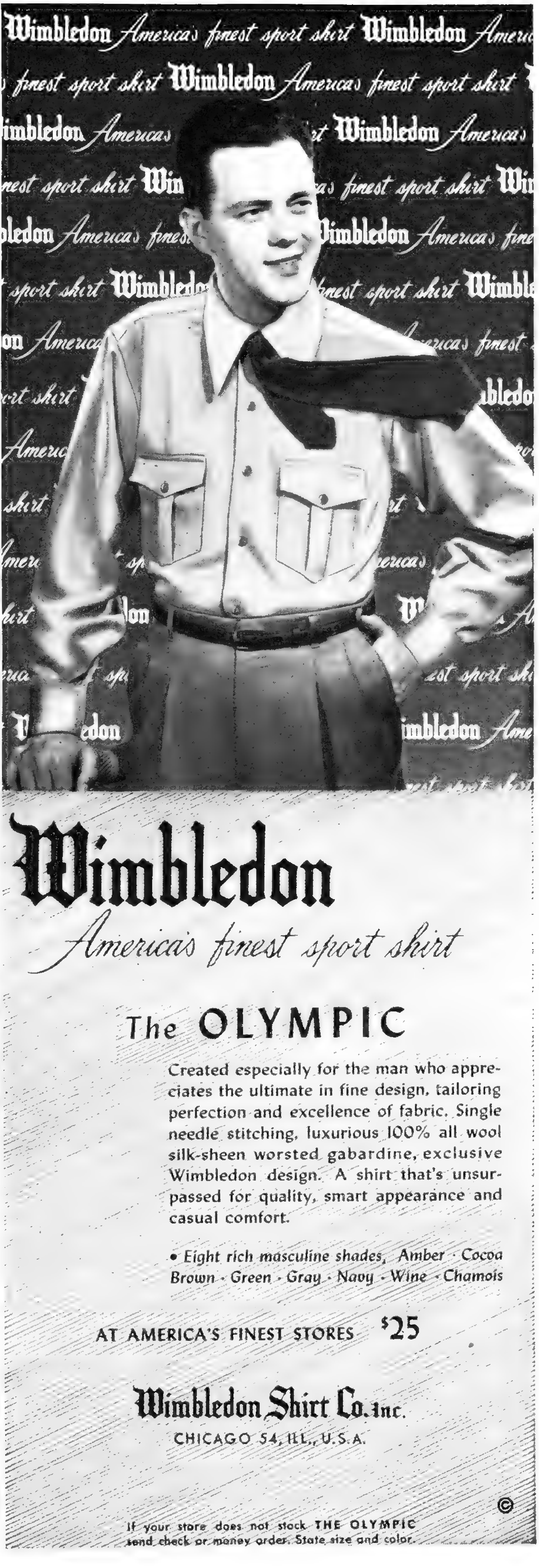

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Something Special for Miss Brigham

Continued from page 73

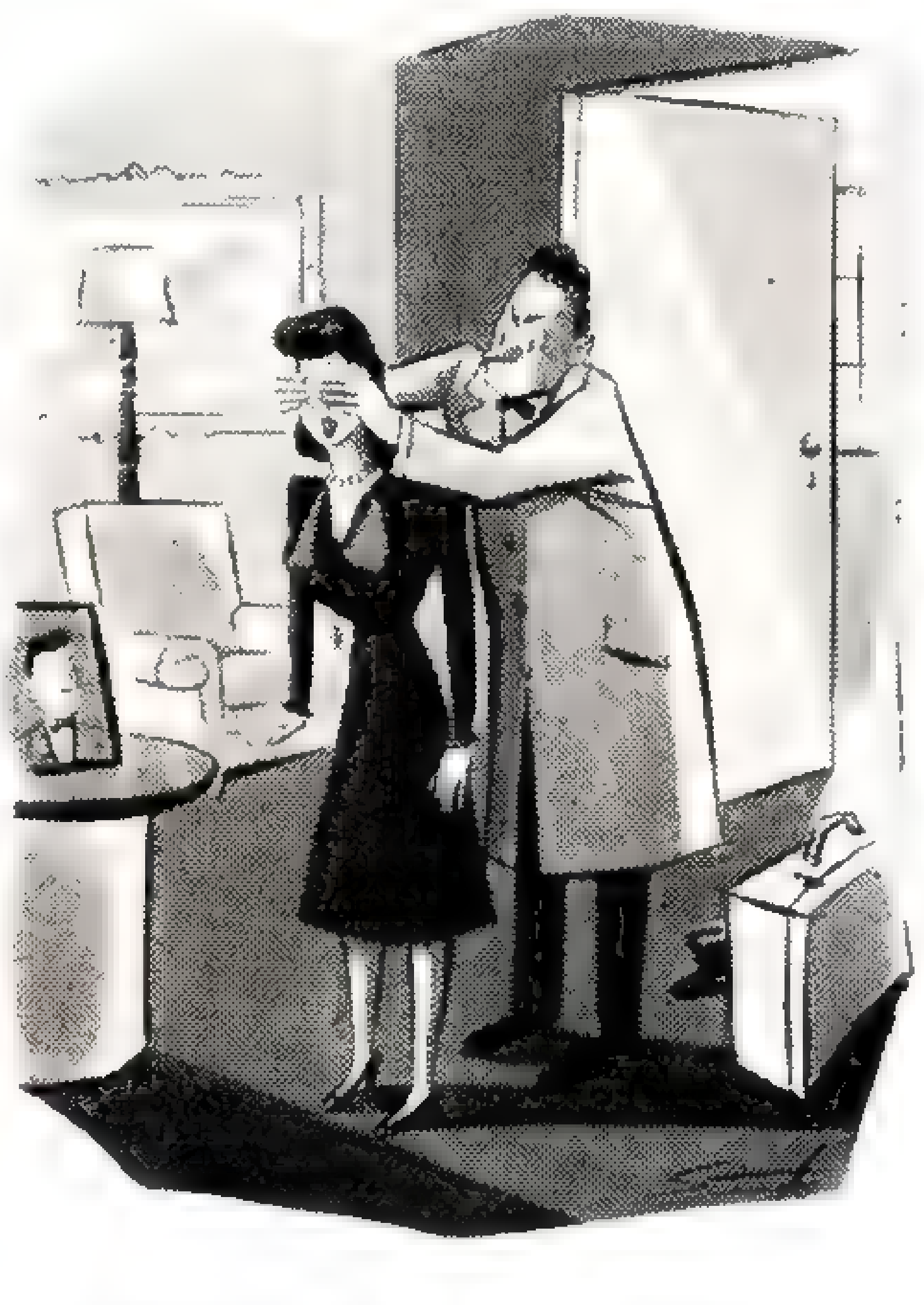
of all foodstuff that passed through her hands; that Oscar, the chauffeur, like William, was a lazy slob; and, finally, that the upstairs maid had made a point on several occasions of entering his bathroom while he was in the shower, and instead of retreating hastily had blandly tried to engage him in conversation. Summing it up, Mr. McLeish said that if checks were not good enough for the household staff, why then the hell with them.

"Well, all right, dear," Mrs. McLeish conceded. "Checks will be all right for the servants, I guess. But how about your secretary? Miss Brigham's such a *devoted* secretary—don't you think it would be nice to get her something *special?*"

Against his better judgment Mr. McLeish permitted himself to be seduced by his wife's sentimental plea. He drove downtown committed to the project of getting something special for Miss Brigham. His wife had, in fact, exacted from him a promise to this effect, and he didn't take his promise lightly.

When talking about her husband, Mrs. McLeish frequently stated rather coyly that, despite his sixty-odd years, Mr. McLeish still had an eye for a pretty ankle. Mr. McLeish, in whose hearing this characterization was often voiced, thought it a damn silly figure of speech. In these days a man had an eye for a pretty leg, perhaps; sometimes, skirts being what they were, an eye for a pretty calf.

These observations were running through his head this morning as he dictated letters to Miss Brigham. In the top drawer of his desk there was a check, a very lavish check, which he had planned to give her, and Mr. McLeish figured (correctly) that Miss Brigham no doubt expected a check. She had been with him for more than three years and for each of those Christmases she had always received one. Mr. McLeish was overcome once more by the conviction that his wife was a damn



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fool with all her twaddle about surprising people and getting them something special.

He was on the verge of giving Miss Brigham the check and breaking his promise to his wife (Miss Brigham really had very charming legs) when Mrs. McLeish telephoned him. "Honeybunch," she inquired gently, "have you decided yet what to get Miss Brigham?"

"No," said Mr. McLeish, not at all gently.

"Well, don't leave it until too late, baby," Mrs. McLeish said. "Remember it's Christmas Eve and the stores are crowded." She kept him on the telephone for five minutes, eagerly giving him a detailed list of some belated gifts that had arrived for them, before she said good-by.

Mr. McLeish settled back in his chair, ready to resume his dictation, but before he was able to do so Miss Brigham cleared her throat daintily, fumbled in her purse, and produced a beautiful little package wrapped in red cellophane and ribbon. "You were so busy, Mr. McLeish," she smiled. "I didn't want to interrupt you before." She placed the package on his desk. "And a *very* Merry Christmas from me," she murmured prettily.

"Well, well—how very nice," said Mr. McLeish. He tried to unwrap the package, but the cellophane had been stuck on by some powerful mucilage. He plucked at it nervously with clumsy fingers. He was thinking that Mrs. McLeish was really a damn fool with all her chatter about the pleasure to be derived from unwrapping packages. Personally, he loathed unwrapping packages, and if this were not Christmas it would have been part of Miss Brigham's duties to open it for him, as it damn well should be.

He finally pried off the wrappings with the aid of a paper knife, opened the little box, and, after covering the edge of his desk and his paunch with some finely shredded excelsior, revealed a small metal paperweight in the form of an elephant. Mr. McLeish thought it was the silliest gift he had ever received. However, moved by the spirit of Christmas, he forced a wan smile and told her that it was simply beautiful.

"Oh—I'm *so* glad you like it!" Miss Brigham sighed happily. "My fiance always says elephants are lucky and he's got a collection of twenty-eight of them in his office."

Mr. McLeish, who knew vaguely that Miss Brigham was betrothed, received this information with a frown. Miss Brigham was a nice girl, and he deplored the fact that she was going to marry a damn fool who collected elephants and kept twenty-eight of them in his office.

"Would it be all right with you," Miss Brigham ventured, "if I left early today, Mr. McLeish? My fiance said he'd like to pick me up

Continued on page 236

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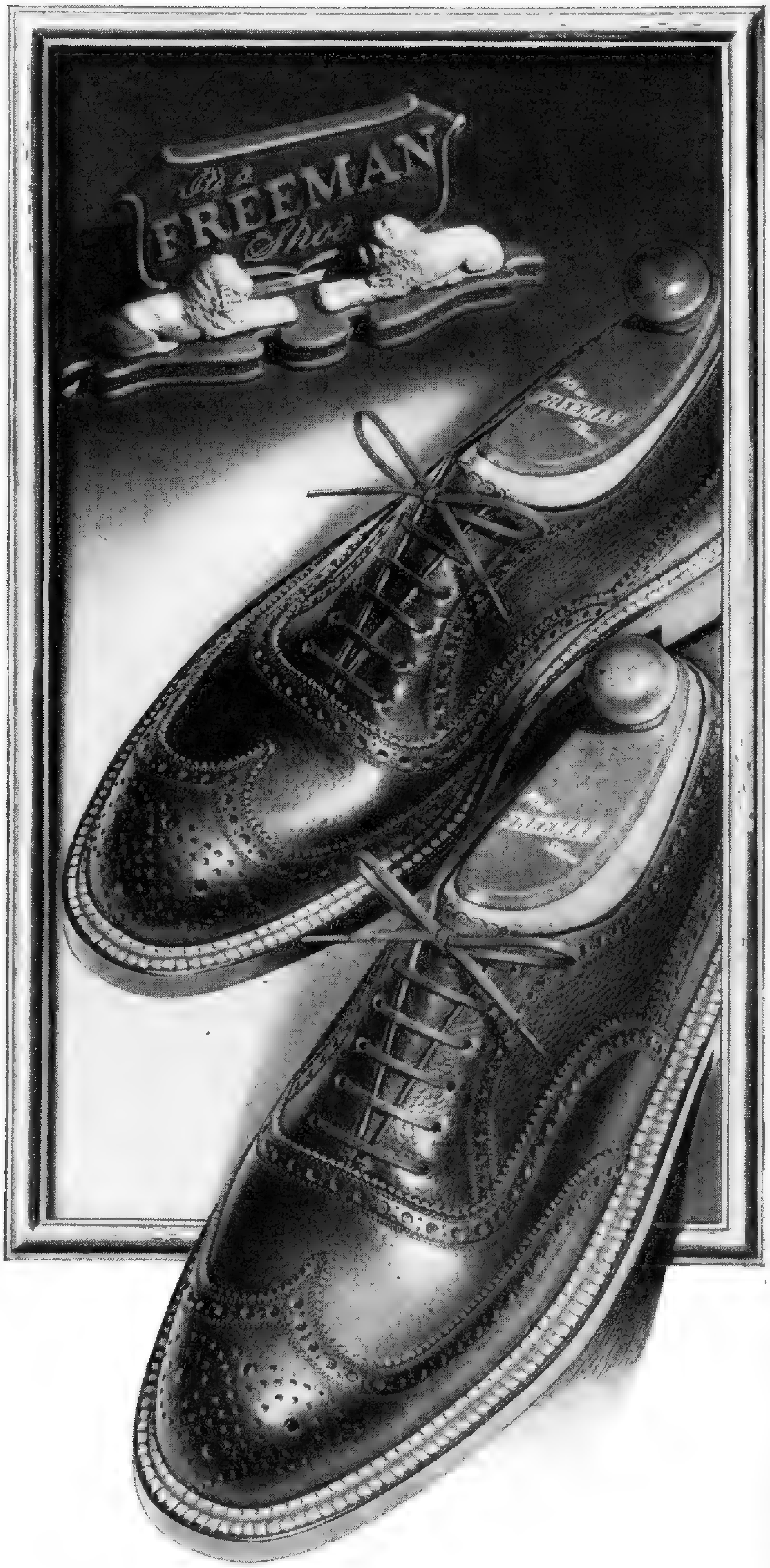

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Something Special for Miss Brigham

Continued from page 235

here around four—if you don't need me any later?"

Mr. McLeish said that would be all right. He put on his hat and coat, announced that he would be back in a couple of hours, and left the office.

The elevator was jammed with men and women carrying Christmas packages. They jostled one another and wished one another a Merry Christmas in a hearty tone of voice. Mr. McLeish, who was on his way to buy something special for Miss Brigham and who did not know what the hell to get, felt depressed.

He discovered immediately that his wife's prediction had been accurate. The department store to which he went was jammed with a seething mass of customers, mostly feminine, but with a fair sprinkling of harassed-looking males. On the theory that the store might be less crowded upstairs, Mr. McLeish suffered himself to be sucked into a current of humanity that was being siphoned off by an escalator. The theory proved to be well founded, and on the fourth floor, which was comparatively empty, Mr. McLeish paused for breath.

Presently an immaculate young woman chastely clothed in black sailed up to him, announced that she was a Shopping Counsellor, and inquired charmingly if she might be of service to him.

"Yes," said Mr. McLeish. "I am looking for something special for—for a young lady."

The Shopping Counsellor smiled archly, and her low, refined laugh was even more arch. "Just *how* special?" she asked. "And how young is the young lady?"

Mr. McLeish thought her a damn fool. She was obviously under the impression that he sought to buy a gift for some beautiful young mistress. Never having had a mistress, either beautiful and young or otherwise, Mr. McLeish was irritated by the innuendo.

"Price," he said, crisply and disagreeably, "is no consideration."

The Shopping Counsellor (a graduate of Vassar), intending merely to be pleasantly facetious, said that young women of all temperaments unanimously adored mink coats.

"Show me some," said Mr. McLeish, in his most executive tone of voice.

On his way back to the office in a taxi, nursing an enormous Christmas package across his knees, Mr. McLeish wondered anxiously whether he had gone completely mad. He had intended to give Miss Brigham a check for four hundred dollars, representing one month's salary, and here he was coming back with a mink coat for which he had just paid five thousand dollars, plus tax. He couldn't quite make up his mind

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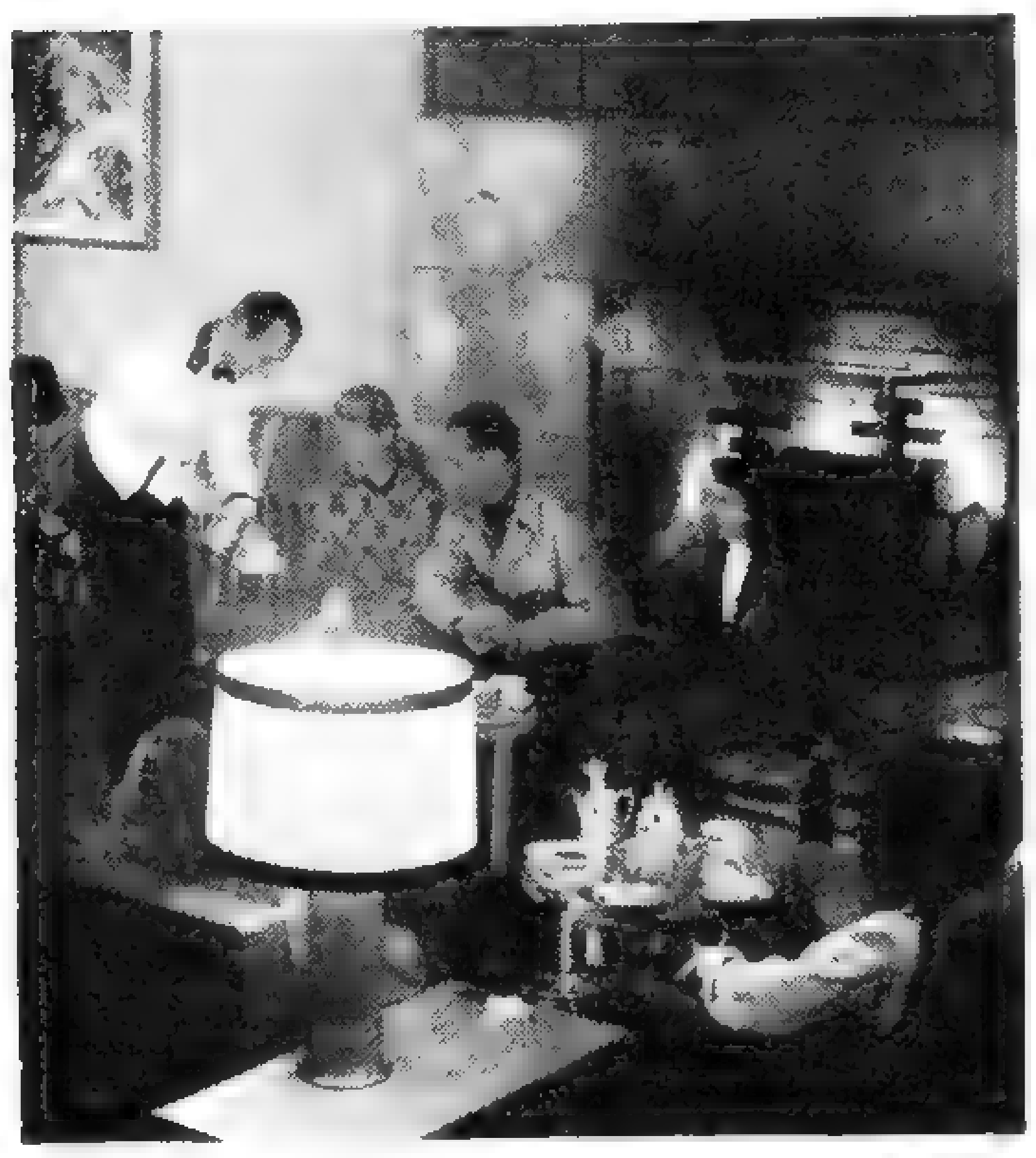
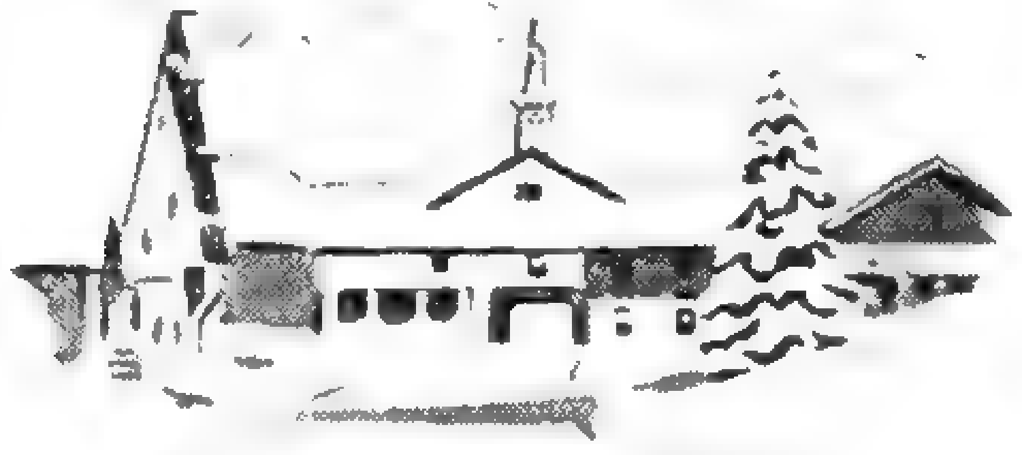


(Above) What a wonderful ending to a perfect day! Good friends around a cheerful fire.

Gretchen Fraser

World's champion slalom skier, won the 1948 Olympics, skiing for Sun Valley, where she received her training.



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whether his motives had been primarily dictated by (a) a perverse desire to prove to Mrs. McLeish what a damn fool she was; (b) an equally perverse but compelling desire to wipe that arch smile from the face of the Shopping Counsellor; or (c) a recollection of Miss Brigham's charming legs and other admirable physical qualities, and a suppressed, subconscious desire to hear her bleat her confused and pretty thanks for such a princely gift. In any event, Mr. McLeish thought grimly, he had certainly carried out his wife's damn silly suggestion that he give way to the Christmas spirit.

Struggling up to his office in the elevator, clutching his unwieldy package, Mr. McLeish actually experienced a strange spiritual metamorphosis. He felt benign and uplifted. When a perfect stranger cracked him accidentally on the elbow with a toy sled and hastily wished him a Merry Christmas, Mr. McLeish, instead of telling him not to be a clumsy damn fool, courteously wished him a Merry Christmas too.

Walking from the elevator to his office Mr. McLeish, now flooded with the Christmas spirit, even flirted with the notion of going back to the store and buying another mink coat (they had one at $8500) for his wife. He had planned to give Mrs. McLeish a check for a thousand dollars, and these proportions seemed reasonable.

Mr. McLeish managed to sneak past Miss Brigham into his office without being seen. He sat at his desk and, with a sentimental smile on his face, envisioned Miss Brigham's excitement at unwrapping the gift and her rapture at receiving it. Maybe, he thought, it was Mrs. McLeish who had the right idea. To be soured by Christmas just because he published nauseating Christmas cards was really rather small of him. Christmas, come to think of it, was a wonderful, happy expression of the loving human spirit.

Suffused by these tender thoughts, Mr. McLeish pressed the buzzer. Almost immediately Miss Brigham glided noiselessly into the room and sat down next to him, her notebook propped against one knee, her pencil poised between slim fingers, her lips open in a heartwarming smile. "Yes, Mr. McLeish," she murmured softly. Her large blue eyes gazed at the beautifully wrapped package on the desk.

Unaccustomed to the seasonal amenities, Mr. McLeish could think of nothing to say at the moment with the exception of a greeting in verse which, he recalled, had impressed him at the time as being more than usually revolting, but which seemed appropriate now, and rather sweet. He cleared his throat, and said

Here is my gift to you from me
To place beneath your Christmas tree;
I hope it brings you Yuletide bliss
And with it goes a Christmas kiss.

Having delivered himself of this effusion, Mr. McLeish, perspiring

Continued on page 238

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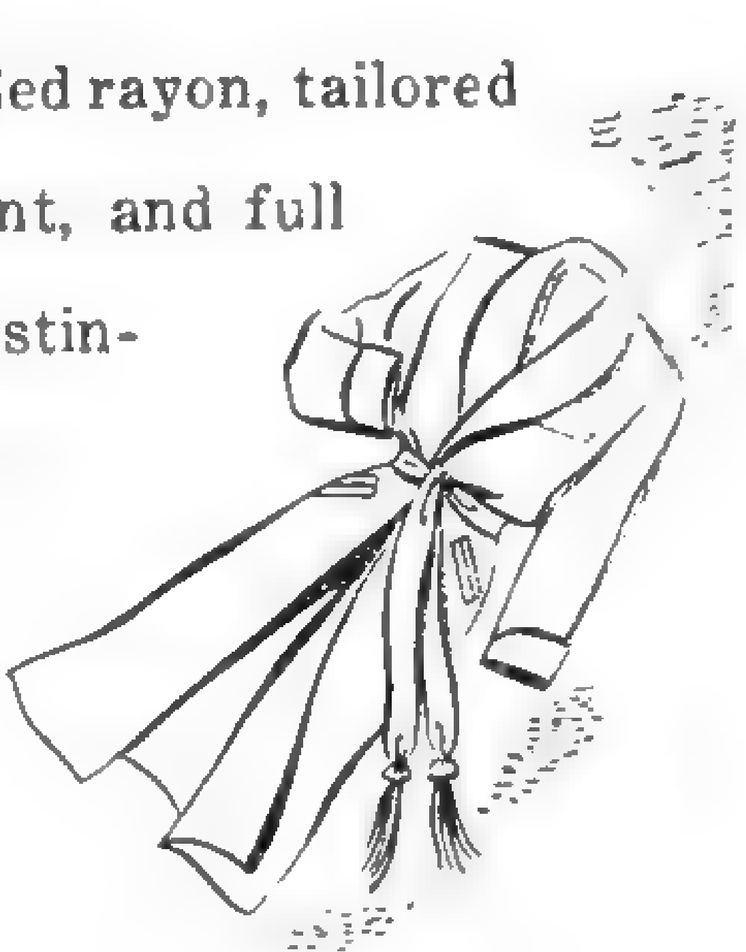

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Something Special for Miss Brigham

Continued from page 237

gently (for less than halfway through he had already reverted to the conviction that it was the silliest damn verse he had ever heard), shoved the package toward Miss Brigham and grunted, "Here. This is for you."

"Why, bless your heart," Miss Brigham cooed. "Aren't you *sweet!*" She removed the wrappings quickly and then stared at the contents, her mouth wide open. She knew real mink when she saw it. She then stared hard at Mr. McLeish. She had been his secretary for three years, and, to date, he had never bought her a Hershey bar.

You never can tell about men, thought Miss Brigham, who was quite cynical. "I don't know what to say!" she managed finally. Her face was flushed with excitement.

"I hope it brings you Yuletide bliss," Mr. McLeish repeated pointedly. "And with it goes a Christmas kiss." It was a lousy couplet, but he hoped it might achieve his objective. For suddenly, he discovered, he wanted to kiss Miss Brigham very much indeed.

He was just consummating this desire, with Miss Brigham's hearty co-operation, when the door was flung open by a young man in a derby hat. "What the hell goes on in here?" said the young man.

"Oh, my God," said Miss Brigham, hastily snatching off her mink coat.

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. McLeish.

"My name," said the young man, "is immaterial. It just happens that I am engaged . . ." He hesitated a moment, watching Mr. McLeish wipe lipstick off his face. "Let me amend that," he said grimly. "I *was* engaged to Miss Brigham."

"Young man," said Mr. McLeish, "let me explain. I gave your fiancée this coat as a small Christmas token when . . ."

"Then let *me* give *you* a slight token," said the young man. He leaned across the desk and punched Mr. McLeish in the nose, causing a slight hemorrhage. It was painful, but actually it didn't do Mr. McLeish a great deal of harm, since he was rather full-blooded.

Five minutes later, after the young man had gone (never to return, according to his own unsolicited statement), Mr. McLeish's nose stopped bleeding, and Miss Brigham told him (a) that he was an old darling; (b) that she hoped never to set eyes on her ex-fiance again, since she had always considered him a bit of a jerk; (c) that she wished she had known previously of Mr. McLeish's feelings, so she could have bought him something nicer than a silly old elephant; (d) that his nose was quite undamaged and looked just as cute as ever. (It had never occurred to Mr. McLeish that his

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nose was cute, and he questioned the statement now, but it was none the less pleasing to hear.) Impulsively, he decided to give Miss Brigham the check, in addition to the coat, and he did so. Miss Brigham was thrilled to death.

Punctually at five-thirty (as was his wont), Mr. McLeish returned home, offered a ruddy pink cheek to his wife's lips, and was conducted into the drawing room to see more presents that had arrived.

"Oh, by the way," said Mr. McLeish, "I have a little gift for *you*, dear, and it's *not* a check, this time."

"Oh, baby," Mrs. McLeish smiled, "how *sweet*." He handed her a small package, which she held in her hand and tried to rattle. "I'm just dying of curiosity," she said.

"Well—open it up."

"No, baby," she said. "Tonight's only Christmas Eve. I'll wait till tomorrow." She set it under the tree, tremulously. "It's awfully heavy for a small package," she said. "Give me a hint of what's in it. What letter does it begin with?"

"E," said Mr. McLeish.

"Emeralds begin with an 'e'," Mrs. McLeish suggested coyly.

"They do indeed," Mr. McLeish conceded, "and so do elephants."

The telephone rang, and Mrs. McLeish answered it in the library. She returned after a moment to announce that it was Miss Brigham calling for him.

"I wonder what *she* wants," said Mr. McLeish, who didn't wonder at all, because he knew perfectly well.

He, too, came back from the library after a moment. "I'm afraid I'll have to go back to the office," he told his wife. "Something unexpected came up this afternoon and I had a hunch I'd have to attend to it later. Too bad." He put on his hat and coat.

"Honeybunch," Mrs. McLeish inquired, "did you get something special for Miss Brigham?"

"I gave her the usual check," said Mr. McLeish (truthfully). "She seemed pleased." He paused at the door. "I may not be home in time for dinner," he announced. "This is one of those things that may last all evening."

Mrs. McLeish tucked his silk muffler tidily under the lapels of his overcoat. "E-e-e-e," she whispered. "I can't think of *anything* but emeralds that begins with 'e'."

"Don't forget elephants," Mr. McLeish said, chuckling. "Elephants make elegant paperweights—and you *said* you'd cherish a trinket of *any* kind."

Mrs. McLeish beamed on her husband. "You're such a tease," she smiled. "Now, don't work too late. And in case you're home after midnight—Merry Christmas!"

"And a Merry Christmas to you!" said Mr. McLeish. ###

Continued from page 73

Monarch MILWAUKEE BETTER OUTDOOR GARMENTS

LEFT: "Graylock" (all-wool Venetian) or "Echelon" (water-repellent poplin). Both jackets are lined with alpaca pile; sleeve linings of quilted rayon, interlined with Intercel.

RIGHT: "Century," extremely popular Shelter Suede coat with rayon lining. Colors, glowing tan or ecru.

Casual smartness hits a new high!

CAN'T YOU JUST PICTURE yourself in one of these Monarch masterpieces?

Be sure to see these, and all the other outstanding Monarch garments for Fall . . . leather and fabric coats and jackets for sport, leisure and utility wear. In comfort and up-to-the-minute styling, this Golden Anniversary line eclipses even Monarch's past efforts. And, of course, it has all the traditional Monarch quality of materials and workmanship.

Ask for Monarch, by name, at your favorite menswear store. Monarch Manufacturing Co., 333 East Chicago Street, Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin.

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1 GW-41—Ladies' cuticle essentials in a compact zipper-fastened case of fine cowhide. Pale blue, light green, red, tan. $5.95.

2 GW-42—Essential cuticle equipment, plus toenail scissors. Genuine cowhide case in the same color assortment as above. $8.50.

3 GW-50—Professional quality equipment for a lady's manicure. Pale blue, light green, red, tan cowhide case. $11.95.

4 GM-21—Comb, file and scissors . . . a complete pocket set for men. Case of genuine tan cowhide. $3.95.

5 GM-27—Men's nippers, cuticle scissors, file and cuticle pusher in compact pigskin case. $8.95.

GS-1 — Embroidery and sewing scissors in a protective sheath of tan cowhide. $5.95*. 6

GM-23—Everything for finger and toenail care, plus a handy knife. Tan cowhide case. $10.95. 7

8 GS-3 — Household shears and sewing scissors. Red, green, brown, blue lambskin case. $9.95*.

9 GW-46—This set opens flat for easy access to manicure implements. Red, green, tan, blue lambskin. $7.95.

10 GS-5—Dressmaking, sewing, embroidery scissors. Ecrase goatskin case, tie silk lined. Red, blue, tan, green, wine. $14.95*.

11 GM-22—Complete manicure equipment for men or women. Case of tan cowhide. $6.50.

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On sale at notions and cutlery counters, hardware and cutlery stores.

J. WISS & SONS CO., NEWARK 7, NEW JERSEY

Items marked * not subject to Federal tax. All other items include Federal tax.

A Very Noble Guy

Continued from page 112

himself of the former Gertrude Hoopster of Detroit. Finally he lands in the Virgin Islands, where, as Mr. Joe Walters, he frees himself from Emilia Longish Walters of Buffalo.

At last Marrying Joe Werby is down to one wife, the gal of his dreams, the woman he loves, Midge. Joe Werby is now Joe Werby exclusively, not Joe Wilson, Joe Williams, and Joe Walters. A reformed man, he scoots back to Indianapolis. All is perfect so far. There is now only one thing left to straighten out—to move out of this high-priced hotel he and Midge are living in to quarters more in line with his financial position. Getting three divorces is expensive, and Joe no longer has three wives to support him. He now intends to get a job and begin a new life as a poor but devoted husband

He breaks this news to Midge the first morning that he is back. They are having breakfast in their beautiful hotel suite. "Dearest," he tells her, "I have just met with certain business reverses, and it becomes necessary for me to go out and get a job."

Midge drops her fork on her plate of pickled tripe. "You mean you are broke?" she asks harshly.

"Nearly," answers Joe. "I have two grand left, but I would like to hang onto that until I can get me a good, solid job, like a welder or a tin knocker or some such. Those jobs pay up to a hundred a week, honey. We can live a wholesome life on that."

Midge stands up and tears around the room like a caged she-lion. "A hundred bucks a week," she says in a belittling manner. "That's a fine return for marrying you. I drop my career because of the wonderful life you promise me." She walks over to him and points a long, red fingernail right at his face. "If you want to stay married to me, chum," she advises him, "it'll have to be on lots more than a hundred a week."

Joe takes a long look at Midge and thinks over what she says. He realizes that, in spite of his great love for her, Midge is not one to stick to a poor, struggling welder or tin knocker. He swallows hard and tells her to sit tight, everything will be okay. He kisses Midge good-by, saying he will return in due time.

He heads for Chicago. He lands in the well-furnished home of his ex-wife, Nellie Whitskip. Being a very smooth character, Joe has not much trouble getting Nellie to remarry him. He repeats this in Detroit with Gertrude and in Buffalo with Emilia. Joe is back to four wives. It takes a very noble guy to marry three women for the sake of the gal he loves.

But last week Midge divorces Joe, winning substantial alimony. Midge tells the judge that she does not wish to have a husband who is away from her three-quarters of the time. ‡‡

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from Her to You

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. . . is a wardrobe essential for the well-dressed man who wants a sensible, economical, good-looking all-weather coat. Dunbrook Coverts are 100% pure wool warmth-without-weight fabrics that wear like iron! Available in the classic fly-front style sketched above, with or without the famous Manly double-duty Zip-Out lining. Handsome new shades of Pearl Grey, Tans, Heather Green, Spruce Blue, or a deep rich Brown.

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AUTHENTIC MANLY Fashion

AT BETTER STORES

The Ohio Overcoat Co.
Galion, Ohio
GOOD COATS SINCE 1917

Want to Get Rich Quick?

Continued from page 98

of currency depreciation swept over Europe and South America. Governments candid enough to recognize that their money was now in the international bargain basement devalued their currencies, automatically slashing the value of those stamps still on sale in this currency. When they attempted to maintain an official—but nonetheless fictitious—value, black markets in foreign exchange knocked the props out from under stamp prices. Stamps (and the currencies behind them) became the one commodity whose price on the black bourse was far lower than in legitimate trade channels.

One nation after another, moreover, began to trade on the fabled lack of shrewdness of the American buyer. Large numbers of stamps were issued for the exclusive purpose of raising revenue, each stamp in a small enough quantity to guarantee its bringing a top-heavy price.

Disillusioned with a gravy train that had given them so bumpy a ride, many small speculators abruptly went out of business. Many others, still enchanted by the stamp will-o'-the-wisp, looked around for a safer way to profit through postage stamps. To the pleasure of the Postmaster-General, they turned in large numbers to one of the traditional gambits of stamp speculating—buying quantities of face-value stamps at local post offices or at the Philatelic Agency in the nation's capital.

This looked like a foolproof way to beat the house. With the passage of time, stamps were, it seemed, bound to increase in value. Speculators delighted in citing the case of a sagacious (and mythical) acquaintance who had simply bought copies of every stamp issued from 1912 through 1930, and had ultimately sold them for twenty-five times what he'd originally paid. All you had to do, presumably, was to keep the stamps out of the rain, let time get in its licks, and then bring along an adding machine to count your profits. Should the inconceivable happen, should there be no profits, you were simply back where you started. After all, every stamp issued since 1861 can still be used on a letter.

So the word got around. Stamp sales soared. In 1942 the Philatelic Agency sold a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of stamps over its Washington counters. This total had climbed to three and a half million dollars by 1947, and is still on the way up.

The experts sadly wag their heads over this new development. They feel that it can only wind up in disillusionment, although it won't, to be sure, precipitate the financial disaster that climaxed frenzied speculation in overpriced U. S. and foreign stamps.

Why isn't there a pea under every shell? Well, for one thing,

Continued on page 242

The gift of Wise Men
Tommies*
SLEEPACKAGE*

Tommies MAN TAILORED styled by Harry Berger

Eleven Costumes In One Magic Box! Only $19.95 the set, beautifully packaged

Want a kiss? Just give her this gorgeous Tommies Sleepackage*—and you've got it! Tommiecoat*, Bra-and-Shorts, and Tommies* pajamas mix and match to make eleven different sleeping, lounging, and playing costumes for all year-round. Luscious Ruby rayon satin Tommiecoat*, Sky-blue Bra-and-Shorts, and Whipped Cream pajamas in Bur-Mil rayon crepe. Proportionettes* to fit HER height—so find out how tall she is. Bust measurement, 32 to 38.

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Her Height in stocking feet is_____ Her Bust measurement is_____ (Tommies are generously cut; be sure to order ACTUAL Bust size).
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Want to Get Rich Quick?

Continued from page 241

the speculator always hopes for a quick return on his money, and it generally takes far longer than he is willing to wait before stamps acquire any extraordinary value. Some 1940 stamps, for instance, today would net you exactly what you had paid for them. A series of Army-Navy stamps, dating back to 1936, would bring you barely more than face value. Every stamp issued later than the Fall of 1945, moreover, is still available at the Philatelic Agency. Authorities consider it axiomatic that you normally have to wait from six to ten years before you will be repaid for holding stamps.

Secondly, it is questionable whether mint (unused) stamps are a good investment now, even if you have the requisite patience. A leading figure in the stamp world, one of the auctioneers of the Roosevelt collection, recently pointed out that, with times so prosperous, the Post Office Department has been issuing its commemoratives in great quantities. No stamp since the United Nations Commemorative of 1945 has been put out in a lot of less than one hundred million. The Honorable Discharge and the Al Smith stamps, issued since the war, ran to two hundred fifty and three hundred million, respectively. Though experts quibble endlessly about the exact relationship that the quantity of printed stamps bears to their market price, none denies considerable importance to this factor.

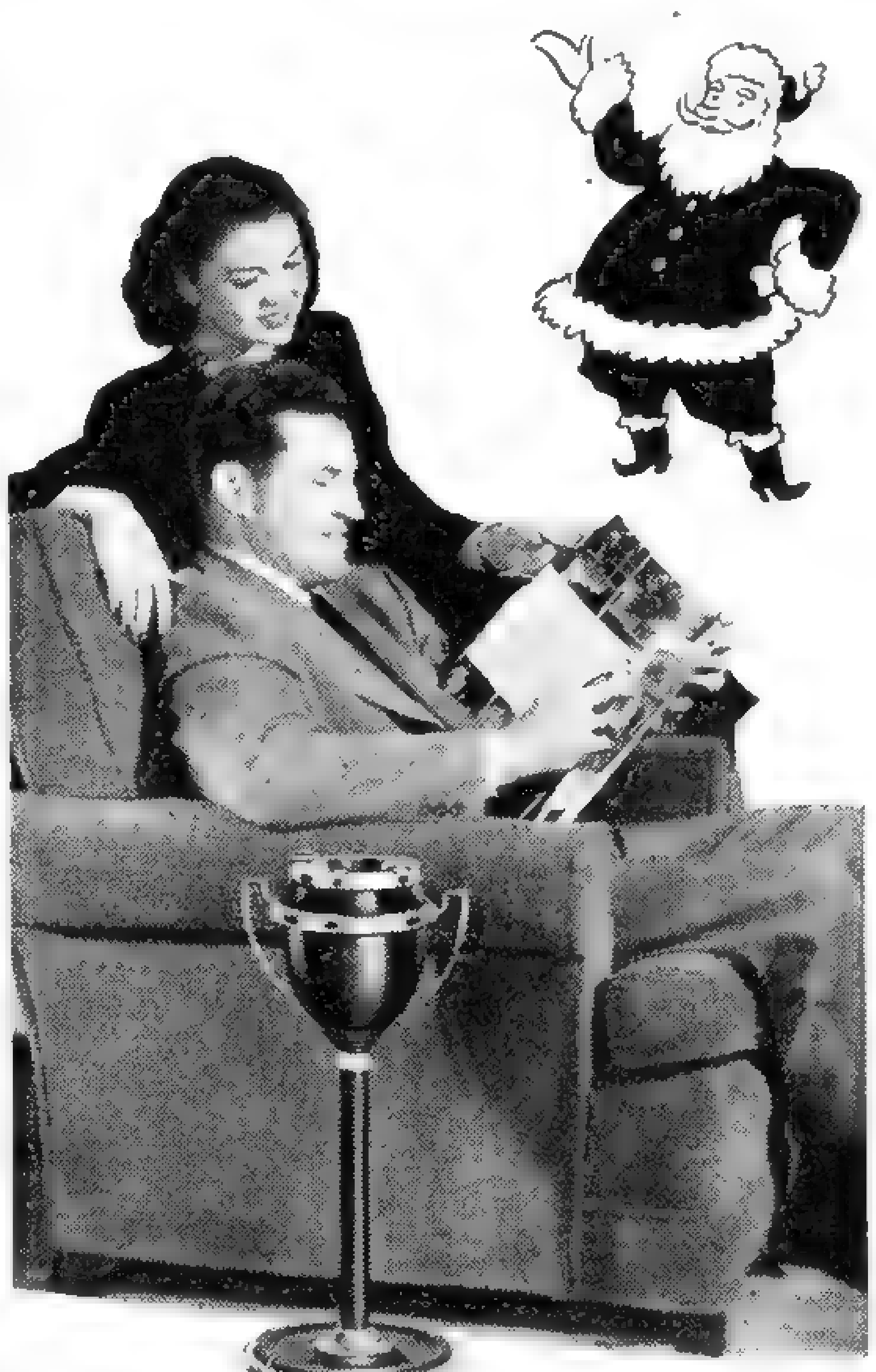
To make matters worse, an appreciable percentage of recent stamps has fallen into the hands of collectors and speculators instead of going into the country's mailboxes. Many new issues are increasing the sales in the Philatelic Agency. So many thousands of stamps must now overhang the market that it may take many more years than usual before they increase in value.

What happened to two stamps issued in the early thirties illustrates the point. In 1931, a two-cent stamp commemorating the Battle of Yorktown was minted; it was followed, a year later, by a two-cent Washington stamp, designed primarily for postage. Although only twenty-five million Yorktowns were sold to the public, as against more than four *billion* Washingtons, the former is today worth less than twice as much as the latter. When a stamp is largely used up as postage instead of being widely held for a rise in value (as the Yorktowns were, because they are an especially beautiful stamp), it has a better chance of gaining in value.

Here's a final bit of information that should help dissuade the potential dabbler in stamps. Despite the fact that every modern stamp can be used for postage, an unfortunate holder who wants to dispose of several thousand at one

Ash-Away
ALL-METAL SMOKERS

FOR A
Merry Christmas
AND MANY
HAPPY NEW YEARS



Yes! — Give Ash-Away ...the Christmas gift that is appreciated through many years to come. To the man of the house... to those hard-to-buy-for bachelor friends... or to homes where friends gather... a fine Ash-Away Smoker brings long service and smokeless, smudgeless, odorless smoking safety and pleasure. See Ash-Away today... choose from a wide range of floor and desk models, each with patented "push button" ash-disposal device... each with the fine craftsmanship, smart styling, more-for-the-money quality and value that have helped make them America's best-known, most preferred smokers! ... At better stores everywhere.

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HUBBARD
SLACKS

Here's to you in your new Hubbard Slacks ... the slacks that are the choice of men who are going places and doing things ... the choice of men who know and appreciate fine fabrics ... snappy tailoring ... trim design ... precision workmanship in every detail from cuff to belt loop.

HUBBARD PANTS CO.
Bremen, Georgia

time must deal with a stamp broker. Post offices won't redeem stamps. For their trouble, brokers customarily ask from three to ten per cent discount on the face value of the stamps they are kind enough to take off your hands, the amount depending on the usability. Net result to the harried speculator: a loss of from three to ten cents on his dollar, after having his money tied up at no interest for months or years.

Do you still think you can lick postage stamps? In the half-century since the first set of U. S. commemoratives was sold, a large number of people have undoubtedly made money on stamp collections. But before you try, it may be instructive to listen to the sad story of Mr. T., who gained fame of a sort last year when a kindly court gave him (and probably generations of future stamp speculators, but not stamp hobbyists) the privilege of deducting from taxable income losses sustained in postage-stamp dealings.

No small speculator was Mr. T., nor was he a tyro in the fine art of handling money. His experience, as a matter of fact, was far broader than that of the average man, since he ran a large farm, directed a national bank, served as chairman of the board of a mortgage title company, and engaged in a number of related financial activities. On the advice of a well-meaning philatelic friend, who had convinced him that stamps were the perfect investment, Mr. T. had bought a number of stamp collections in the years between 1926 and 1938, at a total outlay of nearly half a million dollars. Then he decided to sell part of his holdings. He sold them—and for stamps that had originally cost him well over a quarter of a million dollars, he netted no more than fifty-eight thousand!

In his brief before the tax court, Mr. T. admitted that he wasn't a collector and that he knew little about philately. His chief purpose over the years had been to find an outlet for surplus funds he had earned through his other, more lucrative activities. It cost him more than two hundred thousand dollars to learn that stamps are never an investment and that they may be an exceedingly risky speculation.

The moral seems clear. Stamp collecting, even for the uninitiated, is a peerless hobby. But, for everyone except the expert, stamp speculating can be a dangerous financial game. ⧺

Continued from page 98

MERRY CHRISTMAS
1948

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TINY camera—BIG prints Black & White 2½x3¼" $1.29 for film and 14 prints

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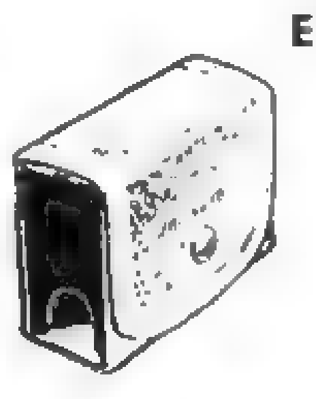
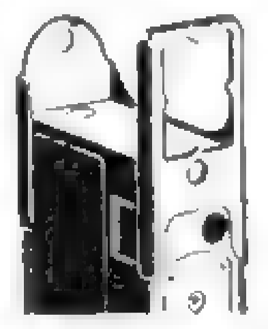


EYE-LEVEL VIEWFINDER
NOW . . . take vertical pictures with Micro 16. Not necessary to remove the waist-level finder.
Retail Price: $1.00



MICROFLASH
Sold as combination unit with the Micro 16 camera only. The new Whittaker MICRO-FLASH flashgun helps you take perfect color or black and white pictures indoors, on cloudy days or in shady areas. The MICRO-FLASH is precision-built. Positive synchronization.
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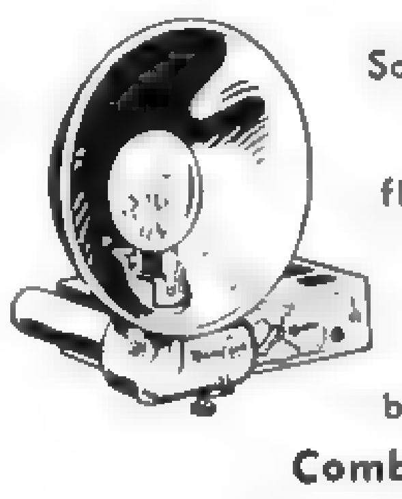

TRANSPARENCY VIEWER
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- All metal Lustre-Chrome case.
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- Simple "stop" adjustment controls lens opening for color (f:8); dull (f:12); or bright (f:16).
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- Completely "picture-tested" with full roll of film before leaving factory.

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EVANS 100 YEARS STANDARD E

L. B. EVANS' SON COMPANY
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Your guide to the best in Men's Slippers

Young Man with a Problem

Continued from page 75

vacation. Eventually he made the inevitable pilgrimage to New York, where, in 1936, he became just another reporter covering the court and police beats for the *Tribune*. On the side he wrote several plays, which, though they never saw the footlights of New York, were good enough to call him to the attention of Theresa Helburn of the Theatre Guild. When she and John Gassner formed a special playwriting course for promising young dramatists, John, along with Tennessee Williams, was one of the six young writers selected.

In 1941, several months before our entrance into the war, John enlisted in the Army. He served a five-year stretch—all of it, to his disgust, within the boundaries of the United States. On his return from the war of triplicate forms, red tape, and swivel chairs, the *Tribune* had to squeeze a bit to make room for him. Finally, because of his playwriting background, he was put on the Broadway beat. And it was probably this remote connection of his with the world of entertainment that led his managing editor, George Cornish, to ask him one day early in 1946, "How would you like to write a radio column?"

John had never owned a radio. Aside from the World Series, he'd never listened to the radio. He considered it a boring way of wasting time. So his answer was, "Sure, I'd like to try it."

It was an instinctive reply, based on every reporter's belief that any columnist's job is infinitely better than his own. In a reasonable world John's acceptance of Cornish's proposal would have ended in dismal failure. Such is the perversity of life, though, that his column was an immediate success.

The column was born May 6, 1946, and in those first days it ranged from general observations like, "Radio brings you information at the speed of light, but it has not increased the speed of thought by a single m.p.h.," to such specific criticism as his comment on John J. Anthony: "I could get sounder advice from the bartender at the corner saloon." John showed an amazing early burst of speed, and has been pulling away from the field ever since.

In less than three months, the *Tribune* syndicate discovered, to its surprise, that it owned a property that could be sold on a national basis. Within six months John had been given four raises and had been the subject of columns in two national news weeklies. He was besieged by book publishers and magazine editors who wanted him to write for them. He was being read by the guy in the street, the man on the avenue, and the scholar in the library.

While all this was taking place, John, in his innocent enthusiasm,

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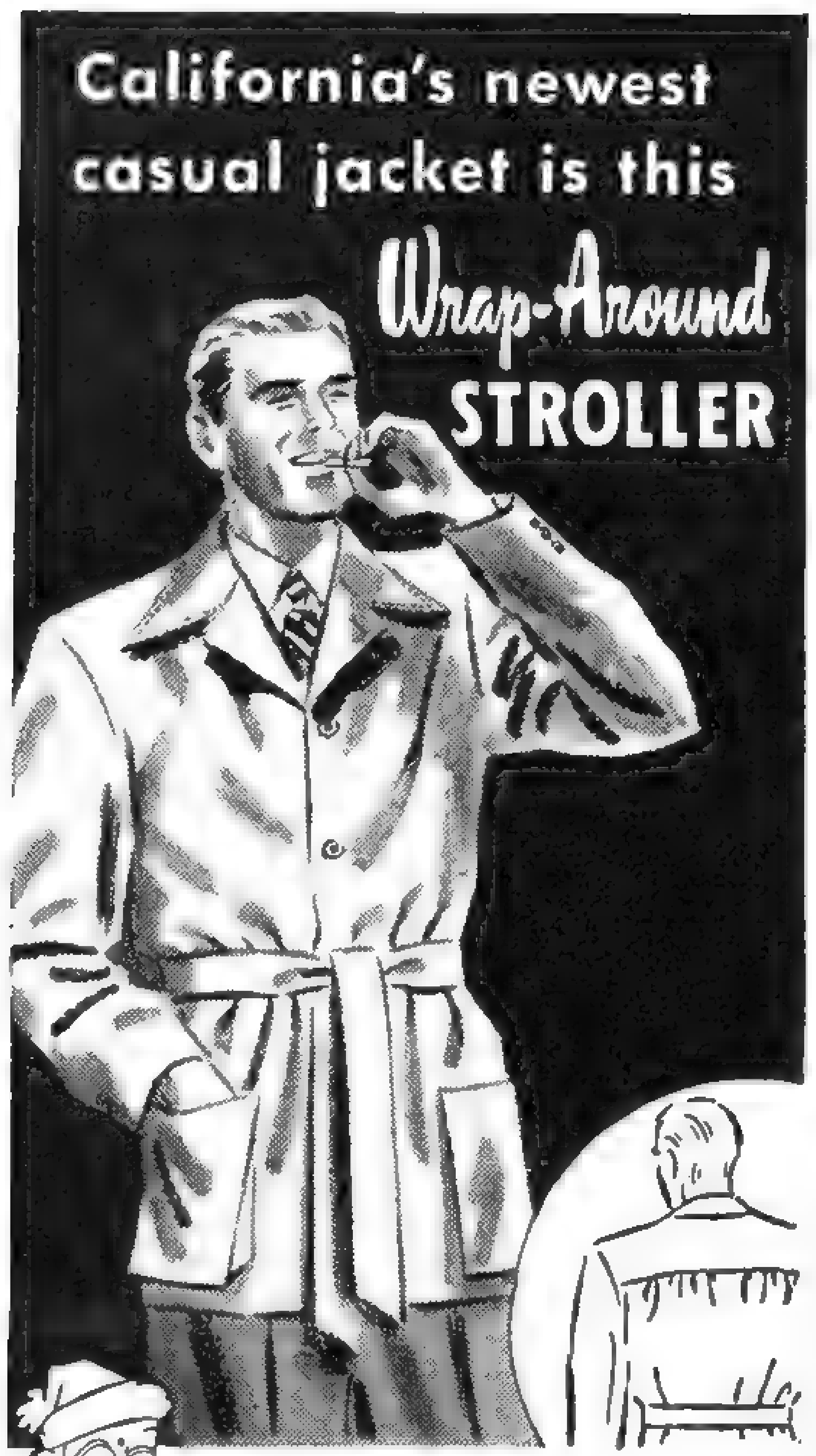

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Tops for any man's Christmas

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decided to learn something of the inner workings of radio. He approached some of the network big wheels and a few of the advertising gentlemen who controlled the major national programs. (Crosby on radio's advertising fraternity: "Even at normal speed the ad man's mind operates around the genius level and when he is deeply stirred his mind shoots out sparks like the aurora borealis—long, shimmering streamers of thought in four colors. It's an impressive and terrifying sight to see an ad man thinking hard.") As a result of these well-meant overtures, he found himself having three-hour liquid luncheons with various characters who made a Big Thing out of picking up the check and who prefaced their always profound remarks with lines like, "You're new at this game, but I'll be glad to put you wise to things—if you do this *my* way," or, "I'll give the dope to you first if you promise *me* . . ."

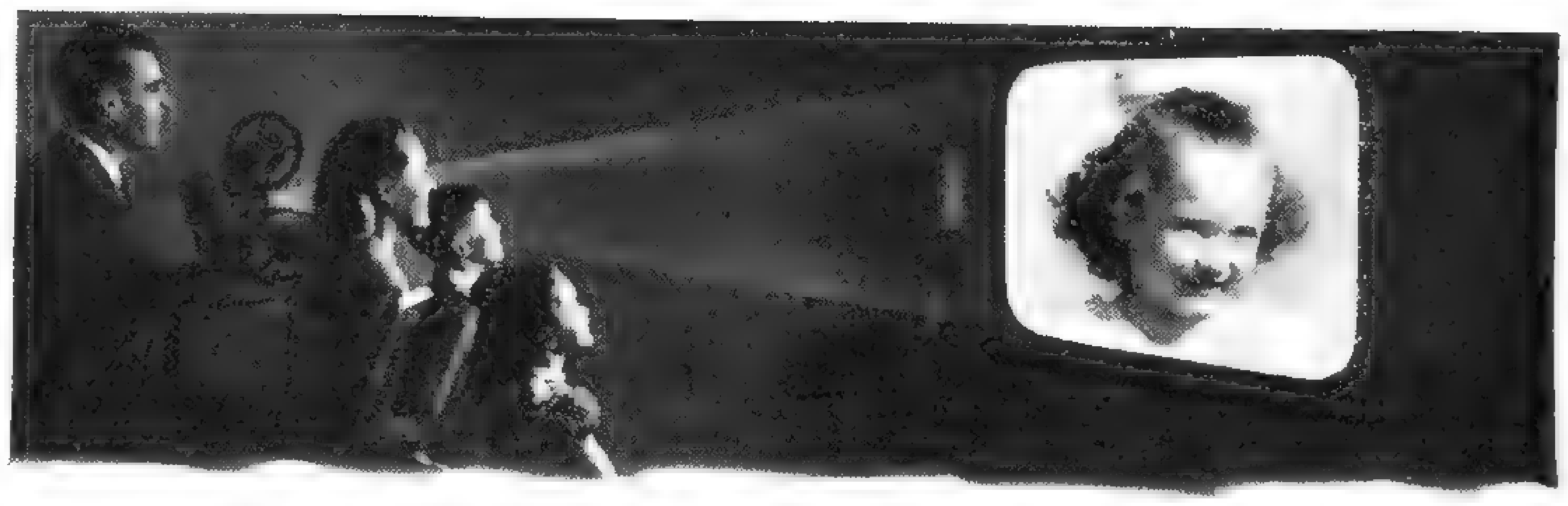
John listened to many choruses of *O, Promise Me* and then retired into a cozy corner of his mind to think over the propositions that were being made to him. He couldn't imagine anything a radio personality might do, short of Fred Allen's actually murdering a network vice-president, that would be newsworthy enough to warrant his pledging his integrity to anyone. And, since he intended to write only about the programs that came through his loud-speaker, he couldn't think of a thing a radio individual could say to him in person that would be of the slightest importance to his column. So he decided to forget the whole business.

Today he consciously holds himself apart from the incestuous little inner world of radio. He is not being high-hat or superior. It is just that the behind-the-scenes aspect of radio doesn't loom important in his scheme of things. His column contains none of that annoying I'm-a-guy-in-the-know effrontery that louses up many similar journalistic efforts. The column is written by a listener for other listeners—and therein lies one of its greatest virtues, since it is written only from the reader's level, without condescension and without any pretense of omniscience. His aloofness is further guarantee of his incorruptibility.

John seems to be the sort of man that no amount of success—or propositioning—will change. Slender, of medium height, with smooth brown hair and a casual slouch, he easily looks a decade younger than his thirty-six years. People who know Crosby best, however, say he has aged in the brief time he's been in radio. There seems little doubt that his harassed, preoccupied air stems from his association with it. A man can't very well go along worrying about how Portia Faces Life without showing some signs of strain.

There is other evidence that radio is taking its toll of him. He was always a rather vague individual, but his progress through

Continued on page 246



A New Thrill
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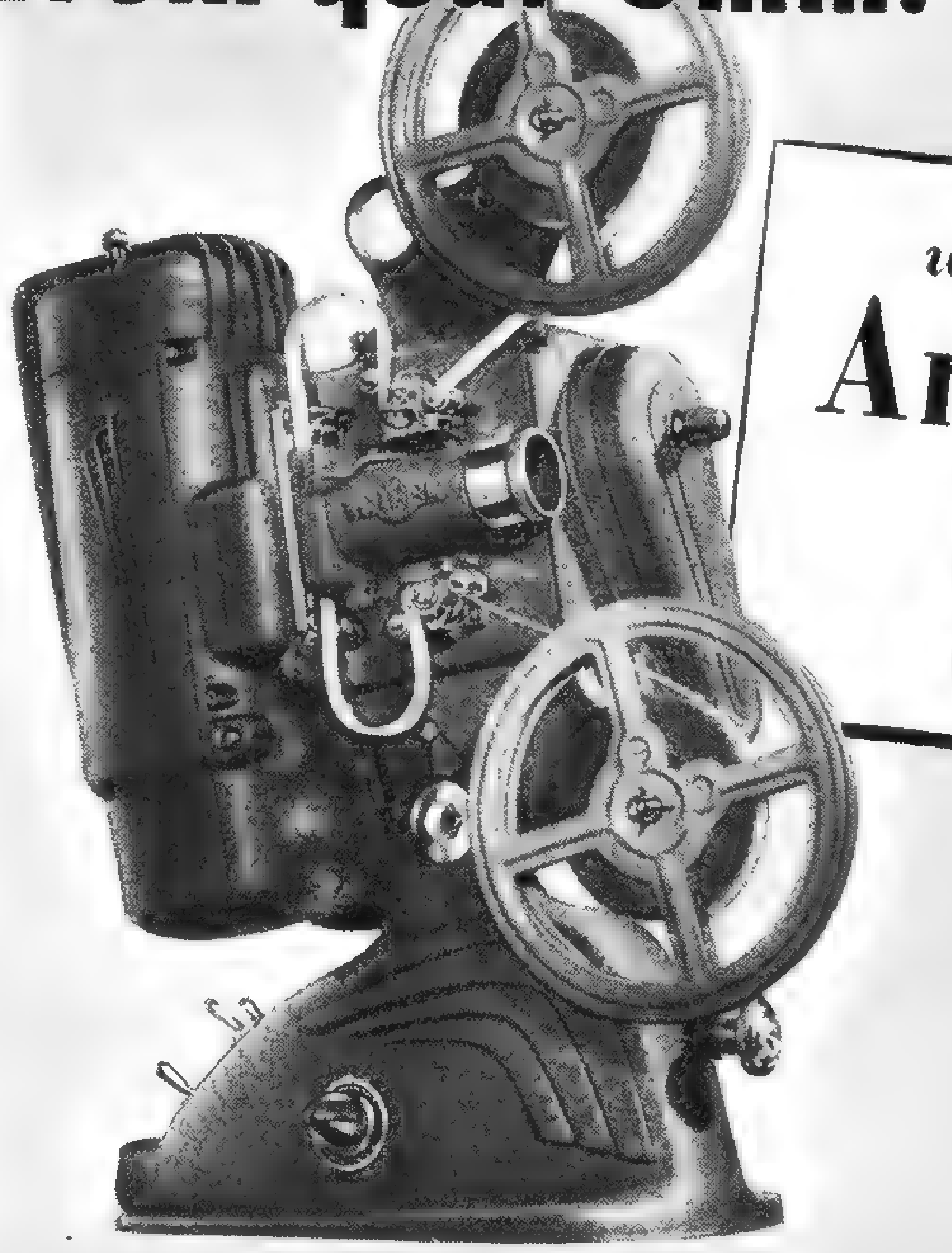

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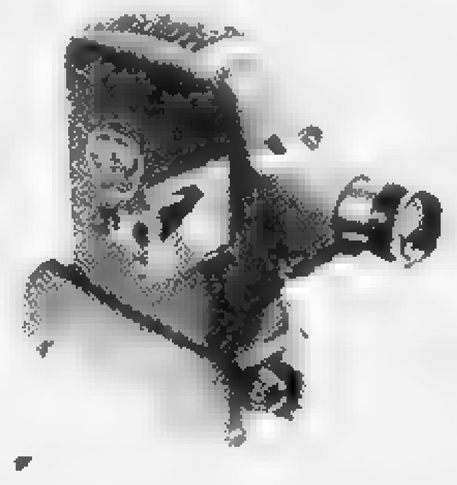

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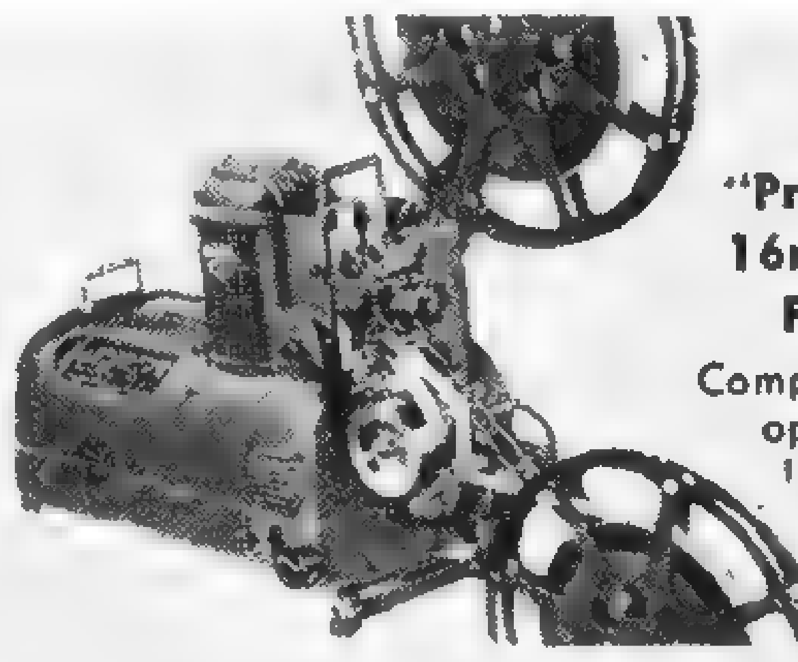

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Young Man with a Problem

Continued from page 245

life today is similar to that of the quarry in a paper chase—he leaves behind him a trail of lost raincoats, hats, fountain pens, keys, glasses, ties, even wallets. If he can wear it or carry it, he can lose it—except notes for his column, which never escape his hot clutch.

These notes are scribbled in his New York apartment overlooking the East River, where he does his never-ending listening. He works at home because his desk in the open bullpen of the *Tribune*'s city room offers him no privacy and, more important, because at home he can work with his shoes off. He's no hillbilly, but he distrusts shoes and dreams of a Utopia in which shoe manufacturers are put out to pasture and man is restored to his original barefooted dignity.

After he has made his notes in a scrawl that only he can decipher, he mulls them over, then puts on his shoes and trudges off to the *Tribune*—where his office habits follow a consistent, if not wholly conventional, pattern.

There is a *Tribune* copy boy with a somewhat speculative turn of mind, who claims to be a close observer of Crosby in action. "A lotta brain there," the boy says. "A great lotta brain there. Sort of up in the clouds, though."

When asked, not long ago, to elaborate, the copy boy continued: "Take yesterday, for instance. Those screwy press agents are always sending him the damnedest stuff. Yesterday it was a big chunk of ice cream, packed up in dry ice and made to look like one of those transcription records. Crosby's a good guy and he shared it with all of us. When it was all eaten and everything'd been cleared away, someone asked him what program it was from. He couldn't say. He'd never even thought to look. See what I mean? I watch Mr. Crosby and I get a theory. I get the theory that brains and common sense don't necessarily go together."

The boy had no trouble producing arguments in support of his theory. "For example," he said, "three or four times a week Mr. Crosby forgets to bring his glasses to the office. So he has to sit hunched over his typewriter with his nose glued to the paper. But has it occurred to him to stick an extra pair of glasses in his desk? Even *I* could figure that one out. Or take times when his secretary leaves for the day before he's finished his column. After he's turned in his copy, he sometimes wants to leave a message for her. So he sits down and prints it out—*prints* it, see, because his handwriting's so lousy no one else can read it. Well, it so happens his printing is equally lousy. I've seen his secretary come in in the morning, study one of those printed messages, and have to call him up to get a translation of it. Does he catch on? There's the typewriter he's

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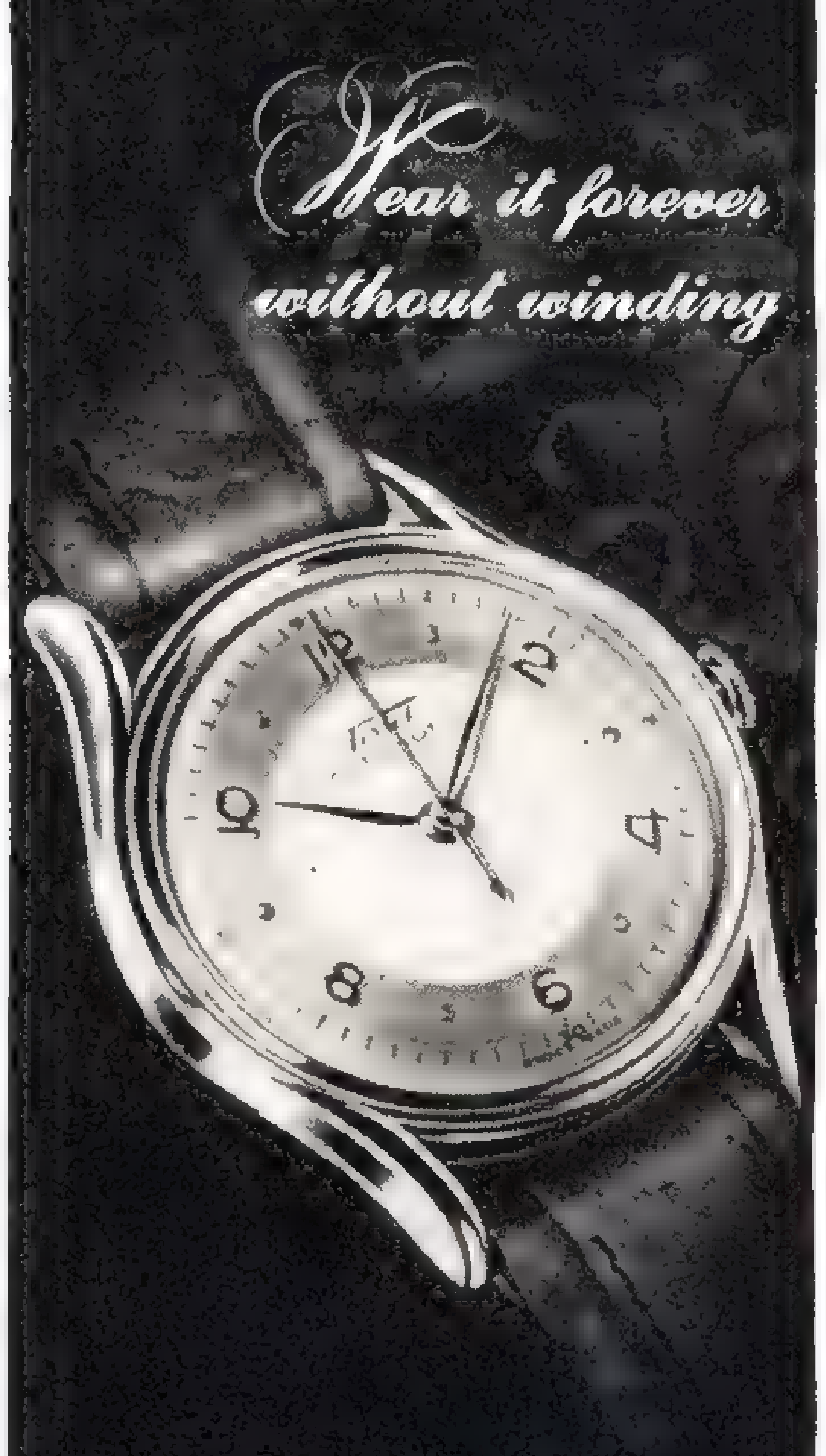

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been pounding on all afternoon. Does it ever occur to him to type out his message? No, sir. Sometimes I think he needs a keeper, but, again, he seems to do all right for himself, I guess."

John is actually in no need of a keeper of any sort, but after he has spent three or four deeply concentrated hours pounding out the seven hundred words of his column, he does feel a need to repair to Bleeck's, a bistro that is the Mermaid Tavern of today's New York journalists. There he is down on the lists as a Martini man. This is correct, except for those occasional and brief periods when he breaks out in a rash of self-discipline. Then he turns to fruit drinks—Old-Fashioneds, for example. After having a couple of drinks for the road, he heads home to his bride and his radio.

Mrs. Crosby, a striking brunette who stands in no noticeable awe of her husband, has a fortunate liking for the unregulated, unregimented life. She gets it. Her mealtime, bedtime, and recreational hours are conditioned by the day's radio schedule, but she is never bothered by having to cancel a theatre date or a dinner party because of the sudden intrusion of an unexpected evening program. She considers the books balanced by those afternoons when they are both free to go to Ebbet's Field and die a thousand deaths watching the Cards lick the Dodgers.

On one occasion Mary Crosby went through a period of soap-opera listening, gathering data for John. Long after he made use of this data, he returned home unexpectedly one afternoon and caught her *flagrante delicto*, her ear cocked to a soap opera. She confessed she'd developed an addiction and felt a compulsive drive to find out if suave villain Alec Ransome was really going to wreck Carol Brent's married life. John handled the situation intelligently. He waited until it was obvious that Carol's marriage was safe before he subjected Mary to the cure. Mary is once again a free woman, but for a time it was touch and go and John had, in his own house, a horrifying example of the insidious power of the juggernaut he has been defying.

Late at night John is liable to grow a bit introspective about his role as radio's outstanding critic. He can never quite forget the sage words of Fred Allen, a man he greatly admires. Allen has said for the record:

"People have been knocking doors—since the door was first invented—and the door has survived. So it is with radio. I feel that radio criticism is futile. Panning a radio program is akin to knocking one particular quart of water as it goes over Niagara Falls. By the time your comment is in print the quart of water has passed into dark oblivion. And so it is with radio. By the time the critic's review appears in print the program is rattling around in the welkin or caught on some

Continued on page 248

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Young Man with a Problem

Continued from page 247

pigeon's rump."

This sense of the immense futility of radio criticism is very much with John. More so, probably, than he has admitted to himself. He is tilting at windmills and he knows it, but—to give him his due—he never stops trying. He has become the plaintive voice of the minority, and he says for that group what they have wanted to hear said for years.

Radio has certain catch phrases that John resents. These run: "The public won't accept. . . .," "You can't change the public taste . . .," and "The mental age of the average listener is . . ." Such remarks mirror the contempt with which the average radioman regards the public and are frequently used in radio's defense. To them John replies, "There is nothing wrong in catering to the public, but pandering to its worst and most easily gratified instincts is something else again. The broadcaster's contention that the public is satisfied with radio because it listens to it is open to question. A radio program attracts listeners not because it is the best program that might conceivably be on the air, but because it is the best one that actually *is* on the air. The argument that radio has too large an audience to aim higher than the knees is a dubious one at best."

He realizes that public apathy is at the root of the radio evil. This apathy, he feels, is partly due to the extenuating fact that, over the years, the lackadaisical public has been beaten into a coma by the sounds that have been dinned into its ears. And if he can stir any part of the public into an articulate demand for better things, he will be content. He knows that broadcasting systems won't do much to improve things as long as the sponsors are footing the bill, and he knows that sponsors of programs won't do anything until they meet with some public resistance to the pap they hand out. John would like to be a force in that resistance movement; and, with his audience of three and three-quarter million, he may turn out to be a more dangerous gadfly than radio people now suppose.

Not that he is always a gadfly. He can be as generous with praise as acid with condemnation. His favorites are what you'd expect: Fred Allen, Bergen and McCarthy, Henry Morgan, Norman Corwin, Abe Burrows, Arthur Godfrey, Ozzie and Harriet, Duffy's Tavern, and a few others. He feels that radio deserves praise for the manner in which it has brought good music to the people, and he believes that a few of the documentary programs that have been aired recently indicate that the industry is experiencing growing pains and finally making an effort to provide better and more intelli-

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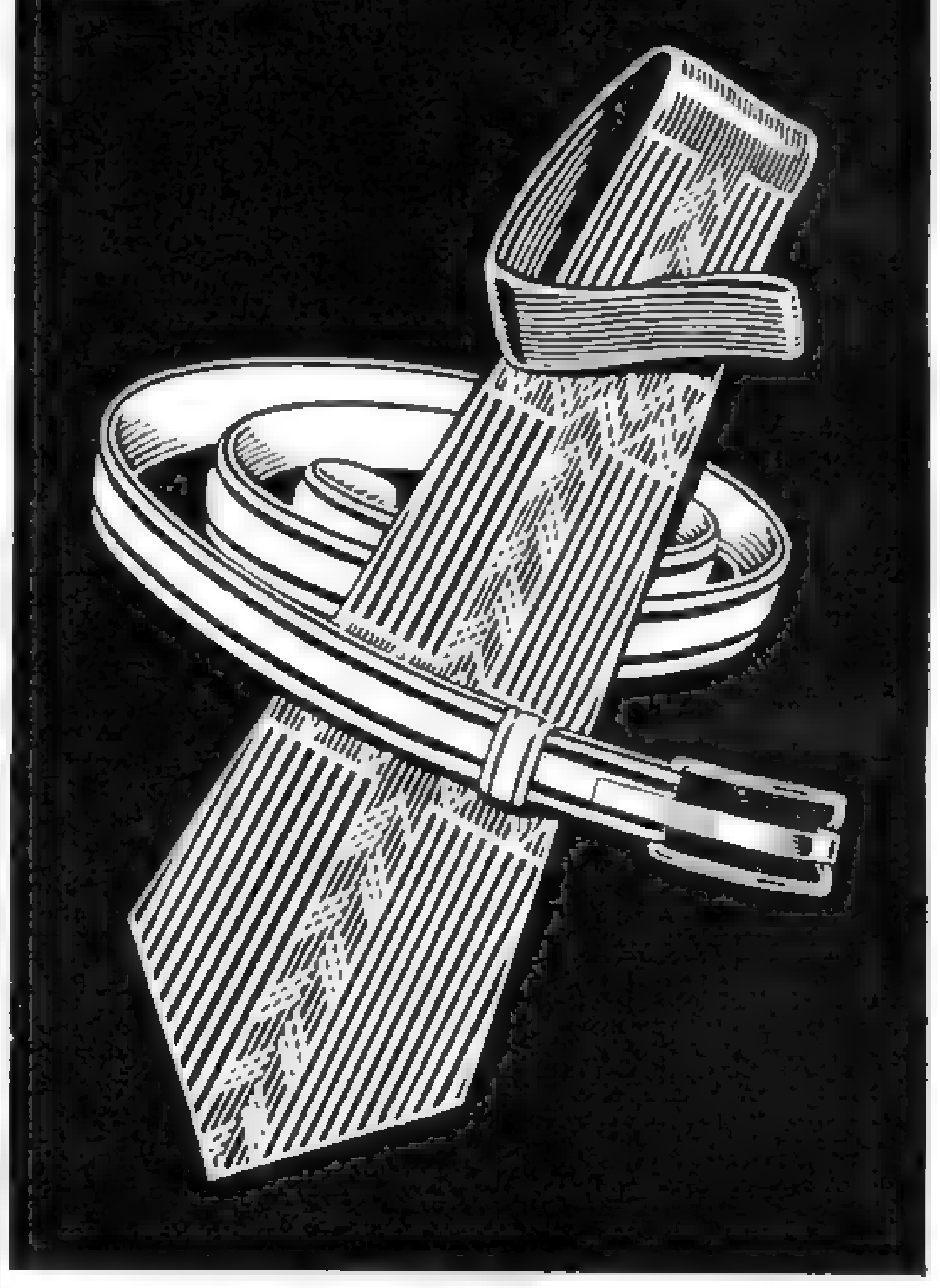

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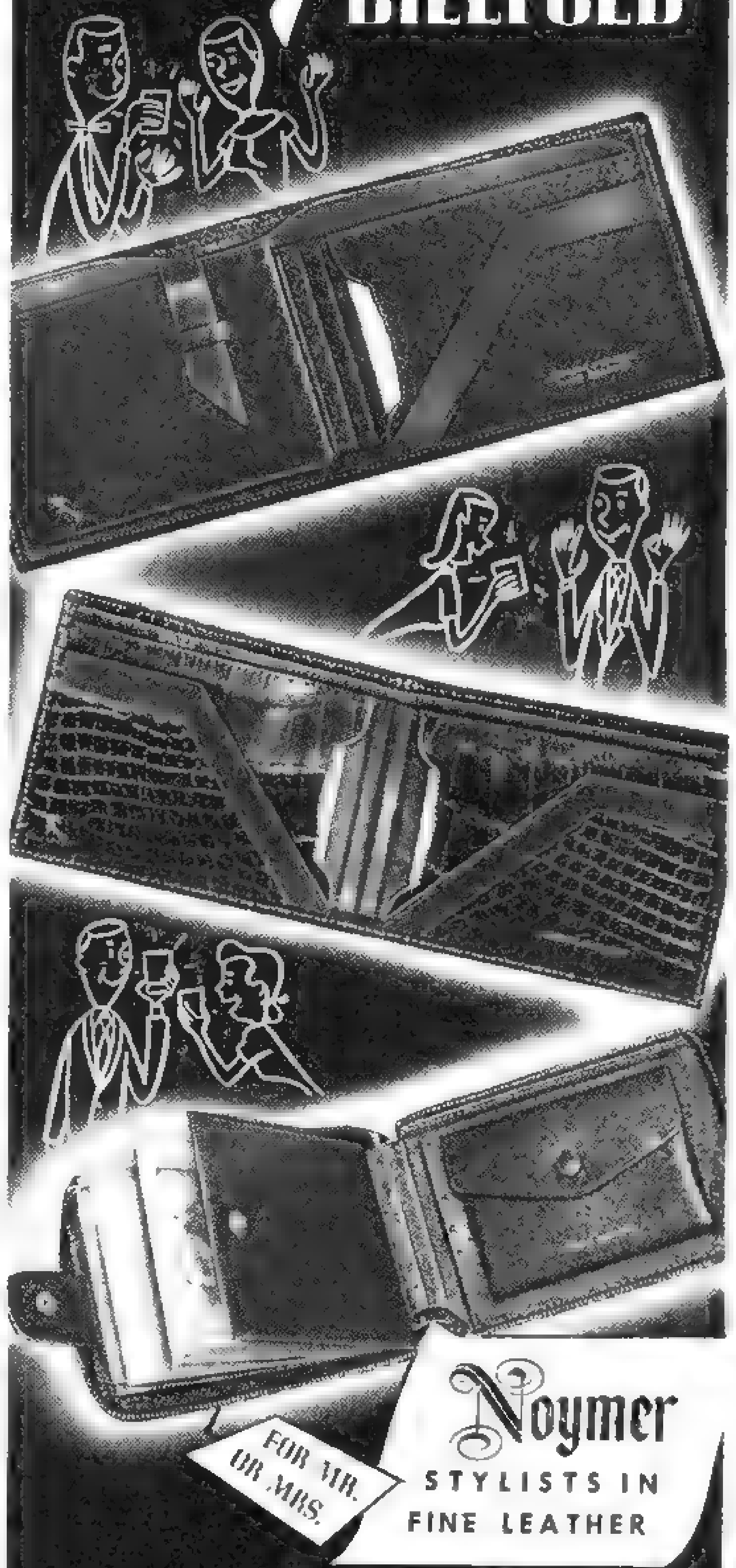
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gent programs. It is possible, he admits, for a very persistent adult to find a few reasonably satisfactory programs during the evening hours. But daytime radio is, in his opinion, the greatest cure for a temporary illness yet discovered by man. "Nothing," he says, "gets a guy on his feet faster than daytime listening to radio."

John's crusading zeal may be ignored by the industry's big wheels, but radio's performers show considerable respect for his opinion. They know him to be a tough, incorruptible critic, and, to them, a good word from him means something. A complimentary review will bring a letter like this:

> *"Dear John,*
> *"Your review of our show was the most wonderful thing that has happened to us since we've been in radio!! You have left us quite speechless. We love you,*
> *"Ozzie and Harriet"*

A panning is likely to call forth telegrams, long-distance phone calls, and letters—usually explaining why the show just happened to be particularly bad the night John caught it. A paragraph of unfavorable comment once threw a young comedian into such a tizzy that he began four letters before he could say his piece. In desperation he sent all four to John:

> *"Dear Mr. Crosby:*
> *"Have just finished reading your lousy column. Any guy who sits out on Fire Island listening to his broken-down radio and then sets himself up as a super critic can take his column, his radio, and his Fire Island, and he can . . ."*

> *"Dear John,*
> *"Just read your column and under separate cover you will soon receive a package. If you notice a ticking sound . . ."*

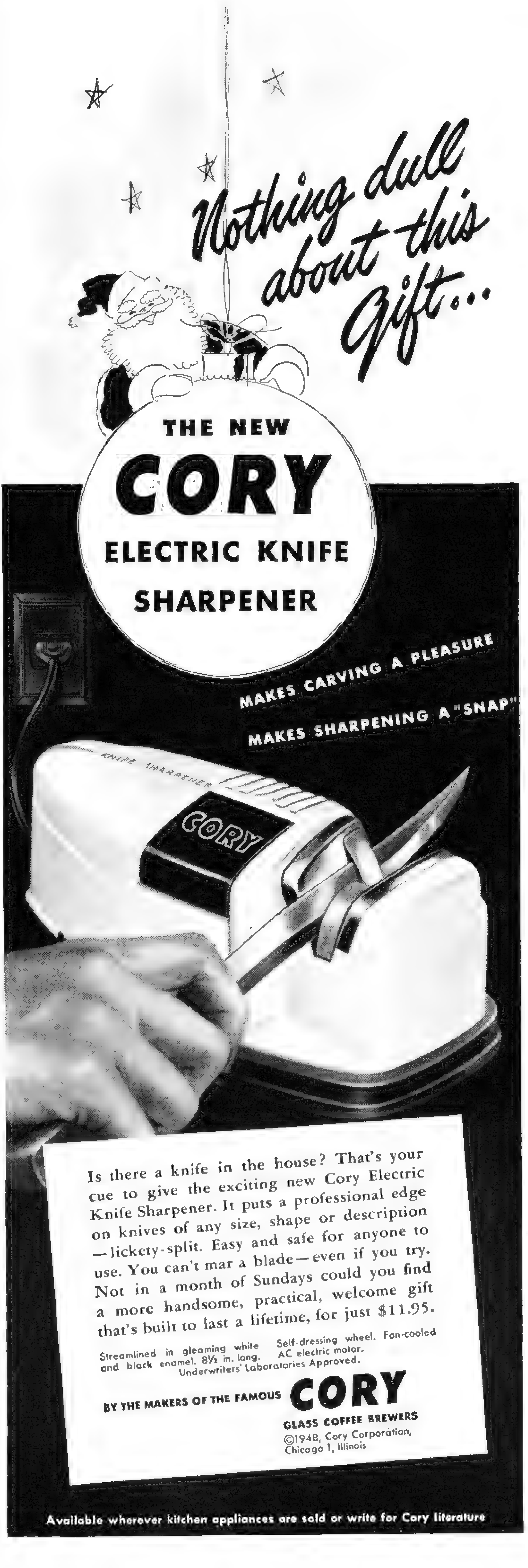
> *"Editor, New York* Herald-Tribune
> *"New York, New York*
> *"Dear Sir:*
> *"I have enjoyed your paper very much, that is until last week when I read an atrocious column written by one John Crosby.*
> *"Now it means absolutely nothing to me personally, but how you can permit such unmitigated trash to be printed in your excellent newspaper is beyond me.*
> *"Now you know it means nothing to me, but I feel that any person who is so unfair in his criticism of young comedians should not be given space in a newspaper. I must insist that his column be discontinued immediately and replaced by something that people will* read *. . . like bird-watching or something.*
> *"As I said before, personally it means nothing to me, but if this man Crosby continues in your paper I shall cancel my subscription. I realize that my five cents doesn't mean very much, but when multiplied by many times more it amounts to many times more. The logic of this is inescapable.*
> *"I shall be looking forward eagerly to the bird-watching column.*
> *"Yours truly,*
> *"A Disgusted Reader"*

> *"Dear John,*
> *"What can I say, dear, after I say I'm sorry?*
> *"Best wishes,*
> *"(signed)"*

John's reply was succinct and to the point. It was, also, the plea of a condemned man—a man condemned by Fate and a five-year contract to do nothing but listen to the radio. He wrote:

> *"Dear——*
> *"Say something funny.*
> *"Prayerfully, John Crosby."* ⧻

Continued from page 75



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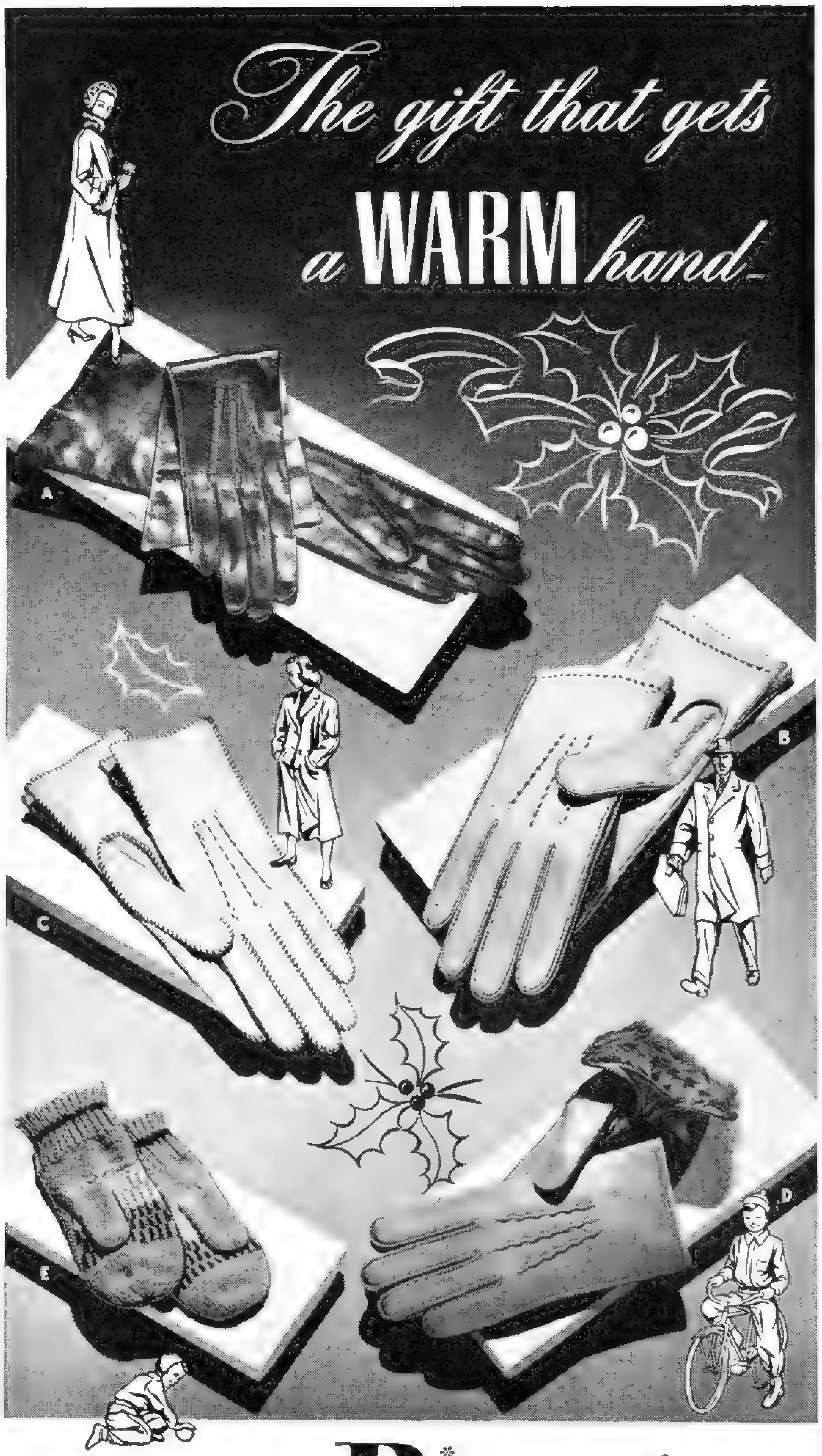
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Ivan and the Platinum Baby

Continued from page 119

squelched," she says. "I'm Gloria Smiley, the gal who is getting married Sunday. Neither my fiance nor I want any publicity. Now, let me give you a check anyway, and you can go."

Ivan folds his arms on his chest. "Nothing doing, kiddo. Your father hired me to make photographs and I'm going to make photographs unless he tells me not to. And please be careful of those floodlights. They're the only ones I have."

"They are?" says Gloria. Then she puts her hand on her forehead as if she's going to faint. "All your arguing has given me a headache," she says. Then the hand comes away from the forehead in a wide arc, knocking the flood lamps off balance.

The tinkling glass falls to the living room and a large contingent of investigators comes up the curving stairway to the balcony, with Mr. James G. Smiley leading by a nose. There is a young guy with him who looks very nervous and a couple of older women with society-type bosoms.

"Well, well, young man," booms Mr. Smiley in a voice like a 34-wheel trailer truck, "what seems to have happened here?"

Gloria speaks up. "I collided with Mr. Johnson's floodlights."

Mr. Smiley takes over with his best executive manner. "Now let's see, young man, what was broken?"

"My last two Superfloods, sir. Can't buy them. I'm afraid there can't be any pictures, after all."

"Well, now let's not be too hasty. Gloria!" he says. "Show this young man that stuff in Howard's closet. There were all kinds of bulbs there." He turns to Ivan. "Howard was quite a photographer. I'm sure you'll find what you need there."

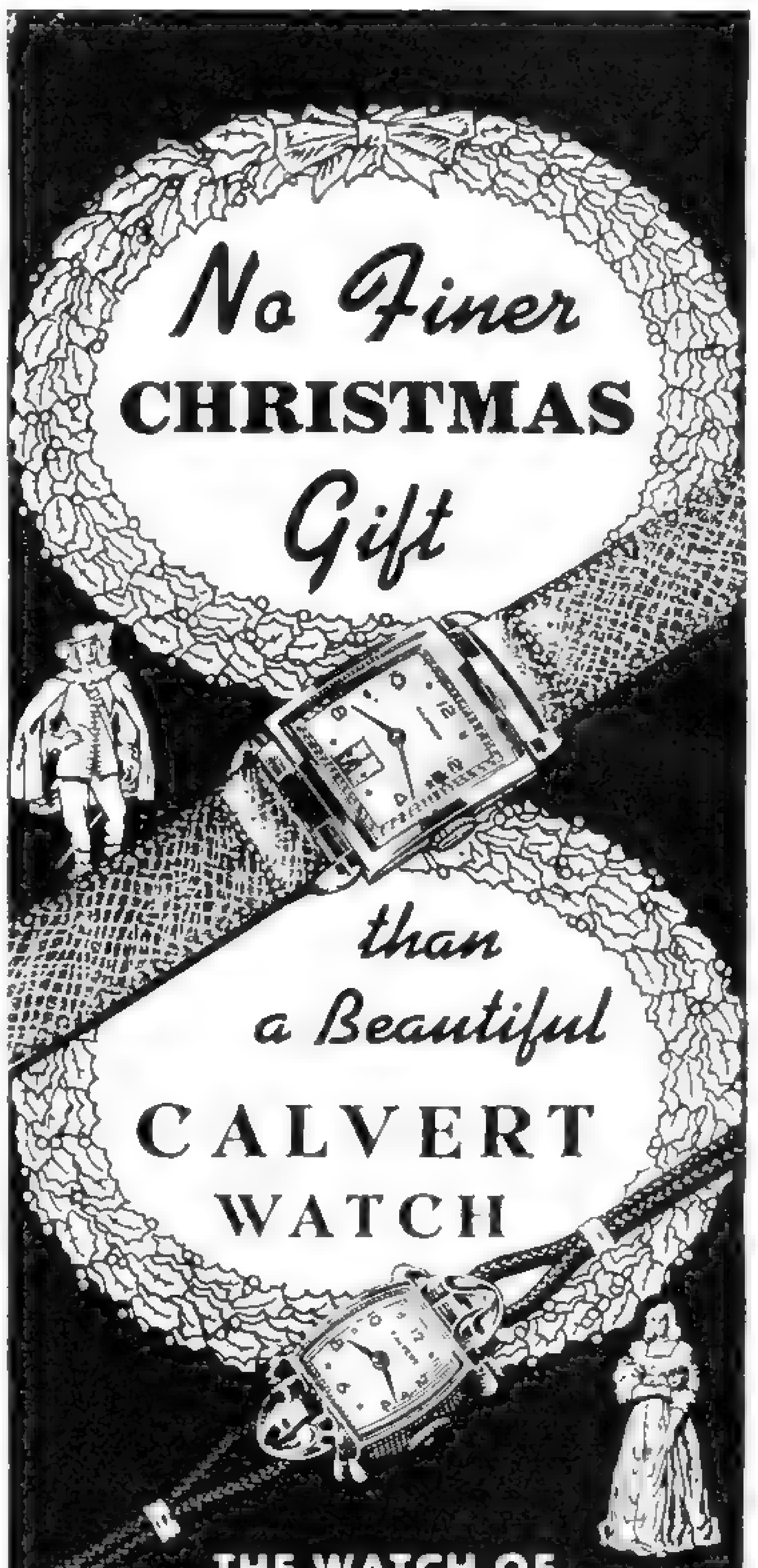
Gloria shrugs, leads the way into another bedroom and opens a closet, saying, "I suppose you'll find some bulbs here."

Ivan gets down on his knees and finds the closet filled with cameras and photographic equipment. Suddenly he lets out a whoop that would scare a Navaho Indian. "Sixteen inches! F:4.5! Milex shutter! Man alive, an honest-to-God Dogmoor Anastigmat!"

"Why, Ivan," Gloria says. "Shall I call the men in white coats or is this your usual routine when you see a lot of photographic junk?"

"Junk!" Ivan roars. "Listen, that's just exactly what I—" He suddenly checks himself, thinking very fast, because he wonders if Gloria is not on the best of terms with him at this moment, so he says, "That's just exactly what I do, I start hollering every time I even pass a store window full of cameras and things. Just can't help myself. I'm so enthusiastic about photographic junk, I—"

"Hmm," says Gloria. "Well,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did you find the bulbs you wanted?"

"Oh, yes, the bulbs," Ivan says, starting to look for them. However, he is at a disadvantage because he can't take his eyes off that gorgeous hunk of glass in the front of an ancient 8 x 10 view camera on the closet floor. "By the way, Gloria," he says casually, "whose stuff is this?"

"I guess it's my father's now," she says. "It belonged to a boy I was going to marry. His parents died and he came to live with us before the war. He was killed in Germany."

Ivan notes that she has a long face when she says this. Then the nervous guy comes in and Gloria says, "Oh, Montague, this is Mr. Johnson, the photographer. Mr. Johnson, Mr. D'Aulby."

"Darling," Montague says, "why don't you go on down and I'll take care of Mr. Johnson."

By this time Ivan has located a couple of Superfloods and is ready for anything. After Gloria goes out, Ivan measures the nervous Montague, figuring he can throw him downstairs if necessary. But he says, "No more monkeyshines, fellow. Gloria knocked over my floodlights on purpose. What's eatin' ya, anyway!"

Montague laughs easily. "Oh, I'm sure it was an accident, Mr. Johnson. Look, I think it will be very nice to have these photographs made, although I want you to promise me you won't publish them."

"Nothing doing," Ivan tells him. "Mr. Smiley wants a picture in the paper, and he's boss."

"Listen, I'll pay you! One hundred dollars, just to slow you up so they're not ready for the papers."

"No," says Ivan.

"Five hundred," offers Montague, rubbing his hands together.

"No," says Ivan. He is a man of strong principles.

Montague starts to smile. "I can sue you then, for publishing my picture without my release."

"No, you can't," says Ivan, who knows something about the legal end of photography. "Being married to Mr. Smiley's daughter puts you in the news, and no libel is involved publishing the likeness of a newsworthy person or persons."

"Well, I'll see Mr. Smiley about it," Montague says, and they go downstairs.

Against a background of chrysanthemums Ivan makes what he confidently knows are the greatest shots ever made of Gloria Smiley. Unfortunately, he has to include Montague D'Aulby in some of them.

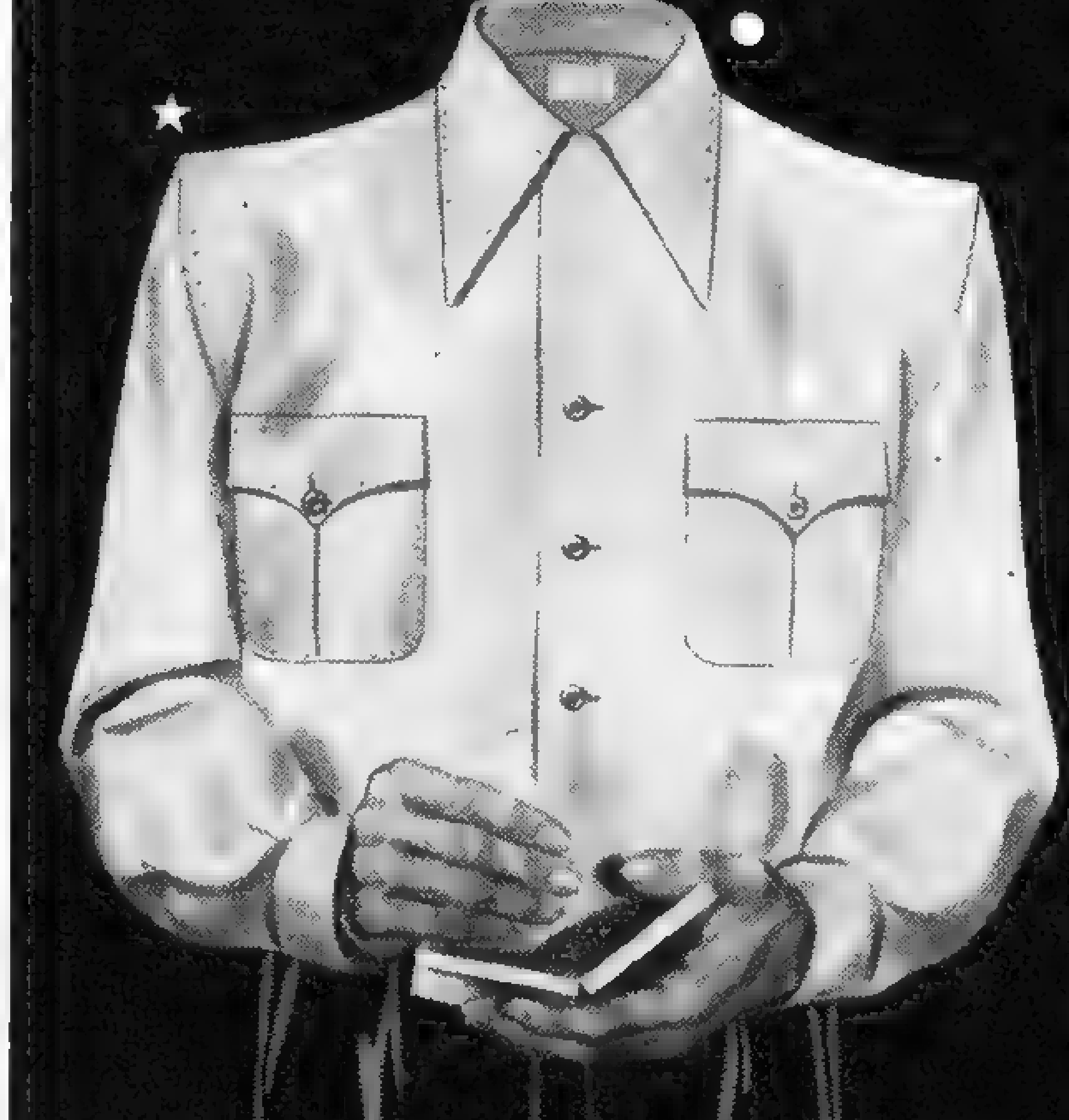
However, the main thing that bothers him is that glorious Dogmoor Anastigmat gathering dust in the upstairs closet.

Mr. Smiley tells Gloria to take Ivan into the bar for a drink while he goes to make out a check, and Montague fades.

The bar is a little room down a few steps from the living room

Continued on page 252

if you were king



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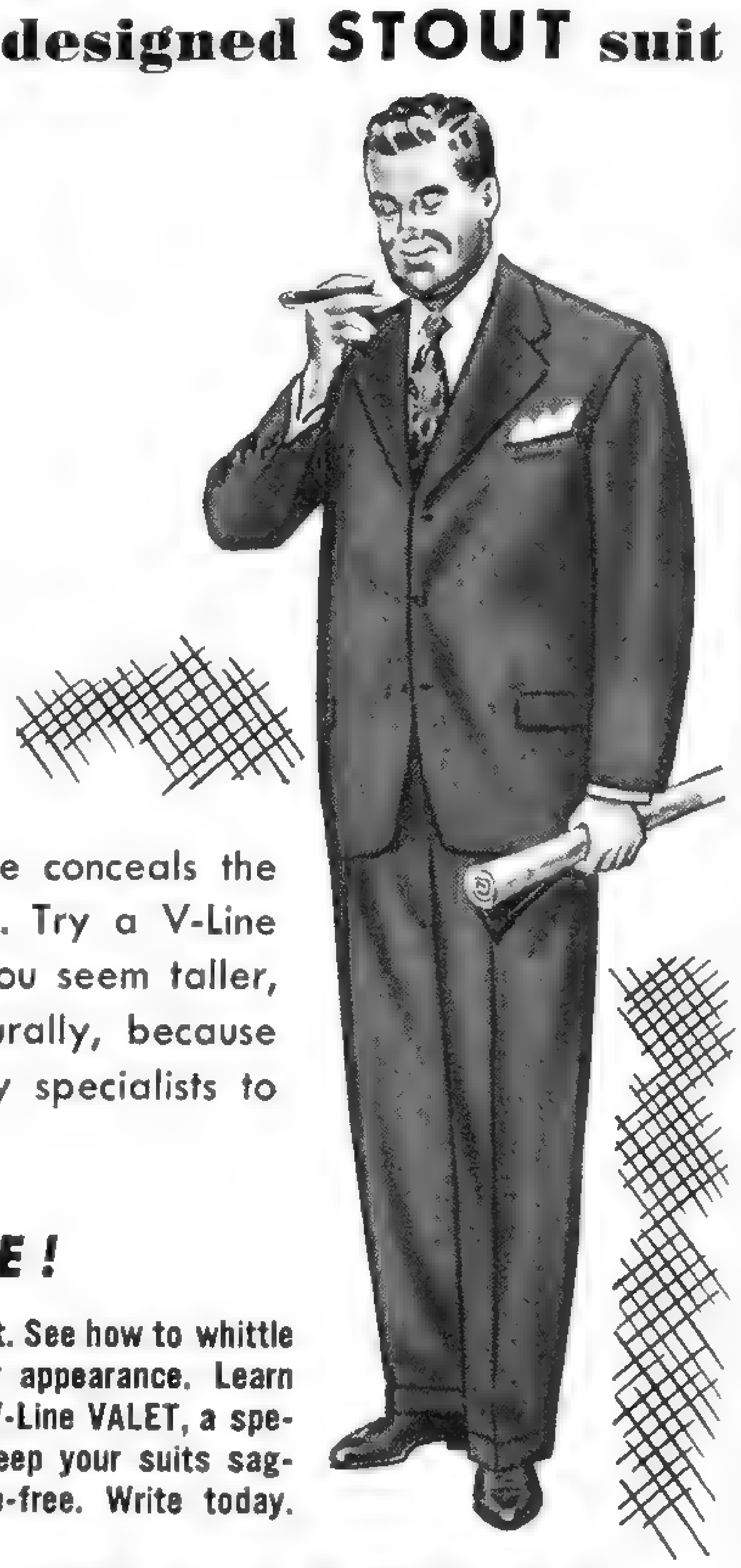

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Ivan and the Platinum Baby

Continued from page 251

and there is a servant dishing it out.

Ivan says, "I'll need a really stiff one after this assignment."

Gloria looks embarrassed. "Is it as bad as that?"

"As I told you before, kiddo. You don't love that guy any more than I do, but I don't see as how you need a meal ticket, either."

Gloria almost spills the highball she is handing him. "Don't be a disturbing influence, Ivan," she says. "It is a very good match."

"Well," Ivan says, "if you have any babies, bring 'em to Ivan's for the best photographs in town."

"You'll have to stay in business for a long time, Ivan. Monty doesn't want any kids. He has everything planned. England, France, India—the works. Loads of boats, but no kids."

"I just returned myself from a sort of world tour," Ivan says. "It must be nice traveling first class. Hope he can afford it."

At this minute some kind of hue and cry starts up in the living room because somebody has noticed our landlady's kids playing on the front terrace and brought them inside.

"They're mine," Ivan says, and Gloria's eyebrows go up to here. "I mean," Ivan explains sheepishly, "they are my landlady's kids, but I like to take care of them sometimes. I, well, I like kids."

Everybody laughs but Gloria. "I guess you really do," she says.

When Mr. Smiley comes back with his check for a hundred fish Ivan gathers up the kids and makes for the foyer, where he has left the two camera cases and the floodlights, which fold into very small boxes. He comes on Montague D'Aulby, who says chummily, "Mr. Smiley and I have agreed that you can publish one or two if they come out well." He shakes hands with Ivan and smiles.

On the way downtown to bring me the negatives for developing, Ivan sits through two green lights. He is wishing he never met this bank president and his daughter, hundred bucks or no, except for the Dogmoor Anastigmat which we must have. Ivan decides he will go to see Mr. S. in the morning where he can talk man to man and make him a proposition he can't refuse.

It is my opinion the big thing bothering Ivan is the prospect of this Gloria getting married to a drawing-room product like Montague, who was probably a draft dodger at least. However, Ivan says, she's just one more sweet kid, with a beautiful pan and a lot of beautiful hair and a beautiful figure, and wonderful to talk to, but Ivan would be the last guy on earth who would care anything about her personally. In the first place, guys like Ivan and me don't marry society fillies

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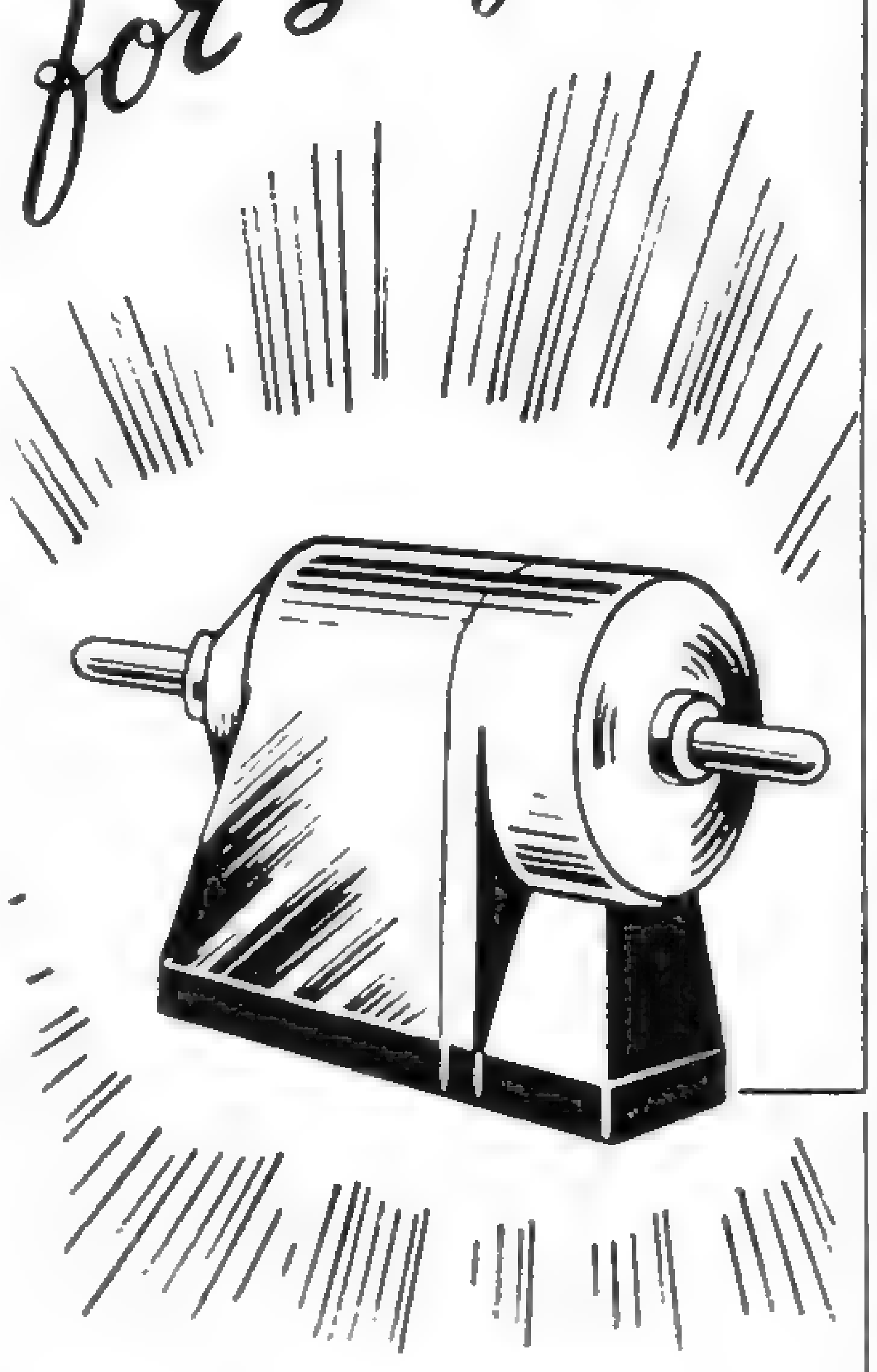

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even if we wanted to get married instead of starting up a business. And we don't.

So while Ivan is telling me all this after giving me the negatives to develop, he absent-mindedly sits down on my tank of hypo, and gets his pants wet. I tell him he's in a fog and to rush home and wash his pants out or they'll be eaten to pieces. And before he goes I warn him not to let his emotions interfere with business or we will never get anywhere.

When I get home at 8 a.m. Ivan is peacefully sleeping and has such a nice smile on his puss that I do not wake him up, but climb into the other twin bed.

While I am enjoying a nightmare Ivan gets up and goes downtown to Los Angeles to talk turkey with this Smiley. It seems he is not the president of a bank at all, but president of a chain of banks, and Ivan has to work his way through a chain of secretaries and outer offices to get at him. He finally locates him behind a desk that would sleep four with no crowding, in an office equipped with everything including television.

"Mr. Smiley," Ivan says, "I have come to speak to you about a very delicate matter."

The concussion practically blows the windows out. "My God, son, didn't your pictures come out?"

Ivan laughs very expansively. "My dear Mr. Smiley, when Ivan Johnson makes photographs, they always turn out. I don't want to brag or anything, but the United States Navy depended on my pictures for very important missions and you know they couldn't take chances. These pictures of yours, now, were developed last night right down at the *Times Express* office, and I told them how important they were."

"Well, my boy," says Mr. Smiley, "what's on your mind? I'm a busy man, so let's get right down to brass tacks."

Ivan says, "I need a certain kind of camera lens that's very hard to get, and I was amazed to find just exactly this item last night in your closet."

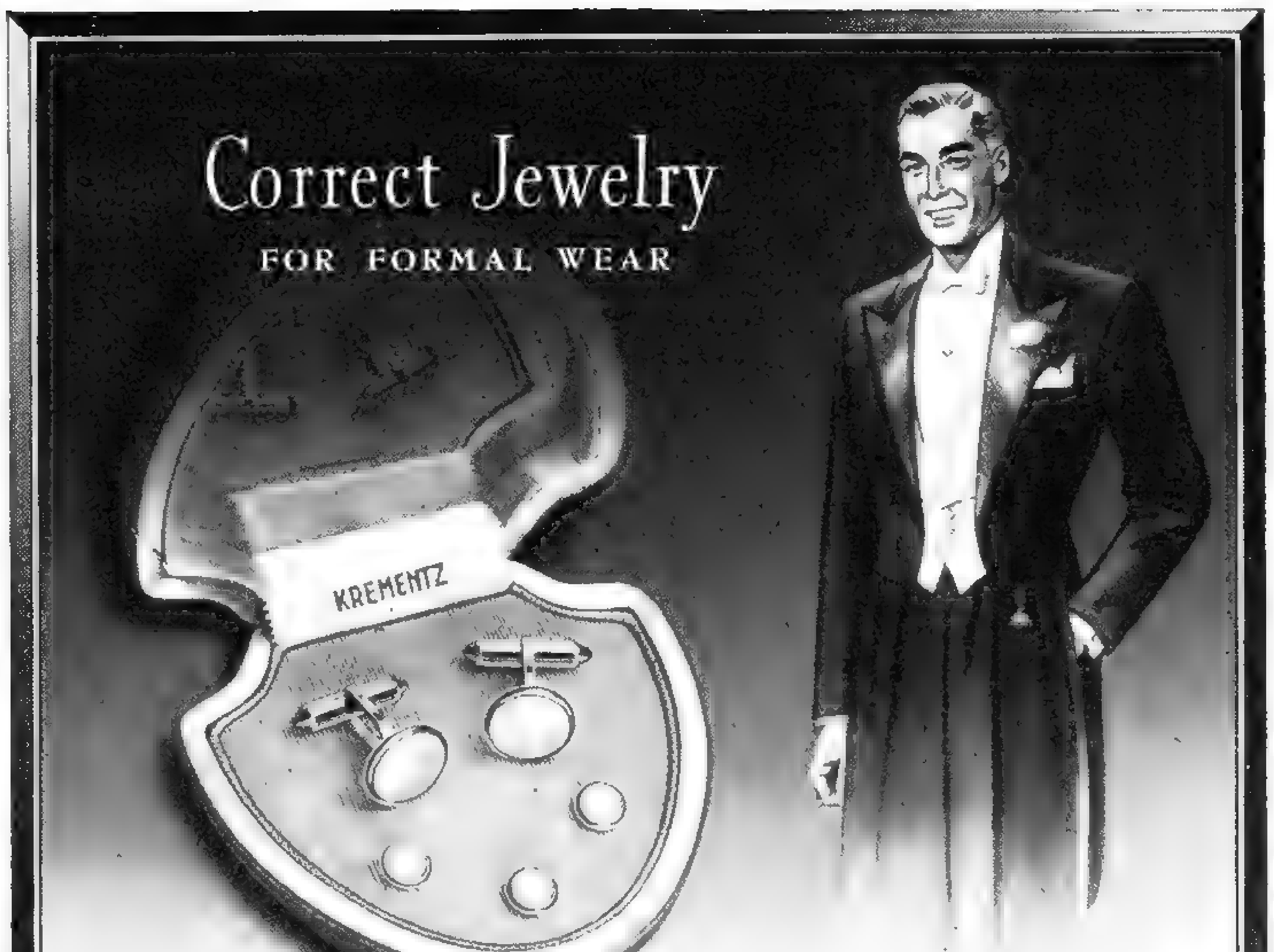
Mr. Smiley says, "Are you talking about that old, that great big camera on the closet floor?"

"Yes, sir," Ivan says. "It's what I've been looking all over for. The old camera isn't worth much, but that lens. It's probably worth two hundred or thereabouts. I could find out exactly, and I'd be glad to pay . . ."

"Ah," says Mr. Smiley, wrinkling up his brow, "now, isn't that strange! Quite a coincidence! Only this morning I gave that old camera to Gloria. She said she was interested in learning about photography. However, perhaps you can buy it from her. I had no idea it was worth that much. Imagine—two hundred dollars for an old camera!"

Ivan looked very depressed when he came back. I happened to be up at the time for reasons best known to myself, and he

Continued on page 254



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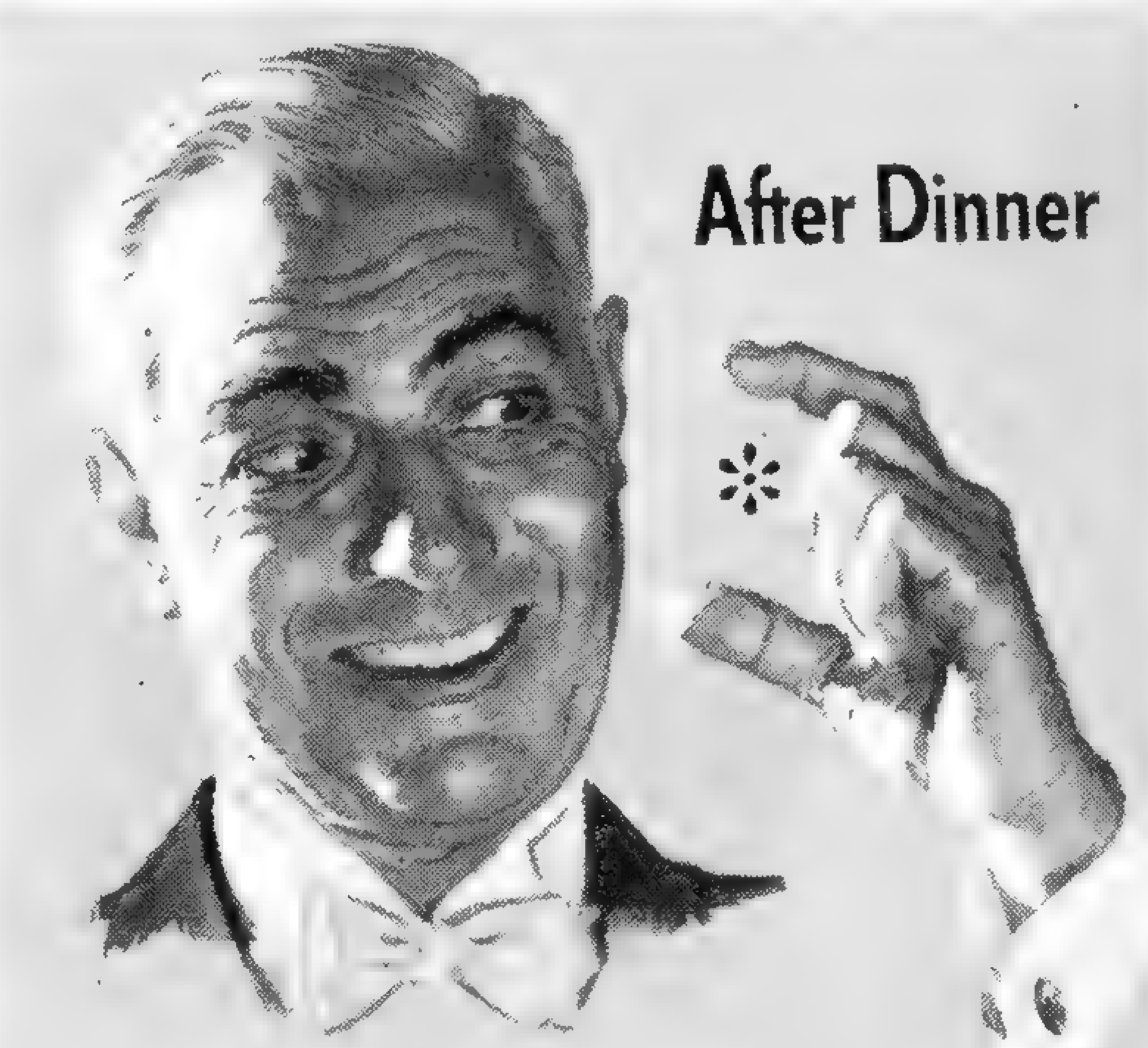

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Ivan and the Platinum Baby

Continued from page 253

looks at me and says where are the pictures.

So I try to pass it off as a joke, sort of, and I say, "Where are you loading your film holders these days—in broad sunlight?"

"I don't get it," he says. "And I'm in no mood for gags this morning."

"I wish I *were* kidding you, son," I say. "Your negs were as black as the bottom of an oil well. Lightstruck. Maybe your shutter was stuck open or something."

"No, no," Ivan says, looking like a dark thunderstorm, "nothing wrong with the shutter." He thinks a second, then asks me was there clear film along the edges where the film holder clamps down on the film, and I tell him yes, come to think of it, there was. This can only mean that somebody deliberately pulled out the slides of the film holders to ruin the pix. Ivan grabs the telephone book.

He calls the Smiley mansion and Gloria is not in. "Who is this callin'?" a maid asks him.

"Why," says Ivan, "does it make any difference?"

The voice laughs. "Yassuh, it does make a difference, it certainly does. Is you Mr. Johnson or Mr. D'Aulby?"

"Yes," Ivan says.

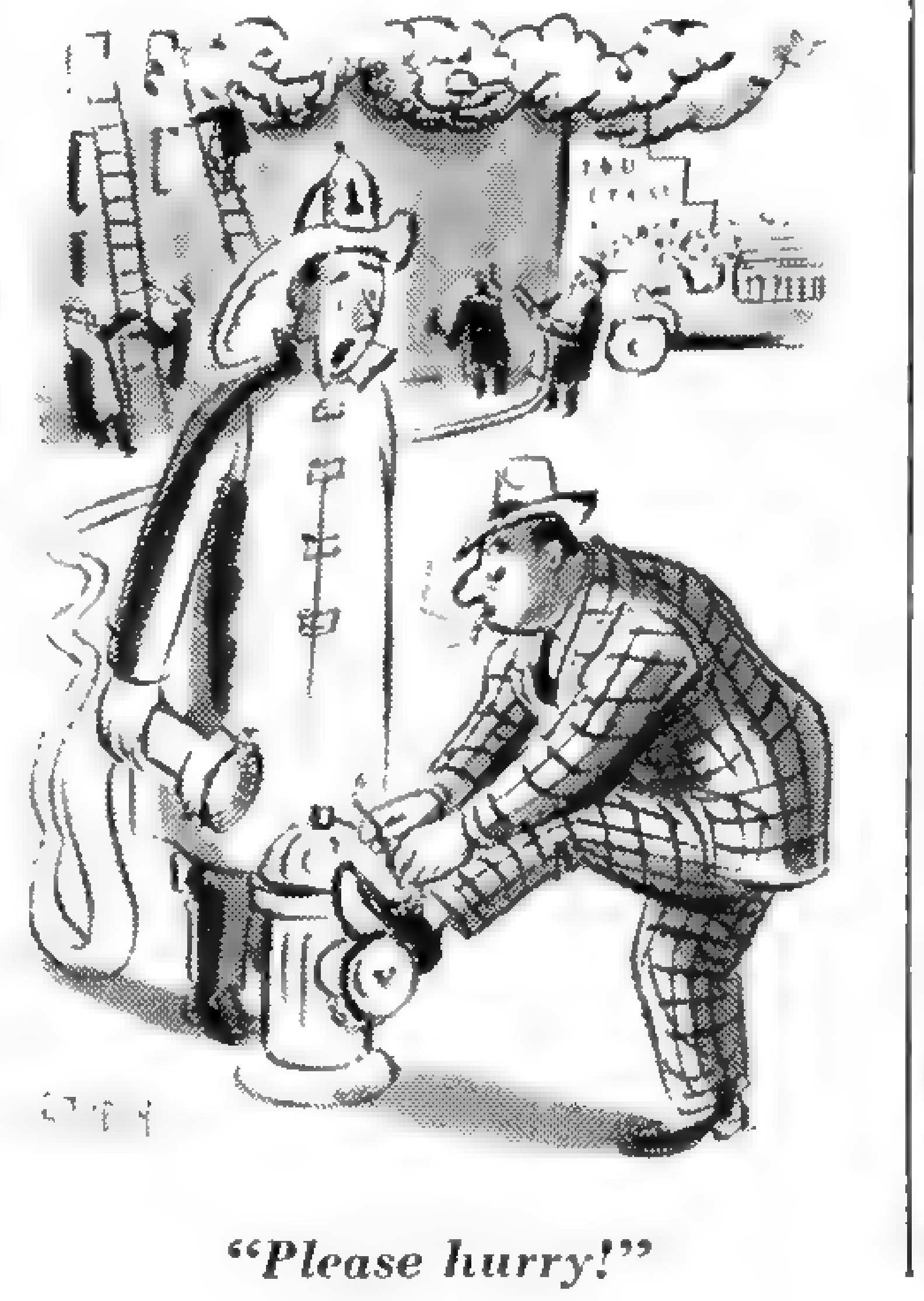
"Well, suh, if you is Mr. Johnson, she is at the Players' Restaurant, but if you is Mr. D'Aulby she is at Ciro's . . ."

Ivan finds Gloria sitting at one of the tables on the outdoor terrace. She looks very trim and shipshape in a grey tailored suit, and a kind of maroon doodad as a hat. She looks so nice and so sweet that Ivan almost forgets he is angry at her, and her low-down boy friend.

"I rather thought you'd be getting in touch with me," she says brightly. "About a Dogmoor? But didn't you bring the pictures?"

"The pictures!" Ivan screams. "You trying to be funny, after all the trouble I went to? I suppose you don't know your precious boy friend ruined them all while I was with you in the bar?"

"Not really!" Gloria says. "I



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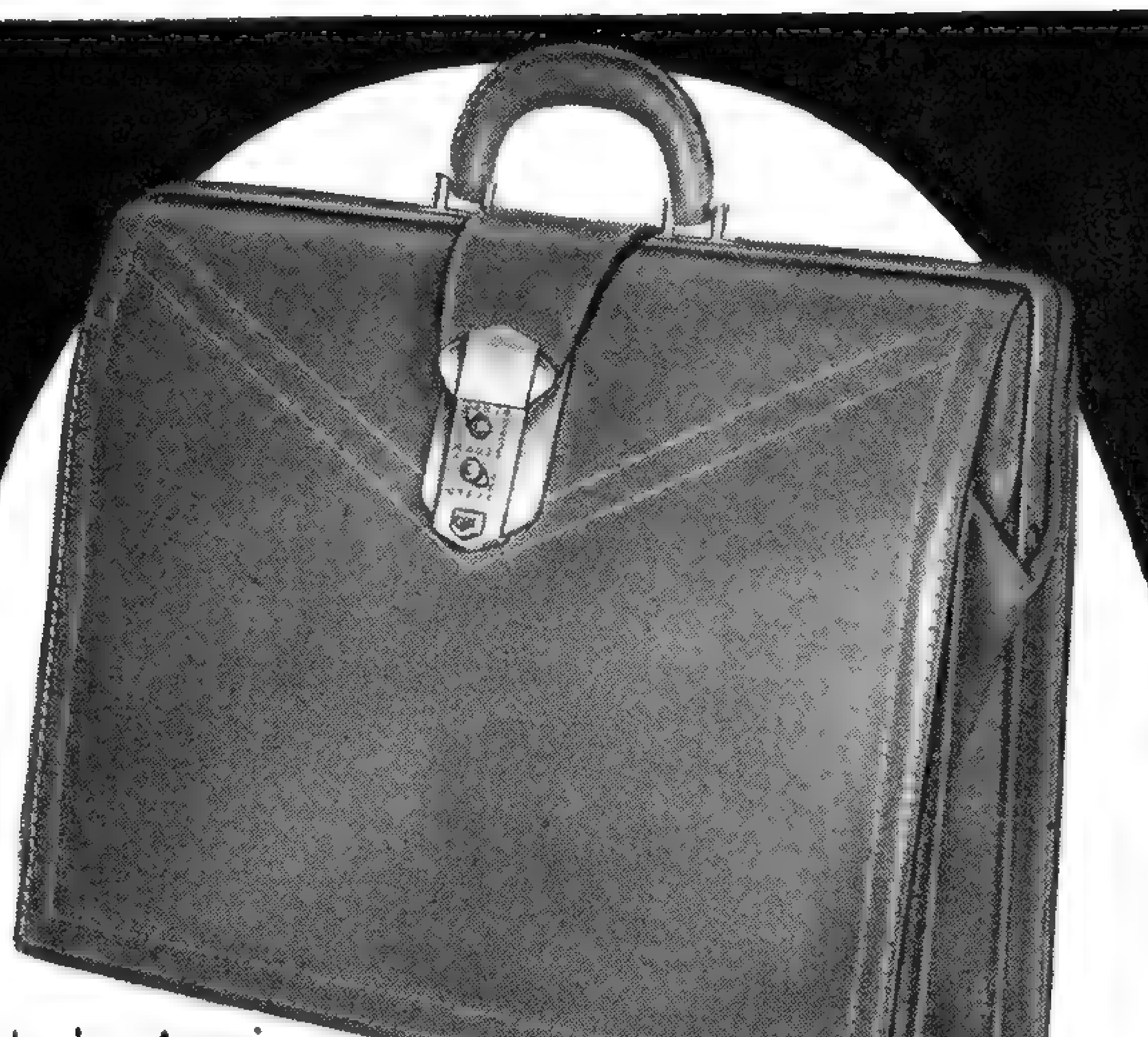

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didn't think it meant that much to him."

"Well," says Ivan, "I want you to tell your father about it, because he's going to be terribly put out. And here's the check he gave me."

"Keep the check, Ivan. You did your work. I really am surprised at Monty for doing a thing like that."

"I cannot keep the check since I did not deliver the goods in accordance with my promise," says Ivan, and he tears the check into pieces. Sometimes I think he is afflicted with softening of the brain, and he is only twenty-nine at that.

"Besides," says Ivan, "the most important thing to me anyway is this Dogmoor which you mentioned a few minutes ago. You understand that we have got to have it, don't you?"

"Really?" says Gloria. "Now, you wouldn't expect me just to give it to you, would you?"

"Oh, no, Gloria, of course not. I am prepared to offer two hundred dollars for it to start the bidding."

"Ivan," she says, pouting, "how crude of you! Don't you understand this camera belonged to the man I loved? Definitely, I couldn't possibly sell it. Not possibly."

To make matters worse, a cloud now gathers on the horizon in the person of Montague D'Aulby.

Gloria can see Ivan stiffen up with that old Navy fight and she touches his hand, making him think of all that he has renounced with his firm policy against females. She says, "Please, Ivan. For my sake. Don't do anything here. Don't even say anything about the pictures for the time being."

"So," says Montague D'Aulby, "this is where I find you." And then when he recognizes Ivan: "What are you up to now, boy? Trying to steal my girl?"

"Listen, mister," Ivan says, "don't go around calling me 'boy.' I'm twenty-nine, see, and that makes you look pretty decrepit." Ivan looks him over to see how decrepit he really is, and is satisfied. "And as for stealing your girl, I'll think that over. It's not a bad idea . . . not a bad idea at all!"

It is easy to see Gloria does not mind being the center of attention. "Please, boys," she says, "break it up now. Monty, you go inside to the bar and wait for me, because I want to discuss something with Mr. Johnson alone. Be a good lad now and I'll join you directly."

So Montague grumbles a bit and then obediently shuffles off to the bar.

By this time I am no longer sleeping peacefully. In fact, I am shaving, which is a hard thing to do at 11:30 a.m., considering that I went to bed at 8:00. It seems that Benny the Crimp is in a little jam. He apologizes very profusely for getting me out of bed at this hour in the morning when

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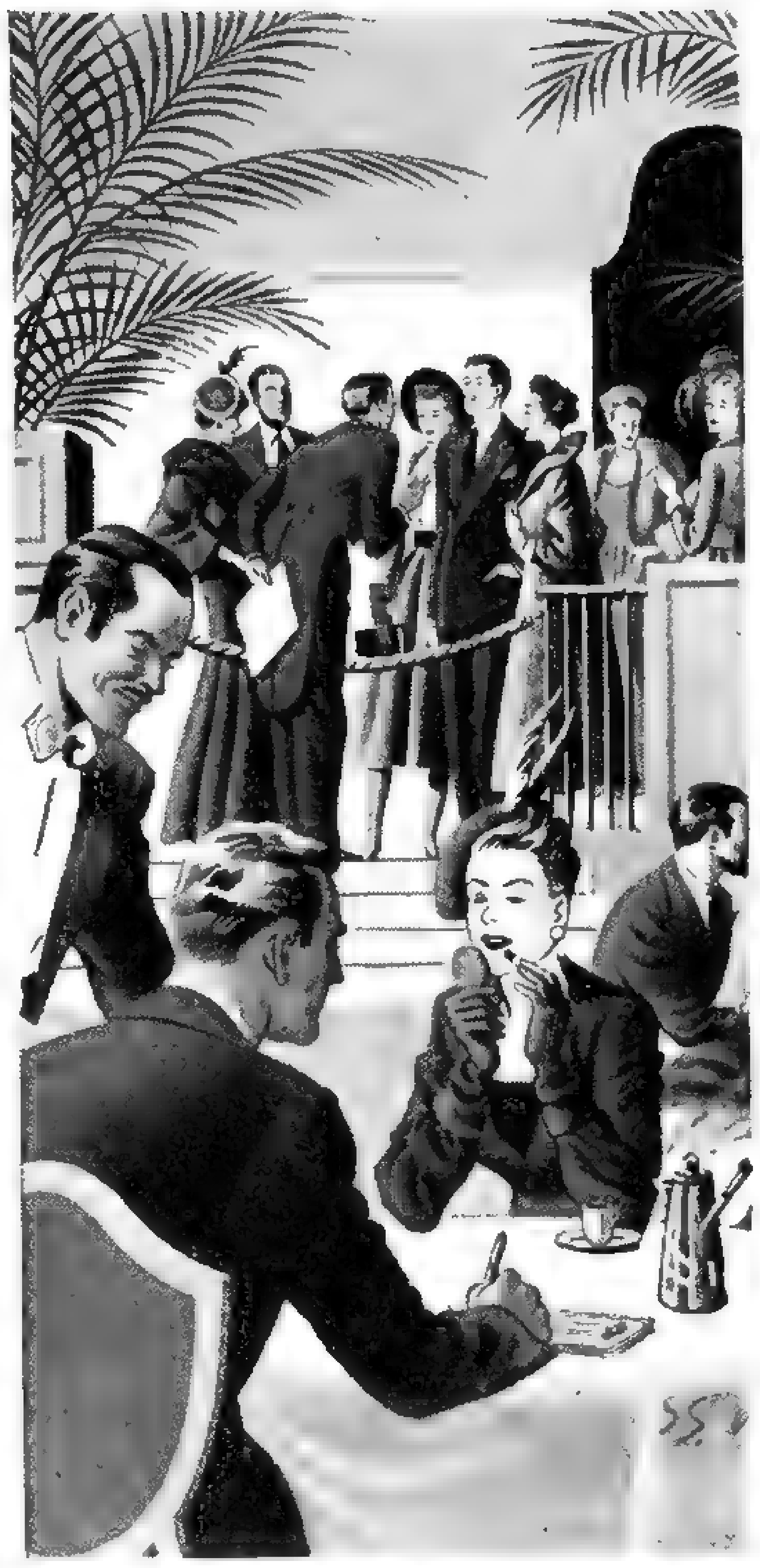

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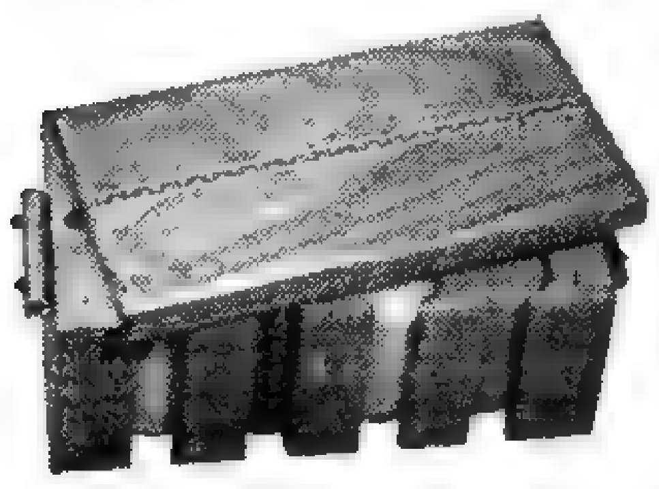

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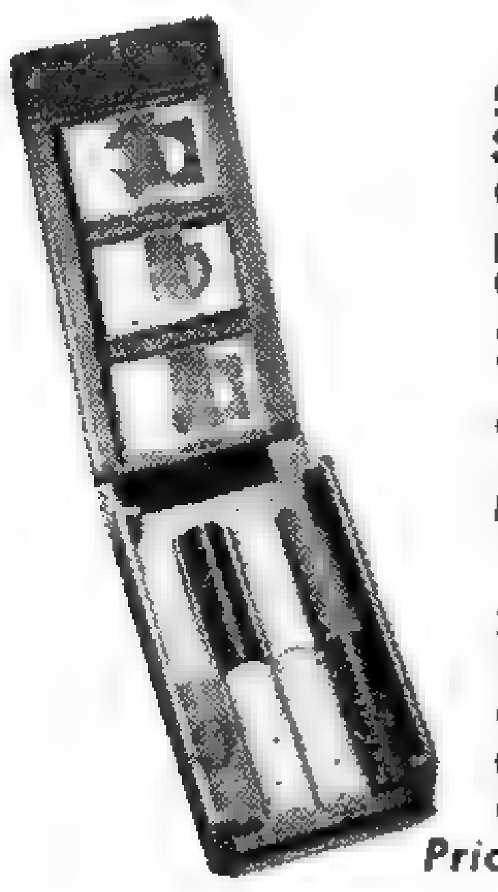

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Ivan and the Platinum Baby

Continued from page 255

he calls on the telephone, but it seems that he also is getting married one of these days and he has bought for his girl a three-carat sparkler for the sum of twenty-five hundred simoleons.

However, it seems that he buys it with eight hundred down and the rest in two-hundred-dollar installments every month, and he suddenly finds that he has overlooked the payment of this sum for several months, with the consequence that the place that sold it to him now wants the whole balance due, which is one grand, or they will commandeer the ice itself right away.

Benny is very sorry to have to ask me for it, but he is asking me for the one G which I have turned over to Ivan, and much as I hate to give Ivan two doses of bad news in one day, I now have to tell him that I am really flatter than a carrier's deck and the thousand he has is homesick. In fact, I have to get Ivan to the bank before it closes at three o'clock and hand over Benny's mazuma before five, when the jewelry store will clamp down. So I am shaving. I am hoping I can still catch up with Ivan at the Players' Restaurant, and I am not disappointed. He is sitting at a table on the terrace, and it is at this moment that I get my first firsthand look at this Smiley chicken, and I note that she is not hard on the eyes at all. I am sorry to have to butt in on their conference, but I sit down with them and tell them all about Benny the Crimp, my system to take the beating out of betting, and the fact that Benny has to make with the dough to pay for the ring he has bought for the swell he is getting married to. Personally, I think Benny is probably knocking off some rich duckling in order to set himself up for life, but that is not too much of my business.

"Well," says Ivan, "this is the last straw. Last night, no pictures. This morning, no Dogmoor. She won't sell it. And now you want one-third of our capital out of the bank."

"Personally," I say, "I do not think all of these matters worry you half as much as the fact that this beautiful damsel is going to get married to somebody else." I slip a quick wink at Gloria.

"Shut your mouth, mate!" Ivan says.

I start to do so, in fact I have it half shut, when out of the corner of my eye, who should I see walking towards our table but Benny the Crimp.

"Benny," I yell and get up. "What a fortunate coincidence. Here is my pal and we can all go down to the bank together."

But Benny has stopped short in his tracks and stands still on the terrace about ten feet from our table. He suddenly looks pale,

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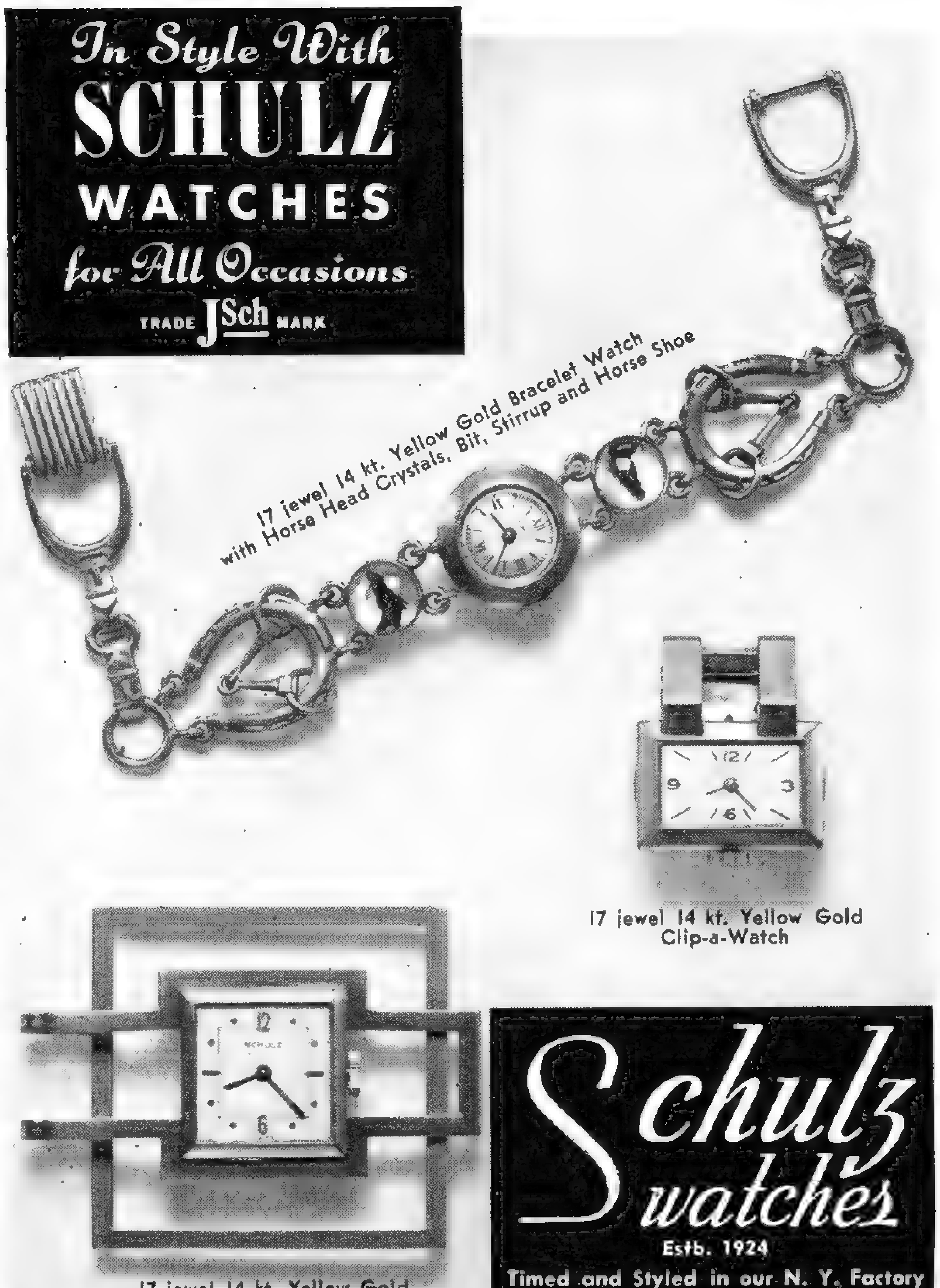

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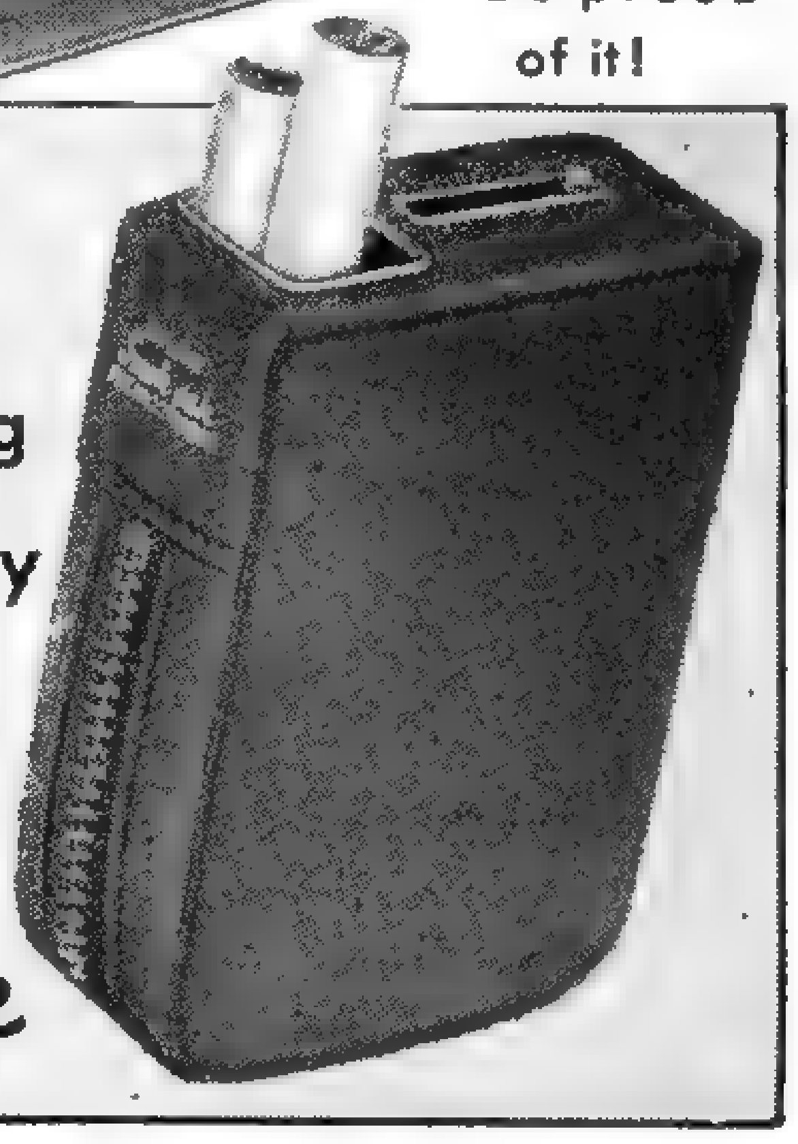

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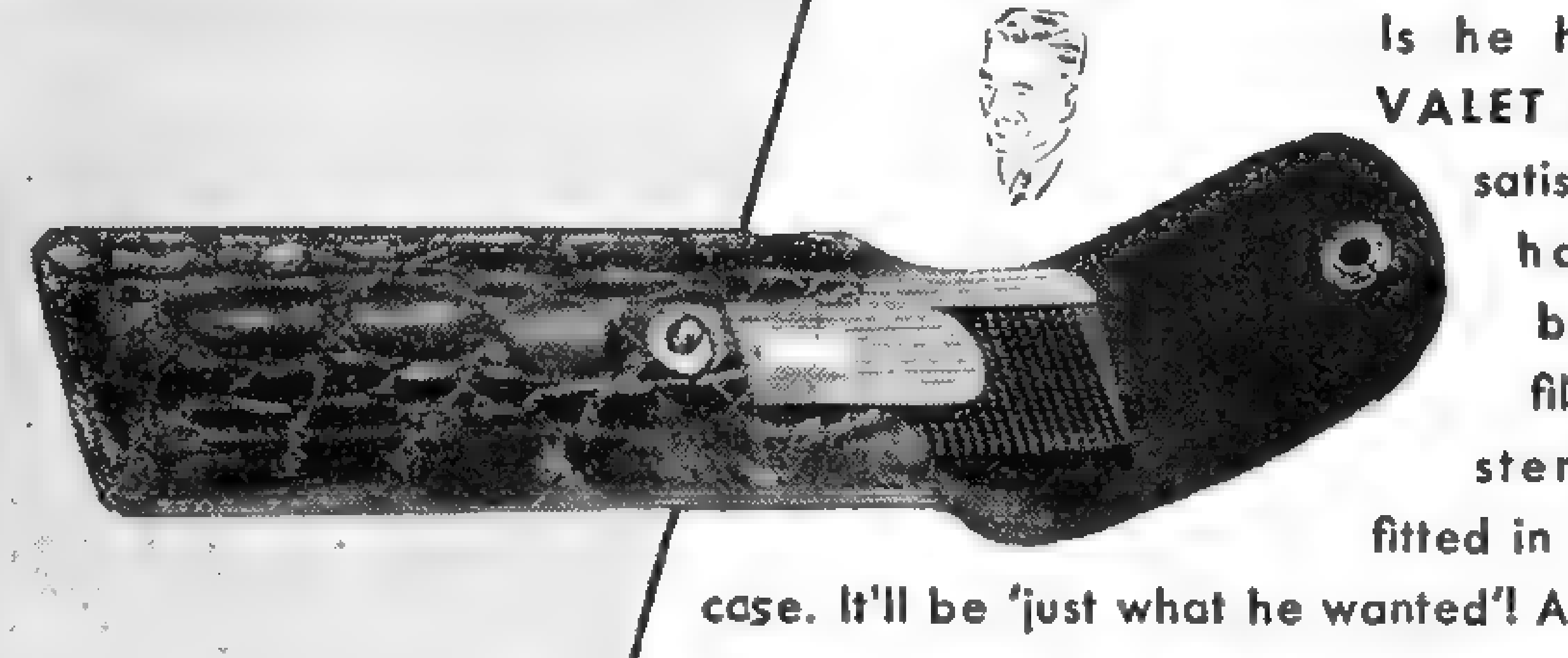

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as if he's going to faint.

"You must be crazy," Ivan and Gloria say practically at the same time. "That man is Montague D'Aulby!"

I was right, because he does faint. "He may be Saint Peter himself to you," I say, "but he's Benny the Crimp where I work."

By the time what's-his-name comes to, Gloria is handing him the three-carat solitaire and telling him to take it back so he won't need to finish paying for it, and furthermore she is telling him to forget that these two nice, upstanding boys owe him a thousand dollars until they get darn good and ready to pay him back, in exchange for which courtesy she will refrain from suing him for something or other or giving the story to all the newspapers. And that is the last any of us see of Benny the Crimp except me, and I have to run into him once in a while at the office unless we open up our studio at once or sooner.

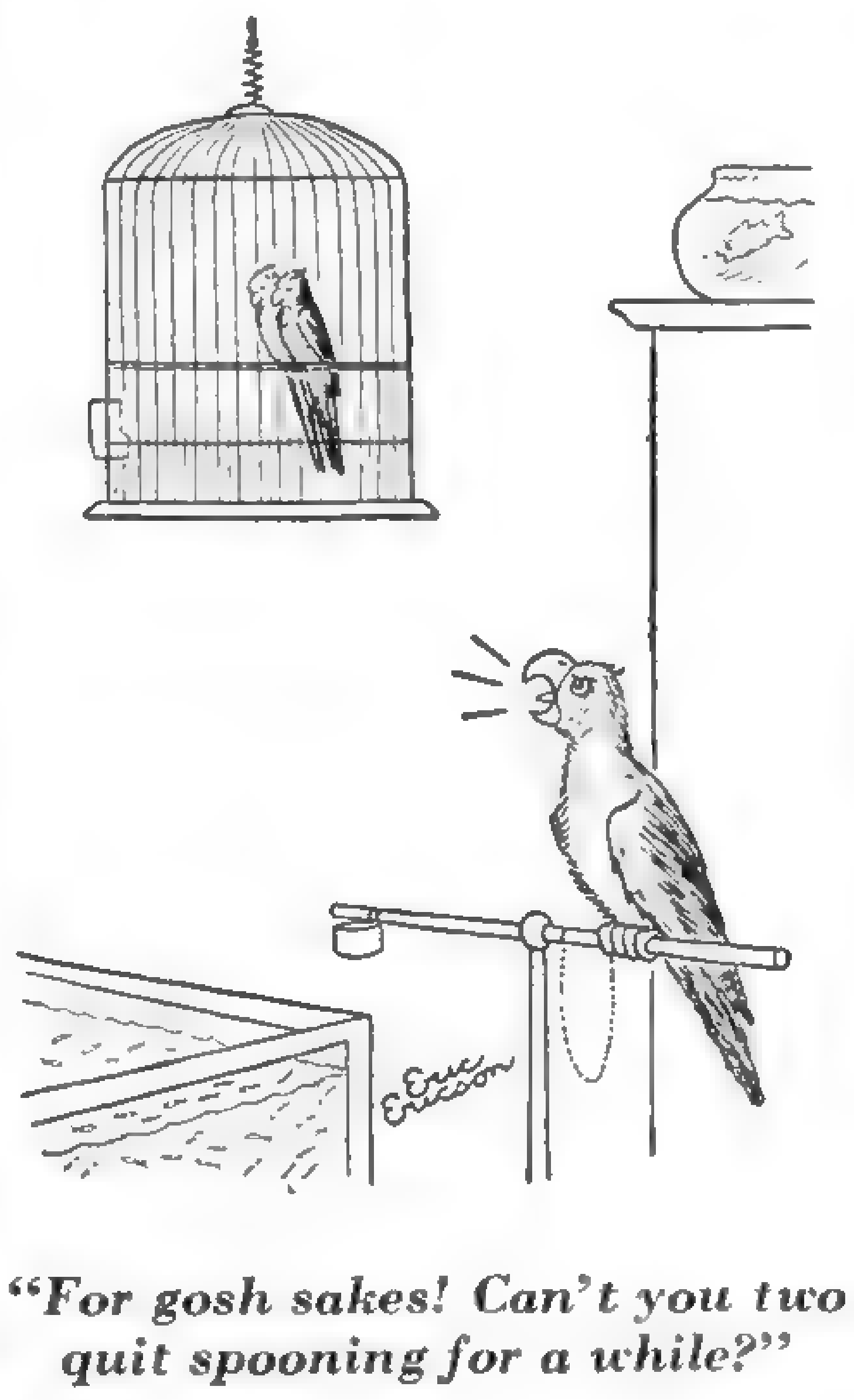
"Let's have a look at it," says Gloria, meaning the place that will be our studio. "I never did get to tell you that I am perfectly willing that you boys *use* my Dogmoor Anastigmat indefinitely, as my investment in your business."

It is about this time that Ivan realizes he has a very uncommon, for him, emotion welling up inside him with regard to this Gloria, but he makes out later that it is only gratitude on account of the lens deal that makes him take her in his arms suddenly and embrace her.

"Oh, darling," she says, "just think of all that I owe to you boys, both of you!" However, she is looking exclusively at Ivan. "I owe you a great debt," she says, "and I insist on working off part of it by helping you to fix up the studio, and being a receptionist, and—oh, Ivan," she says, "you do need someone to help, don't you?"

We agree one and all that a woman's touch will be just the thing, and I remark to myself that any other arrangements she might care to make with Ivan are practically in the bag already. ⧺

Continued from page 119



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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

DECEMBER, 1948

A-S-R Lighter (American Safety Razor Corp.) 238
Aalborg Akvavit (Briones & Co.) 65
Abbott Shoe Company 246
Abels, Robert 15
Absorbine Jr. (W. F. Young, Inc.) 8
Adlew Jewelers 18
Aetna Shirt Corp. 238
After Six (S. Rudofker's Sons, Inc.) 172
Air-Tite (Rogers Imports, Inc.) 146
Allen-A 194
Allen Edmonds 261
Alligator Company, The 182
American Tourister 210
American Safety Razor Corp. (A-S-R Lighter) 238
American Wine Company (Cook's) 181
Amity Leather Products Co. (Rolfs) 173
Ampro Corporation 245
Angelus (Mercury Clocks, Inc.) 261
Anglers' Almanac 48
Anson 230
Anthony, John J. 15
Arcy Mfg. Co. 19
Arpin Products, Inc. (Mini Motor) 253
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 139
Ash-Away (Chicago Metallic Mfg. Co.) 242
Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. (Grant's) 157
Auto-Coin 48
Ayrstar (Stern Apparel Corp.) 225

B./E. Company (Shine-Boy) 32
Balfour Company, L. G. 32
Bantamac (Marcus Breier Sons, Inc.) 187
Bar Mart 64
Barricini Gift Club 171
Bastian Bulbs, John 261
Bates, Barbara 16
Battle Creek Equip. Co. 18
Bauer & Black ("Bracer Royal") 248
Beau Brummell Ties, Inc. 213
Bell & Howell Company (Foton) 214
Bell's (G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.) 148
Benedictine (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) 184
Berghman Co., D. 64
Berman's Collateral Loan Bank 31
Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc. (I. W. Harper) IV Cover
"Black & White" (The Fleischmann Distilling Corp.) 186
Blackton 19, 257
Blanche 251
Block-Heller Company (Game and Lake) 196
Blye, John 8
Bond 189
Booth's House of Lords (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 65
Bostonians (Nor-Mocs) 228
Botany Mills, Inc. (Wrinkle-Proof Ties) 164
Boyce Lazarus 198
"Bracer Royal" (Bauer & Black) 248
Bradshaw-Diehl Co. 241
Breier Sons, Inc., Marcus (Bantamac) 187
Breitling Watch Corp. of America (Chronomat) 227
Brentwood Sportswear 201
Bretton (Bruner-Ritter, Inc.) 190
Brewster Shirt Corp. 261
Briones & Co. (Aalborg Akvavit) 65
British Walkers (The J. P. Smith Shoe Co.) 224
Broadside (Glovecraft, Inc.) 259
Brodi (Devalera Mfrs.) 32
Brook's Times Square 236
Bropar Distributors 20
Bruce Knitwear Company, Robert 174
Bruner-Ritter, Inc. (Bretton) 190
Buchsbaum & Co., S. (Color King) 154
Bucket Shop, The 39
Buell Mfg. Co. 19
Bulova Watches 69
Burger, Joseph 55

Calvert Distillers Corp. (Lord Calvert) 11
Calvert Watches 250
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.:
  Cinzano 257
  Water 143
Candy-of-the-Month Club 63
Candy Sales Corp. 55
Canoga Farm 28
Carillon Importers, Ltd. (Harwood's Canadian) 26
Carleton House 15
Cash's 16
Castle Films 57
Chanel 3
Cheney Brothers 68
Cherry Heering (Schenley Import Corp.) 191
Chicago Metallic Mfg. Co. (Ash-Away) 242
Chippewa Falls Woolen Mill Co. 58
Chippewa Shoe Co. 34
Christy Company, The 254
Chronomat (Breitling Watch Corp. of America) 227

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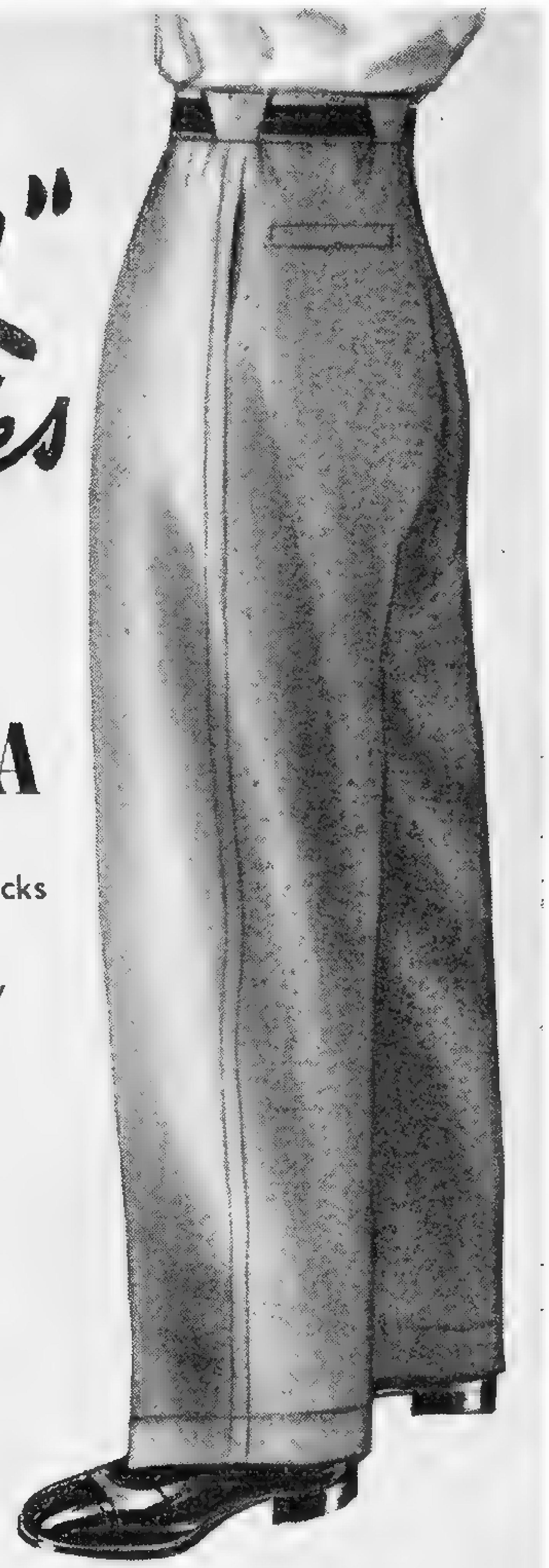

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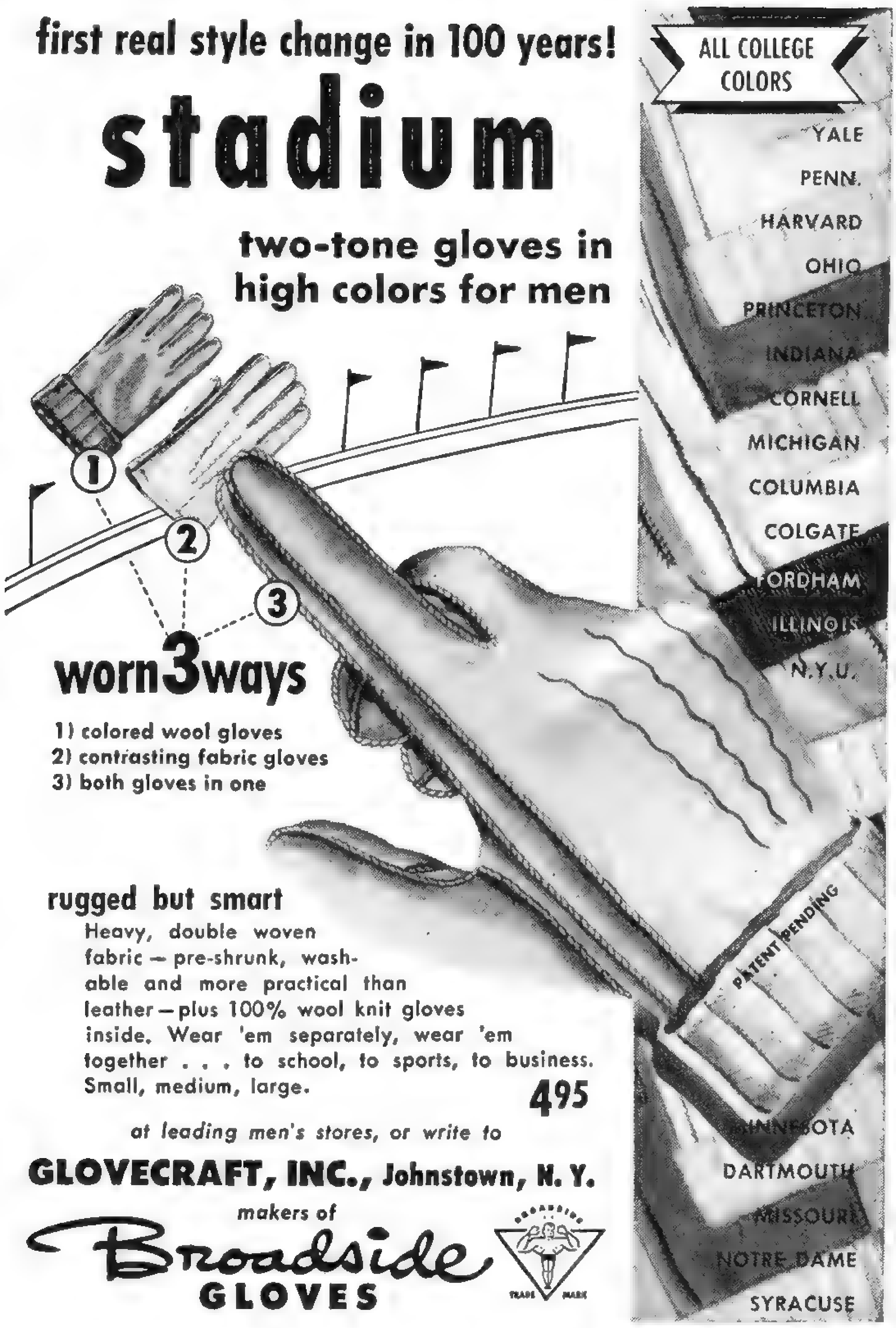

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Cinzano (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 257
City Club (Peters, Div. International Shoe Co.) 155
Clean-Omist 50
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow). 139
Clyde Cole Kitchen 18
Cobbs 38
Cohama Tie Fabrics, Div. United Merchants and Manufacturers Inc.. 178
Collar-Bobs Company 185
Color King (S. Buchsbaum & Co.) ... 154
Concord Shoes, Inc. 16
Concord Watch Co. 233
Conroy Gloves (Perma-fit) 250
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. 64
Cook's (American Wine Company) ... 181
Coopers Inc:
  Jockey 168
  Men's Hosiery 14
Corcoran Inc. 20
Corday 199
Corsair Coaster Co. 19
Cory Corporation 249
Craftsman 218
Cresco 258
Crest Specialty (Spiffy) 260
Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc. 221
Crown Craft Products 39
Cruver 230
Crystalier Co. (Aqua-maid) 63
Curvex (The Gruen Watch Co.) 4

Daisy (Hollywood Razor Corp.) 156
Damon Creations, Inc. 48
Dartnell Corp., The 42
Davins Shoes, Inc. (Ski-Brogue) 39
Davis Mfg. Co. (Hite-Builders) 30
Dawson, Peter (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) 262
De Cara 15
Demuth & Co., Inc., Wm. 170
Dennis Company, The Martin (Lexol) 64
Devalera Mfrs. (Brodi) 32
Dewar's (Schenley Import Corp.) 51
De Witt, Carol 32
Disner & Sons, Morris 251
Dobbs Hats .... III Cover
Donaco Plastics, Inc. (SafTdri) 250
Doppelt & Co., Inc., Charles 192
Dragon's Teeth (Holyoke Game Co., The) 22
Drambuie (W. A. Taylor & Co.) 253
Dresner & Son Inc., S. (Gladiator) ... 220
Dunhill, Alfred:
  Rollalite 221
  Toiletries 144
Duotone Company 18
Dutch Masters 228
Duval of Hollywood 42

E. C. A. Mfg. Co. 48
Eagle Products 50
Eastern Gardens 31
Eddie the Cigar Man 27
Elco Manufacturing Co., Inc. 34
Elder Manufacturing Company (Mark Twain) 47
Electric Shaver Exchange 30
Elevators (Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc.) ... 15
Elgin American 211
Elgin National Watch Co. 12
Ely & Walker 237
Engelson, Larry R. (Hylo) 229
Eterna Watch Co. of America Inc. ... 219
Eunice Novelties 19
Evans' Son Company, L. B. 244

Farm Crest Bakeries (Guild Crest) ... 31
Farmer, Clair 27
Fat Men's Shop 50
Fellman, Ltd. 42
Fidelis Fisheries, Ltd. (Malossol) 64
Fields, Ltd., G. L. 34
"51" (The Parker Pen Company) II Cover
First Nighters (Weldon Pajamas) 165
Fleetwing Gifts 42
Fleischmann Distilling Corp., The ("Black & White") 186
Flex-Let Expansion Products 216
Flossy Dental Mfrs. 31
Folker Fabrics Corporation (Grunwald-Marx) 231
Foot-Rite Products Corp. 42
Forstner Chain Corporation 16, 202
Foster, Mark 39
Foton (Bell & Howell Company) 214
Fox-Knapp Manufacturing Co. (Woolmaster) 152
Franklin, Inc., S. F. 256
Freeman Shoe Corporation 236
Frohock-Stewart Co. 8

Game and Lake (Block-Heller Co.) .. 196
Garcia, Rafael R. 42
Gates-Mills Inc. 36, 37

Continued on page 260

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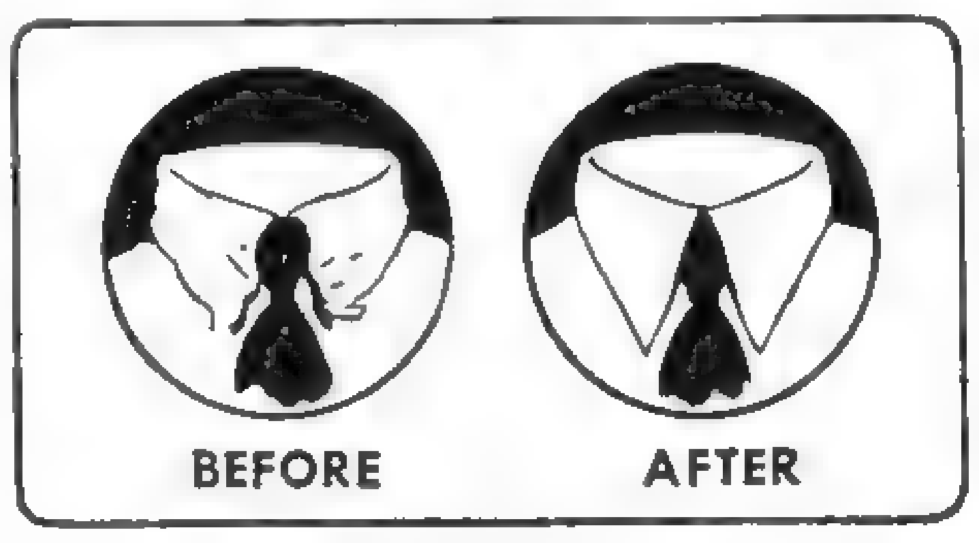

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Gem-Dandy, Inc. (Land o'Sky)...... 247
General Shoe Corp. (Jarman Shoe Company).......... 53
Georgia Shoe Mfg. Co.............. 30
Gerity-Michigan Corp.............. 31
Gilbert Company, The A. C. (Vitalator)...................... 20
Gillette Safety Razor Company...... 45
Gladiator (S. Dresner & Son Inc.)... 220
Glenmore Distilleries Company...... 142
Glines Co......................... 31
Glovecraft, Inc. (Broadside)......... 259
Grand Utilities Corp............... 27
Grant's (Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.). 157
Gruen Watch Company, The (Curvex)...................... 4
Grunwald-Marx (Folker Fabrics Corp.)...................... 231
Gunhill Novelty Co., The (Dom Dom) 55

Halliburton....................... 215
Hamley and Company............ 15
Hammacher Schlemmer............ 30
Hansen Gloves.................... 216
Harley-Davidson Motor Co......... 34
Harper, I. W. (Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc.)......................IV Cover
Hartman Company................ 162
Harvey's (Park & Tilford Import Corp.)........................ 231
Harwood's Canadian (Carillon Importers, Ltd.).................. 26
Health Books..................... 30
Hercamo Hare.................... 63
Hershey Manufacturing Co. (Vitabrush)...................... 29
Heublein & Bro., Inc., G. F.:
  Bell's.......................... 148
  Club Cocktails.................. 177
Hickok........................... 25
Highland Knitting Mills............ 218
Hoffritz for Cutlery................ 30
Holiday Products Co............... 40
Hollis Co. (Klipette).............. 39
Hollywood Razor Corp. (Daisy)..... 156
Hollywood Rogue Sportswear Corp... 251
Holyoke Game Company, The (Dragon's Teeth)................ 22
Hoppe, Inc., Frank A.............. 42
Houbigant (Quelques Fleurs)........ 59
House of Murphy.................. 64
Houston's........................ 32
Hubbard Pants Co................. 243
Hughes-Consolidated, Inc. ("Pipe Organ")........................ 259
Hull Mfg. Co..................... 55
Hush-A-Phone Corp............... 40
Hylo (Larry R. Engelson). 229

Imco Mfg. Corp. (Top Hat)......... 28
Imperial Wear..................... 48
International Brands (Whiteley's King's Ransom and House of Lords) 41
Irby-Thompson, Inc. (Tarong)...... 244
Isrin-Oliver Co.................... 55

Jarman Shoe Company (General Shoe Corp.)........................ 53
Jiffy............................. 30
Jiffy Jigger Mfg. Co............... 27
Jockey (Coopers Inc.).............. 168
Johnson Smith Company........... 63
Jonas, Inc., Joseph................ 34
Jonas Shoppes.................... 249
Jumbo-Jac (Merrill Woolen Mills)... 255

Kar Krest (Rhode Island Novelty Corp.)........................ 55
Kaufmann & Company, Inc., K...... 65
Kaywoodie Company.............. 153
Keepsake (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.).... 147
Kelly's, Jimmy.................... 64
Kestenman Bros. Mfg. Co. (Kestenmade).................. 222
Kiekhaefer Corporation (Mercury)... 179
Kimball, Miles.................... 20
Kings, The........................ 65
Kings Men, Ltd................... 188
Kirk's Evergreens................. 63
Klepa Arts....................... 39
Klinger, Georgette................. 50
Knapp-Monarch Co. (Sparklet Devices, Inc.).................. 64
Knibb Co., L. H................... 55
Knopf Mfg. Co., S. H.............. 232
Knox the Hatter.................. 175
Krementz....................252, 253
Kuppenheimer.................... 141

Lakeland Mfg. Co. (The "Zero Bay") 249
Lake-O-Woods (United Garment Mfg. Co.)...................... 252
Lamb Knit Goods Co., The......... 226
Land o'Sky (Gem-Dandy, Inc.)...... 247
Lane Co., Edwin W................ 22
Lanvin........................... 193

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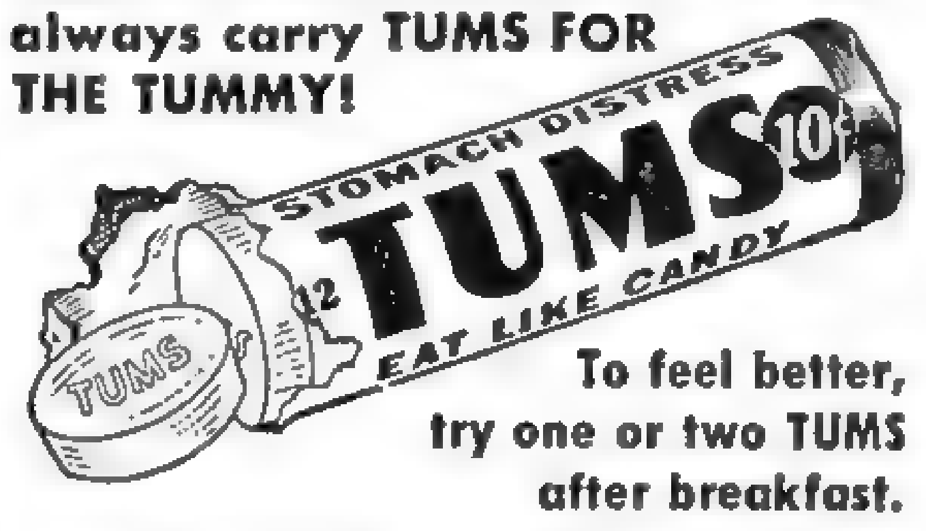

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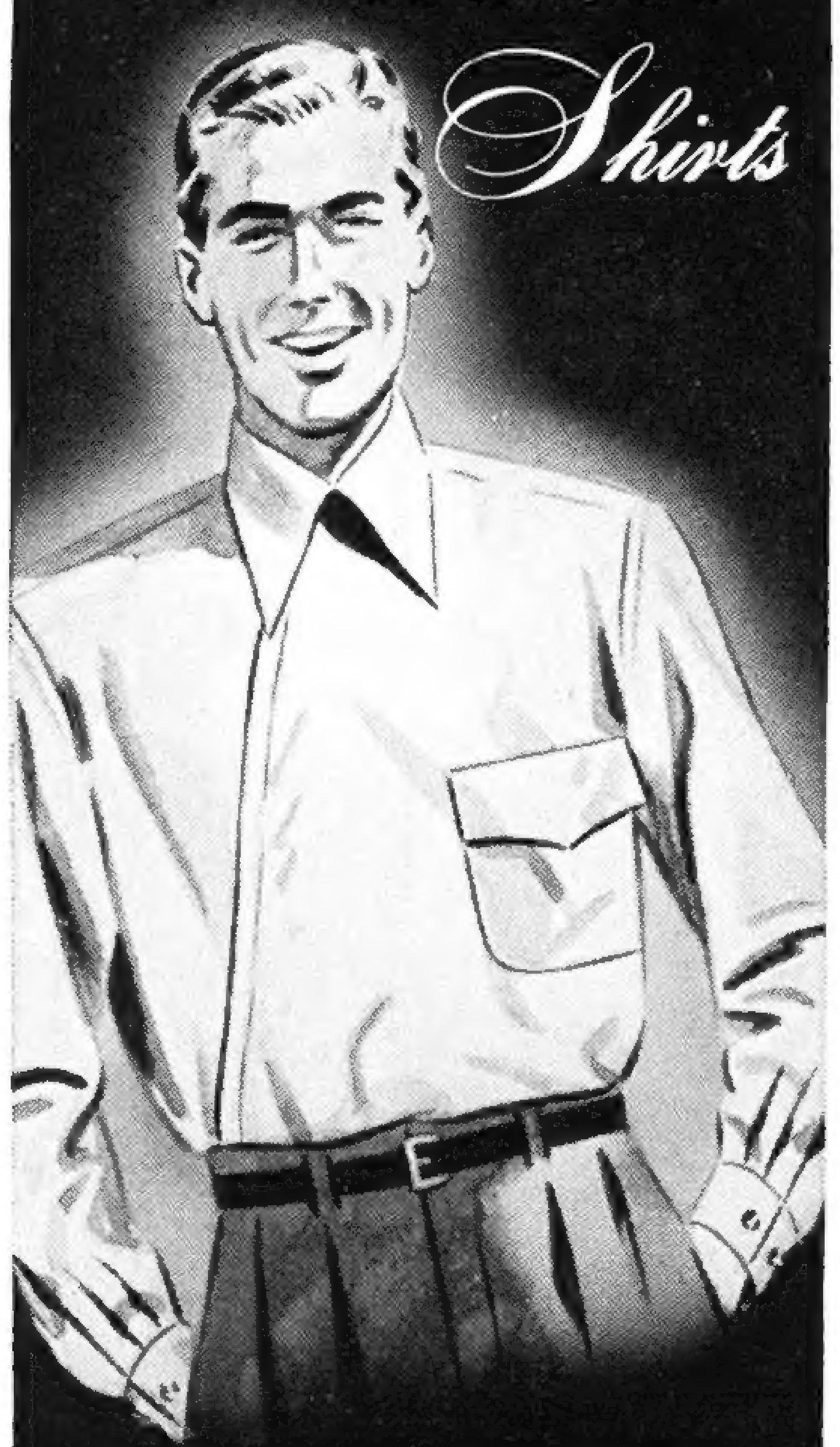

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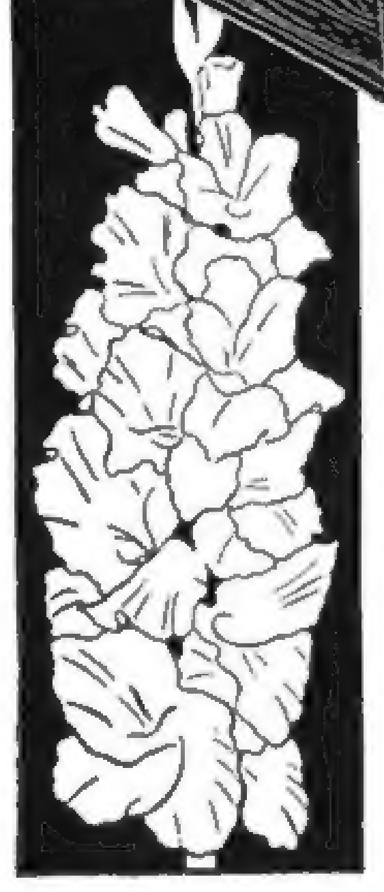

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Law, Jonathan (Smoker's Robot).... 48
Leathercraft, Inc.................. 258
Leed's.................. 251
Lektro Products, Inc. (Packard)..... 169
Lentheric, Inc..................150, 151
Linguaphone Institute..... 22
Linnwood Mfg. Co................ 28
Lion of Troy (M. Nirenberg Sons, Inc.)........................ 180
Lonsdale Company................ 167
Lord Calvert (Calvert Distillers Corp.)........................ 11
Los Angeles Sportogs Co........... 229
Lotus Shoes, Inc. (Veldtschoen)..... 207
Louis Watch Co., Inc.............. 240
Lug-A-Bar Distributing Co......... 40

MacKenna Slacks................. 258
Magic Valley Groves.............. 40
Magician, The.................... 19
Mail Mart, Inc. (Ultra-Mike)....... 31
Manchester Machine Co. (Groomaster) 30
Manlee Pipe Club................ 30
Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc............ 9
Marsh Corp., Jas. P............... 31
Martin, Peter.................... 19
Martinique, Hotel................ 65
McKesson & Robbins, Inc. (Tawn) .. 140
Meeker Co., Inc., The............. 227
Melaire Distributing Co............ 18
Mendel-Drucker, Inc.............. 222
Mercury (Kiekhaefer Corporation)... 179
Mercury Clocks, Inc. (Angelus)...... 261
Merrill Woolen Mills (Jumbo-Jac)... 255
Micro 16 (Wm. R. Whittaker Co., Ltd.)........................ 243
Miner Corp...................... 64
Miss Elaine (Sel-Mor Garment Co., Inc.)........................ 247
Miss Swank, Inc.................. 234
Monarch Mfg. Co................. 239
Mooresville Mills................ 46
Motorola Inc..................... 161
Moyer Mfg. Co. (Seven Seas)....... 223
Murray Studios, Arthur............ 49
Mutual Suspender & Belt Co. (Prairie)...................... 32
Mylish, Mann & Drucker, Inc. (Nelson-Paige)................. 220

Namechain Mfg. Co............... 28
National City Bank of New York.... 255
National Distillers Products Corp.:
  Old Angus...................... 64
  Old Crow....................... 17
  PM............................ 70
National Magic Company.......... 30
Navarro Bros.................... 42
Native Boot Company............. 27
Nelson-Paige (Mylish, Mann & Drucker, Inc.)................. 220
New Era Shirt Company........... 242
"Nice-Cubes".................... 65
Nimrod Co., The (Pequot Gun Rack) 19
Nirenberg Sons, Inc., M. (Lion of Troy)........................ 180
Noilly Prat (Munson G. Shaw Co., Inc.)........................ 225
Nor-Mocs (Bostonians)............ 228
Norma Pencil Corporation.......... 200
North's Leather Artisans........... 260
Northland Ski Mfg. Co............ 58
Nosek, Adolph.................... 20
Novelty Products (Bubbl-matic)..... 22
Nusbaum Knitters, Inc............. 257
Nu-Way Stretch Company.......... 248

Ohio Overcoat Co., The............ 241
Old Angus (National Distillers Products Corp.)................. 64
Old Crow (National Distillers Products Corp.)................. 17
Old Pueblo Traders............... 27
Old Smuggler (W. A. Taylor & Company)..................... 226
Old Spice (Shulton)............... 43
Oldtown Shoe Company (Trotters)... 28
Olympic, The (Wimbledon Shirt Co., Inc.)........................ 233
Omega.......................... 235
Oppenheim Collins..............245, 254
Orange Blossom (Traub Mfg. Co.)... 65
Oshkosh Trunks & Luggage......... 44
Owens Yacht Co.................. 40

PM (National Distillers Products Corp.)........................ 70
Pack-N-Post..................... 39
Packalee Morgan.................. 8
Packard (Lektro Products, Inc.)..... 169
Parfums Ciro..................... 204
Paris (A. Stein & Company)........ 145
Park & Tilford Import Corp.:
  Booth's House of Lords........... 65
  Harvey's....................... 231
  Reserve and Private Stock........ 35
  Vat 69......................... 166

Continued on page 262

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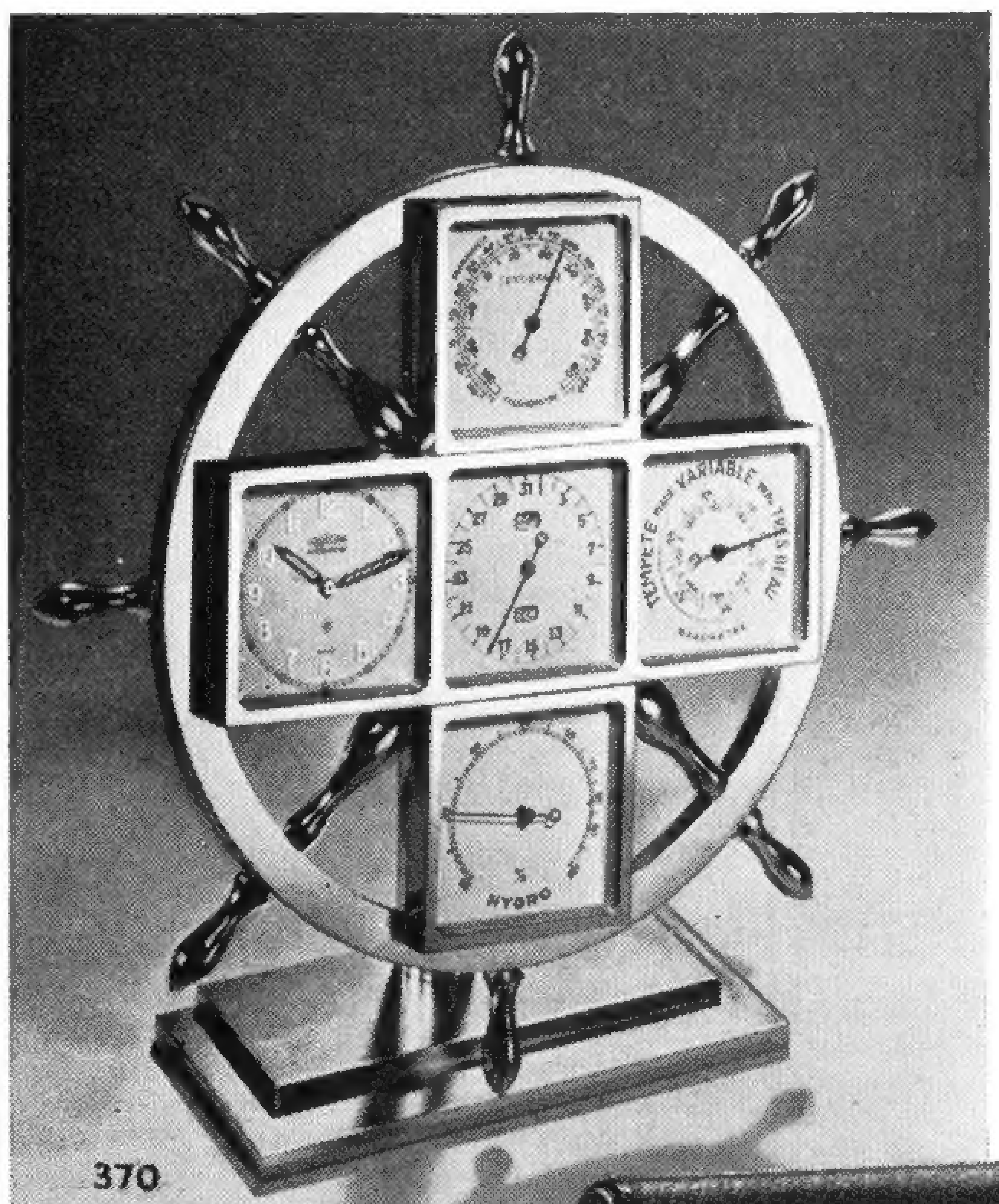

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Angelus..

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PILOT WHEEL*

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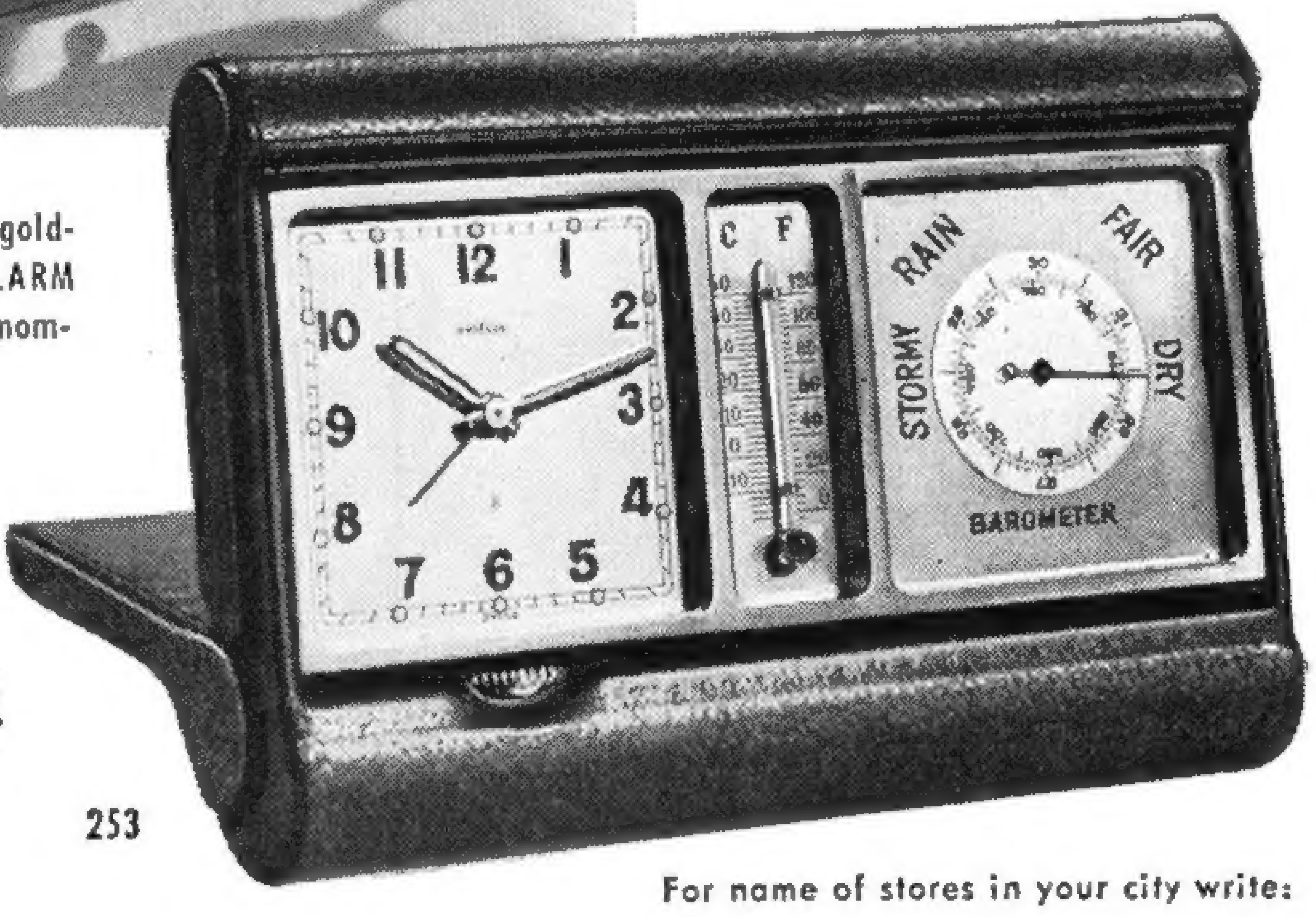
*Pat.



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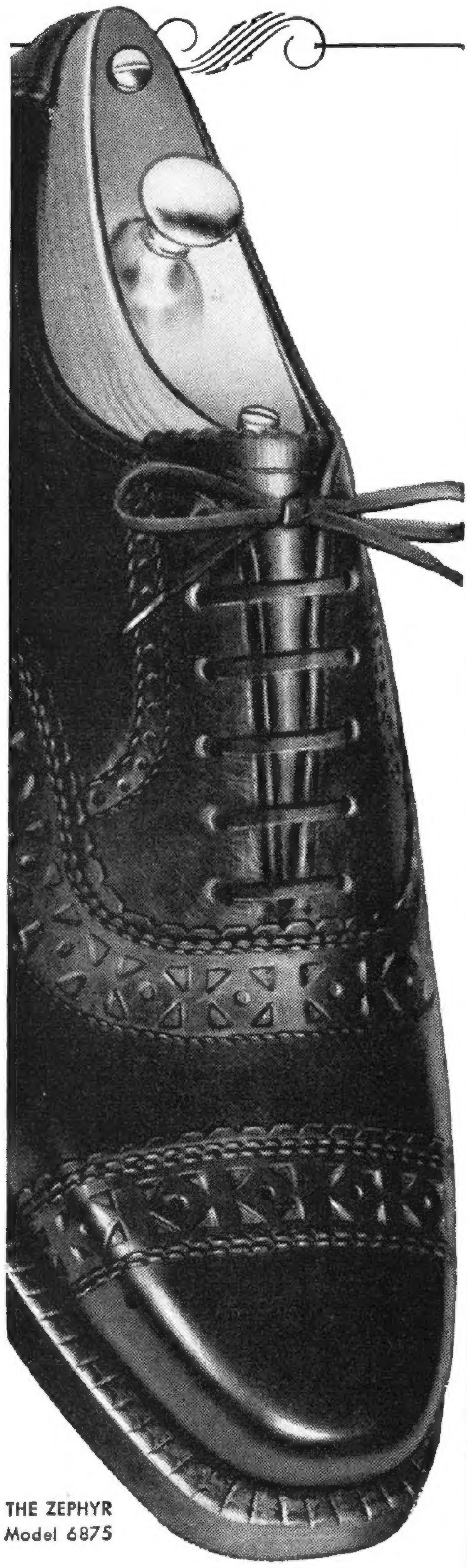

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WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

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Shoes for men

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Parker Brothers, Inc. 18
Parker Pen Company, The ("51") II Cover
Parkoff, Ben 63
Parkton Tie Co. 16
Parlor Putter 55
Paulk, Hugh Clay 55
Pee Wee House 39, 50
Peerless Wolfson Company 27
Pennock & Associates 48
Perma-fit (Conroy Gloves) 250
Perrin & Co., J. B. 40
Perry Sales Co. 8
Peters, Div. International Shoe Co. (City Club) 155
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 52
Pig'n Whistle Shop, The (Eye-Spy) 55
Pioneer 163
"Pipe Organ" (Hughes-Consolidated, Inc.) 259
Pleasure Pipe Co. 42
Plummer, Ltd. 31
Plymouth Cheese Cellars 50
Polk's Hobbies 18
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake) 147
Protecto Mfg. Co. 19
Pulitzer, Ben 160
Pusch, Howard 18

Q. T. Novelty Co. 48
Quelques Fleurs (Houbigant) 59

R-S Mfg. Co., The (Ace) 32
Rabhor Robes (The Safir Plan, Inc.) 197
Rabsons 63
Radiant Manufacturing Corp. 18
Radio Displays Co. 58
Rainbow Plastic Hanger Sales Co. 22
Rani Products Co., Inc. 30
Ray Schools, The 42
Regens Lighter Corporation 27
Remington Rand Inc. (Electric Shaver Division) 159
Remotrol Co. 40
Renfield Importers Ltd. (Remy Martin) 7
Revere Camera Company 62
Rex Products 34
Rexbilt 255
Rhode Island Novelty Corp. (Kar Krest) 55
Rocké Corporation, The 259
Rodeo Jewelers 27
Rogers 245
Rogers Appliance, Inc. 40
Rogers Imports, Inc. (Air-tite) 146
Rolfs (Amity Leather Products Co.) 173
Rollalite (Alfred Dunhill) 221
Rombro of California, Inc. (Skookum) 254
Ronson 60
Roper Knitting Company, Inc. (Scotty Kote) 206
Rudofker's Sons, Inc., S. (After Six) 172
Rum and Maple 16

Sacro-Ease Division, McCarty's Inc. 50
Safir Plan, Inc., The (Rabhor Robes) 197
Saladmaster Sales, Inc. 31
Sandeman (W. A. Taylor & Co.) 217
Santa Anita Engineering Co. 32
Sav-U-Mor Co. 18
Schenley, Sir John 21
Schulz Watches 256
Schuster's 58
Scotty Kote (Roper Knitting Company, Inc.) 206
Seagram-Distillers Corporation (V. O.) 67
Sel-Mor Garment Co., Inc. (Miss Elaine) 247
Seven Seas (Moyer Mfg. Co.) 223
Shakespeare Company 239
Shane Corp., C. B. (Season Skipper) 56
Shaw Co., Inc., Munson G. (Noilly Prat) 225
Shepherd Knitwear Co., Inc. 260
Sheraton Hotels 64
Shulton (Old Spice) 43
Siesta Novelty 42
Simmons Slicing Knife Co. 235
Ski-Brogue (Davins Shoes, Inc.) 39
Skookum (Rombro of California, Inc.) 254
Sky-Lev Products 30
Skyway Flowers 8
Slaton, Martin M. 34
Slip-Seal Bottle Cap Co. 32
Smith Co., Inc., J. H. 16
Smith Shoe Co., The J. P. (British Walkers) 224
Society Brand Clothes, Inc. 61
Southern Comfort (Abercrombie & Fitch Co.) 40
Sparklet Devices, Inc. (Knapp-Monarch Co.) 64
Spencer, William 19
Spiffy (Crest Specialty) 260
Sportex Foundations 28
Spruce (Wrisley) 158
Stein & Company, A. (Paris) 145
Stereo Realist (David White Co.) 232
Stern Apparel Corporation (Ayrstar) 225
Stern, Inc., L. & H. (Zeus) 15
Stern Watch Agency, Inc., The Henri (Universal Geneve) 224
Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc. (Elevators) 15
Stoutfitters 58
Stratojac (Wine Mfg. Co.) 247
Streit Co., Fred H. 28
Studebaker Corporation 54
Suarez & Crespo 40
Sun Valley 237
Superba Cravats 217
Sutton Shirt Corp. 203
Swank, Inc. 176
Swiss Commerce Inc. 40

Tarong (Irby-Thompson, Inc.) 244
Tawn (McKesson & Robbins, Inc.) 140
Taylor & Co., W. A.:
  Drambuie 253
  Old Smuggler 226
  Sandeman 217
Teeter, Guy 58
Tendick Shoe Mfg. Co. 63
Textan of Yoakum 183
Textron Inc. 23
Thomas Shirt, Inc. 33
Tico, Inc. 16
Timely Clothes, Inc. 13
Tissot Automatic (Tourneau Watches) 246
Traub Mfg. Co. (Orange Blossom) 65
Treasure Mart 39
Trotters (Oldtown Shoe Company) 28
Tums 260
Twain, Mark (Elder Manufacturing Co.) 46, 47

United Garment Manufacturing Co. (Lake-O-Woods) 252
United States Rubber Co. 208
Universal Geneve (The Henri Stern Watch Agency, Inc.) 224

V. O. (Seagram-Distillers Corp.) 67
V-Line Clothes Company 252
Valley Forge Farms 58
Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.) 52
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 166
Veldtschoen (Lotus Shoes, Inc.) 207
Venus Corp 22
Vestpok (Ward Machine Co., Inc.) 19
Vitabrush (Hershey Mfg. Co.) 29
Vitalator (The A. C. Gilbert Co.) 20

Ward Machine Co., Inc. (Vestpok) 19
Warner Shops, The 20
Weber Briars 219
Weber of Hollyhaven, George 55
Webster Tobacco Company, Inc., The 149
Wedemeyer, Inc., Eric 48
Weigel & Co., John 20
Weldon Pajamas (First Nighters) 165
Wembley Inc. 24
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. (The Zephyr) 262
White Co., David (Stereo Realist) 232
Whiteley's (International Brands) 41
Whittaker Co., Ltd., Wm. R. (Micro 16) 243
Wiesenfeld Co. 32, 34, 48, 50
Wilbar Sales Co. 58
Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Julius:
  Benedictine 184
  Peter Dawson 262
Wilkins Co., E. J. 256
Wilkinson of California 28
Wimbledon Shirt Co., Inc. (The Olympic) 233
Winer Manufacturing Co. (Stratojac) 247
Wisconsin Cheese Makers Guild 22
Wiss, J. & Sons Co. 240
Wolf, W. G. 50
Woolmaster (Fox-Knapp Mfg. Co.) 152
Wrisley (Spruce) 158

X-acto Crescent Products Co., Inc. 22

Yield House 27
Young, Inc., W. F. (Absorbine Jr.) 8

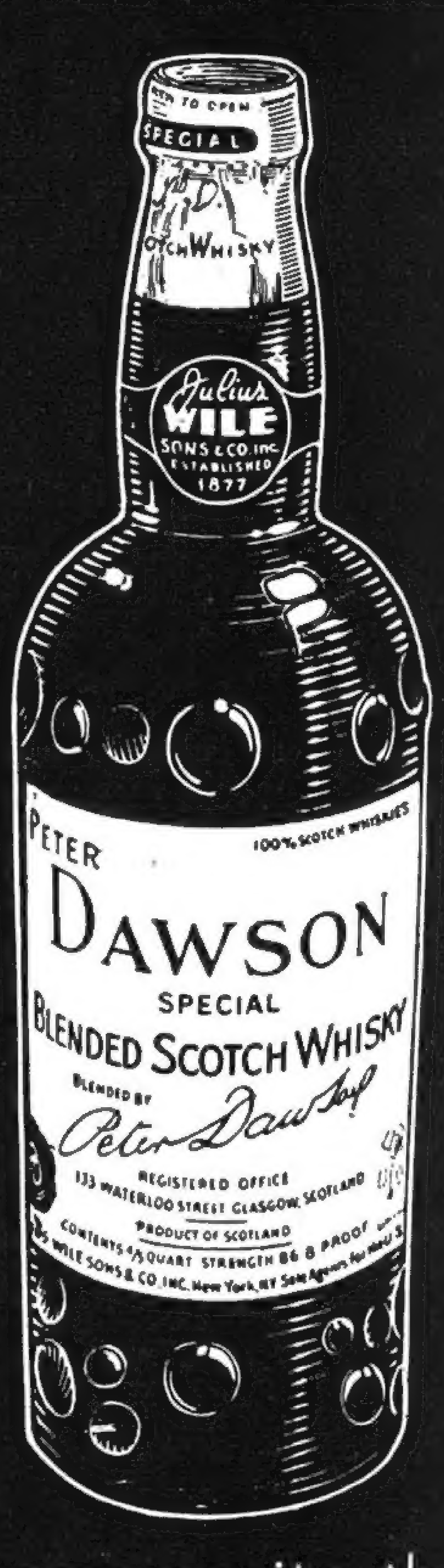
Zephyr, The (Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.) 262
"Zero Bay," The (Lakeland Mfg. Co.) 249

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

a wee bit **smoother**

a wee bit **mellower**

a wee bit **tastier**



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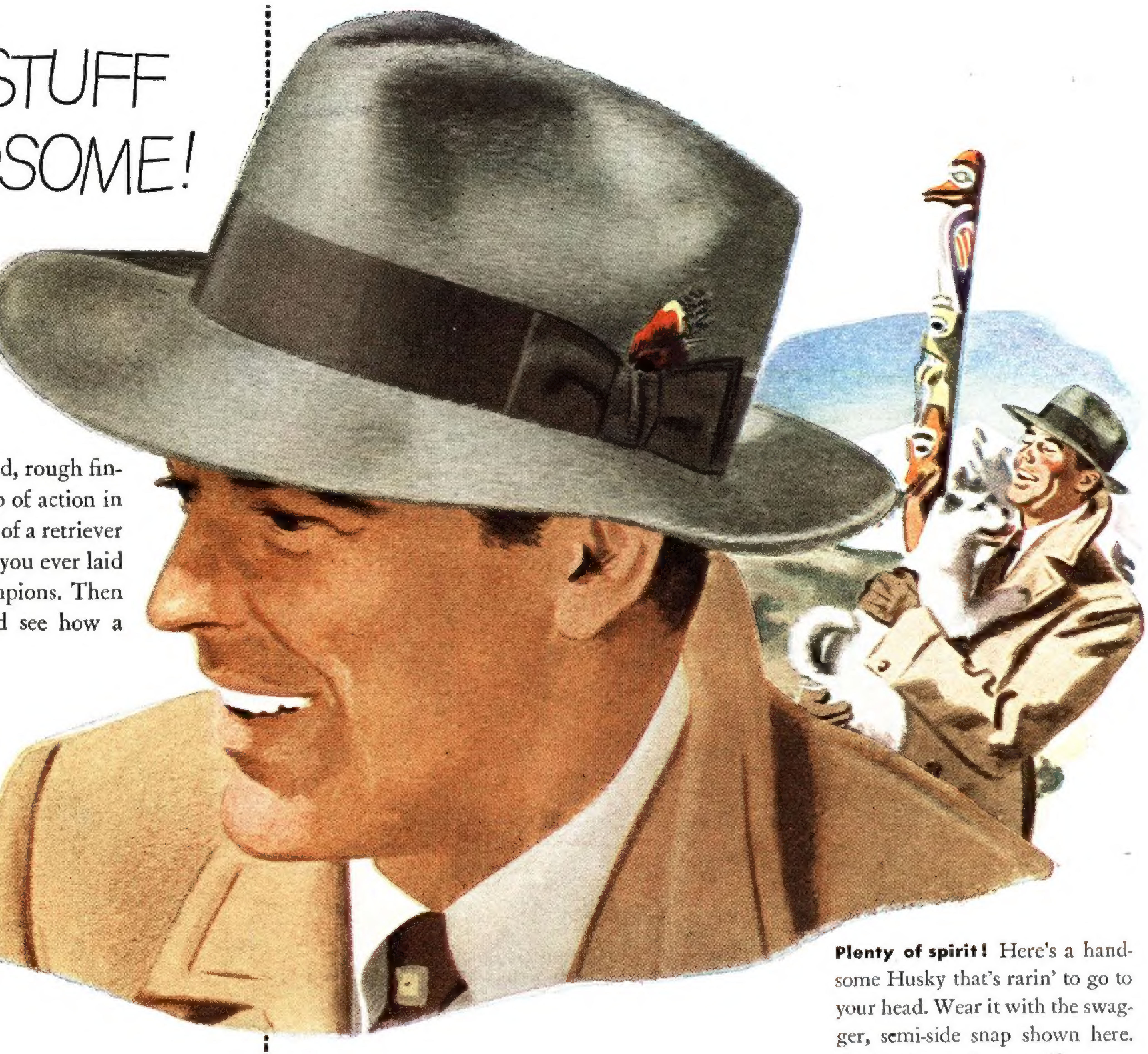
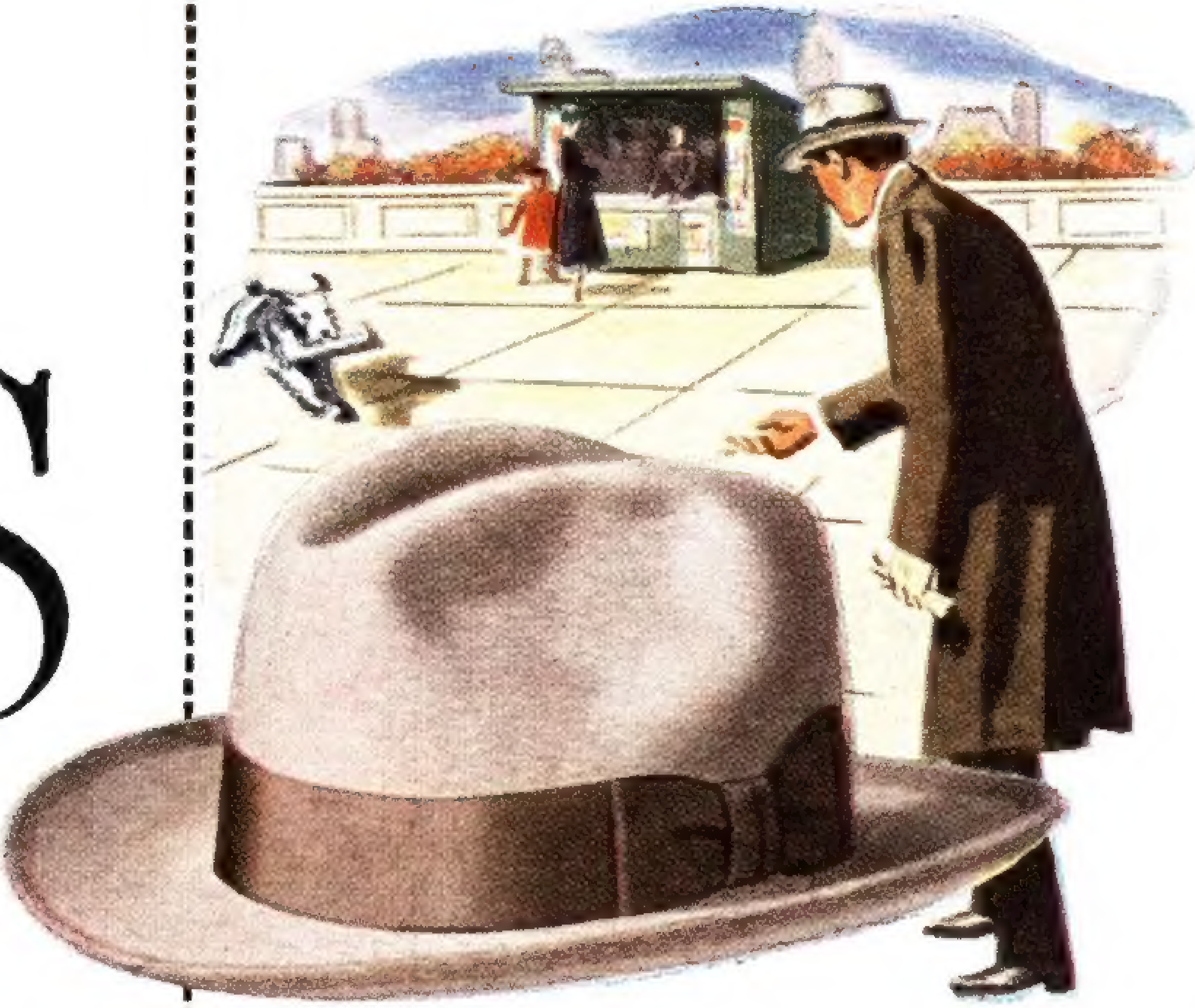


Stout-hearted hats . . . these rugged, rough finish Huskies. They have the sweep of action in their fleet lines . . . the ruggedness of a retriever . . . and the most luxuriant finish you ever laid a hand on! Look over these champions. Then head for your Dobbs dealer and see how a Husky looks over you!

Plenty of spirit! Here's a handsome Husky that's rarin' to go to your head. Wear it with the swagger, semi-side snap shown here. Or shape to suit yourself.

Dobbs Molama $16.50
Dobbs Leisure Mauve with Guild Edge $20.00*

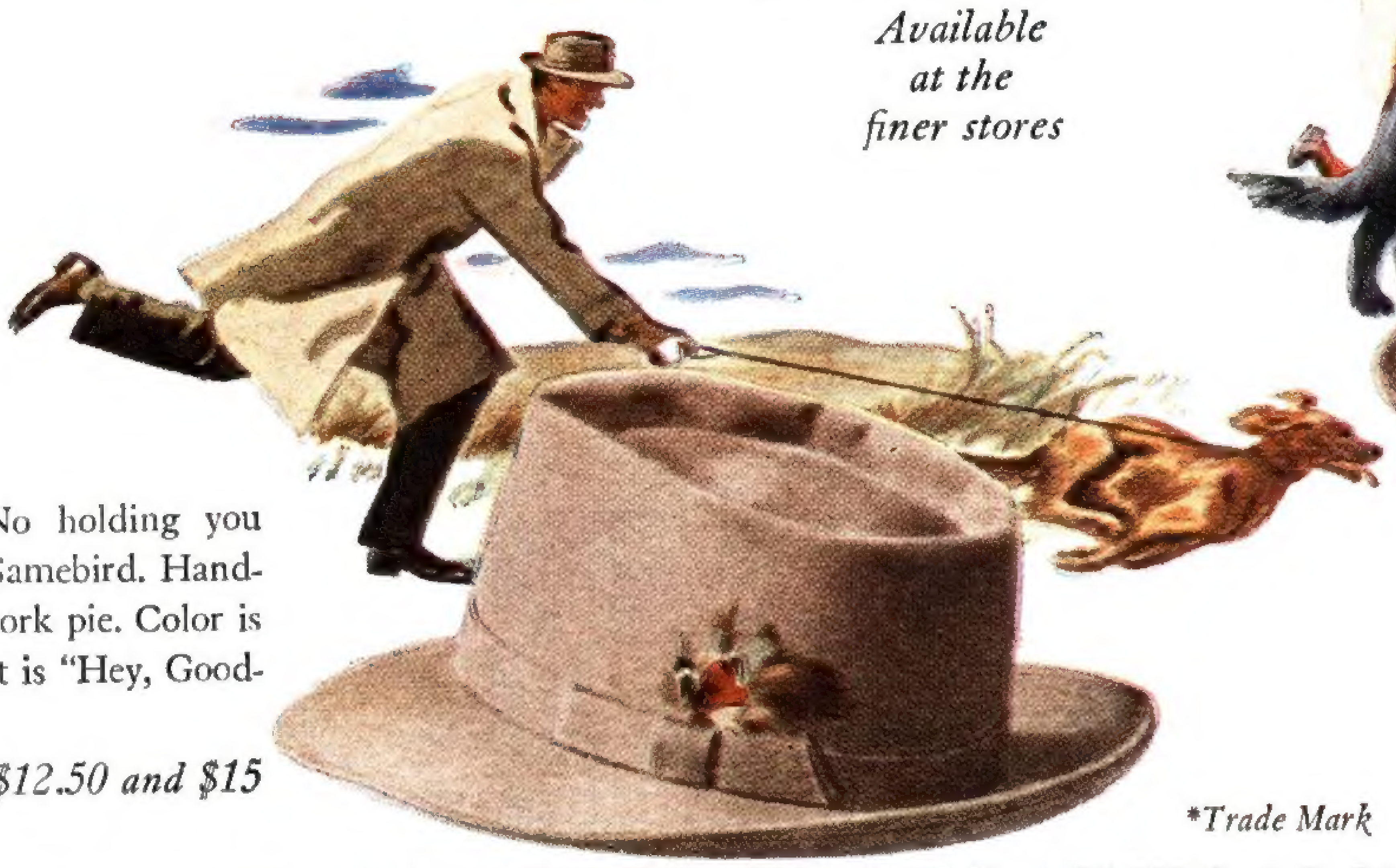
THEY'RE THE DOBBS HUSKIES!



Here's news! Dobbs new Overtone Edge*—hand-felted edge of a different color from body of hat. Here, the hat in limestone mix with darker edge. Available in a variety of other combinations.

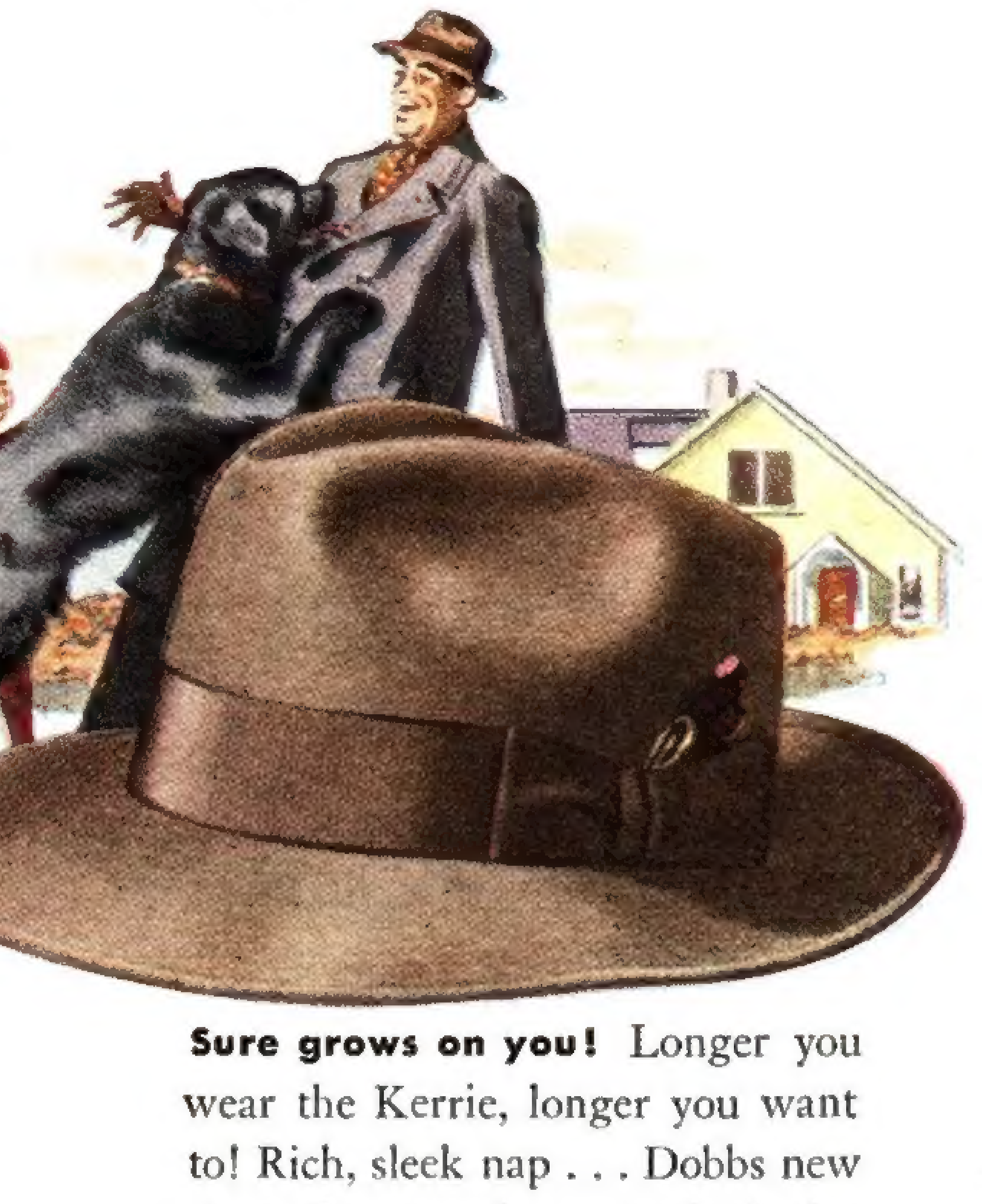
Dobbs Overtone Edge $16.50

Available at the finer stores



Lots of dash! No holding you back in Dobbs Gamebird. Hand-shaped in new pork pie. Color is hazel mix. Effect is "Hey, Good-looking!"

Dobbs Gamebird $12.50 and $15



Sure grows on you! Longer you wear the Kerrie, longer you want to! Rich, sleek nap . . . Dobbs new Ascot Brown color . . . welted edge to hold that brim line.

Dobbs Kerrie $10 and $12.50

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